

Laurie Simmons

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PRESS: Music of Regret



This artist's camera does lie

By Ariella Burdick, Newsday, 2 July 2007, pp. B4-B6.

The photographer Laurie Simmons grew up in a Tudor castle, or at least the closest thing to a Tudor castle one can find in Great Neck. She recalls the house with the pulsating vividness of a dream. The master bathroom, she has written, "was a perfectly round room that fit neatly into the single stone turret. It had classic four-by-four matte black tiles and an exquisite maroon sink." The basement was a party room fitted out as a soda shop, with plaster models of banana splits.

The combination of precision and romance with which Simmons cultivates the memory of her childhood home infuses the work she makes today, though the 57-year-old artist now lives with her husband and one of her two daughters in a compact apartment in TriBeCa. She specializes in photographing inanimate figures in ersatz settings: dolls and dollhouses, ventriloquists' dummies, dancing pistols, all rendered in wistful shadows and expressive light. Real life, her photos suggest, is just an imperfect copy of illusion.

"My dream is to have a house so big that every room becomes a set - to live in an oversized dollhouse," she says. "At a time of life when other people think about simplifying and downsizing, I fantasize about this enormous house. I dream about it constantly."

A few fragments of Simmons' elaborate fantasy life have drifted into the Nassau County Museum of Art in the form of a mini-show called "The Music of Regret," which is also the title of her 45-minute musical film. Meryl Streep is the only fleshly presence in a cast of dummies with reptilian stares and enigmatic smiles. (The film is shown continuously on Saturdays through the run of the exhibit.)

"They are creepy," Simmons acknowledges. "I don't like them all that much. But it gives me a great sense of power to animate an inanimate object. There's something more real to me about the pathos of these characters, as they try to duplicate the situations of real people. Every time I take a picture with a human in it I feel it is some kind of failure."

She is, accordingly, best known for her images of objects on legs, played in the film by dancers from the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater. A purse, a cheesecake and a handgun each take solos atop female legs, suggesting the extent to which clichés about femininity have overtaken women themselves. A house where a torso should be implies that a home can go rather suddenly from cozy to confining.

Simmons' artistic world reproduces the fascination with living toys and expressive automatons that runs through the Pinocchio story, the tales of E.T.A. Hoffmann and the "Child's Play" movies, with the bloodthirsty doll Chucky. Simmons herself, though, displays not a trace of morbid eccentricity. Her humor is wry, her laugh frank, her manner down-to-earth.

Yet somewhere in the layers of her psyche she does not show except in art must be a powerful urge to manipulate others, a need she has mostly sublimated by constructing intricate tableaux with unprotesting dolls. In 1980, however, she ordered her father to dress up in a sailor suit and dance with her mother, who was wearing a girly, satiny gown.

The result was "Sam and Dottie Dance," which was both intimate enough to make the artist feel some discomfort and stacy enough to make her feel giddily in command. "I felt like a voyeuristic child witnessing something I wasn't supposed to be seeing. It was an interesting feeling of power." Simmons has even made a puppet version of herself, giving fresh meaning to the phrase self-control.

Happy suburban memories

For an artist with such a darkly funny sensibility, Simmons has suspiciously positive feelings about her childhood. Her mother tended to their suburban castle with the earnestness of a Life magazine housewife and an opera director's flair. Her father, a dentist, saw patients in the house, and his gizmo-rich office exerted a magnetic influence on little Laurie.

"Everything magical and mystical went on there," Simmons says, enraptured still. "He was like an artist in his studio. He had a darkroom where he would develop X-rays. I was always welcome in his waiting room. I would read magazines, play with charms, stare at the fish tank where he had tropical fish. All those things seemed exotic to me."

Even in the less expansive real estate of lower Manhattan, Simmons has managed to re-create her own version of a cabinet-in-the-home. She lives on one floor and works on the one below; an internal staircase allows her wire-haired terrier Dean to scamper back and forth between living room and workshop.

"My studio has been a place where my children want to be. They always come to see me when they come home."

Early artistic consciousness

Sam Simmons kept his daughter supplied with cameras, and Dottie gave her a steadfast ambition. "When I was 5 I already knew that I wanted to be an artist. I think my mother told me that's what I would be. All I know is the first day of kindergarten I introduced myself by saying, 'My name is Laurie Simmons and I'm an artist.'"

