

A black and white photograph of a modernist interior scene. The scene is composed of various geometric shapes and furniture. In the foreground, there is a dark, low-profile chair with a curved backrest. To the right, a tall, thin, arched structure, possibly a lamp or a piece of furniture, stands against a light-colored wall. The background features a dark, rectangular structure, possibly a desk or a table, with a few thin, vertical lines extending upwards. The overall aesthetic is minimalist and geometric, characteristic of the Bauhaus movement.

**IN THE SECOND HALF
OF THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY...**

JAMES CASEBERE

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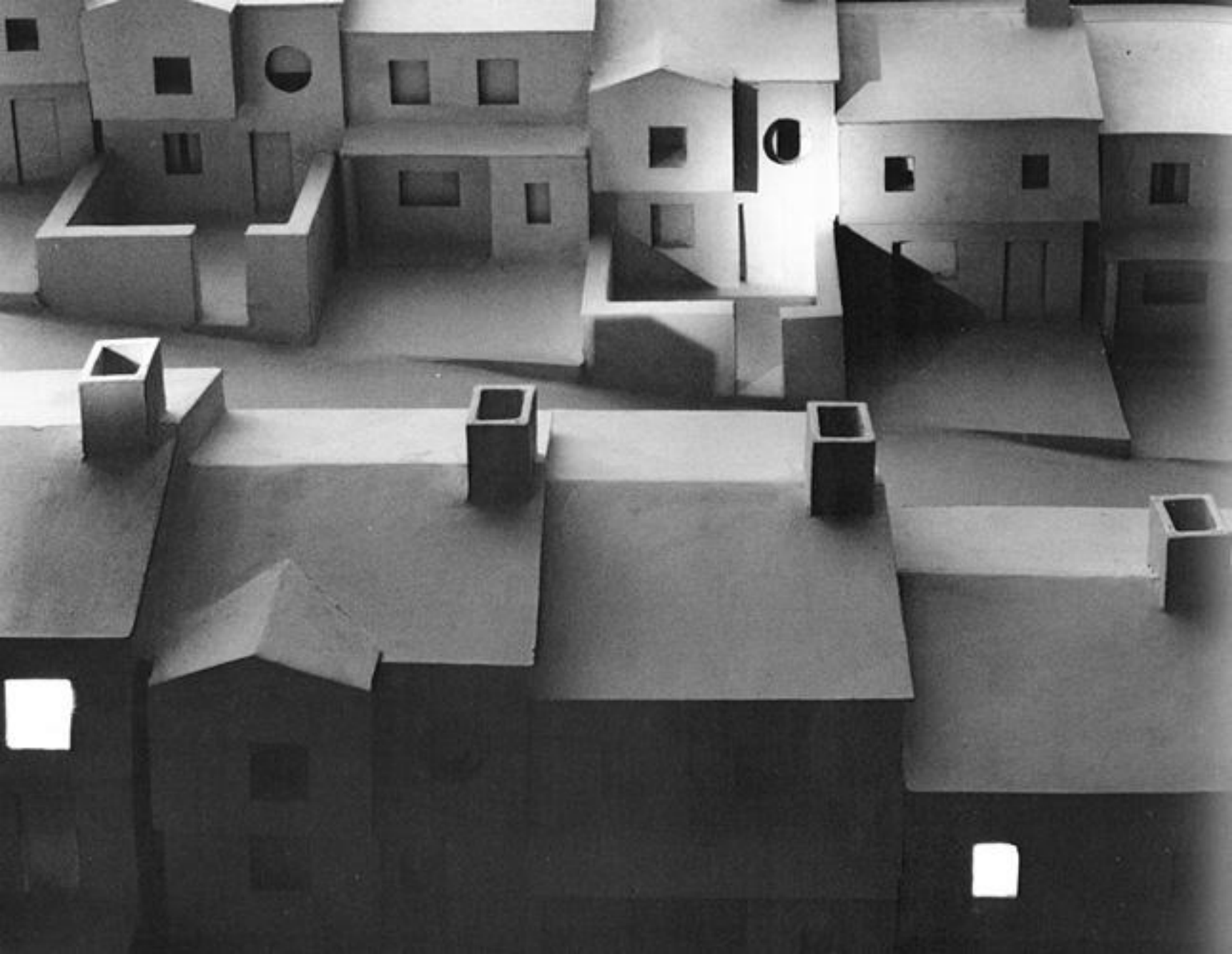
Published by CEPA Gallery Buffalo, New York
ISBN 0-939784-01-7

Printed in an edition of 1,000
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This project is funded in part by The National Endowment for the Arts, a Federal Agency, and the New York State Council on the Arts.
Special thanks to Linda Stern for her help.

