

Noor Abed

... today's demonstrations were near Hebron and Silwad. Two martyrs in Hebron and nine were injured in Silwad ... ah ... and one martyr in Gaza ... ah ... well ... ah ... yes its still unorganized and personal. The Palestinian authority is against it indirectly, but they are afraid to tell. A lot of people didn't expect the attacks to continue this long. Now we are entering the third month ... hmm ... and you know few days ago the Israelis closed this area completely. Yesterday we were coming back from your sister's in Ramallah, and for people who were trying to enter Ramallah, the traffic ahhh ... The traffic was like ... Like hundreds of cars.

-Oh wow

-Yes they prohibited all entries to Ramallah!

-Ha ...

-Anyway ... there is a lot of clicks in the phone

... so ... hmm ... I think we are ... Ahhh ... m ... mmm ... I think we are watched or recorded ... haha ... surveillance ... oh for sure ... I don't know if you are hearing it?

-Hmm yes for a moment I thought it's the TV or something ...

-no no no ... It's coming from the phone

-OH!

-The clicks and the cut off ... yeah ... hmm ... but it doesn't matter ... we are not saying anything wrong! Anyway, yes we were talking about Israel, yes you know it's a collective punishment!

-Yeah ...

-You know what I am talking about? There was no reason for them yesterday to do anything here. But they just closed it ... it is a hassle ... hhh ... well its their policy.

-Ah but how are things in Ramallah now?

-Umm ... yesterday things were okay, only demonstrations here and there but that's normal. Nowadays they are arresting between 15 to 30 people a night ... on average ... well ... do you hear this shit on the news?

-Mmm ... not much here ...

-Ahm ...

-.....

-Ahh ... well it's the usual now.. normal. People don't be concerned or worried.

-.....

-so, ... and you, I hope you are doing ok?

-... oh ... yes ... I am fine

(Excerpt from a 4:43 min. transcribed phone call with my father, recorded without his knowledge, on December 3rd, 2015)

Damali Abrams the Glitter Priestess

Detail from *That Old Black Magic (Happiness Spell #1)*
2016, mixed media collage

Thank you to my gorgeous amazing family for always supporting me and my work.

The young African-American jazz pianist Robert Glasper recently declared that his generational jazz peers have no soul compared to New World Afrikan Church or even hiphop musicians, because the jazz cats of now don't make music capable of making people dance, shout, cry, collapse, or speak in tongues. That's what you call setting the bar high, drawing a line in the sand, raising expectations, and whatnot.

This, of course, begs the question: is there a contemporary Black Visual Art capable of dragging folk down to the floor, not to mention dragging them Poltergeist-style off to other dimensions, as actually occurs through African visual forms—akwaba, veve, ground drawings, masks, trance, visibly possessed dancers whose rhythms enable vision quests. Not to imply that there should be some sort of test of Black Authenticity or Black Magic grounded in Black Music for New World Afrikan visual culture, but to remind that community-based African artistic practice has established a remote and miraculous event horizon, an oblique point of cosmological and quantum regeneration and musical and visual mechanisms for invoking vertiginous, convulsive possession, psychic and physiological transcendence. Could such affects also become the target zone or even the provenance of our twenty-first century New World Afrikan imagists?

-Greg Tate

I beg you sisters to perform magical works, chant prayers, and initiate actions daily that will cause war, hunger, rape, battery, murder, and the Ism Brothers (racism, sexism, classism) to drop dead! Pray that their names are eradicated from the face of the earth. Invoke for their extinction. See to it that they bear no children in the minds and hearts of the people.

-Lousiah Teish



I have a dream.
-Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

-Dr. Maya Angelou

Imagine what a Black-loving world looks like.

-Darnell Moore

I love myself.

-Kendrick Lamar

Love heals ... liberates. I use the word love, not meaning sentimentality, but a condition so strong that it may be that which holds the stars in their heavenly positions and that which causes the blood to flow orderly in our veins.