She spent much of the 1970s reimagining this domestic cocoon in miniature, building tiny household sets, populating them with plastic women and photographing them up close in refulgent afternoon light. In 1986, aware that she had hardly ever photographed a male, living or manufactured, she made a pilgrimage to Vent Haven, a museum of ventriloquism occupying a retired businessman's suburban home in Fort Mitchell, Ky. She returned many times to photograph the museum's collection, fascinated by the way she would find a roomful of her subjects waiting for her at school desks, as if expecting her to bring them to life.

Her dummy period has continued, on and off, for more than 20 years, in part because the puppets serve her the way they do ventriloquists, as willing channels for anything she wants to have them say. "The spécialité de la

maison is turning them in the light to evoke the greatest amount of expression in these inanimate faces." She treasures the trickery involved in the process, which makes her the exact opposite of a photojournalist: a wizard. "My operating principle," she says, "is that photos tell lies."

WHEN & WHERE "Laurie Simmons, The Music of Regret," is on view through Aug. 12, at the Nassau County Museum of Art, 1Museum Dr., just off Route25A in Roslyn Harbor. For exhibition hours and admission prices, call 516-484-9337 or go to nassaumuseum.com.



Going on About Town: Laurie Simmons The New Yorker, 12 June 2006, p. 30

Mounted to coincide with the opening of her short film, "The Music of Regret," Simmons's current exhibition is partly retrospective and includes familiar images of ventriloquists' dummies and objects (a gun, a camera, a birthday cake) on legs that inspired scenes in the film, as well as a few new photos made on the set. (Yes, that's Meryl Streep as the artist's stand-in.) Simmons's other new work, a color series that makes use of three scale-model stage sets from the nineteen-forties, recalls her earliest and still most resonant images of doll-house interiors. Sparsely populated with figurines and cutouts, these retro rooms suggest that the confusion between domesticity and romance may never be resolved.



First Picture Show

Time Out New York, 18 May 2006

"Meryl Streep sings, a handgun dances and puppets lament in Laurie Simmons's filmmaking debut."

Objects dream and talk in their sleep," wrote Dadaist poet Tristan Tzara, and artist Laurie Simmons clearly agrees. Inanimate objects have been dreaming in Simmons's set-up photographs for years: Watches, cameras and houses teeter on human legs in her iconic images of the '80s. In the '90s, she turned her lens on male ventriloquist dummies, adding scenes of their daydreams in Photoshop. Now, in her first-ever film, "The Music of Regret," Simmons gives her subjects a voice. The 40-minute-long movie, which premieres at MoMA this week, has the classic, three-act structure of a musical—and the Sondheim-flavored, bittersweet songs to go with it. (The artist wrote the lyrics and Michael Rohatyn composed the music.) Act I tracks two feuding families, played by identical sets of hand puppets. Act II stars Meryl Streep, crooning to dummies as Simmons's alter ego (her long, auburn hair is the tip-off). And in Act III, Alvin Ailey dancers "audition" onstage, wearing costumes that reprise the uncanny objects of the artist's early work. Simmons directed with the aid of an A-list crew (cinematographer Ed Lachman just shot Robert Altman's "Prairie Home Companion"). TONY met with the 55-year-old artist at Sperone Westwater, where she currently has a show.

Why did you decide to make a film?

It started with a set of vintage hand puppets I found at a flea market. When Jeannie [art dealer Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn of Salon 94, who coproduced the film] first approached me, I had something very homegrown in mind. I thought we'd shoot on tape in my studio. But video didn't lend itself to what I needed to do.

How did you land Meryl Streep?

She's been an acquaintance for years. When I realized that a female dummy just couldn't carry the action of four songs in Act II, I called her up and she said yes. I've been absolutely floored by what she's done. I know her bone structure is her bone structure, but you can't help but think she summoned it all up to play this strange hybrid of puppet and woman.

Where does the title "The Music of Regret" come from?

I first used it in 1994 in a photograph pairing a male ventriloquist's dummy with one I had made to look like me. But I think we're all obsessed with the idea of regret, with what might have been. It feels especially relevant after 9/11. I think the country is in a collective state of despair and regret. That's ultimately what the film is about. Could we have done something differently?

But isn't it also about aging? I'm thinking of Meryl singing: "First the state of collapse, then the state of decay."

