

Welcome to Flux Factory's Inaugural Exhibition:

Thank you to our amazing volunteers!

Lamia Akar, Nicole Caruso, Sheila Donovan-Moore, Eileen Emond, Moses Gates, Justin Grotelueschen, Melanie Hegge, Charlotte Herzig, Elizabeth Larison, Carly Leibman, Karen Lynn Miller, Ian Montgomery, James O'Meara, Sarah Overholt, Michael Owen, Terence Smith, Damon Peletier, Sammy Phuntsog, Margaret Rosario, Tucker Sabath, Shalin Scupham, Christina Vassallo, Kerra Vick, Elizabeth White, and Lucy Yang.

Housebroken remains on view every Saturday and Sunday from 12 - 6 pm until March 21st.



Housebroken is made possible with public funds from New York State Council on the Arts, New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, and the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

We are grateful for the support of Campari, Build It Green!, and Materials for the Arts



Flux Factory is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit arts organization



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Curated by Jean Barberis and Georgia Muenster in collaboration with all Flux Factory Artists in Residence.

It seems like just yesterday. In fact, it was the early '90s. Grunge was au courant. A fresh-faced saxophonist from somewhere down South had just taken the White House. And you could still get large empty warehouse spaces in Williamsburg for next to nothing. We moved in without rooms or a toilet to piss in. Literally. We were pissing into a hole in the middle of the floor. I never did find out where that hole went. But it didn't matter. Mystery was in the air. Only later did the art arrive. First mystery pissing, then art, I always say.

What did Flux Factory stand for back then? I don't remember. But it stood, and that alone was an accomplishment. Stefany's (Shuffy) mother visited us once in that first year. A few weeks later we received a large package in the mail. It was a box of fire alarms, extinguishers, and an escape ladder. The Braun Brothers built a music studio right in the middle of the space and recorded Negatones songs between 2:00 and 4:00 in the morning on most weekdays. Once, for reasons long forgotten, the landlord tried to brain me with a crowbar. He missed, and later we had tea.

Then the French arrived. Jean and Seb blew in on a cloud one day and said, "Let's have a show." But of course! Jean had been living on a planet of happy bubbles. He brought a suitcase of those bubbles to Brooklyn. Days later, the bastards blew up the towers and we moved to Queens. Stay ahead of the curve, we thought, stick to the margins. We were starting to feel a sense of confidence. Not one of us knew what anyone else was doing but sometimes we'd look at each other in the glow of late-night tinkering on a just-about-to-open show and we'd nod in the way that says, "Freedom, goddammit, just a little bit of frickin' freedom." We nominated Shuffy queen of the new art ship and continued to make things up as we went along. Our philosophy was tape and the ability for tape to hold fabric tunnels together. Our mantra was "Good Enough!" Our ethics were to let everyone talk until sheer exhaustion made us love each other. Has anyone ever had a better idea?

Just as Shuffy and I were petering out the Gods sent us a savior out of Israel via Toronto. This messiah we called "Chen". Chen picked up the pieces and started things anew. She blew some dust on Jean's happy bubbles, tweaked the gonogonatos and extra-invigorated the wingdingers. Thank Heaven. It's a new era. But a lot is the same, too. A spirit of mystery and hole pissing has maintained itself all along.

God knows there are more important things in the world, but I will always love Flux Factory especially. One thing art does, at least, is to make sure that the actual world doesn't get too grumpy and set in its ways. At Flux, we always figured out new ways. Usually, they were worse than the previous ways, but they were ours. We built a world together over the years. It took a long list of crazies and their unemployed friends to do it. But we built a world together. I will not ever forget that. And the story continues.

Love to all,
Morgan Meis, original Founder

On Goings, Happenings and Performances for Feb. 19th:

8:00 – 9:00 Nick Golebiewski & Marin Tockman Souper Eight dinner party and projection, kitchen

8:00 – 9:00 Adrian Owen: Arias in the Shower

9:00 – 9:30 Olive McKeon, Quiet raucous on the kitchen table

8:00 – 11:00 Nelson Loskamp: Electric chaircut, gallery annex

8:00 – 10:00 David & David perform Self Help Singing Sculpture, gallery

10:00 – 10:30 White Limo rocking metal in the pit

10:30 – 2:00 DJ Taliesin and Mosholu Park with video art by NES.Avi

Throughout the evening:

Anna Lise Jensen: Conversation Piece in the library

Matt Levy: Action Misdirection, tours of the building. Find him.

Lucille Calmel: Intimate performance and screening in downstairs studio.

SKOTE: To grok (pronounced /'grɒk/) is to share the same reality or line of thinking with another physical or conceptual entity.

On February 26th at 8 pm, join us for a special musical screening of Marie Losier's *Papal Broken-Dance*, *Cet Air La*, and other videos.