

A RECKLESS ROLODEX READING COMPANION

Matthew Goulish

RECKLESS ROLODEX

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Soon after his death Lawrence Steger's Antioch College
(SONNET)

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Published by *Every house has a door*
on the occasion of the exhibition
Reckless Rolodex at Gallery 400 at
the University of Illinois Chicago,
January 13 - March 18, 2023.

Designed by Shelf Shelf
(Lucas Reif and Austin White).

Printed by Cold Cube Press,
first edition of 450 copies.

RECKLESS ROLODEX

1. Rolodex

Elizabeth Taylor has died. It's late afternoon, March 23rd 2011. I'm in the kitchen doing something. Let's say chopping onions. Remember the proclamation of performance artist and filmmaker Jack Smith. "The secret of great acting is this." I'm paraphrasing. "When called on to cry during a particularly emotional scene, contrive a way to be chopping onions." On March 23rd 2011 I am not acting. I am actually chopping onions. The radio tribute plays recordings of Elizabeth Taylor. It samples various indelible and apparently famous lines from her career, including one that she as Martha hurls--rueful, embittered--at George her husband in Edward Albee's play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*.

I hope that was an empty bottle, George.
You can't afford to waste good liquor.
Not on your salary. Not on an associate
professor's salary!

It's a minor detonation, and the shockwave ripples through my mind. Memory takes hold of me. Larry (Lawrence Steger) perches on a barstool in the spotlight. He pulls cards off of a Rolodex one by one like petals from a daisy. He reads into a microphone from each, his affect at once mordant and impish, then drops it. Cards accumulate on the Club Lower Links cabaret stage floor. It's a turn he repeats in various forms, a recitation forever mutating, although seemingly not randomized. The parade of lines contrast one another--sad, funny, poetic, obscure--constituting a list of sorts with no story, no development or resolution, only pure exposition: a performance of beginnings. Of all the cards read aloud, after all these years I recall only one, a line that haunted me for unknown reasons.

I hope that was an empty bottle, George.
You can't afford to waste good liquor.
Not on your salary. Not on an associate
professor's salary!

Cover image: *Open Moment* stage
design by Edie Fake.

Now twelve years later here I am describing a memory within a memory. Let me try to trace it. Elizabeth Taylor died in 2011, twelve years after Lawrence died in 1999. I saw the Rolodex performance some time around 1990. So I had carried that line with me for twenty-one years believing Lawrence had written it. He must be speaking, I believed without giving it much thought, about an associate professor name George whom I probably knew, and with whom he had shared some kind of an intimate scene. Now I had to process the fact that he was channeling Elizabeth Taylor borrowing verbatim from Edward Albee's language pointedly aimed at Richard Burton, her real-life husband at the time, the two of them playing characters who shared the first names of the first U.S. First Lady and President. Now, meaning in 2011, I had to revise the memory, rethink the depth of Larry's knowledge of American theater and icons like Elizabeth Taylor as well as the slyness of his appropriations. In the aftershock of hearing Elizabeth Taylor's voice speak Lawrence's line from the radio and from, like Larry, beyond the grave, a secondary caution checked my thinking, a doubt lingered that only really catches up with me now, meaning 2023, another present, this one twelve years after the Elizabeth Taylor radio tribute. Perhaps Lawrence both recited the Albee line *and* referred to an actual associate professor named George with whom he had shared some kind of an intimate scenario. One possibility does not preclude the other. That is partly the point of the Rolodex, its circular proliferation, its implications of promiscuity. That was partly the point of Larry, patron saint of perpetual revision, of semi-transparent character overlay. Unstable recollection followed in his wake, still follows these years later in this now, this second now, or third: "Now that I've reached the age of sixty, when life fades as quickly as dew..." How do I gain a foothold in this procession that carries me along so unforgivingly? I need to write it down before I forget what day it is.

"Of everyone in this room, I have the worst teeth and require the most costly dental work. I therefore deserve to be paid more than the other panelists." That's a direct quotation (actually another paraphrase) of the aging Jack Smith as witnessed on a filmmakers panel by the youthful

Lawrence Steger during his impressionable New York years--repeated for me in one of our many conversations, a testament to our bleak yet lively heritage, we who cannot afford to waste good liquor. Things have changed, I know. Most of you are still young. Time for some clarification.

2. Index

Jack Smith--artist, writer, photographer, filmmaker, born in 1932 in Columbus Ohio, raised in Texas, relocated to New York in 1953 after his first film *Buzzards over Baghdad*. Sometimes called the inventor of "performance art," progenitor of the style later referred to as "camp." Susan Sontag described his 1963 film *Flaming Creatures* as "that rare modern work of art that is about joy and innocence. To be sure, this joyousness, this innocence is composed out of themes which are--by ordinary standards--perverse, decadent, at the least, highly theatrical and artificial." *Flaming Creatures* was "one of two films seized by New York City police on the grounds of obscenity," or as Smith wrote, given a "sickeningly pasty reception." The other film was *Un Chant D'Amour* by Jean Genet from 1950, a VHS copy of which Lawrence Steger once loaned me for reasons I cannot now recall. Jack Smith died in 1989 of AIDS-related illness at the age of 56.

Rolodex--noun and North American Trademark: a desktop card index traditionally used to record names, addresses, and telephone numbers in the form of a rotating spindle holding specifically designed detachable cards; a popular office item before digital technology replaced it with the database, a structured set of contacts held in a computer, especially one that is accessible in various ways, which in turn mutated into what we now know as "contacts" software. Let me add you to my contacts, we say. Who among us remembers the hardware of the Rolodex?--the circle, the wheeling vortex, the shorthand synecdoche for a list of business associates acquaintances family friends enemies frenemies that we sanitize with the word "community," the milieu, the ground out of which individuality differentiates itself, emerges, then into which it once again recedes.