Yes, in part. The movie is about getting older, because that's where I am in my life, but it's also about the aging of our country. It's going to be old and tired really soon at the rate this presidency is going. Even the people who supported our entrance into this awful war can see that we're fucked. Bush has a 32 percent approval rating. And I borrowed the lyrics you quoted from the subject of two e-mails that [activist and art dealer] Ronald Feldman sent right after the Iraqi war began.

Puppets are getting a lot of play in art these days—Pierre Huyghe's marionettes at MIT, Tony Oursler's rock opera in the Biennial. Any idea why?

I can't really answer that question. I took my first pictures of dolls in 1976. I started working with puppets in 1986. I've been like a dog with a bone. The fact that other people get to it, as an artist there's a temptation to say, "Oh it's all about me," but of course it's not. It's cyclical.

Why the obsession with doubling in the film, the identical puppet families or casting an actress as your doppelgänger?

The twinning started in my "Cowboy" pictures in 1979, when I used dual Lone Rangers. It's the idea of two

characters who appear identical but are having separate experiences. It's like "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit": We look to the miniscule differences to make us feel like we're unique.

Laurie Simmons's "The Music of Regret" screens at MoMA on Thursday 24 at 7 and 8:15pm. Her photography exhibition at Sperone Westwater's runs through Jun 30.

- Andrea K. Scott

NEW YORKER

The Film File

The Music of Regret

(2006) Issue of 2006-5-29

Laurie Simmons, an artist known for her photographs of ventriloquists' dummies and household objects with legs, combines her prior work into a forty-minute musical for which she wrote the words and Michael Rohatyn composed the music. The first part puts two families of puppets at odds over a job promotion; the second features Meryl Streep in romantic duets with a dummy (who is voiced by Adam Guettel); the third shows the legged objects, embodied by the Alvin Ailey 2 company, taking the stage to audition for their roles. With no movie technique (but a great cameraman, Ed Lachman), Simmons has assembled her interests as if in a toy chest: old movies and TV commercials, Broadway songs, good-to-feel-bad bathos, and the effluvia of domestic life. Whether intentionally or not, Simmons has made a film about the inevitable post-Warhol art-world nexus of irony, finance, and glamour, a luxury object of empty intentions that the viewer fills with his own need for art, just as the second act's real-world woman endows a dummy with her romantic hopes and dreams.

- Richard Brody



Goings on About Town

The New Yorker, 29 May 2006, pp. 6, 18.

Laurie Simmons, an artist known for her photographs of ventriloquists' dummies and household objects with legs, combines her prior work into a forty minute musical for which she wrote the words and Michael Rohatyn composed the music. The first part puts two families of puppets at odds over a job promotion; the second features Meryl Streep in romantic duets with a dummy (who is voiced by Adam Guettel); the third shows the legged objects, embodied by the Alvin Ailey 2 company, taking the stage to audition for their roles. With no movie technique (but a great cameraman, Ed Lachman), Simmons has assembled her interests as if in a toy chest: old movies and TV

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Gallery Going: Nordic Gloom & Dancing Mannequins

New York Sun, 8 June 2006, p. 15.

The human-mannequin dichotomy in Ms. Otto-Knapp's work brings to mind an 1810 essay by the German Romantic Heinrich von Kleist, for whom marionettes embodied the principle that grace is dependent on the absence of self-consciousness. This theory is more likely to find rejoinder than confirmation in the work of the American artist Laurie Simmons.

The current show at Sperone Westwater presents Ms. Simmons's recent and historic photographic works utilizing performances and stage constructions. The exhibition complements her debut film, "Music of Regret," which screened three times at MoMA last month.

For her photographs, Ms. Simmons constructs elaborate set-ups involving stage sets, dance props, and mannequins. She then creates slick, large format images, coolly distant in their heavy frames that confuse reality and artifice, absence and presence.

Her film plays to a familiar tune. Three sequences are based on different series of her work dating back to the 1980s, all set to a Broadway-like score by Michael Rohatyn. In one, Meryl Streep (in a singing role), engages in a series of romantic tableaux with a Charlie McCarthy-like mannequin. The story elaborates upon an image by Ms. Simmons from 1994 in which a masked female ventriloquist is surrounded by a merry go-round of mannequin clones in differing attire.

Another scene presents a dance audition in which real dancers inhabit, from the waist up, person-sized constructions of such objects as a pocket watch, a house, a book, or a gun. This is based on "Magnum Opus II (the Bye-Bye)" (1991), a Simmons photograph after the artist's own fabricated figures, in which the plastic legs look to be appropriated from dolls. In the film, they are the lovely, skillful legs of members of the Alvin Ailey II company. Just as the move from a dummy to Meryl Streep signifies progress in production values, the dutifully efficient photography of Ms. Simmons gives way to the exquisite crispness of cinematographer Ed Lachman.

