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Don't Mess with Magic

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Annie Nieman

My generation is the first to be raised with the Internet. All the information you could want at your fingertips. Instead I just look at funny pictures of cats. My work reflects that in a way. It's an amalgamation of all this information turned into a weird image and narrated with humor. Like Wikipedia it presents itself as factual, but certain articles can be not credible. The Internet is a sort of 'fantasy as reality' breeding ground.

I'm all about the daydream and the crush. That excitement that you feel when you wonder if they're thinking about you, or when they just ask something simple like 'how's your day?' You're not confronted with any issues or consequences. The crush just makes you feel good for a bit. This is an attempt to bring that daydream to reality. I don't think that one could completely achieve that because once it's real it loses the spark. This is just an attempt to bring a piece of that excitement of the daydream into the real world. In a sense I am escaping reality by trying to create a new one.

In actuality, the pieces become so much more than just a fantasy made for the point of escapism. The fantasy creates takes on a life of its own and becomes intertwined with reality. The art is a real experience that the viewer can become enveloped in. The rooms are taken over and recreated. Viewers are expected to sip from beer fountains and lie down on a velvet bed. The piece only functions while the person is there.

The art is more of an event than a discrete object. The gallery is a set. It is one large piece, not a collection of sculptures. It's very clear what is going on but the connections are vague and misleading. The room feels smaller but the projections feel expansive. The images have been recorded and re-cut and copied so many times that it's barely a film. It becomes just a shifting image. An intoxicating scent fills the room. It's a bit of a spectacle. The moment is memorable but in a deceiving kind of way. The piece is most effective as a tall tale. It existed at one point but as the story goes on the fish gets bigger and bigger.

There is a real romance in miscommunication. Miscommunication between people, or between oneself and their memory. Everyone is allowed to hear or remember what they want to and not forced to take in anything that is too painful. Absurdity lends itself towards vagueness pretty well. When given something that is absurd or confusing, I believe that people project a little bit. They fill in the gaps with their own experiences. Therefore it can become more personable in a way that I could never imagine. Something like a sunset everyone can relate to in a similar way. They could have emotions or reactions that are very different but all are equally genuine.