Club Lower Links--so named because of its location in the basement of a building actually named Link's Hall at the three-way intersection of North Clark Street, North Sheffield Avenue, and West Newport Avenue. You can still see the name in terra cotta on the pediment that faces Sheffield. Note the apostrophe: not a hall of many links, but a hall that belongs to Link. Who was Link? Up on the second floor, the original dance studio started in 1978 took the name Link's Hall. It has a bleached wood floor and east-facing windows at the level of the el tracks. When a train passes the sound fills the room. Club Lower Links, which Leigh Jones opened ten years later in April 1988 in the building's lower depths, had the opposite atmosphere. From the entrance at 954 W. Newport Avenue, stairs led down and opened into a speakeasy-like venue, wider and deeper than one might expect, with a concrete floor, mismatched tables and chairs, a sofa, shadowy dim lighting from wall sconces and lamps with fabric shades like somebody's semi-neglected living room, two restrooms on the left, a bar at the back, and beside the stairs a wide, shallow stage, slightly raised, with ample lighting, from surprisingly professional theatrical instruments strategically positioned across the low ceiling. The venue hosted music and performance at an exhausting pace seven nights a week: Monday Music / Tuesday Poetry / Wednesday Tragedy Club / Thursday TBA / Friday and Saturday Guest DJs / Sunday Theater. In the early 90s Ken the Door Man might let you descend to hear a concert headlined by Eugene Chadbourne featuring *Proof of Utah* from Champaign, IL and Chicago's very own *Illusion of Safety*, or Gurlene and Gurlette Hussey in a shambolic romp, or a sober performance collaboration featuring Iris Moore and Beth Tanner, or even a glimpse of mayoral candidate Joan Jett Blakk declaiming with the droll acerbic presentation of a standup. You would very likely find Lawrence Steger there, performing, producing, or simply at one end of the bar, monitoring the nightlife at a sleek and stylish remove.

Lawrence Steger--artist, writer, performance maker, filmmaker, curator, born in 1961 in St. Louis, Missouri. He studied theater at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and performance at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He lived in New York briefly. He worked

various jobs in Chicago while presenting performances and organizing events, and after contracting HIV, he at least once found employment under a pseudonym. His frequent collaborators included Douglas Grew, Iris Moore, Mary Brogger, Suzie Silver, Ron Athey, Laura Dame, Steven Thompson, Robert Coddington, Tim Rutili. His performances included *May Day Speech* (a partial reenactment of *Jean Genet's Speech to the Black Panthers*), *STAVE*, *Rough Trade*, *The Swans*, *Incorruptible Flesh*, *Draft*. He toured to the UK and former Yugoslavia. He became an amateur authority on the performance work and music of Yoko Ono. He was a colleague and friend of many including photographer and conceptual artist Robert Blanchon, whose work he owned, filmmaker Patrick Siemer, writer Richard House, photographer Susan Anderson, costumer John Darmour, video artist Joyce Fernandez. "Larry was such a theater rat," said Douglas when I asked him about *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Lawrence died in early 1999 at the age of 37 of AIDS-related illnesses. "His writing files are in Joyce's basement," Iris said to me one week later. "Take them," she said. "Do something with them." I was in Joyce's basement the next day. It was one of those Chicago basements that is only partly submerged, with above-ground windows high on the walls. Because of that I remember sunlight streaming in as I collected the files from Joyce's cabinets. I remember Joyce, solemn and grateful. This would have been early February: a winter sun.

3. Reckless spectre

Steve Lafreniere: One of the best series I've seen was "Crimes of Reckless Youth," which you did with Douglas Grew at Lower Links a few years ago. What was most interesting was that it was all men, but half straight and half fags, both addressing the issue of being male in America.

Lawrence Steger: That whole concept is really funny to me, what we did. It was so over the top. It was self-parody in the sense that it was all men talking about being men, but everyone knew it was just a big joke. It certainly sparked a dialogue [...]

I have searched unsuccessfully for a passage from Gustave Flaubert, a particular page that Larry invited me to read at Club Lower Links on December 13, 1990, in the monthlong cabaret series that he and Douglas Grew assembled titled *The Return of Reckless Youth*. I found a press release, a photocopied sheet--in which archive I do not recall, or maybe my own files, or Larry's files after I inherited them. I am not a historian--that must be obvious by now--but the grownup iteration of child who dreamed of archeology. Anyway, back to 1990.

The weekly cabaret about Juvenile Delinquents, Deviants, and All-American Social Outcasts will return to the stage at Club Lower Links for three consecutive Thursdays in December.

The all-new, all-male line-up will feature the Top-Guy performers of Chicago, "Live, On-stage, Totally. Dude." These fellas are pointing their collective pistol at the pedagogue, the coach, the officer, the gentleman, and the elected official in a cross-examination of the patriarchy. Someone might get shot in the foot.

This series is brought to you by the same tender ruffians (Douglas Grew & Lawrence Steger) who brought you *Crimes of Reckless Youth: A Series* last January.

The Flaubert memory came back when I received Susan Anderson's staged publicity photo for the original *Crimes* series depicting the two in faux delinquent pose: Douglas as fallen Boy Scout with dangling cigarette and prop kitchen knife brandished like a switchblade, Larry as petrified military recruit caught red-handed with comic book, both frozen in a searchlight's beam before a graffitied wall. The photograph recalled the camp fun of the series--how young we were--and how much Larry's invitation meant to me. The evening, with the title *Boot Camp: Send A Salami To Your Boy In The Army*, was to feature him and Douglas doing a dance number in uniform to Bing Crosby's cheering-the-troops croon and, although *Crimes* was to be an all-male series, a surprise guest

female performance artist (Dani K.) made an appearance in drag lip-synching Morrissey's *Suedehead*.

Why do you come here

When you know it makes things hard for me?



Larry wanted to add some gravity to the lightness of the proceedings, and for this he thought of me and offered a page from Flaubert. Of the page I remember fleeting images from a Levantine setting, perhaps from a travel journal or letter, an interior not unlike that of Club Lower Links. What exactly did it have to do with *Crimes of Reckless Youth*? I don't recall the connection, nor can I make one now. I only dimly recollect repressed grotesque spirits haunting the old-world colonialism, another testament that Lawrence was never one to let things rest. He seemed content only after introducing a degree of discomfort. One can see that in any performance photo, and even in the portrait, which I will speak about soon. But these places, as I describe them, become so real in my memory. I feel that I could walk out of here and straight into them. They have been gone so long, and every day people walk by the locations with no notion of what happened there, of what we did, of who we were, or of, if we mattered, why. We bear the responsibility for the effects of our forgetting. And when we go, what will become of our memories? But the night came to an end, and after it the day followed, and I never had an opportunity to say goodbye, to the club,

to Lawrence. "Never had an opportunity"--that's my way of protecting myself from saying I avoided it. What would those goodbyes have looked like? I shudder to picture them, to recall those times when our world seemed to turn in on itself, as the lights dimmed in those once-joyful rooms

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow.