-Dr. Maya Angelou

If you are reading this in the United States or Canada, whose land are you on, dear reader? What are the specific names of the Native nation(s) who have historical claim to the territory on which you currently read this article? What are their histories before European invasion? What are their historical and present acts of resistance to colonial occupation? If you are like most people in the United States and Canada, you cannot answer

these questions. And this disturbs me.

-Qwo-Li Driskill

When people of color are expected to educate white people as to their humanity, when women are expected to educate men, lesbians and gay men are expected to educate the heterosexual world, the oppressors maintain their position and evade their responsibility for their own actions.

-Audre Lorde

Black is Beautiful.
-Historical Black Movement
Black Power.

-1954 Richard Wright

Black lives matter.

-Patrisse Cullors, Alicia Garza, Opal Tometi

Black life matters.

-Fred Moten

Don't Stop Till You Get Enough.

-Michael Jackson

Work work work work work.

-Rihanna

Tasha Bjelić

Ahem
2016
HD Video

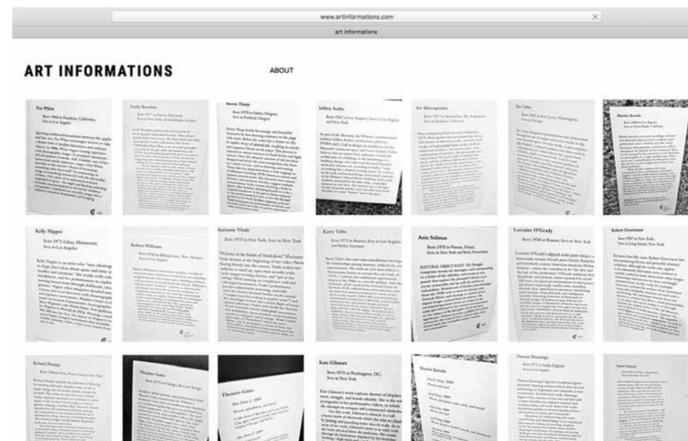
I would like to thank Noor Abed, Dušan I. Bjelić, Sonja Bjelić, Nicholas Johnston, Sarah Leslie, Adriana Ramić, and Sydney Shen for helping with this project.



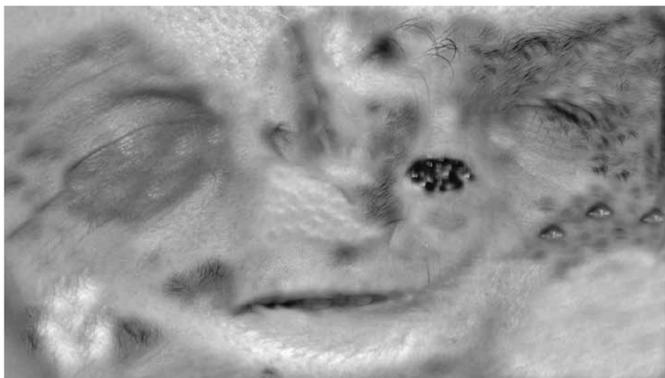
Brian Block

Retrospective Room 2
2014-16

These are paintings of every wall label and wall text I saw in one room of a retrospective at a museum recently. They really spoke to me. My arrangement on the wall approximates the order in which I found them.



Zorica Čolić



"The Internet has grown a central nervous system. A potentially thinking entity, missing its body.

Personalized clickbait, eyeball tracking, neuroscouting, the financialization of affect. Totality comes as probabilistic notation that catalogs affiliation, association, addiction and includes your attractiveness score as well as your disposability ratings.

How do we treat ourselves as bodies? What kind of organs shall we grow in order to adapt to all the new light sources in order to pick up the data streams?

Is capitalism making me believe I'm depressed or is it so depressing that I have to be depressed?"

The video brings into focus a person defragmenting into commodity through the technological virtual, while investigating themes such as identity construction and alienation amidst current conditions that are hyper-mediated, and increasingly focused on self-presentation. A face no longer the site of identity, but a terrain equally inhabited by intimacy, familiarity, strangeness and the anxiety. It relates to Deleuze's notion of the 'dividual', as "a person made of data which can be endlessly subdivided and recombined."

