

It's possible to hold up the lens of my iPhone 4s to the space and capture only a solid frame of Chroma key blue. With more effort, I can coax forth glowing (ultra)violet edges, soft gradations and folds. To human eyes the space is quite well defined—edges lit with color changing LEDs, a large translucent inflatable, fluorescent green cushions—but to my camera the space is flat: a wash of color you can disappear underneath, or dissolve into.

Whose vision should I hold true? The history of photography is a history of material coercion: non-human things manipulated to produce a human image. Photographing *the Undersphere*, I am reminded of early spirit photography, of errors and auras. Is the space telling me something through this glowing and bulging? Or rather, through its withdrawal?

The recent television series *Stranger Things* features an alternate dimension referred to as the 'Upside Down.' Though *the Undersphere* shares a sort of hazy blue ambience and temperature drop, it fortunately lacks other characteristics of a dystopia.

Lindsey shows me cracks in the ceiling beams fluorescing with orange pigment. Latent from the first exhibition in the space, they revealed themselves suddenly with the introduction of a blacklight. Now they stubbornly haunt this *noplace*. [Appropriately, this first exhibition was titled "Sentient Space: A Topography of the Senses."]

But is *the Undersphere* really a *noplace*? Gazing up at these neon cracks, where exactly do we stand? The SUB-MISSION itself is a subterranean venue teased into an exhibition space. It operates (literally) below capital. Chicago's art scene is largely itinerant, producing a wealth of artistic experiments positioned outside of a market. We make things to show them, and to show them we need spaces—a basement, a single wall in someone's apartment, even a cardboard box will do.

We might not choose to stand below capital, but yet, because of the strange things we do, we find ourselves here lovingly making art for a basement. Like Moten and Harney's *Undercommons*, can we be *in* but not *of* the art world? Our sphere of action might be subject to several *unders*, influences radiating inward from the world outside the world outside our world. Often I wonder why it is we come here, constricting ourselves to these precise alcoves from which to exercise our freedom. If I don't make it to your opening on Friday, will I ever see you again?

What is *the Undersphere*, or any exhibition for that matter, but a prescript for sociality? An excuse for intimacy among strangers? I recall the New Museum last winter at capacity during a blizzard, a solid field of attendees laying next to each other on beds and rugs. Lindsey and I sit on the floor in a smaller recess behind the inflatable, and I find myself wondering if any teenagers utilized this semi-private vantage point for a make-out spot. Apparently during the opening, *the Undersphere* became an alluring place for toddlers. Children finally understood why it was their parents insisted on visiting these bright white spaces full of objects you can't touch.

Through this kind of art making, we spend a lot of time getting to know strange spaces only to disguise or transform them. In this sense, *the Undersphere* is quite honest. Rather than laboring to make a strange space into a white-cube gallery, the artists labor to make a strange space into a strange space.

But what will become of *the Undersphere* once it expires? Without its crew of captivated bodies, the room feels cold, and we can't bring ourselves to stay long. On our way up, Lindsey turns a switch and to my surprise *the Undersphere* evaporates. Our time-out-of-time is brief.

It's a warm enough day for hiking, and also a cold enough day for sending words into a void. Hovering somewhere between these frequencies, we depart, knowing well that below our actions of immersion and escape, *the Undersphere* hums on.