

SIGNS BY DEN

1708 7506 W 134th Pl
Cedr Lk IN-----

SIGNS BY DESIGN

1610 13866 S Cicero Av Crstwd-

Mobile Sign Systems

5455 Palos Hills-----

7446 SIGNS BY DON

12998 Oakdale Pl
Cedr Lk IN-----

9386 SIGNS BY DUSTY & WILL

16601 Halstd Harvy-----

SIGNS BY FRY

1761 513 S Brookwood Tr
McHenry-----

SIGNS BY JOHN

4248 1251 N Skokie Bl Lk Bluf----

SIGNS BY LIZA

5517 27W199 W Bauer Rd
Naprvl-----

Mobile Sign Systems
A Temporary Public Art Project
Sponsored by Temporary Services
Organized by Marc Fischer

In and near Temporary Services:

June 11- 26, 1999

Throughout Chicago:

June 27 - ?

Featuring Mobile Sign Systems by:

Jim Duignan

Anthony Elms

Oli Watt

Harold Jefferies

Jacqueline Terrassa

Erik Brown

Zeena Sakowski & Rob Kelly

Matti Allison & Marc Fischer

**Michael Piazza with Ronald S. from the
Cook County Juvenile Detention Center**

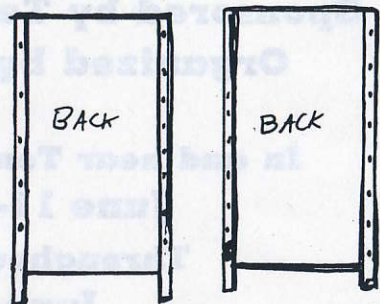
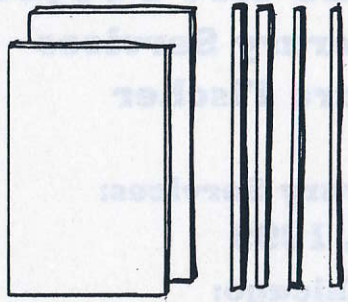
**Special Thanks to the City of Chicago and its residents for their
unrequested cooperation and participation in this venture.**

**For gallery hours and project information,
please call: (773) 395-4587.**

Mobile Sign Systems
P.O. Box 14715, Chicago, IL 60614

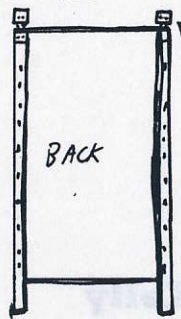
One way to make a sign:

Marc Fischer
1999

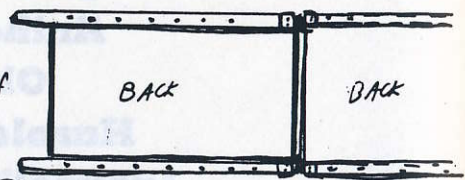


- ① Materials:
- (2) sheets of wood
 - (4) narrow strips of wood (longer than sheets)
 - (2) Hinges
 - (?) Screws or nails
 - (*) Wood Glue (optional)
 - (2) short chains

② mount strips of wood onto back of sheets of wood using screws, nails, or glue

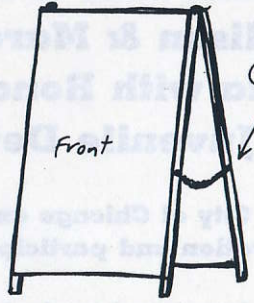


③ Mount Hinges onto the strips of wood at the top of the sign



④ Mount the (2) halves together by the hinges

Obviously this is just one type of design. Many more varieties exist and should be given equal consideration. This plan shows only



⑤ nail or screw the pieces of chain into the strips of wood on the sides your sign is complete!

the most basic elements and components. To view other models visit your nearest gas station or produce stand.

Sandwich Boards and Outdoor Exhibit Systems
By Marc Fischer

The hinged free-standing sandwich board sign is a mainstay of urban advertising. Sandwich boards have been used by political protesters, picketing workers, and religious fanatics who wore them hanging off their shoulders but today they are primarily free-standing unattended objects. When there is no window space left, electronic signs are impractical, it is too complicated or expensive to use a billboard or erect a sign embedded in concrete, or when you just want to casually let people know that you are open or having a sale, the sandwich board is the perfect solution. They can be built quickly, easily, and inexpensively. The basic design requires two sheets of wood, two hinges, screws, and two small chains to keep the boards from splitting open and falling flat. The visual information can be commercially printed or painted by hand. Small businesses usually make the signs themselves while classy cafés and city parking garages shop the labor out to professionals; both realize that these signs are an effective means of communication. Like all good designs that endure, they're simple and they work.

The idea for this project came to me while thinking about how to publicly present works from an ongoing atlas of picture relationships that Matti Allison and I have been working on. Wheat-pasting the works on a wall would leave them a little too vulnerable; the flyer brigade would bury them under posters for upcoming movies and concerts. Artists have competed with corporate visual culture before by using their language of billboards, full color posters, and bus and subway ads but it is an expensive proposition. The sandwich board is cheap, portable, and can support a fairly large amount of visual information. They can be fast and bold or slow and

