

**PRESS RELEASE
RELEASE**

FOR IMMEDIATE

From October 27 through December 2, 2000 Michele Maccarone will present an exhibition of Sebastian Clough and Mike Bouchet at Anton Kern Gallery. Mr. Clough and Mr. Bouchet met while studying at UCLA and still enjoy playing squash together. Ms. Maccarone has asked them to each contribute a work for an undefined exhibition... the results of which will be a site specific wall installation by Mr. Bouchet and a radio show presentation by Mr. Clough.

The following is Ms. Maccarone's attempt to release a statement to the press:

Thursday, September 23, 1933, 6:30 am Christopher Stubbs a 43 year old accountant went for a jog along Poppyfields Street in Altadena, California. At approximately 6:45 am Mr. Stubbs discovered the body of a deceased woman approximately 50 - 60 years old reposing in the hollow of the roots of a large fir tree at the foot of the driveway of 2534 Marengo Avenue clothed in a nightgown and bathrobe without any form of identification. The police were contacted and I, Detective Sebastian MacClough arrived on the scene at precisely 7:34 am. The preliminary investigation discovered marks (significant bruising and abrasions) around the woman's neck possibly caused by strangulation, but no other visible injuries were located. The exact cause and time of death are still undetermined as is the identification of the woman. Foul play is suspected and an investigation ensues.

7:55 am my partner, Mik Booch and I began interviewing witnesses. Mr. Stubbs was briefly questioned and dismissed. Our first matter of business was to speak with the owner of the house at 2534 Marengo Avenue on whose property the body was discovered. The darkened house was set back about an acre or so on top of a dirt drive. We knocked for quite some time and finally a figure emerged in the doorway, a man in his late seventies perhaps early eighties clearly vision impaired. Name of Heinie Reekham. We entered into his home which was littered with broken piles of plywood, sheet-rock, shelves stocked with a variety of artist materials and tools. There was an unbelievable stench of filth as we walked though his kitchen, which led to a makeshift porch, which was set up as a painter's studio. The man revealed that he heard nothing, no commotion from outside aside from the frantic banging on his door a few minutes before. He had been asleep the entire time. He offered us some milk, Alta Dena brand milk, which is made locally in Monrovia. He began describing some problems at the dairy factory a few miles down the road. My inclination was to leave as the man was clearly innocent but he seemed so intent on conveying some information to us:

"A possible murder you say, interesting. Hasn't been a murder in these parts for years. No wonder with the commotion down at the factory. Damned frantic about losing their jobs, they are, the whole community of Altadena would just shut down if they started laying-off people at the plant. Not me, I am still living off the small amount of money I made in the 70's selling my paintings."

"What commotion down at the plant?" Booch questioned.

"Some rumor leaked that they are planning on mechanizing the whole milking process of the cows, which would lead to major lay-offs. That factory has been supporting this fringe society for nearly a century. The only people who are still here either work for the plant or are some dead beats like myself who live up here in cheap houses. And now where would they all go, to some sub division slum in the desert or to the sheet-rock factory in Eagle Rock?"

"Do you know anyone at the plant?" I asked.

“No, but I know the wife of one of the foremen. Sweet lady, she comes over once and awhile to help me out with a few things, like my books -- runs some errands. She had a crazy daughter who ran away from home some years ago. Nicest lady but really sad.”

“How would you describe this woman?” I inquired.

“Oh about mid fifties, light moustache slightly overweight...”

I looked at Booch and closed my notebook. The corpse of the victim had a distinct Poirot style moustache, as it was to become known. Booch and I looked at each other once more, significantly and said goodbye to Reekham.

The gallery is open Tuesday through Saturday from 10 am to 6 pm.
For further information, please contact Michele Maccarone at 212 965 1706.