Ms. Simmons's modus operandi relates to that of Hans Bellmer, who photographed his own perverse, surreal constructions of prosthetic limbs and store-window mannequin body parts. Her work begs comparison to a must-see show of over 70 vintage prints of Bellmer "poupees" at Ubu Gallery. Somehow, Ms. Simmons's remote sangfroid pales besides the misanthropic, intense Bellmer, who is at once cruelly voyeuristic and emotionally

invested. As Kleist put it, for the mannequins to come to life, the puppeteer must dance.

- David Cohen



Going on About Town: Laurie Simmons

The New Yorker, 12 June 2006, p. 30

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Gallery: Laurie Simmons

Paper, June/July 2006, p. 128

Laurie Simmons’s small tableaux, which she reproduces in photographs, generally take their cues from fashion advertising and interior design magazines, parodying them to excess. Chicly dressed dolls pose in fabricated environments in ways that suggest soap-operatic narratives revolving around alienation and loneliness brought on by consumerism and conventional gender stereotypes. Her latest show includes photographs of three new lightboxes tricked out as a ballroom, an art gallery and a library, as well as several early pieces that inspired her first, recently released film/musical, “The Music of Regret.”

- Sarah Valdez



The Sound of Silence

Artforum, May 2006, pp. 75, 308.

A century ago, Edward Gordon Craig, the first modern theater artist, wished he could replace all actors with puppets. Never mind the divas, he said. Forget Stanislavski. Craig was a symbolist at heart, a director who wanted actors to come to the stage and leave their feelings at home. Personalities! They only got in the way of art.

Cut to the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the premiere, this month, of artist Laurie Simmons's first film, "The Music of Regret," 2005-2006. All of the characters are puppets. Some are played by humans, Meryl Streep among them, but most are either vintage rubber hand puppets or male ventriloquist dummies from Simmons's 1994 series of photographs also titled "The Music of Regret."

There must be something in the air. "Don't Trust Anyone over Thirty," the 2004 rock musical by artists Dan Graham and Tony Oursler (currently in the Whitney Biennial), features the two-man band Japanther and a company of marionettes. Pierre Huyghe, too, recently made a twenty-four-minute film with marionettes, "This is Not a Time for Dreaming," 2004. Here puppets portray Huyghe and the architect Le Corbusier, among others, in a real-life drama with background music by Edgard Varèse and Iannis Xenakis. And then there is Kara Walker's latest shadow-puppet film, "8 Possible Beginnings . . .", 2005, an instructive slave narrative filmed in black-and-white with a scratchy old-time soundtrack. I'm wondering if artists are turning to puppets for the same reason that Craig did: With their childlike appeal, puppets are useful vehicles for conveying abstract propositions, circumventing the potentially distorting influence of the human ego. In this way, they function as masks, subjugating the artist's identity to the revelation of a larger truth.

Simmons is an old hand at this, having established herself in the '70s with photographs in which dolls and dollhouses act as surrogates for decidedly female psychological states. But in her pictures the dolls never quite transcend their dollhood, whereas the puppets in her film do: They appear to move in the real world and to be ruled by real emotions. That is partly because the sets were built to a doll-size scale and also because cinematographer Ed Lachman ("Far from Heaven," "The Virgin Suicides") shot them as if they really lived there. But the most transforming element is Michael Rohatyn's music.

Nothing in movies is more manipulative than music. Music tells audiences when to sigh, when to clutch their throats, when to swallow. The reactions music demands are not just emotional; they are physical. Rohatyn's score, which incorporates a mix of generic styles, from weepy mood music to torchy tangos, does for Simmons's Regret what the Strauss waltzes did for Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey". It gives onscreen playthings the illusion of natural movement, a quality that sets Simmons's film apart from the other puppet movies. Music here is more than mere accompaniment: It is a driving force, an almost tangible presence that imbues Simmons's figures with an unexpected emotional depth that her photographs can only suggest.

Last November, under the auspices of perform05 (a performance-art biennial in New York City), Simmons showed

two excerpts from her film at Salon 94, the town-house gallery owned by Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn, the composer's sister-in-law. (Greenberg Rohatyn coproduced the film with Donald Rosenfeld.) The first and third acts were all that Simmons had in the can at that point, but that was enough to get me thinking about the relationship of music and image -- to my mind, the film's real subject.