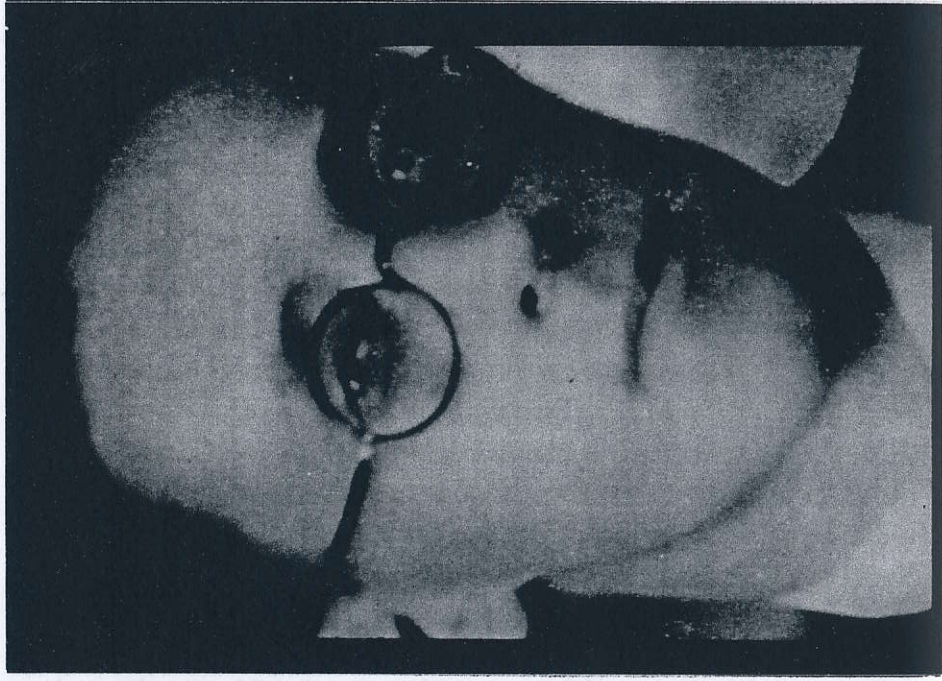
intimate. They can sit in an empty lot, or insert themselves into the physical space of pedestrians on a sidewalk. Importantly, sandwich boards are already recognized and understood by the public which makes them a perfect form for artists to co-opt and manipulate. A creative shift of intent, design, content, or placement in a medium normally used solely for commercial endeavors can potentially produce a lasting experience of wonder, ambiguity, confusion, and mystery in public space.

It didn't take long to realize that this form would serve other people very nicely as well. The artists participating in this project work in a variety of mediums including painting, sculpture, video, photography, performance, sound, collage, book-making, and writing. Our individual conceptual and thematic concerns are highly diverse and not always even remotely related. What we share is the desire to reach the larger part of the public that doesn't seek out art in galleries or museums. We have worked outside of established art spaces and can adapt our ideas to new forms when an appealing proposal presents itself. There is a sensitivity to the fact that our ideas will play out very differently in public than in a gallery. New situations require new considerations and turns of thought. One cannot fairly assume that a person walking down the street and a person looking at art in a gallery have the same expectations and background knowledge.

For much of its audience public art is like an uninvited guest at a party - no one knew it was coming. Some people will be glad it showed up, enjoy its company, and want it to stay as long as it likes. Some people will ignore it or hardly notice its presence. Others will find the guest annoying, disrespectful, and will quietly pray that it'll leave before a physical confrontation becomes necessary. When these signs leave Temporary Services and go out into the city, they will be that uninvited guest.

Some will try to be polite - positioning themselves in front of empty lots and closed down stores. Others may ask for permission to stay a while as long as they don't get in the way. Some will camouflage themselves into the environment so successfully that people may assume that they belong there. And others might be a little more audacious, showing up uninvited and unwelcome - challenging the host to kick it out.

An artist once observed that people are more willing to tolerate expression that they dislike if they know it won't be permanent. An ugly monument that you'll have to look at forever is much more offensive than a billboard that lasts a month. There is a possibility that these sign works will be vandalized, damaged, stolen, or removed by the city or the public once they leave Temporary Services. There is also a hope that they will be tolerated, respected, questioned, appreciated, defended, and enjoyed. Creating permanent public art in urban environments is a difficult process that often suffers from endless bureaucracy and art-world politics, creative compromises, funding problems, and the rejection of well thought out proposals before any art is even made. We have decided put our work out into the world without waiting for a verdict. After these signs leave Temporary Services the art world will be accommodated only minimally, if at all. Some signs will be moved to different locations on a daily basis, others will remain in situ for much longer periods. Rather than forcing the community to coexist with permanent public art, the city and the public will have to determine for themselves whether these works have merit and deserve respect. The life of these signs is just beginning.



memorial
by Jim Duignan

Placing a marker, my last memory of an object, memorialized
I glanced to my left, remembering a piece of work. *The memories bound searching for some out of one last family get together.* That initial piece of work planted my feet unstable, leaning towards a doorway unmistakably new. New in that I had yet to discuss some family stories with some family members and felt charged with an urgency of pursuit; the anxiety of a confrontation albeit undefined. This was the time for the journey, years ago, un-chartered, yet filled with the heady, anticipated industry that only paranoia can navigate, my paranoia. I found myself introduced to the softer, irreconcilable comfort of stories. My grandfather was a story, him my imagined perpetrator of the family lore, not by accident. *Finding some capacity to illuminate the memory of a sacred smile of her sitting silhouetted by the rear window, widowed for decades in light, my eyes saw her through the front window shimmering, shadowed by all that lay behind her with the combined strength of every Duignan male.* The idea that I had somehow had a life behind me, rich with back-lit experiences, close observations and yet riddled with a solitude that I mistook for careful contemplation.

The idea I had years ago of tracing the story of my grandfather's murder was initiated and deliberated by two men truly different than the two men who will place at the site of his death, a marker, his marker. One last physical object as the century closes, a hundred years since he imagined anything. For my grandfather's story was woven within all the stories I've told. His life although sporadic, abbreviated, and brutal, contaminated many family member's image of him as they have pieced together their lives. Lives I can only imagine being much different, maybe friendlier before his exit.