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INTRODUCTION

In the second half of the twentieth century American children often had toys they played with and learned from. They went to school, did chores, grew up, left home to prove themselves, and sometimes made homes of their own.

(These things try to go on forever.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE

Dominic

Dominic grew up in New York. Most of his family was in Italy but since the earthquake many had moved to Brooklyn. Dominic had a job in Manhattan working for a clothing distributor. He kept the shipping and receiving department in pretty good shape. Nothing entered or left his dock without a receipt being written up or simply initialed DIM. Dominic found after 15 years on the job that it was virtually impossible to trust anyone. Dominic Ignacio Maceri. Sometimes he told people it meant "Dominic in Midtown" and sometimes "Dominic in Manhattan."

Patrick

First Person:

Did you hear about the guy who worked in the art gallery, was walking home late at night and was beaten up by a group of teenagers from Long Island looking for gays? He lost full use of his arm and it cost him over \$100,000 in medical bills.

Second Person:

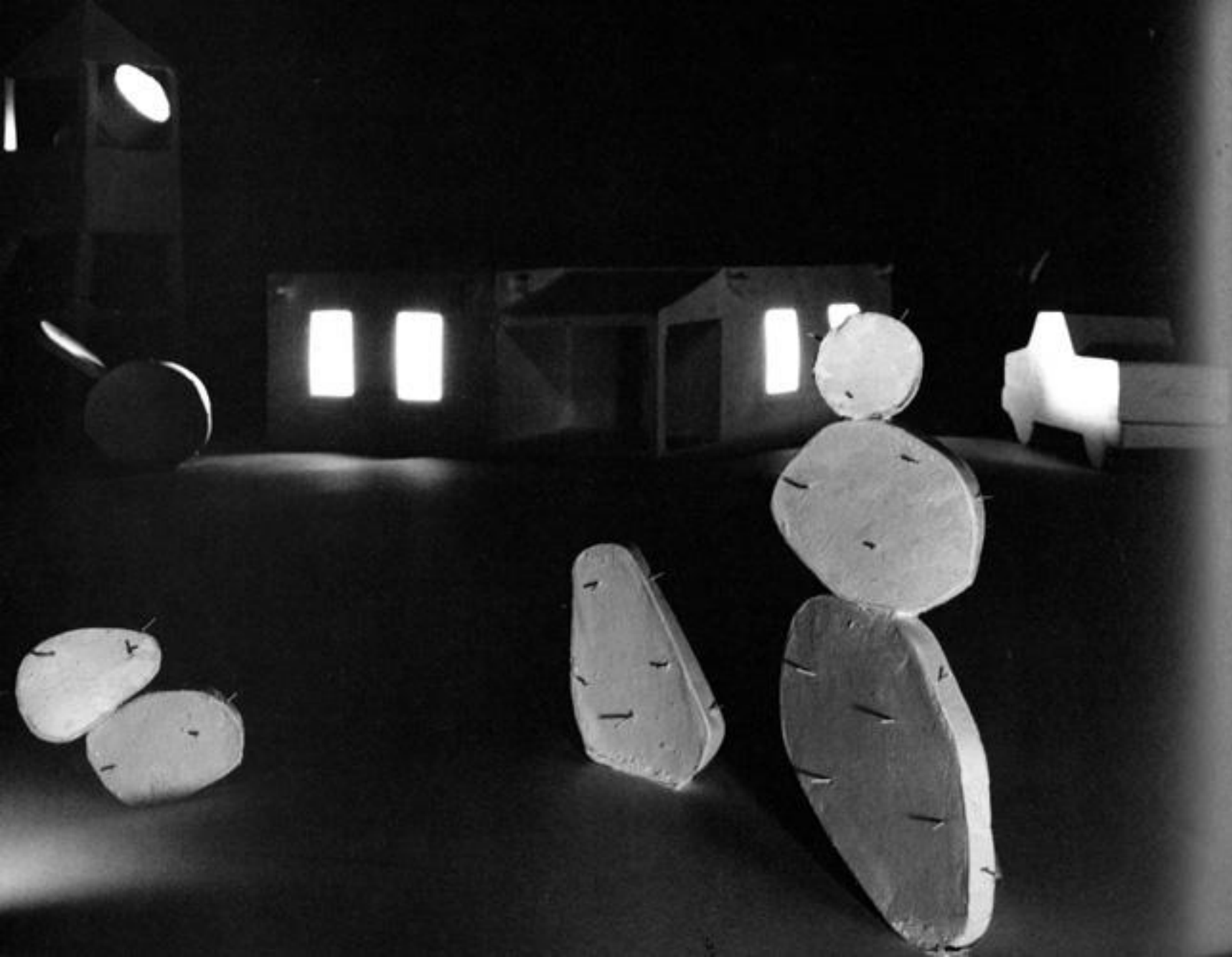
No, that's horrible!