I place whatever Flaubert I read that night in *Return of Reckless Youth* in the same category as the white gowned momentary grotesque that Lawrence adopted in his solo performance *STAVE* two years later. The words and images evoke a *paysages moralisé*, where inner life and outer environment merge. In *STAVE*'s concluding lip-synch, Lawrence becomes a bottom-lit apparition, like an imp escaped from its crystal vial, transforming David Bowie's *Eight Line Poem* desert-scape into an austere allegorical setting for a soul's dark night. The song has been called the most overlooked track on the *Hunky Dory* album (1971). It's a strange moment in *STAVE*, this *becoming animal* to the lyric "Clara puts her head between her paws," accompanied by guitar and mellotron. Such moments lifted from their frames are nearly all I have of those days, of that first invitation from Lawrence, to participate in a cabaret and thus in his aesthetic and his life. I remember our conversation in the loft where he lived at the time, him speculating about a second text that I could read in Act II, after Act I's Flaubert, maybe Dennis Cooper, although, in the attempt to lend the lightweight cabaret lineup a counterpoint of gravity, that choice might constitute an overcorrection. Larry posed in that loft for the photograph by Susan Anderson that has become the definitive portrait.

Susan: I can still remember the day we made that portrait, in his loft off of N. Milwaukee. The space had that tin ceiling material on the walls. In fact, as I recall, he told me that day that he was HIV positive. He wanted this portrait to be the way he would be remembered.

Matthew: I think the loft you are describing was on West St. Georges Court, off Stave Street, just south of the California stop at Milwaukee Avenue. Does that seem right to you? He lived there before moving to Chestnut Street.

Susan: Yes. St. Georges Court is the street for sure.



4. *I wasn't there*

Lawrence dates his letter to Joan Dickinson October 3, 1998.

Dear Joan,

Thanks for the nice birthday greeting. And no, you've never sent me that card before, and even if you had, you shouldn't hesitate; I love getting notes from you, especially with a letter attached. You said that I should write when I find work, and well, work has found me and it's a late Saturday night, and I'm too tired from too much of it. I'm

doing the same tomorrow--that is, more work, but it's nice that I'm able to (i.e. healthily enough...) and there's some to be had (i.e. under the table). I painted the apartment next door for some yuppie, about my age, Craig. He and his wife (I think that they're both real-estate agents--Lincoln Park, no less) bought the place about three-four years ago. They actually came to see Draft which was very adventurous of them... Anyhows, here we are, about the same age (I think that I'm older) and I'm hopping onto my bicycle to go across town while he's stepping into his new Acura Something (Black, wanna-be-Mercedes). Argh. I've been feeling the pangs of non-ownership these days. Don't know if it's even conceivable for me to own a place but I sure would like to... But beside the point, I'm working towards scraping myself out of the debt that I got myself into from the European trip last April/ May. I spent a little more than I made (maxing out all of my credit--which in the reality of it, isn't much--wouldn't buy an Acura Something...) and with my monthly bills increasing since going on Medicare last January, I find that my monthly disability/ social security barely covers the basics--and that means shopping at Aldi's and using coupons. If I want to keep up appearances, and retain my glamorous nightlife, etc., I better work doubly hard to pay the bills. [...] I'm sorry that I've given so much space over to money worries--how boring... Besides working for the odd yuppie here and there, I've taken on the responsibilities of press relation for the [...].

Here Lawrence named a local performance space. Its director, he continued,

is paying me under the table (sshh, burn this letter in case the FBI are crawling under the eaves... all files are erased, all names are withheld) and even though there's no record of me ever working there, my name is on the press release and if anyone ever wanted to, could prove that I'm working there. Frightening, the consequences.

[...] But it's strange, this double life. I'm so awfully tired of being diagnosed as terminally ill and even though I've come to terms with one possible end result of my very late millennium disease, I haven't quite found a way to understand all the ins and outs of working "black", [LS uses this term in its semi-archaic sense of illicit or illegal secrecy, as in "the black market" or now "the dark web."] of maintaining a posture throughout all of it, and being that I'm mister popularity and my public life is just that--quite public--I find myself in a quandary. The double agent life for me, yessiree. So, I'm making an art-project of it and documenting the minutiae of my life--making little notes about it all. Novel/Book forthcoming.

(I'm listening to Così fan tutte right now--the beautiful four-part song--Act I--oh gosh, it's gorgeous...)

On that note, I should close for now. It's late here and Act II is just about finished on the tape. I send my love and everything else that will fit into this envelope. Please excuse my printer, I'm getting a new jet printer soon but I'm beginning to like the quality of this for some non-digital reason... Do you like the computer holes?

*love,
XO Lawrence Joseph <3*

Seven and one-half weeks later, apparently after the new printer purchase, a letter that Lawrence wrote to his former Ohio mentors Karen Shirley, artist and professor of art at Antioch College, and Michael Jones, artist and gallery director, included this passage.

I've been working under the table at [...]. I've been doing their publicity (as Josef Takasch--my maternal great-grandfather's name--a Hungarian/Bohemian--who upon his arrival in the U.S. changed the spelling and pronunciation to Take-Cash...

Here Lawrence again listed his duties.

*All for 30 hours a week (\$10 per hour) [...].
Pretty high profile for someone who's supposed to
be deathly ill, with some marginalizing disease,
who's not supposed to be working... Anyway, they
(the Feds, or The Man, or the Insurance Agent...)
would have a pretty hard time of it, proving
as it were, that I actually worked there. Not
a single check was written by or to me. So, in
effect, I wasn't there. Was I?*

5. Veil

It's all true. It must be, if I can make any claim to community, or sanity. I mean to say that since you left us, Larry, and very recently, time itself has fractured and my memory along with it. *The human is a thing / who walks around disintegrating.* (Fanny Howe) Most of what I remember has folded over itself. New forms emerge out of old errors, the reckless with the rolodex, and here we are extending them, extending the idea of you, as an invitation. Your methods, your personas, your mysteries, your aggressions, your sources, your intellect, your generosity, your conviction, your humor--none of it makes that much sense really, or normal sense, or as the kids say now, normative. It's like playing that David Bowie tune as if it were a Nintendo arcade game, eight lines limited to eight tones, or something like that. I turn to the young people for inspiration and tech support. They turn to me I'm not sure why, maybe when they see the phrase *viewer discretion advised*.

I wore it like a badge of teenage film stars
Hash bars, cherry mash and tinfoil tiaras
Dreaming of Maria Callas
Whoever she is

Now I wonder how best to introduce, if that's the right word, your work and life to this gyroscopic generation, how to migrate the archive into forms and technologies differently, if not more, stable. The legacy, both

individual and collective, poses the question of transmission--of knowledge, of bequest, of promise. So we craft our resistance to the impossible distress of finitude. The first concern has always been what we can do together. Which is another way of saying: How does who I am get in the way? You saw yourself reflected best in fictions, maybe because in the heart of personality's labyrinth you knew yourself to be one, as we do, "we that are young," we fictions. And here I am, hearing you, seeing you, through every intricately constructed portrait, crafting a new constellation for my own private night sky. I am not lonely. A crowd has begun to gather.