My grandfather wasn't a family treasure, not to be certain. I had but one photograph of him. To the degree to which that single, simple image shaded my way of thinking about the pathology of men whose vision of others, brothers and the women who would stand in position for the honor of a resident pursuit, elevates me... tirelessly. Both content decisions and discussions discontent and left to my own devices. This image of my grandfather directed my walk towards an inquiry, now philosophical, psycho-technical, a consistent offering to the youngest Duignan male. My family is my work, a subject of study and content driven by multiple memories. Clearly those softer versions abound from a subject of study cannot be distinguished from my life. The issues surrounding that story infiltrated all the stories in some capacity. I never set out to be an adjutant *The reputation as good son, made accountable to many by my mother's initial delivery, was in jeopardy.*

I never knew the man. The dutiful pursuit of his folkloric life woven within mine had somehow over time, become a significant part of my life. I knew my father's life has been weighted by the memory of a day just prior to my birth finding his father's bloody body, beaten to death behind a bar at the end of their block. The engagement as men who placed to their own defenses were somewhat defenseless in the context of being documented and our mutual memories exposed and explored and etched on tape for all who wished to witness the story. For myself, it was the primal, primary story that constructed the personalities and shaded the events I would discuss, perform, document and regret continuously. *The uncertainty of grand, anxious moments of emotional retribution this passed (up)on symptom of a disease that replaces, replenishes the failures of all us men who come to terms with a new that is created, empirical, justified, all the while grasping for a proper place for ourselves. A dream for an organized, unresolvable mortality.*

My discontent of an end. The inherent power of the family structure placed geographically in strategic spaces around a city. Memories left alone, and dealt with as wonder, uncoverable traces like lovers of themselves plagued by the breathe of their own dismay exercised as a lifestyle rich in its own color, placed in front of their lens, shaded to their vision, so content. Their lens shaded, made to stay that way by sheer will. The energy and commitment to holding on cannot compete with the occasional traveler bent on having their way.

Although the handful of events that constructed his life for me seemed spare, I relished the romantic manner, his bohemian disregard for all the apparent forces that worked against my (re) creation. He worked at Riverview Amusement Park, as a hotel porter, and the one traumatic day of employment at the Stockyards all laced with the necessity of day labor and time off to join his brothers in arms. You might have found him under the 'L' tracks at Sheffield and Webster. You could have spotted him in drag following my grandmother to an early show at the Biograph theater, walking a block away, behind her, secretly in fun. He was the leader of a small band of gin gypsies under the 'L' meeting, talking, arranging, enjoying cocktails from another time. This was Jim Duignan, who in leaving Kelly's Pub from the back door one afternoon was killed for seventy cents.

His face moved around the old Lincoln Park neighborhood consistent and reminiscent of a Catholic morality, a culture of work and a pathology of sadness. Some 40 years has passed marked by his freedoms, imprisoned by a disregard for any consistency, moral or otherwise. He will return to that place refreshed, (re) fictionalized, memorialized. Positioned for however long anyone remembers a man's brief existence through alleys walking, marginalized, drinking, and relegated to his own strengths. Contradicting all I defined as unsavory. He's been a silent partner. I grew up a few steps away from that murder and the memory of the murder, unmarked and myself having no control over, over with this already. I pass his memory everyday and my memory of his constructed life created and increasingly more uncertain about as I get older. I never left him properly as he left moments before I entered. My dad and I will bring the marker to the site, our shared boyhood home, across the street from where I work, running into my memories, not by accident. My family has relied on incidents. The moments when ruptures intersect with untrained spokespersons in defense of their own limitations and sure of their self-proclaimed history. The decades of silence superimposed over gratuitous gestures of feeling betrayed. The lore of future reprisals deferred, nothing is forgotten and less seems forgiven ... leave it there.

Sketching 'Entropy' the state of the family

Entropy

My photo album smells

The coast is clearer.
They pretend they worry subtle daily atonements.
Silence penetrating ones version of self deflection.
Its not remembering its attentions, suspicious, surfacing by all thats not said and still remembering.

She has the scars to prove it, ah and him inside, weeping stoically waxed messianic not laughing like a joke, lying. Twins distracted by the recent patron smiling, irrevocably, uncontrollably with potential events missed and constantly kissed, passing in his pants. Get over and go over before the patron goes visiting the driver through the back door without knocking, closing the gate, pecking in, food cooking for no one.

The record skipping is still.
The closet door revolves like the barrel of a beautiful pistol. Everyone who hasn't isn't missing the secret hand shakes whipped. How you stayed home with your hands on your ears loudly humming with your mouths wide open, jaws aching, unaffected, ducking at the right time.
man, just like a woman, unthirsty, ignorant addict.

Tell me where you are and I'll come, nothing.
I have everything to lose however gladly, seeking, beginning again with more unexperienced.
Better shoes melting slower on roasting pitch pavement like soul perfume, sizzles with the sun melting a flannel shirt onto my back.
Charge my binges an epitaph on sidewalk chalk, I missed before the alley walks bullshit bar keeping gawks in alley walks.

My photo album smells like fish

Times not up, the coast is nearer. Yell, no one can hear charms and the desperate inabilities of heavy your own freedom, like a burden, escaping some unobtainable affection, a predilection for stalks near alley walks.

My pictures of six plays tricks, time paused and nausea looking like eye lids pressed flashbacks around Chicago with a summer flannel fitted thirty day wear commemorating nothing there.
A last twenty four and no more till dawn call me at home from the subway steps, not home now when you pleasn't take a message from afar.

To much something on your behalf like memorials on your behalf about me and you only having to look within the driver's cave danger can't stand the smell of the food cooking for no one, closing the gate without a knock, twisting your neck, nose pressed against the fresh glass, avoiding a reflection like flesh.

Turned back smocks, unchained locks on doors leaning off hinges and me with binges not collecting messages like hookers or their messages, uncollected.
Time clocks forwarded until you call or they or them do you know pretty well before I remember not really who could me still remembering about me remembering still.

Cousins tell signs of sightings, still fighting, sighted cycle unbreakers conspirators closed fists with child fakers, runnings mingling hiring dads.
VFW experience not necessary mechanically inclined to kids with white hats.
Looking down amazed reptiles still enraged putting ads in newspapers for a shooter long neck and socks clan memorabilia
Don't leave a message for two bits a line.