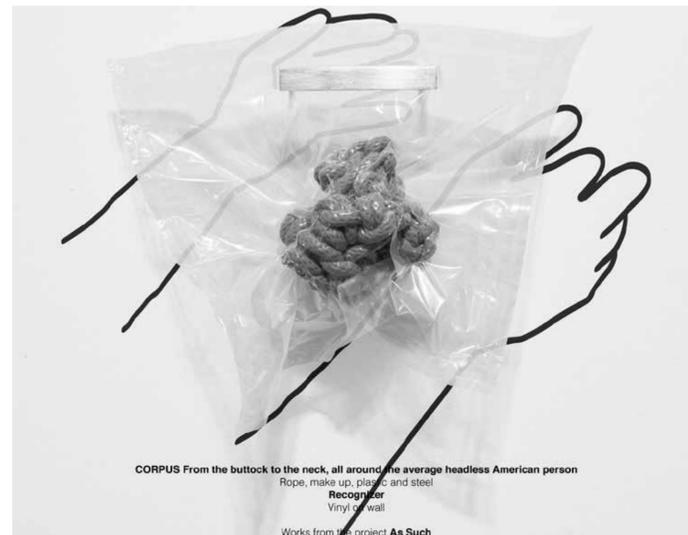
Some of the questions explored are: how the new conditions of labor under cognitive capitalism (the fact that so much contemporary labor is immaterial, affective,

and cognitive), might have lasting material ramifications for the brain and mind? Or to use a question posed by Walter Benjamin in *Illuminations*—how might human sense perception change with humanity's entire mode of existence?

Project is partly supported by Ministry of Culture and Information of the Republic of Serbia.

Daniel Cerrejón

The participation of Daniel Cerrejón in the Whitney ISP has been made possible thanks to the generous support of Accion Cultural Española.



CORPUS From the buttock to the neck, all around the average headless American person
Rope, make up, plastic and steel
Recognizer
Vinyl on wall
Works from the project *As Such*

Sonia Louise Davis

frame | frām
noun [usu. in sing.] a basic structure that underlies or supports a system, concept or text:
the establishment of conditions provides a frame for interpretation
-technical short for frame of reference: the Earth's motion relative to the frame of the distant galaxies

abstract, the verb, means to separate out, to remove something from its context, but it also means to withdraw (oneself), scāt is a directive: go away, voicing is the way a musician chooses to play a chord, and there are all sorts of references to the spoken/singing voice when giving praise for a horn player in common parlance, resonance is the physical vibration of sonic depth, and is also used to describe something evocative or emotive, so resonance can be at once the scientific fact of sound and its ability to produce affect.

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"... improvisation is never manifest as a kind of pure presence—it is not the multiplicity of present moments just as it is not governed by an ecstatic temporal frame wherein the present is subsumed by past and future. Improvisation must be understood, then, as a matter of sight and as a matter of time, the time of a look ahead whether that looking is the shape of a progressivist line or rounded, turned. The time, shape, and space of improvisation is constructed by and figured as a set of determinations *in and as light*, by and through the illuminative event. And there is no event, just as there is no action, without music."¹

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frame | frām
verb [with obj.]
place (a picture or photograph) in a frame: he had the photo framed
-surround so as to create a sharp or attractive image: a short, strong style cut to frame the face

you can't think and sing at the same time:
there is a displacement that happens so that the physical reactive body can take over—
if you had to think before every note you'd be at least one beat behind.

per-form / pre-form
there is a necessary letting go in the performative moment
but it's bookended by a figurous practice,
the training needed to be able to get to that place,
a certain mastery of one's instrument, which is synonymous with
the body / the frame / the limits imposed or understood by a certain structure.

& what if the body and voice are used in such a way as to
illuminate not illustrate the embodiment of a particular experience and
ancestral knowledge without figuring the body or depending on language?

1: Fred Moten, *In the Break*, "The Sentimental Avant Gardē," p. 63-64.