Steve Lafreniere: In your performances, you also use homo historical figures almost exclusively, to startling effect.

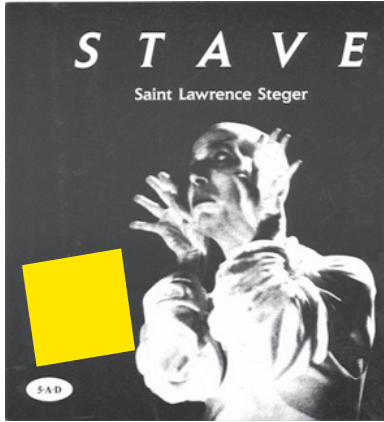
Lawrence Steger: Well I'm always trying to use those kinds of characters as a way to redefine myself. Looking at how they react to certain things. It's like taking someone like Bowie and incorporating him into your own persona, like so many fags did throughout their adolescence. In the last solo piece that I did, "Stave," I was really attempting to create something that didn't exist, a persona that was like a ghost. Already kind of dead. I'm always trying to incorporate some other personality into what I do, so that there's this layer of something else there in front of me. Or using the character to veil an aspect of Lawrence.

So many questions remain unanswered, even unanswerable, questions that I carry with me now, decades removed from those evenings in the dim subterranean nightclub, which I remember as fairly well attended. Maybe I prefer the questions, open circles full of possibility. I have so many that I have given up listing them. I live with them as one would a condition, physical or psychological. Maybe for that reason the imaginary landscapes that unfold out of pop songs remain so vivid and inviting. The irrational resolves what the rational comprehends only dimly. There was one lesson I never really learned from you: how not to overstay my welcome. Here I am, even at this age, still

contending with it, and taking some consolation from the one certainty that you are in fact here, with us once again, with us still. Through writing I dream myself into being. Through this dreaming you return. Is that enough? Maybe but only just. Enough to cue the music.

The tactful cactus by your window
Surveys the prairie of your room
The mobile spins to its collision
Clara puts her head between her paws

They've opened shops down on the West Side
Will the cacti find a home
But the key to the city
Is in the sun that pins the branches to the sky



Soon after his death Lawrence Steger's Antioch College community gathered at a memorial to divide his ashes. A former teacher proposed to bake a portion into a large fruitcake. This they did, not to eat like communion but to pass around as a relic and each safeguard for one year. Yesterday Douglas surprised me. "It will be in Chicago for 2023." It still exists! He invited me, "the first non-Antiochian," to receive it. I recall how for his solo Roy

Cohn / Jack Smith (1992) Ron Vawter blended Smith's ash into makeup for his recreation of *What's Underground* about *Marshmallows*? "I mix it with the glitter I put on my eyes and it charges me." What more fitting response to the

question of this artist's presence and legacy than a confection preserved? *Fruitcake Baked with Ashes of Lawrence Steger*

1. *Crown Hall 1, 2, and 3*

The photographs *Crown Hall 1, 2, and 3* by Barbara Kasten date from 2018-19 and her investigation through activation of Mies van der Rohe's S. R. Crown Hall at the Illinois Institute of Technology. Kasten collected materials, such as work tables and scraps of colored plexiglass, found in this studio space for architecture students, assembled them into sculptural constructions, and photographed them. The result traces connections between Miesian rectilinear proportion and the play of design in the photograms of László Moholy-Nagy, founder of the "New Bauhaus" in 1937 which merged in 1949 with IIT.

Kasten's dynamics of color, surface, and line, draw their volumetric inflections out of the modernist forms and sleek materials of S. R. Crown Hall. A later exhibit by Kasten used the title *Architectural Fiction*, and the idea that one can cloak fiction in forms borrowed from architecture echoes Lawrence Steger's interest in the inherent warp of obsessively perfected structures. Steger seemed drawn to formally refined spaces like S. R. Crown Hall as portals to imaginary worlds or private fantasy. In his performance work *The Swans*, he refracted architectural phrasing into a portrait of Ludwig II of Bavaria who in the 1860s began commissioning the construction of fantastic spaces on his properties. The underground Venus Grotto at Linderhof Palace illustrates Act I of Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser*. Twenty-four electric dynamos powered the illumination of the grotto with changing colors. In this perfected environment, Ludwig would be rowed across the lake in his golden swan boat. Steger wrote this speech for Laura Dame to deliver regarding the "Mad King."

He would be there. He would be in a space. He would always be in a space, and be described there. (smirk) One would always have to mention that fact.

The space, (quickly, coyly) in-which-he-would-be-described is sometimes flat and sometimes vast. But

always vague. But based on facts. Physical things. Like architecture for instance.

A church. A crypt.

A hole. A cavity.

A black box.

In the midst of nature.

Yes. He's in that space. Vague but true. Space.

Notes for an unfinished project fold together Mies and Mitchell Szewczyk who had assembled the proliferation of handmade ornaments that covered his residence, known as the Cross House, that once stood at 1544 W. Chestnut Street, across from Lawrence's apartment.



9.12.98

Film of cross house (finally) as is, with crosses removed, doing the reading of the names. Drone piece.

Film of Linda Pate talking about Mitchell and how he kept his house so clean. She points out that he referred to them as his "doo-dads."

Film of Dorothy Rosenthal talking about Mies van der Rohe in her apartment at New Year's Eve. Other reminiscences about various other Mies associates, i.e. Myron.

The famous modernist dictum "Less is more" achieved an apotheosis in S. R. Crown Hall which Mies once described as attaining the aspiration of being "almost nothing." Kasten's complex, diagrammatic photographs dematerialize architecture into virtual abstractions that reference history. They gesture in the direction of the performance or film that might have evolved out of Lawrence's last constellation of notes had he lived another year.

2. *Sketch for Sock and Buskin*

Artist Max Guy writes,

For *Reckless Rolodex*, I'm making two masks to represent the Sock and Buskin. The design for the masks uses a lattice of intersecting silhouettes to create a three-dimensional surface. Imagine a straightforward image of a face overlaid with a grid, and then silhouettes of the facial profile were projected out from the Z axis. As vector graphics, I can have the masks cut from virtually any material and size using CNC. The masks will each be the size of a face, or a little larger, so 9" x 12" maximum.

When I was invited to participate in the project, I was researching how to carve Noh masks. Each Noh mask depicts a character with prescribed archetypes, backstories and choreography, sort of like Commedia Dell'arte during the renaissance. The more masks and faces I make, the less interested I am in developing the characters and narratives around them. For one reason or another, I didn't get to carving the masks, but was fascinated by tools used to make them. Specifically, the use of silhouettes and diagrams in shaping a face.