My photo album lies.

My possessions ain't coasters
kind of toast to your image pure.

Moms pregnant again the only time really again.

The can opener doesn't penetrate baby bottles like milk dripping on your face something smells well push it in your face two bottles with a piece of cake at a time.

3

Someone tell him his mom's gone shopping
no money permanently one stop no returns patient saintly her holder on rocking petting, cooking, rug collecting, rag wearing,
wake hopping saint.

Someone tell them there mom's alone again feeling faint.

Again someone tell her unbelievable they are in town her small kids like shopping carts, hiding, toasting, looking for work loaded, one year memories.

Hold onto your thoughts that one's eating your insides celebrate your golden anniversary resentment dinner, cooncoys lays a nice tables.

Meet my hooker who I thought sold real estate, I thought she was here when I moved in.

The fire escape flies like myself, it fits nicely diving boards comafoggy.

I thought that the fire escape was here when I moved in.

Brother can you spare your wife until payday you could give me mine please.

I don't remember what she looks like with shoes on are these girls taken my daughters nieces daughters, dovetail love..

Knitted hats symbols recognizable clubbing
members as they go panting raids with uncle dad him loves his thirst punching clocks blacks sweats birthday presents to himself
pleasuring the grand daughter from another marriage soon to be decided.

My photo album breaks my heart.

Multi acceptulate washed with wacks, smits and cones membership down frowning upon the black construction paper sheets
included non yellowing tones like materials that can't rub off in your hands

Holding the album like a revisionist bible rotting corpse like smelling of something still undetermined.

Leafing through the pages is watching a Ferris wheel while smile peeling off the skin from my back for laughs pressing my face
against the back door glass like Laundromat clear washer rounds door fast, looking for answers
unquestioned,
still remembering,
taking pictures.



The new Northwestern Memorial Hospital is an amazing building. Right down to the paintings hanging on the walls. Because not only do they add a touch of warmth and distinction to each of our patient rooms (which, by the way, are all private), they form part of an innovative recovery program. Research has found that certain pictures—like landscapes and pastoral settings—can be very calming to patients and can actually help them get better. So every one of the nearly 1,700 works of art that adorn our walls are designed to be pleasing to the eye, as well as soothing to the soul. Now if a hospital takes that much care with its decor, just imagine how remarkable its patient care must be. To witness our other innovations for yourself, call 312-926-1000.

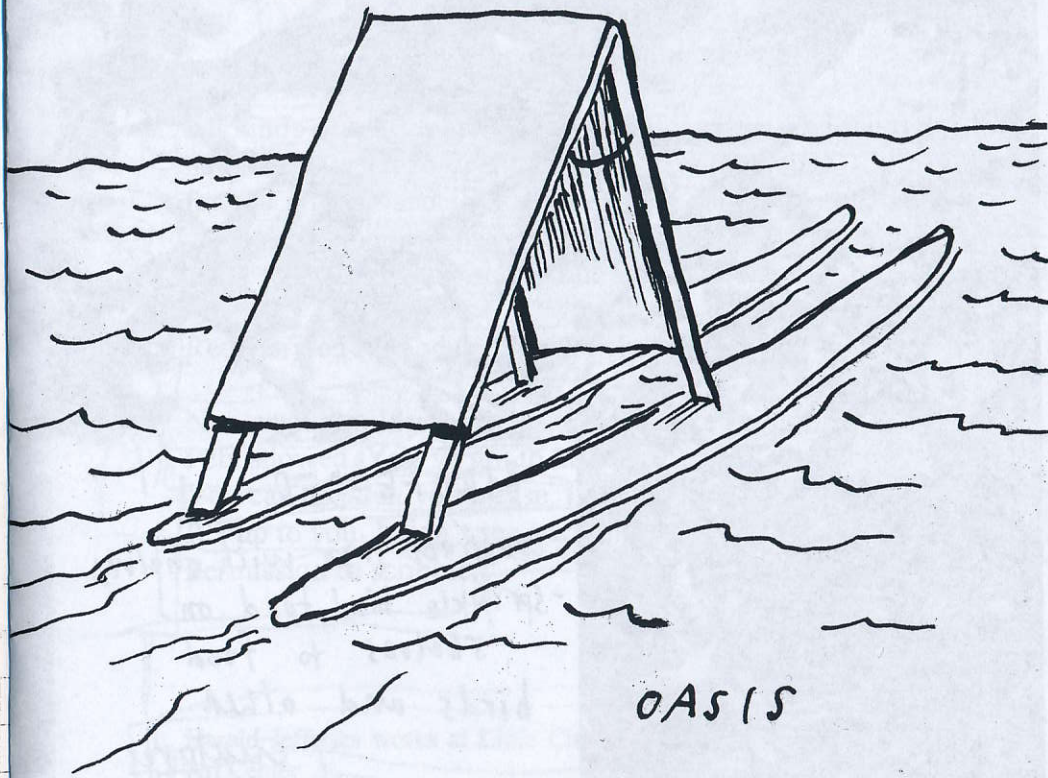
Dear MARC,

Here are 2 drawings for inclusion in the show's booklet. I think they may help clarify my sandwich boards, which could seem confusing without water and without birds. Feel free to crop them, or even discard them (due to bad drawing skills). If you have any questions, feel free to call (773-267-3002). Good luck.