First Person:

Yes, he had been a champion swimmer and it remained one of his greater disappointments in life.

George

George was good at what he did but lacked concentration. For hours on end he would apparently sit and stare at the ceiling without a thought in his head. On his good days there would be business to do and he would often spend part of it deliberating over details that might otherwise have been disposed of in minutes. To be sure he was making the right decision he would weigh every alternative a dozen times over. He was afraid to embarrass himself before others more professional or more confident so he failed to ever get good advice right off the bat. He wanted to be absolutely self-sufficient. Eventually he would find that after weeks of anxiety and indecision all he had to do was ask.

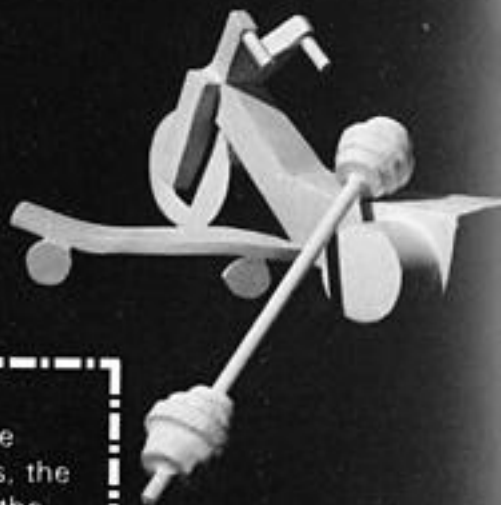
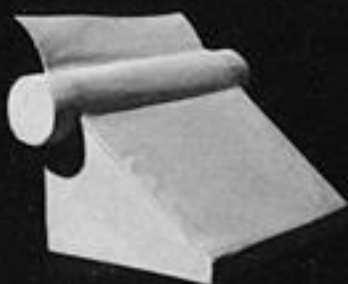


AMERICAN LITERATURE

Dorothy

Dorothy wanted to be just like Doris Day. She liked to think of herself as Calamity Jane. A beautiful, energetic, aggressive, and talented woman shooting her way through a male world, on equal terms, demanding and getting equal respect, sticking her neck out to make things right when they started to go haywire. A sort of female Lone Ranger bringing some semblance of order to the world in her own rough and tumble way. On the one hand she was safe as long as she behaved like a man and demanded to be treated that way. On the other she wanted deeply to be loved, held and taken care of like other women. Admitting that desire, she feared, would be her downfall. So when she really stuck her neck out it was in order to prove she was better than any man any day, in the hope, somehow, that she would be recognized for her achievement and loved in turn.

SOCIAL STUDIES



If we examine the case minutely it will be found that the accumulation of personal property is, in many instances, the effect of paying too little for the labor that produced it, the consequence of which is that the working hand perishes in old age and that the employer abounds in affluence.