"The Music of Regret" has a three-act screenplay by the artist Matthew Weinstein, who collaborated with Simmons on inventing situations where ambition, jealousy, and desire all lead to a different sense of sorrow. In other words, this is a movie that is about nothing but feelings. Without the insensate puppets, the film could have been maudlin and ridiculous. Instead, it is truly touching. Act 1, "The Green Tie," tells the story of an irrevocable rift between two families in a white-picket-fence suburb. In Act 2, the title section, Streep is made up to resemble a dummy -- specifically, one that Simmons had made in her own image for a previous work. Looking for love in all the wrong places, the actress goes on a speed-dating binge with four different dummies, singing of love and longing. (Simmons wrote the lyrics herself.)

Act 3, "The Audition," is partly based on "Magnum Opus," the final photograph in a series that Simmons made between 1989 and 1991, where different objects -- such as a perfume bottle, a leather-bound book, and a globe -- "walk" on little doll legs. In the film, six members of the Alvin Ailey II dance company embody these surreal assemblages as they compete for a major role in an unidentified production. As in most auditions, some candidates, like the tap-dancing house, are allowed to shine while others are humiliated. A gun is quickly dispatched, but the heavy book must push itself, on pathetically squeaky wheels, across a daunting expanse of floor. Watching is painful. The scene ends with a forgotten pocket watch dancing a bravura solo that should have won the part.

Simmons is an admirer of such Broadway musicals as "A Chorus Line" and "Gypsy"; the genre was, for her, an inspiration. But the most direct precedent for her film is Todd Haynes's 1987 docudrama, "Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story". Though Barbie dolls filled all the leading roles (and all dialogue was voice-over), Haynes's use of the dolls humanized people whose real-life celebrity had turned them into objects. The Carpenters' sentimental music didn't hurt either.

Ironically, the most powerful moments in Simmons's film come in the gaps between songs, in the silences where characters can inhabit their own kind of being. I'm thinking of the final scene in "The Green Tie," where two identical hand puppets, painted to look like balding grandfathers with bushy mustaches, sing a heartfelt lament to a life that must go on: "When a life so full of sorrow asks you what you have done / Stick to what you know now / Not what may have been." The situation is pure melodrama: One man's son has killed himself over losing a job to the other's, the boy's lifelong friend. In the end, one puppet consoles the other with a clumsy, sobbing pat on the back, letting its head fall on the other's shoulder. This awkward exchange of affection and grief takes place in a silence that descends on the scene like a falling curtain.

In art we talk of external and internal vision, of what there is in the world to see and what lives independently in the mind's eye. As John Cage demonstrated, the mind has an ear as well. It listens to the way we think. Perhaps Simmons's film is a picture of the mind's ear, and the music of regret is silence.

- Linda Yablonsky

Laurie Simmons

ARTnews, March 2006, pp. 131-132

Over the past 25 years, in photographs that blend humor and pathos, Laurie Simmons has mined the seemingly dated gender stereotypes that continue to lurk just below the surface of contemporary life. Incorporating puppetry and costume her still images -- particularly her "walking objects" series, in which women's legs are topped by oversized items such as a house, gun, or book-have always had a performative aspect. So, in her first film, "The Music of Regret" (2005-6), it seems a natural leap for these characters to start dancing and singing their hearts out about the roles they must shoulder. Two acts of the film were shown here, alongside a 7-by-20-foot photograph from 1991 of Simmons's "walking objects" taking a curtain call.

In the first of the two acts, "The Audition," the encumbered legs are instructed by a director's voice off camera to parade one by one onstage to perform and be judged. The handgun seduces with a tango; the house spins under the weight of her domesticity; the book crawls along the floor in a strenuous modern dance. Once the beautiful birthday cake with her ballet legs comes out, the part is cast – before the pocket watch, peeking nervously from the wings, even has an opportunity to audition. Crestfallen, she performs a virtuoso dance on a dark stage to what might have been. Funny and sad, if not exactly subtle, the vignette rings true as a parable about women being put through the paces in their lives.