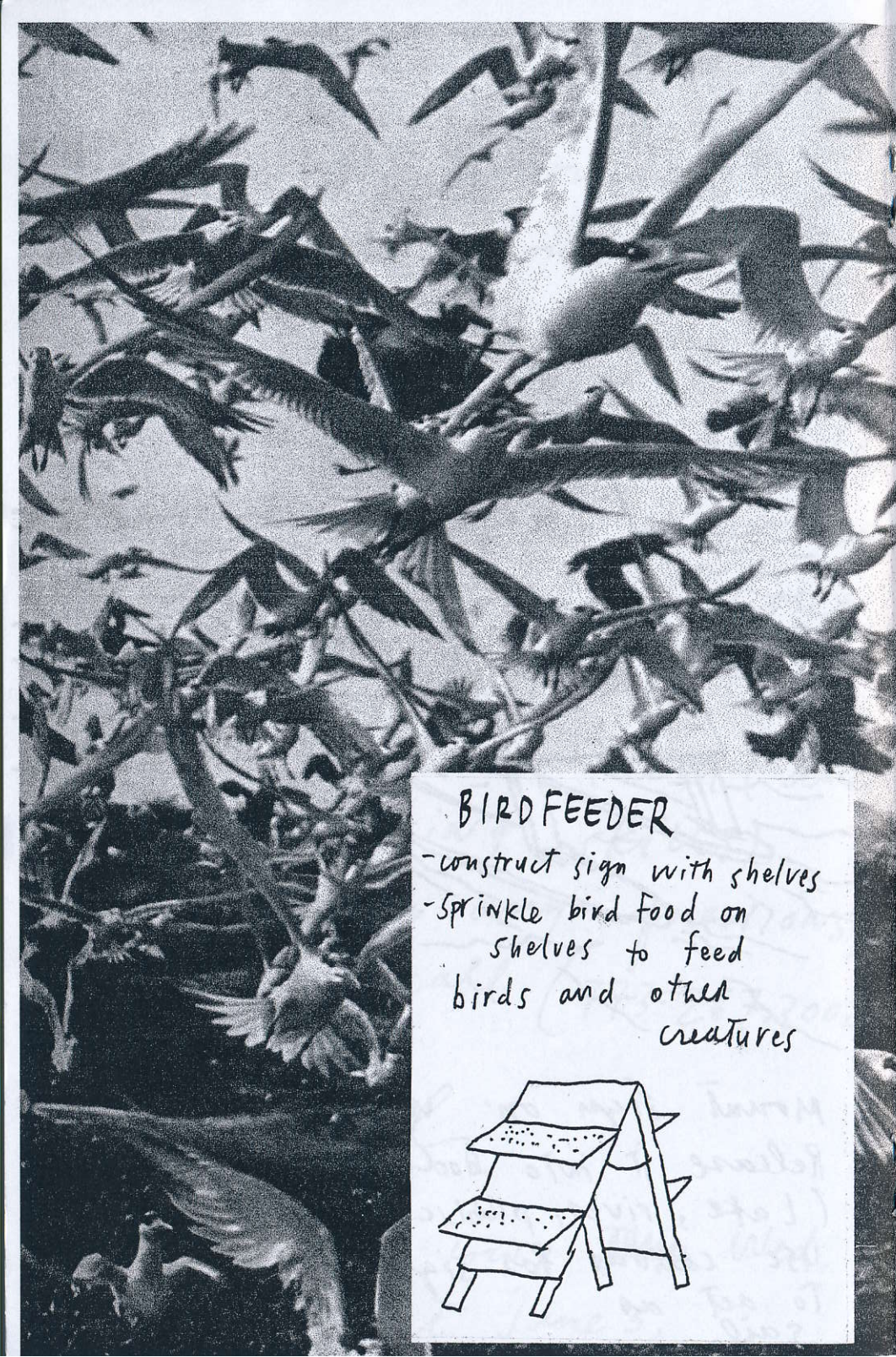
oli

-I'll be out of town ~~thru~~ Wed.

~~thru~~ June 2 to Sat June 5,

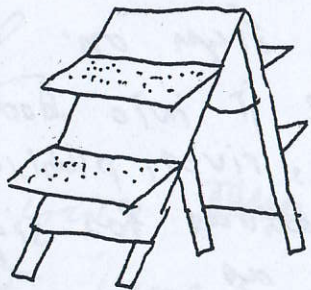


Mount sign on water skis
Release it into body of water
(Lake, river, public fountain)
Use canvas for sign surface
to act as
sail.

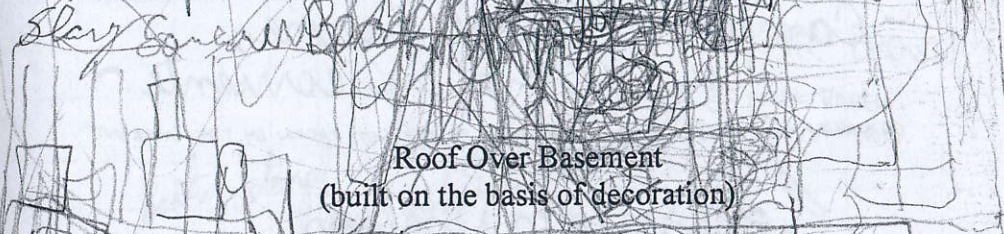


BIRD FEEDER

- construct sign with shelves
- sprinkle bird food on shelves to feed birds and other creatures



(I yes) Deal Food All
If Bag...
By...
TUR...
Slay...
Roof Over Basement
(built on the basis of decoration)

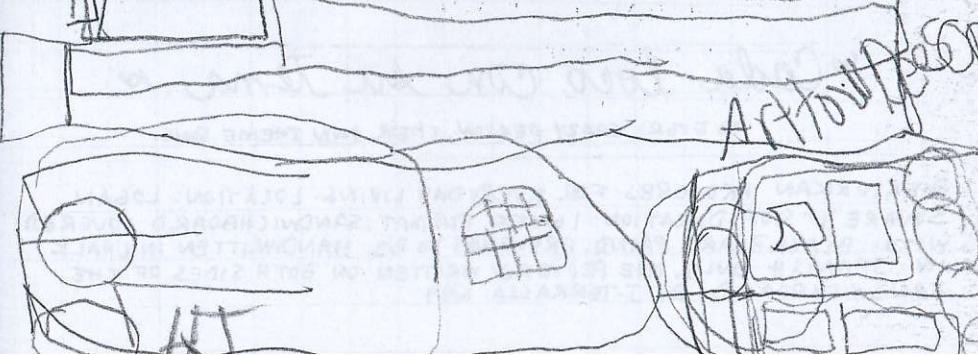


All kinds of houses are being sold. If you can find the right number between 25 or 30, you may buy the house. I'll pay for the kitchen and the bathroom. It's a wooden cabinet. This old plumbing house-deck-shelves-decorated stream. Make it a boat to go fishing- but not in the water.