The names Sock and Buskin correspond to happy/sad comedy/tragedy faces using terminology derived from the footwear of ancient Greek theatre. Actors in tragic roles wore a buskin boot, while comic actors wore a thin-soled "sock." Thus Sock names the happy face and Buskin the sad face in the paired masks that hang on the wall of American kitsch culture as perennial mascots that represent "theater."

Lawrence Steger insisted on a kind of secrecy regarding his private life. Sometimes this extreme privacy extended to his creative processes, since he drew a distinct line between his art and his life, between finished works and raw material. Some photographs exist of him applying make-up in front of a mirror, notably in one instance preparing his spectral face for the lip-synch performance of Alice Cooper's *I Love the Dead*. In most cases, however, he avoided pulling back the curtain. With this in mind, he composed his own fictionalized "backstage." *The Swans* begins with a pseudo-live-feed video projected on the stage. It shows the main cast, Lawrence, Douglas Grew, and Laura Dame in their final moments of pre-show preparation, coming together in a tight circle and bowing their heads in focused concentration. On stage, Robert Coddington's synthesized organ music swells, smoke machine clouds billow, the lights rise. In the video the trio stride with determination down a long hall toward the stage door. (The venue Randolph Street Gallery had no such hallway.) The video switches off and the three make an actual entrance that Douglas described as "very glam rock, very KISS."

Max Guy's masks offer their precise analytic update of the theater's polarities, bookending the full spectrum of emotion in all possible presentable gradations. Fabricated of the lightest material, they turn their companion faces toward levity. Still, every empty mask awaits activation, a de-animated face like a costume on a rack. Lawrence worked to obscure all that lay behind the mask until it receded into a void: a life, protected and private, invisible to the eye of the archive, and now only imagined.

3. *Wüsthof Knives*

Betsy Odom's *Wüsthof Knives* from 2013 displays a replica set of three gourmet-style knives of carved graphite resting on a bed of white fur. The simulated blades lie in waiting like Katie Perry on her clouds of cotton candy for the *Teenage Dream* (2010) album cover, with all the accompanying erotic potential, and the materiality of a sharpened pencil before it writes. Lawrence Steger's scripted 1992 solo performance *STAVE* opens with a scene titled *Chandelier*.

Blackout

Sound Cue: Tape #1 up to -----

Stage Cue: *Chandelier* starts to float across stage

Lighting Cue: *Chandelier* fade up on slow count

Depending on the script, you may be holding a hunting knife, a carving knife, a penknife, a letter opener, an ice pick, an icicle, a hatpin, a spindle, a shard of glass, or whatever long, sharp instrument the mind of man can conceive and invent. For our purposes it does not matter. In all of these cases it looks like a knife. It is being handled like a knife. It will have the same effect as a knife.

The voiceover reading a passage from a textbook on stage violence accompanies the floating "chandelier," an image, as realized in the video collaboration with Suzie Silver, of Steger's naked feet and calves, seen from behind (heels), floating in the air, as if dangling from a body hanged. Soon imagery dominated by costume design, especially a white draping gown and white lace face halo, define this performance's look and tenor. Steger spoke of this in the interview published in *Babble* in June, 1994.

Steve Lafreniere: You're identified with a type of stage drag that's rarely actual cross-dressing, but "effeminate" nonetheless, to use a 19th century term. John Darmour, your costumer, consistently astonishes.

Lawrence Steger: [...] John's been doing the costumes for a lot of different things over the last couple of years, and you can definitely see a marked difference in my work from pre-John Darmour.

Steve Lafreniere: In the performances themselves?

Lawrence Steger: Definitely. The costumes bring the language up to a certain sense of baroque-ness. These really long, drawn out monotone monologues that are more about hypnotic states.



One characteristic of Baroque style involves the disorienting pairing of the real beside its own replica: actual sunbeams streaming through a skylight across the brass sunbeams behind the white marble form of the saint for example, in Bernini's *Ecstasy of Saint Teresa*. "And when the folds of clothing spill out of painting, it is Bernini who endows them with sublime form in sculpture, when marble seizes and bears to infinity folds that cannot be explained by the body, but by a spiritual adventure that can set the body ablaze." (Deleuze)

Wüsthof Knives and Darmour's costumes incorporate this ecstatic double fold of actual with illusion in their materiality and concept, the same convergence that defined the peril and poetry of *STAVE*, Lawrence's second "coming out," or first public statement, through performance, of his HIV-positive status. His transfiguring white lace costume includes a garment that resembles the *resplendor*, the headdress of the Tehuana women of Oaxaca, Mexico,

recognizable to many from Frida Kahlo's self-portraits. The word *resplendor* roughly translates to English as "radiance, the brilliant, the glowing," evoking the iconographic splendor of Catholicism. Publicity for STAVE attributed the work to "Saint Lawrence Steger."

4. Loose Lock

Loose Lock by Lilli Carré from 2019 reproduces at exact scale the horizontal part of a very typical door chain lock mechanism, but the chain hangs vertically, uselessly from it, unconnected to anything. Positioned on a wall nowhere near a door and rendered in unglazed ceramic terracotta, this piece makes the ordinariness of the object and its function seem strange. Lawrence had a somewhat subterranean conceptual concern in his work with a strand of unstable domesticity. In a letter from November 24, 1998 he wrote:

The main part of this project is the documenting of my household. The aesthetic concerns that I have. Taking photographs, polaroids, of the "flaws" in the renovations that I have done. All of this is the work of Sisyphus, since the renovations are done on a rental property. Not owned, never to be owned. Molds (dental molds, to be exact) are taken of these "flaws" re-cast in plaster (to be eventually done in bronze,--but 'never realized', painted the same white as my interior) and are of simple drips of paint (where the gloss paint has dripped), evidence of in-exactitude in the molding (where the molding gives evidence of a door once on a frame, etc.) and other such mundane household observations.

In this project, he drew a parallel between the conditions of his inhabited interior spaces and ailing body.

I am documenting what is "wrong" with my body. The disease has manifested itself in odd ways--wounds are a long time in healing, i.e., saving bandages from a wound on my shin that won't heal. Taking polaroids of the wound in various stages of duress...

The Latin root of domestic, *domus*, means "house." Poet Lyn Hejinian has written "the domestic sphere is the realm of the body--the *domus* being where the body is kept fed, clothed, and clean, where it procreates and defecates, and regularly retreats into the world of greatest privacy and secrecy, the world of sleep and dreams." Language and images that issue from a private (non-public) environment can unsettle and seem untrustworthy or even disgusting. The unlocked and ununlockable chain appears as symptom, a wound not a trend, or to paraphrase Lawrence, a disease manifesting itself in an odd way--on a body as temporary and unsecurable as a rented apartment, as fugitive as the endless labor of Sisyphus in the underworld, forever pushing a boulder up a hill that always rolls down again, his punishment for twice having cheated death.

