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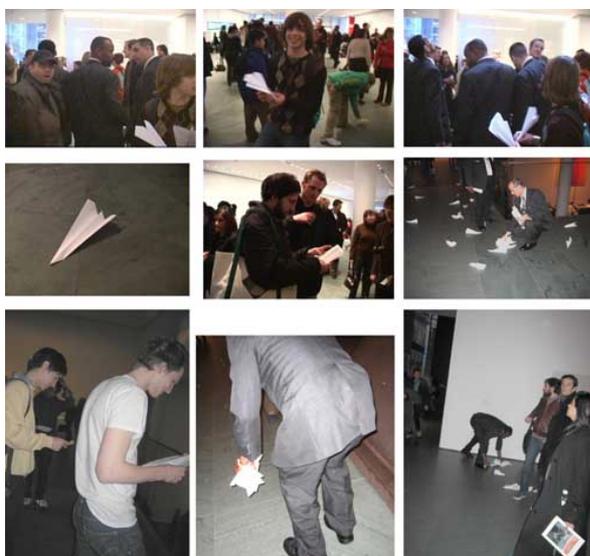
Art Fairs | Events



The Republic of Lithuania
18 September – 31 December, 2015

As a Mall, I Really Like MoMA – Keith McDermott and Jana Leo

Without invitation, two hundred paper airplanes, each formed from a single page manifesto, are flown from the balconies over the atrium of the MoMA on March 24, 2006 at 6 pm.



As a Mall, I Really Like MoMA

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Without invitation, two hundred paper airplanes, each formed from a single page manifesto, are flown from the balconies over the atrium of the MoMA on March 24, 2006 at 6 pm.

Instructions:

The attached text, "AS A MALL, I REALLY LIKE MoMA," addresses issues about Modern Malls of Art, occupation and architecture. If as a mall you also like MoMA, print as many copies as you wish, and fold the pages into paper airplanes.

The day of the flight is Friday March 24. All the planes will be flown at the same time and location. 6pm sharp. The signal to launch will be the flight of a yellow plane.

Take into account:

- Friday is free admissions, huge line arrive with time.
- Flying zone: from the balconies over the main atrium, as shown in the attached plan.
- Questions: modernmallsofart@yahoo.com

The balconies in the third, four, fifth and six floors are packed. A yellow plane, signaling the launch, sails into the air. At first, a few white paper airplanes begin shyly dancing in the air. Below, in the atrium, some museum visitors appear unperturbed, as if the rain of paper airplanes in a museum were a natural happening. But within seconds, from six stories above, 200 paper airplanes appear as clouds of white dust filling the space. Now, onlookers react with enthusiasm, pointing and exclaiming happily as the white planes randomly begin to carpet the floor of the atrium and entry hall below. They catch the planes mid-flight, or snatch them up off the floor. Some hold them in their folded state like museum souvenirs, while others quickly unfold them to read.

The guards, caught off-guard, react in different ways. One begins to gather the fallen planes from the floor, another spreads his arms officiously to prevent curious visitors from collecting a plane, still another radios for help on his walkie-talkie—"the sixth floor, I think they're coming from the six floor"—as if the significance of the rain lies within a specific cloud. Flyers that fly: A light way to distribute heavy words.