Men have their share of regret, too, as expressed in the pitch-perfect "The Green Tie." Two identical puppets of bald middle-aged men in suits sing a melancholic ballad to unfinished household projects. Deadpan lines sung in duet, such as "We had so much to do / with hammers, nails, and glue," take on a real poignancy, and the old friends collapse in a tearful embrace at the end, at once mired in and transcending the confines of proscribed manliness. "The Music of Regret," which will premiere in full at the Museum of Modern Art in May, shows that film offers new and exciting possibilities for Simmons.

-Hilarie M. Sheets



Laurie Simmons, "The Music of Regret," at Salon 94

Art in America, February 2006, p. 53

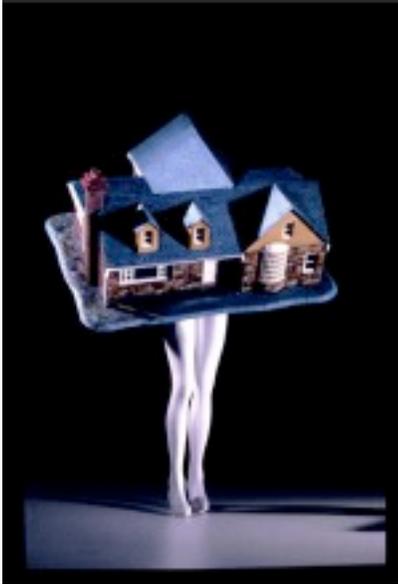
In the late 1980s, Laurie Simmons made a series of big black-and-white photographs of blownup objects that were worn like outsized hats by people whose bodies were visible only from the hips down. Signature images not just for Simmons but for the art of the '80s, the "Walking Objects" have proven to have legs in more ways than one. They return for a leaping, tap-dancing, pirouetting encore in "The Music of Regret," a short film to premiere at the Museum of Modern Art in May; a working version of Act III, "The Audition," was screened at Salon 94 as part of Performa 05. Simmons jokingly has compared "The Audition" to "A Chorus Line," because each object has a solo turn before being ushered offstage by unseen casting directors.

Unlike Julian Schnabel, Cindy Sherman, Robert Longo and David Salle, peers who have used filmmaking as a way to inflate their work's expressive vocabulary, Simmons has kept to the fairly tight emotional scale of her still images. In fact, the implications of size seem a central theme in the still sketchy film. One object -- a house -- is greatly reduced from life, and another -- a gigantic prima donna of a wedding cake, candles aflame -- could conceivably be actual size. But the other objects -they include a cupcake, box camera, pocket watch, leather-bound book and gun - are much bigger than in reality. On the one hand, this tendency to oversize objects makes the dancers seem diminutive -- little dolls brought to life, "Nutcracker Suite" style. On the other, the dancing pushes the scale toward human measure (in the register of moving forms, animate bodies prevail). And on the third hand, the symbolism is all carried by the bulky inert things, which we find where expressive features (faces, on people) should be. That tips the scale back the other way. In short, these tryouts are staged in a theater of both spatial and psychological

instability.

Also shown at Salon 94 was a fragment of Act I, "The Green Tie," in which the action was played by puppets representing two gentle old men; Act II, furthest from completion, will revisit Simmons's self-portrait dummies. Clearly, a certain kind of tact will be maintained throughout: though "The Audition" features joy, anxiety (there are, after all, both winners and losers) and regret (the prevailing tone is nostalgic), the wobbly, indeterminate scale keeps these feelings safely -- or, disorientingly and provocatively -- at bay.

- Nancy Princenthal



This is No Cakewalk

New York Magazine, 21 November 2005, pp. 82-83

The photographs at near right, resembling fifties TV commercials turned acid flashbacks, are from Laurie Simmons's late-eighties "Walking Objects" series. Now the playful photographer has turned these images into "The Music of Regret", a 35-minute three-act filmed musical. She'll screen the third act as part of the "Performa05" biennial on November 20; the full work premieres at MoMA in May. Simmons spoke to "New York" about the filming, seen at far right.

"Originally, I had a distant memory of this Old Gold advertisement – cigarette packets dancing. I'd always been intrigued by the idea of the things around us coming to life and walking around. I always talked about these characters as though they were part of a musical! [So] it seemed obvious to really let them dance."

"Act Three is called 'The Audition.' It's like "A Chorus Line": The cake comes out on pink toe shoes and gets the part before she even dances – not because she's beautiful. And the pocket watch, who is the best, never gets a chance. So the finale of Act Three is the pocket watch alone. There's a moment of transformation where it dances its heart out. It's another way to approach the subject of regret, something I've been working on forever."

- Interviewed by Karen Rosenberg