5. Gravity Pleasure Switchback

LS: *OK, let's do the film sequence: As If Beating A Featherbed Against A Wall.*

So begins the climactic scene from the performance *The Swans*, staging an imaginary play commissioned by King Ludwig II of Bavaria, depicting episodes in the life of Gilles de Rais, marshal of France and serial killer of young boys. King Ludwig (Lawrence Steger) orchestrates the action like a film director. In the narrated scene, set in the year 1438, François Prelati (Douglas Grew), a mysterious priest and alchemist, has come from Florence to perform a demon-summoning ritual at the behest of Gilles de Rais (Laura Dame). Prelati has locked himself in the crypt below the chapel, and de Rais listens at the door.

LS: *The next title reads: The Master Is Locked Out Of The Crypt. Prelati (keep this going for a bit and then fade it out...) Prelati hurls himself about the room as if accosted by a phantom figure.*

DG is connected [to a swinging harness] and begins to take bigger risks.

It sounds as if a featherbed were being beaten

against a wall. Take it down. Prelati hurls himself against the stone walls of the chamber. He hurls himself around the room carried by some unseen demon who is angry. He is tossed about the room. Next title: He Is Tossed About The Room. Until he is bloody. Until he is bloody and pulpy. Until he has scars, nicks, gashes and bruises and cuts on every part of his torso. It seems unreal that he can throw himself around the room like this. Like that.

LS glances at monitor over his shoulder, returns to deliver lines to audience. He doesn't witness any of the action going on behind him.

OK, enough with the make-up. And only one more shot. He lies, simpering, crying, and bleeding in the crypt.

Derrick Woods-Morrow's bent mattresses stand arced like a precarious material rainbow. In the wake of an unseen party or ritual, perhaps private, they offer themselves as elaborate residue of conjured and conjugal energy, almost but not quite broken. They have recorded and now exhibit aftereffects in some aftermath like a photograph or monument. Whatever the series of events they have survived, we cannot know them but nor will they let us forget: not what was but only that it was. Our inheritance, like a lineage and legacy, they testify in acknowledgment of a personal array of ghostly forces. *The storm didn't kill me.*

6. Beaver & Shark

Conceptual artist and photographer Robert Blanchon's prolific body of work shared a common aesthetic and operated in relation to many of the same concerns as the performances of his contemporary Lawrence Steger. They had attended the School of the Art Institute in overlapping years: Blanchon from 1984 to 1989, Steger graduating in 1986. In the 1990s, both rethought creativity under the shadow of their HIV positivity. Blanchon's video *Let's Just Kiss + Say Goodbye* (1995) became a touchstone for Steger's later work.

John Neff has performed a researched, archival deconstruction of two Blanchon wall paintings: a remembered wall at Chicago's Randolph Street Gallery painted with a color named "Beaver" from an exhibition in the mid-1990s, and *Carcharodon carcharias* (*Jaws*) at the 1994 AIDS Forum at New York's Artists Space. This second work reconstructed the famous publicity image from Steven Spielberg's 1975 film, which had reworked and intensified the cover illustration of Peter Benchley's 1974 novel. Blanchon inserted an image of himself as the swimmer at the water's surface, doomed prey of the ominously ascending carnivore. His work took its title from the Latin name for great white shark.

In 1998, Steger published an excerpt from his journal written while touring *The Swans* to Ljubljana, Slovenia. He traveled down to Sarajevo, a city decimated by the siege of the years immediately following the violent dissolution of former Yugoslavia. The editors of *P-form*, the Chicago journal of performance which published Steger's text, had debated whether to identify the issue's theme as Illness or Health. In the end, both words appeared. Steger wrote:

Laboring over the difference between a health and a disease issue is more of a stumbling block than I first imagined. They seem the same to me and for the past eight or nine years that I've been carrying around HIV, I can't really distinguish between the two. That's normal. Or better yet, given the metaphor of the glass half-empty or half-full, I can only imagine it for downing the next dose of pills; hopefully it's enough water to get them down my throat and in turn, free of any opportunistic microbes that could be my undoing. I haven't missed one dose of my cocktail since departure and although I'm healthy enough to be traveling to this city ravaged by war, the intermittent sensations of tingling in my hands and feet remind me that I wouldn't be here without the two pounds of medications that are supposed to last until I'm home and can reorder. More of the same. Customs. I try to mask my self-absorption in sustaining health by pretending that it's Normal. I try to siphon my fear of disease into writing without seeming to be the

ego-maniac that propels me to be onstage. I'm trying to write and make theatre that is alive and honest to myself (sic) without invoking pity or mercenary reactions. And with that, I try to keep something hidden while explaining out-loud so that I don't finish my sentences with a feeling of depletion.

7. *Trisha and Homer*

Cherrie Yu's video work *Trisha and Homer* (2018) navigates a restrained circuit of labor, choreography, and mimicry. In collaboration with Homero Muñoz, a former maintenance worker at downtown Chicago's Michigan Plaza, she methodically unfolds notions of identity and pedestrianism inscribed in dancer/choreographer Trisha Brown's 1986 solo work *Accumulation with Talking Plus Watermotor*. The concepts that issued from the Judson Dance Theater in New York from 1962 to 1964, a movement of which Brown was a member, of authenticity, skilled and deskilled modes of movement, and of audience participation, sought to reform the professional dance world. Yu's examination of these ideas circulates comfortably between the contrasting filmic approaches of found footage montage, performance for the camera, and documentary conversational analysis.

In the context of *Reckless Rolodex*, *Trisha and Homer* gestures toward a transparent form of lip-sync or drag mimicry in which the performer wears the material lightly. The enactments shared by Lawrence Steger and Iris Moore in *Rough Trade* of Yoko Ono's song *Hirake (Open)*, and an emblematic interrogation scene from the 1992 film *Basic Instinct*, operate in this offhand style. In a collaboratively written essay titled "Rough Trade: Notes towards Sharing Mascara," Moore and Steger wrote:

Iris didn't feel that we were drag artists per se, but Lawrence felt we used our personalities as drag. The question arose: if our genders were fixed, did that mean they were our texts? And what authority did the text have, if any? Our friend who suggested the "switch" recognized our similarities but didn't take into account the difficult territory of an

assumed We. "We" complicated our ambivalence toward the Self. We trusted each other's mistrust, but how would the mistrust of the other party fit if we each tried them on? If we had something to share, did that mean we would give something away and have it stolen at the same time and vice versa? [...] We mistrusted ourselves in order to trust the other. The form [...] came from cabaret and the amateur (low budget) style of drag shows. We approached the form as the true fiction of performance.

