

***some times in the office of ltd los angeles***

*some times* has a sign that glows. It's not neon, but argon, an equally noble gas that, when electrified, gets excited as green. But *some times*' sign operates in spaces that are also signs: the space of the gallery, the space of the bar, the space of the gallery-as-bar so common at openings, when the silent pressure to congratulate the artists and curators, when they are present, is relieved by the table or counter or desk repurposed into a bar. You're not there to look at the work. Don't pretend you are.

What is this space, the bar? Like the argon sign, it has its gasses. Furtive flatulence. Alcohol metabolized and then aspirated, dispersed by voices raised above the din or above music. Particular voices in particular conversations. When mouths come so close to ears, the boozy breaths become exciting in ways that coffee or breathmint breaths never are. Alcohol breathed and sweated: a spatial pheromone.

There's electricity in this space, too. It's both chemical and static, built up through friction and released through contact. Hands touch hands, chests touch shoulders, bottles touch glasses, legs press legs, and ideas meet jokes and gossip. Eyes roll and squint, mouths twist and spread, lips open and press shut. Bodies twitch and contort in a collectively-administered, voluntary electro-shock therapy. There's a glow that comes out of these electrified gasses, one that hums and illuminates an acoustic space. It's an acoustic, intellectual, and emotional glow.

Meghan Gordon's *some times* bar currently lives in Shirley Morales's ltd los angeles. Where Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco once celebrated youth, fashion, and glittery Hollywood alley fucking, contemporary art and its adherents celebrate the same, and offer similar opportunities for stardom and humiliation, for proximity and factionalism, for the deepest connections and the most complete dismissals. Of course, that sounds a little like the CalArts MFA program, where *some times* started in the Spring of 2013 as a program of possibilities. Those possibilities include people talking through presentations and drinking through performances. They include the liberating condensation ring left by a bottle on a sculpture, and sloppy, drunken accounting practices. As a space, *some times* performs in collaboration with artists, but it gets activated when people aren't looking. It counts on and encourages not looking. It's an aspirational space: one that breathes hope. It's easier to be hopeful when there's a bartender, and when the lights are low.

- Jamie Hilder