Redecorated Remodeled Refurbished Rebuilt

Non-smoking. If you must smoke, smoke outside.
Pets allowed. You've got to have a pet. That's the law.
You can do what you please. I don't care.
It's up to you. I didn't see anything.
Permission to scribble.

Harold Jefferies works at Little City Foundation's Multi-Disciplinary Art Center



~ A quien Dios se lo da,
San Pedro se lo bendiga. ~

TO WHOM GOD GIVES, SAINT PETER BLESSES.

~ Camarón que se duerme,
se lo lleva la corriente. ~

A SHRIMP THAT DOESN'T SWIM OR THAT FALLS ASLEEP GETS TAKEN BY THE CURRENT.

~ A caballo regalado
no se le mira
el colmillo. ~

ONE SHOULD NOT LOOK AT THE TEETH OF A GIFT HORSE.

~ A falta de pan, galleta. ~

IF THERE IS NO BREAD, THEN CRACKERS.

~ Calma, p'ajo, que tu peine
llega. ~

CALM DOWN, LICE, THAT YOUR COMB WILL COME.

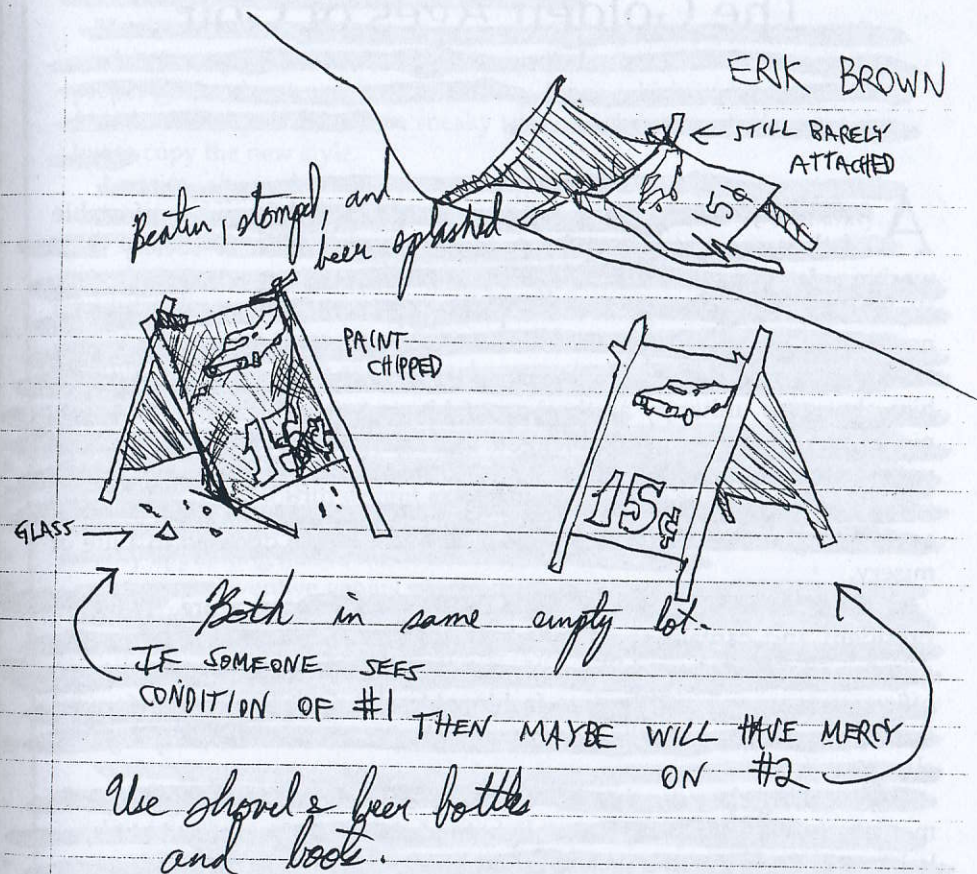
~ Alábate, pollo, que
mañana
te quisan. ~

PRAISE YOURSELF TODAY, CHICKEN, THAT TOMORROW YOU WILL BE STEWED.

~ Cada loco con su tema. ~

TO EVERY CRAZY PERSON, THEIR OWN THEME SONG.

PUERTORICAN PROVERBS FOR EVERYDAY LIVING. LOCATION: LOGAN SQUARE "L" STOP. DURATION: 1 WEEK. FORMAT: SANDWICHBOARD COVERED WITH BLACKBOARD PAINT. PROVERBS TO BE HANDWRITTEN IN CHALK, IN SPANISH ONLY. ONE PROVERB WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SANDWICHBOARD. BY J. TERRASSA 6/99