How do we consider ourselves collective individuals? How do we perform ourselves, becoming the who that we want to do? We learn of ourselves through those scenes and soundtracks and sequences that we grow up with: how they form us, how we make ourselves in their image but hold onto ourselves as we do, how they offer us ways into ourselves, we who are more ordinary than not, who speak the languages of artists and celebrities with our own warped fluency.

Lawrence Steger performed for the last time on December 8, 1998, two months before his death: a lip-sync to the song *Mrs. Lennon* by Yoko Ono, from the 1971 double album *Fly*. He had done this act before and recycled it to commemorate the death of John Lennon, assassinated on December 8, 1980. He wore a long white wig.

Mrs. Lennon, Oh Mrs. Lennon
Checking the sky to see if there's no clouds
There's no clouds
Oh then, I guess it must be all right

8. *Brown Rainbow Eclipse Explosion*

Young Joon Kwak's 2017 *Brown Rainbow Eclipse Explosion*--part mirrorball and part astronomical event--as the title suggests, stages an object becoming something other than itself. It presents what the artist has described as

an open-ended sort of choreography, expanding our sense of what our bodies can be, what they can do,

how they can feel. I think of how sculpture can be active, that matter is an actor, how it can take up space and create space for non-normativity. I often look at materials as surrogates for transitioning marginalized bodies into a space of greater recognition.

Brown Rainbow Eclipse Explosion bring to (my) mind three reconfigured chandeliers, each with its own accompanying halos and refractions of light. Two of these occur in Steger's performance *STAVE* (1992). One I mentioned in relation to Betsy Odom's *Wusthof Knives*: the hanging naked feet and ankles, seen from behind, the image of the section that the script titles *Chandelier*. The second in the image that concludes that same performance from the lip-sync of David Bowie's *Eight Line Poem*

The mobile spins to its collision

Collision gives way to explosion, the suggestion of a disco environment with implications of dance party aftermath, when the fearsome small hours of a long dark night of the soul finally catch up with the reveler. Iris Moore, a close friend and collaborator of Steger's, and an eventual caregiver, wrote a description, published in *P-Form* journal, of one indelible image from a gathering held in his memory.

...Mary Brogger's ice cube chandelier in the center with a banquet table around tons of red roses and red tablecloths and black 36" candles in candelabras...

Artist Mary Brogger who had designed and constructed the set pieces for *The Swans*, fabricated the huge metal sculpture that suspended a constellation of skewered dripping ice cubes. The work would dominate the memories of so many in the crowd who attended the memorial. *Brown Rainbow Eclipse Explosion* echoes the metaphorization of armature, holding our memories arrested in their moment of transformation: a celebration eclipsed, given way to cataclysm (with appropriately theatrical lighting).

9. *Open Moment*

King Ludwig II of Bavaria commissioned the underground Venus Grotto at Linderhof Palace in the 1860s in part as a setting for command performances which he alone attended as the sole audience member. Lawrence Steger imagined such a performance as the generative heart of *The Swans*, performed from 1995 to 1998. Mary Brogger's set design and Margaret Goddard's lighting recreated the Venus Grotto for *The Swans*. Such a stage dispenses with modern aspirations to neutrality. It flaunts its own program, which any performance presented there disregards at its peril.

Open Moment, the twenty-foot ramp and low modular stage designed for the Gallery 400 main room by artist Edie Fake and actualized by Bluestem Building & Restoration adopts the conspicuous utopianism of the everyday board game, scaled to human size. Through the course of the exhibition, it operates both as its own object and as a hosting platform for public events. The design carries forward themes of Fake's *Memory Palaces* project, a series of vibrant drawings, commenced in 2013, reimagining Chicago's queer history through the creation of detailed storefronts. In the artist's words:

Thinking of the body as a building is very easy for me to do. The queerness is in the nitty-gritty construction. I think the interesting thing to think about buildings and architecture is that they are really just shells for people to occupy and it's impossible to assign a gender to that.

Memory Palaces was a mix of things. A couple of buildings were based on empty spaces around Chicago that already looked like a ready-made queer space, and I figured I wanted to composite and draw that because it is a space I would want to have. A lot of them were spaces that existed once as a queer space but don't exist anymore and are reimagined. It's always been about tapping into knowing that these things existed as a source of power in the future

versus a nostalgia trip. Less “Boo hoo, that doesn’t exist anymore,” and more like, “We have agency in the present to create a world.”

It’s an ecstatic drawing of space and bodies.

The *Reckless Rolodex* stage realizes such imagery in a simple vernacular of squares, circles, and lines rendered in eight colors for a plywood surface, a functional invention for a theater of disruption: a runway, dance floor, and micro-dwelling from which to launch a future.

10. *At rest, a vessel*



On September 12 and 13, 1986, Lawrence Steger performed *Remote Music* by Larry Miller at N.A.M.E. Gallery’s “Homage to Fluxus” exhibition, curated by Jeff Abell. This early performance demonstrated Steger’s interest in instruction performance, anticipating his later devotion to Yoko Ono’s performance and music.

Remote Music

For single or multiple keyboard instruments in concert.

A mechanical hand with pointing index finger (or a boxing glove) is arranged out of view on a string-and-pulley system above the keyboard prior to the performance. Out of view, the performer lowers the hand onto the keyboard to produce a single note.

1976

The Fluxus signature aesthetic proposes an open and fluid event, a porous object, and often an unfinishable gesture.

Devin T. Mays assembles common materials and arranges ordinary, overlooked objects in a series of seemingly small gestures with outsized returns. An observer may at first wonder, when happening upon them, how deliberate they are. Here he organizes a constellation of open vessels through the exhibition, leaving instructions for them to be filled to varying levels with water. They could be receptacles for an unseen leak, dispersed and semi-conscious. They manifest a relay between object and human. Mays has stated:

I believe my role as an artist is to punctuate: interrupt, accentuate, emphasize, etc. Linguistically, the placement of a comma or period can radically change the meaning or intention of a sentence, phrase or statement. I guess I’m trying to do the same thing visually.

Such punctuation conjuncts existing elements, shifting their relations.

Not all roads lead to mortality. A process like evaporation, not disappearance but becoming vapor, enacts its phase shift below the threshold of human perceptibility. The unfinishable gesture like a loosely opened aperture affords a tranquil space for the work, or perhaps the play, or simply the undefinable actions of the ordinary,

like collecting rainwater in a cup, that go on when we turn away from them, unfolding behind our backs or when we sleep. In the smallest of ways a life's work continues on beyond death.

Lawrence Steger's final performance work *Draft* concluded with the words of a closing monologue, directly addressed to the audience.

