

A weekly column by Catherine Wagley

Victor Boullet/The Institute of Social Hypocrisy, 2011. Photo: 2nd Cannons Publications.

On January 5th, <u>2nd Cannons Publications</u>, artist <u>Brian Kennon's</u> publishing venture, sent out a press release. It announced "the last exhibition in our Chinatown project space/vitrine," a small closet-sized enclave at 510 Bernard St. with a glass sliding door. 2nd Cannons has been hosting miniature shows there for the past 3 years. The release continued, "We will not be moving to Culver City (if we were moving we would move to Hollywood)," an obvious jab at the recent exodus of galleries to Culver, the industrial turned industry neighborhood, that, over the past few years, has become home to a growing "main drag" of commercial galleries.

The final 2nd Cannons exhibition is a haphazard eruption of an installation: a large gray poster that's been scrawled on, a cagey, psychologically manipulative letter that creates a web of desire around identity (reads one line, "Edvard Munch told me that Dr Jacobsen told you that Francis Bacon once told David Sylvester by being homosexual he was relieved of the heterosexual commitments in life, and by that he meant he could work more"), and a bubbling, spilling beer-can filled fountain. All this has been assembled on behalf of <u>The Institute for Social Hypocrisy</u>, the front for Parisbased artist Victor Boullet's publications and collaborations. The installation has an angsty, irresponsible rebelliousness to it, and feels like the work of someone who's been wronged.