[REDACTED] responsible

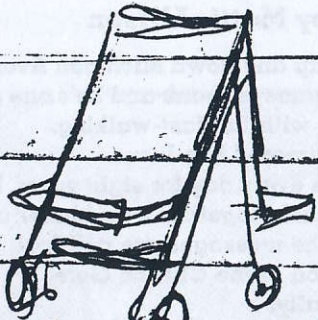
[REDACTED] arrogant, opinionated and snobbish [REDACTED] that nonsense [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] bend over and take his punishment like a man. When he was [REDACTED] the cricket establishment, and when [REDACTED] chastised [REDACTED] He was rebellious and insisted on living life on his own terms, an anti-hero [REDACTED] standoffish pain in the neck to lovable [REDACTED] mocking the system [REDACTED] denied [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Tony Jacklin [REDACTED] snobbery and prejudice, [REDACTED] showing a marked lack of originality in the best traditions of his profession, [REDACTED] by inventing a household god [REDACTED] exploited the commercial possibilities [REDACTED] iconoclasts [REDACTED] the deity of [REDACTED] the fans loved to hate, [REDACTED] popular [REDACTED] baby [REDACTED] in the bush [REDACTED] smarty-pants [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] supremacy [REDACTED] outstanding genres made compulsive drama for the new medium of television and fortunes for everybody. The [REDACTED]

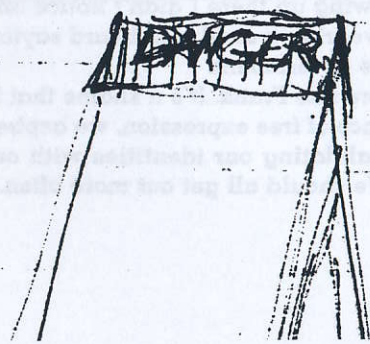
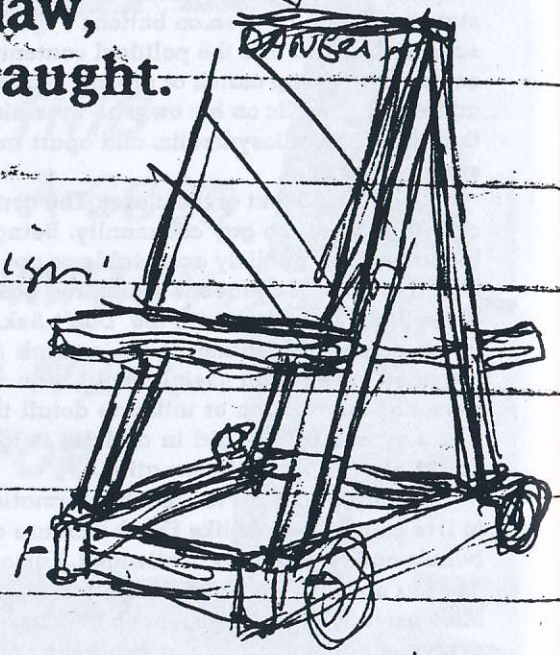
[REDACTED] trousers kept falling down. [REDACTED] the supremacy of golf was up for grabs. [REDACTED]



TORTOIS

The best poetic terrorism
is against the law,
but don't get caught.
Art as crime;
crime as art.

Chaos
Hakim Bey
1985



W F
pms

This is a list of how things go in the world-

H
OM
ECO
NFINE
MENT P
ROBATION
COOK COUN
TY PLACEM
ENT D.O.C. A
ND BEYOND

Ronald S. and Michael Piazza CCJTDC



Frank the Sandwich Board Guy by Matti Allison

Have you seen the guy that walks up and down Michigan Avenue every day wearing a sandwich board? His name is Frank and he's one of my favorite Michigan Ave. regulars, along with the fast-walking, window-shopping, Spanish-speaking man dressed like Jesus.

Frank says he's been wearing signs every day for eight years. His sandwich board is laminated poster board held together with binder clips that is hung around his neck with string. The messages are political ("The people must clamor for the resignation of the Clinton Gore Administration!!") and he changes them daily.

Frank stands out. He doesn't stand out for wearing slogans; the majority of shoppers and workers on lunch hour sport shirts advertising The Gap or The Bulls, or Marshall Fields bags and Prada purses. Political statements can be seen on buttons ("Free Tibet") and the size of Frank's sandwich board and the political content would be common in the context of a group march or protest. Frank stands out because prefers to address the public on his own; he uses his body to present statements that are large, idiosyncratic, and apart from an organized rally with a singular focus.

Frank is out of the closet. The concept of being 'out' is a great contribution of the gay community. Being out affirms your pride in your individuality - publicly acceptable or not. Some days I feel like wearing a sign that says "I can recite a hundred poems from memory" or "I have great lips." For those with the 'Don't Ask, Don't Tell' mentality, being out is too much information. In junior high school, too much information provided others with useful insults. You were squeamish about any personal information or intimate detail that might reveal too much about yourself. A fat girl in a bikini is too much information. Frank is definitely too much information.

My desire for too much information is why I live in a city. I want to live around people like Frank who are out. I need to have my own beliefs and experiences challenged. I also prefer to know someone's agenda up front. If they're dangerous I can be wary of it. In small Midwestern towns, an extreme politeness and need to believe that everyone agrees, inhibits any dissent or unique opinion. I imagine that for some people this fosters a feeling of safety and community. I have my doubts about the reality of that safety and community. Michigan is the militia capital of the US, but growing up there I didn't notice anyone standing curbside on dirt roads wearing a sandwich board saying we need to arm ourselves against the government.

I wish everyone were more like Frank. It's a shame that in a country with a generous acceptance of free expression, we aspire to nothing more interesting than validating our identities with our favorite brand of tennis shoes. We should all get out more often.

Sign Slide Show

Marc Fischer

A continuously running presentation of 80 slides of sandwich boards and other signs from the Chicago area forms an important component of this show at Temporary Services. One of the most pleasurable aspects of organizing this project was walking and driving all over the city looking for portable signs and sandwich boards. My slide documentation offers an overview of sign designs and puts the artists' projects in context.

Also included among these images are five signs by Chick Loehr that were made at the Little City Foundation in collaboration with visiting artist John Ploof. These signs are an important precedent for Mobile Sign Systems as they are one of the few examples I've found of artists using sandwich boards for public works. More information on that project can be found in the Chicago journal *Whitewalls*; issue #36: Local Options.