What's missing?

What's broken?

What's lost?

About an hour, tops.

But coming down isn't as easy as it was when I first started.

And I've learned my lesson.

You're never supposed to admit that in public.

People might feel used or manipulated.

If you keep that to yourself, people will be a lot happier.

And not rely on tragedy so much for their kicks.

Get on with it!

What could be worse than not finding the right story?

The wrong ending?

And getting away with it?

And getting paid for it?

Well, not much.

But I thank you for your donation.

It's to a very worthy cause.

Believe me.

Good night, and thank you.

1. Rolodex

Edward Albee, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, 1962.

"Now that I've reached the age of sixty, when life fades as quickly as dew..." Kamo no Chōmei, *Record of the Ten-Foot-Square Hut*, (1212), translated by Burton Watson. Boston and London: Shambhala, 1994.

"I want to get this info down in type before I forget what day it is." Brendan deVallance.

2. Index

Susan Sontag, *A Feast for Open Eyes*, *The Nation*, April 13, 1964.

Jack Smith, *Astrology of a Movie Scorpio*, *Film Culture* #76, June 1992.

Brendan deVallance scanned and uploaded the June 1989 Club Lower Links calendar flier, which provided a resource for much of the description here.

3. Reckless spectre

Steve Lafreniere, *Visions of Excess*, interview with Lawrence Steger, *Babble*, week #24, June 15-21, 1994.

Morrissey, *Suedehead*, 1988.

Crimes of Reckless Youth publicity photo by Susan Anderson, 1989.

"We are responsible for the effects of our forgetting."
p. 12, Anne Dufourmantelle, *In Defense of Secrets*, translated from French by Lindsay Turner. New York: Fordham University Press, 2021.

John Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale," 1819.

David Bowie, *Eight Line Poem*, 1971.

Email dialogue between author and Susan Anderson, Sunday January 27, 2019.

Lawrence Steger, *St. Georges Ct., Chicago, 1992*, photo by Susan Anderson, 1992/2022.

4. *I wasn't there*

Lawrence Steger, letter to Joan Dickinson, October 3, 1998, courtesy of Joan Dickinson.

Lawrence Steger last letter to Karen and Michael, November 24, 1998, courtesy of Douglas Grew.

5. Veil

Fanny Howe, *The Vineyard*. Providence, RI: Lost Roads, 1988, p. 64.

REM, *E-Bow the Letter*, 1996.

"The tacit commitment of the heir is not to end the legacy but to preserve it for the future. It is a responsibility leading us somewhere not known in advance. This legacy is at once individual and/or collective. It poses the question of transmission (of knowledge, bequest, promise) and its eventual breaking or forgetting." p. 114, "...the impossible distress of finitude." p. 118, Anne Dufourmantelle, *In Defense of Secrets*, translated from French by Lindsay Turner. New York: Fordham University Press, 2021.

Steve Lafreniere, *Visions of Excess*, interview with Lawrence Steger, *Babble*, week #24, June 15-21, 1994.

David Bowie, *Eight Line Poem*, 1971.

Lawrence Steger, *STAVE*, publicity poster, Club Lower Links, Randolph Street Gallery, 1992.

Notes and Sources: EXHIBITION COMPANION

1. *Crown Hall 1, 2, and 3*

Barbara Kasten, *Architectural Fiction*, Document Gallery Chicago, November 4 - December 23, 2022.

Christopher McIntosh, *The Swan King: Ludwig II of Bavaria*. London: Tauris Parke Paperbacks, 2003, p. 135.

Lawrence Steger, *The Swans (re-mix)*, unpublished script, 1998.

Lawrence Steger, *Number 9*, unpublished script fragment and notes, 1998.

Cross House photo by Jim Zanzi, circa 1980s.

2. *Sketch for Sock and Buskin*

Max Guy, email to curators, October 11, 2022.

3. *Wüsthof Knives*

Lawrence Steger, *STAVE*, unpublished script, 1992.

Steve Lafreniere, *Visions of Excess*, interview with Lawrence Steger, *Babble*, week #24, June 15-21, 1994.

Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold--Leibniz and the Baroque*, translated from French by Tom Conley. Minneapolis and London: University of Minnesota Press, 2021, pp. 121-2.

Video still from *STAVE*, Lawrence Steger and Suzie Silver, 1992.

4. *Loose Lock*

Lawrence Steger's last letter, written to Karen Shirley and Michael Jones, dated November 24, 1998

Lyn Hejinian, *Who Is Speaking*, in *The Language of Inquiry*. Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press, 2000, p. 38.

5. *Gravity Pleasure Switchback*

Lawrence Steger, *The Swans (re-mix)*, unpublished script, 1998.

REM, *Oh My Heart*, 2011.

6. *Beaver & Shark*

Lawrence Steger, *Excerpt from Sarajevo Journal Entry, April 27, 1998*, as published in *P-form*, a journal of interdisciplinary and performance art, number 46, Fall 1998.

7. *Trisha and Homer*

Lawrence Steger and Iris Moore, "Rough Trade: Notes towards Sharing Mascara," in *Outlooks: Lesbian and Gay Sexualities and Visual Culture*, Peter Horne and Reina Lewis, eds. London: Routledge, 1996, pp. 132-38.

8. *Brown Rainbow Eclipse Explosion*

Joshua Reiman, *Body of Work: A Conversation with Young Joon Kwak, Sculpture*, April 16, 2021.

Iris Moore from *Larry Steger Remembered*, *P-form*, a journal of interdisciplinary and performance art, number 47, Summer & Fall 1999.

9. *Open Moment*

Joey Garfield, *Edie Fake Off The Grid*, Juxtapoz, Art and Culture, www.juxtapoz.com.

10. *At rest, a vessel*

1986, Lawrence Steger, *Remote Music*, 1986, photo by Jan Ballard.

Larry Miller, *Remote Music*, 1976--see *The Fluxus Performance Workbook*, Ken Friedman, Owen Smith, and Lauren Sawchyn, eds. A Performance Research e-publication, 2002 (40th anniversary edition), digital supplement to *Performance Research* "On Fluxus," Volume 7, Number 3, September 2002. London: Routledge, p. 84.

Ten questions from David Schutter for Devin T. Mays regarding his exhibition *Everything is Everything*, www.regardsgallery.com.

Support for *Reckless RoIndex* is provided by the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts; a grant from the Illinois Arts Council Agency; and the School of Art & Art History, College of Architecture, Design, and the Arts, University of Illinois Chicago. *Every house has a door* gratefully acknowledges support for this publication by The MacArthur Funds for Art and Culture at the Richard H. Driehaus Foundation, and the generosity of individual donors.