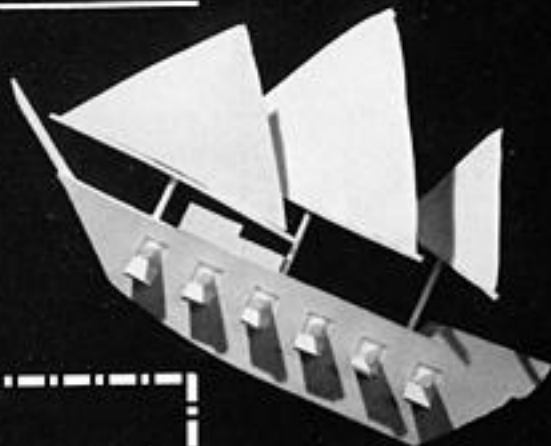
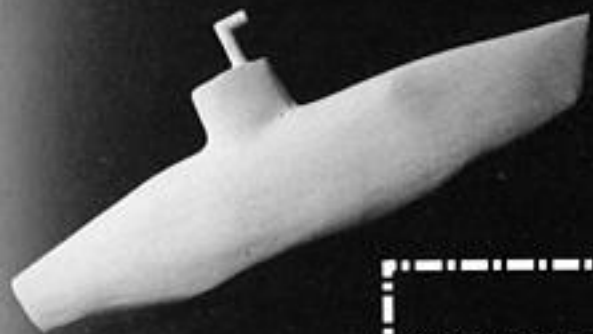
—Thomas Paine, *Agrarian Justice*, 1795-6



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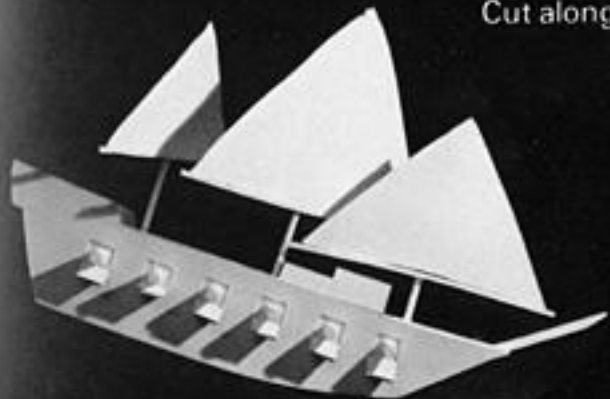
HISTORY



If men will permit themselves to think as rational beings ought to think nothing can appear more ridiculous and absurd than to be at the expense of building navies, filling them with men and hauling them out into the ocean to see which can sink the other fastest.

—Thomas Paine, *The Rights of Man*, Part II, 1792

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MATHEMATICS

12

2



= From



to



10



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allowing 150,000 ton cargo vessels

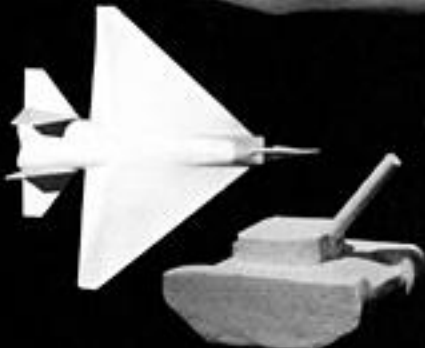
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100 miles