It's not easy to make a slide show fit in a book so the following Chicago businesses names are listed because their signs are among those documented. Hundreds of others can be seen throughout the city.

Amoco, Creative Artists Salon & Gallery,
The Occult Bookstore, Hito Liquor, Track
Auto, Velasquez & Sons Mufflers, Au Bon
Pain, Wicker Park Car Wash, Marathon,
Miko's Italian Ice, Bacci Pizzeria,
Barcello's, Tommy's Rock & Roll Cafe,
Robys, Globe Communications Inc.,
Maller's Deli, Plazzios, Little Chinese
Restaurant, Citgo, House of Monsters,
Diamond Image Car Wash, Clark Street
Bistro, Las Brasas, Mama Mia! Pasta,
Pittsfield Cafe, New York Jewelers, Market
Fresh Foods, Byron Roche Gallery,
Wall Street Deli.

Selected Resources and Suggested Reading

ABC No Rio Dinero: The Story of a Lower East Side Art Gallery; Eds. Alan Moore and Marc Miller, New York, ABC No Rio and Collaborative Projects, 1985.

Allocations: Art for a Natural and Artificial Environment; Foundation World Horticulture, Exhibition Floriade, Den Haag-Zoetermeer, 1992.

America's Finest? (Xerox documentation of controversial bus bench art project); Deborah Small, Elizabeth Sisco, Scott Kessler, Louis Hock, (self-published), 1990.

Art and the Public Sphere; Ed. by W.J.T. Mitchell, Chicago, IL, The University of Chicago Press, 1992.

Art Can See; Les Levine, Germany, Cantz, 1997.

The Art of Light and Space; Jan Butterfield, New York, NY, Abbeville, 1993.

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* Note: Nearly all of these books, journals, and articles can be found in Flaxman Library at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, 37 S. Wabash (Sixth Floor). Call 312-899-5097 for access information and hours.

Public Art Practitioners: Present and Past

In developing Mobile Sign Systems, much time has been spent researching a wide array of public art. There is so much more work to be done in this area, but there is also a great deal of work that has been done already. The following list is included to encourage further research and discussion. Some of these artists work primarily in public space, others have produced only one or two public projects but they were interesting enough to warrant mention. There is a bias toward temporary works but some artists that produce permanent public art have also been included when their work raises important issues and problems.

This list is by no means complete.

Vito Acconci, Dennis Adams, Adbusters, John Ahearn & Rigoberto Torres, Ant Farm, Art Attack, The Art Guys, Michael Asher, David Avalos, Barbie Liberation Organization, Robert Barry, Bill Beirne, Joseph Beuys, Billboard Liberation Front, Marinus Boezem, Christian Boltanski, Stephanie Brooks, Chris Burden, Daniel Buren, Scott Burton, Mel Chin, Christo & Jeanne-Claude, Cicada Corps of Artists, Clegg & Guttman, James Collins, Papo Colo, Robbie Conal, Abraham Cruzvillegas, Guy Debord, Agnes Denes, Carmela Castrejon Diego, Peggy Diggs, Dispensing With Formalities, Marcos Ramirez Erre, Ron English, Öyvind Fahlström, Fastwürms, John Fekner, Fluxus, Katharina Fritsch, Gran Fury, Coco Fusco, Anya Gallaccio, Andy Goldsworthy, Guillermo Gómez-Peña, Felix Gonzales-Torres, Dan Graham, Dennis de Groot, Group Material, Guerilla Art Action Group (GAAG), Guerilla Girls, Hans Haacke, Haha, David Hammons, Keith Haring, Mags Harries, Edgar Heap of Birds, Robert Hienecken, Thomas Hirschhorn, Louis Hock, Hocus Focus, Abbie Hoffman & the Yippies, Nancy Holt, Jenny Holzer,

Rebecca Horn, Douglas Huebler, Robert Huot, Robert Irwin, Alfredo Jaar, Kim Jones, Joyous Sounds of Cacophony, Allan Kaprow, Scott Kessler, Carla Kirkwood, Joseph Kosuth, Barbara Kruger, Suzanne Lacy, Les Levine, Maya Lin, Lucy Lippard, Chick Loehr, Iñigo Manglano-Ovalle and Street Level Youth Media, Gordon Matta-Clark, Daniel J. Martinez, Ana Mendieta, Olaf Metzler, Antoni Miralda, Mary Miss, N55, N. E. Thing Co., Max Neuhaus, NEWA R.A.V., Maria Nordman, Claes Oldenburg, Dennis Oppenheim, Gabriel Orozco, Oscar Ortega, Tom Otterness, Paint the Town Red, Laurie Palmer, Mark Pauline, PESTS, Dan Peterman, Robert Peters, Patricia C. Phillips, Adrian Piper, Michelangelo Pistoletto, Anne Pitrone, John Ploof, Jan van Raay, Simon Rodia, Tim Rollins & Kids of Survival, Aura Rosenberg, Ellen Rothenberg, Erika Rothenberg, Ben Rubin, Christy Rupp, Martha Rosler, Michael Schnorr, Richard Serra, Bonnie Sherk, Roman Signer, Charles Simonds, Elizabeth Sisco, The Situationists, Joey Skaggs, Deborah Small, Robert Smithson, Marjorie Strider, Rirkrit Tiravanija, Christopher True, Mierle Laderman Ukeles, Pierre Vivant, Wolf Vostell, WAC, Robert Watts, Lawrence Weiner, Rachel Whiteread, Krzysztof Wodiczko, David Wojnarowicz, Zadik Zadikian, Bob Zoel.

And the many unknown or forgotten artists that have created anonymous temporary public works that were not documented or publicized, but surely impacted those that experienced them.

And the countless uncredited commercial sign builders and painters that shape and color our urban landscape. This project is in part a homage to their work.



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