2



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for Cleveland

46

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3



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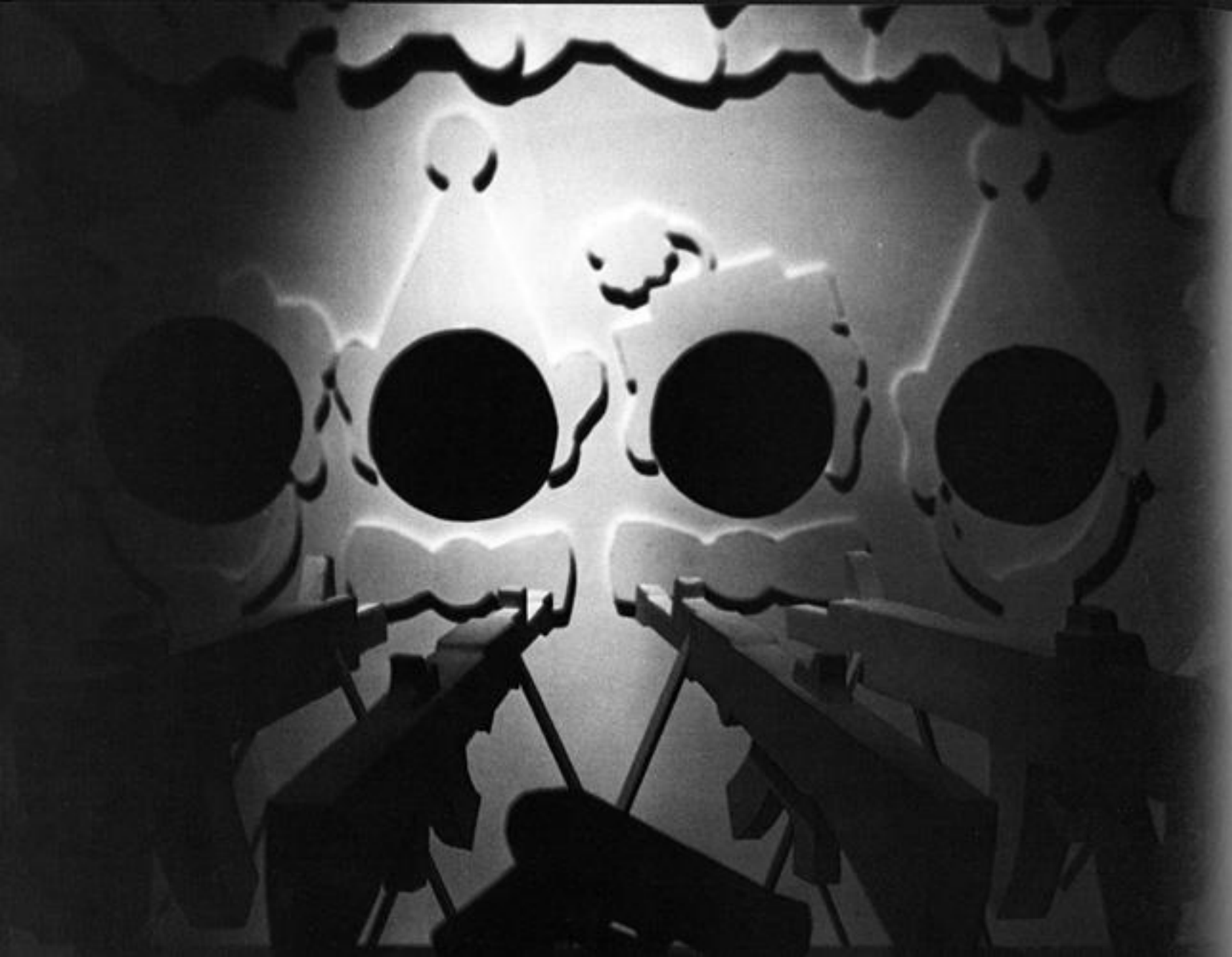
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200



MATHEMATICS

two nuclear-powered aircraft carriers	= \$5.8 billion =	the cost of converting 77 oil-using power plants to coal, saving 350,000 barrels of oil per day
ten B1 bombers	= \$2 billion =	the cost of dredging six gulf coast and Atlantic coast harbors to handle 150,000-ton cargo vessels
one nuclear attack submarine	= \$582 million =	the cost of 100 miles of electrified right of way
two B1 bombers	= \$400 million =	the cost of rebuilding Cleveland's water supply system
46 Army heavy (XM-1) tanks	= \$120 million =	500 top quality, city buses (West German-made)
three Army AH-64 helicopters	= \$82 million =	100 top quality, energy-efficient electric trolleys, (West German-made)
one A-GE Intruder (attack plane)	= \$23 million =	the annual cost of a staff of 200 to plan mutual reversal of the arms race, and conversion of the military economy to a civilian economy



The Shooting Gallery

Last night I had two dreams that I can recall. In the first I dreamt I was a contestant on a TV quiz show. There was a panel of three. The host asked the first panelist, "Do you think our contestant is destined to become one of our generation's fundamental entertainers?" The first panelist answered "No" in response. It was then I woke up. I didn't know what to think of the question. It seemed to be about the relationship of "Art" to the more popular art forms.

The second dream was more of a nightmare. I was standing backstage and to the side at a booth event in a county fair. There was a wall through which people would stick their heads. People taking part in the game had rifles or pistols and would shoot at the heads—with real bullets. From where I stood I could see all the bullet-ridden bodies lying crumpled on the floor in a pool of blood. I also saw people in the room adjacent to me being chosen to take their places as the others fell. It was unclear whether I was in line to do the same.

When I woke up the second time I realized these bullet-ridden bodies must be the "fundamental entertainers."

The firing squad had taken on a new dimension. Smiling faces are made of these fundamental entertainers whom it then destroys. A head separated from its body is no longer a person, no longer has its feet on the ground, is without a heart or a sex. The art market is depicted as a vicious game. Had I been designated a fundamental entertainer I would have become the fourth panelist and the fourth smiling face in the shooting gallery.