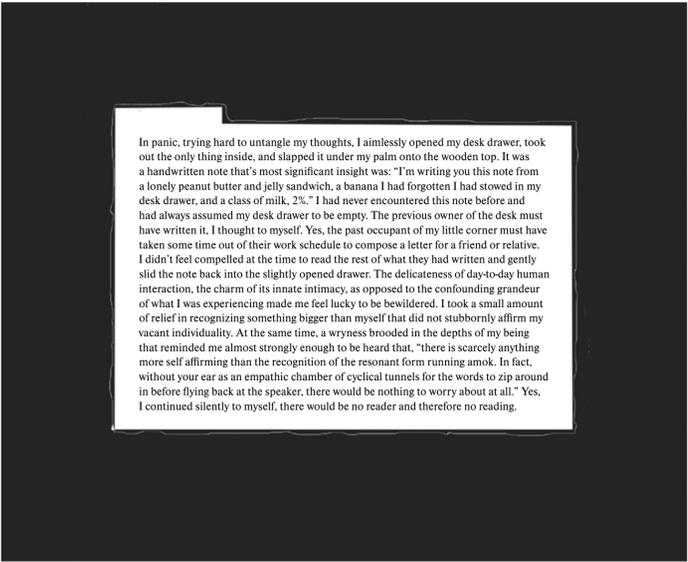
Raphaël Fleuriet

Playing to the Edge
2016
HD Video, 8 min.

Playing to the Edge is a prologue to a forthcoming video essay on the various economies produced by acts of terror and states of emergency.



Jim Grilli



In panic, trying hard to untangle my thoughts, I aimlessly opened my desk drawer, took out the only thing inside, and slapped it under my palm onto the wooden top. It was a handwritten note that's most significant insight was: "I'm writing you this note from a lonely peanut butter and jelly sandwich, a banana I had forgotten I had stowed in my desk drawer, and a class of milk. 2%." I had never encountered this note before and had always assumed my desk drawer to be empty. The previous owner of the desk must have written it, I thought to myself. Yes, the past occupant of my little corner must have taken some time out of their work schedule to compose a letter for a friend or relative. I didn't feel compelled at the time to read the rest of what they had written and gently slid the note back into the slightly opened drawer. The delicateness of day-to-day human interaction, the charm of its innate intimacy, as opposed to the confounding grandeur of what I was experiencing made me feel lucky to be bewildered. I took a small amount of relief in recognizing something bigger than myself that did not stubbornly affirm my vacant individuality. At the same time, a wryness brooded in the depths of my being that reminded me almost strongly enough to be heard that, "there is scarcely anything more self affirming than the recognition of the resonant form running amok. In fact, without your ear as an empathic chamber of cyclical tunnels for the words to zip around in before flying back at the speaker, there would be nothing to worry about at all." Yes, I continued silently to myself, there would be no reader and therefore no reading.

Maya Krinsky

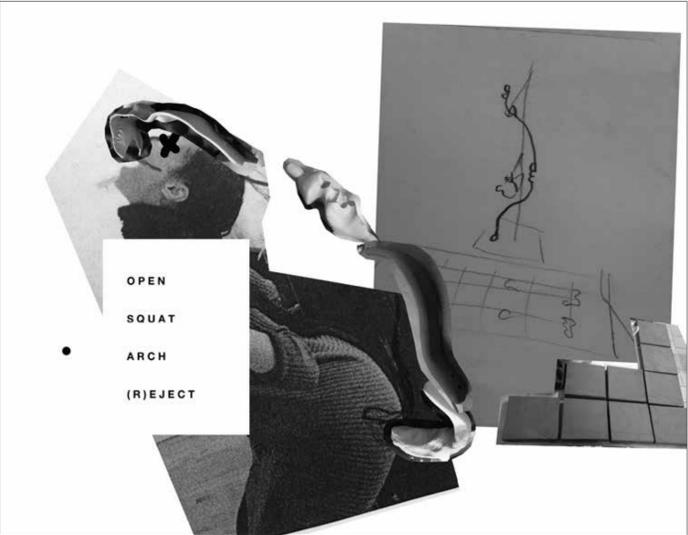
Please select your language 2016, photograph (Utopic horizon wallpaper with painted plant, artificial plant and two thermostats) and text

5PM, level 1, classroom 6. The language teacher writes words and later erases them. She leads the students in repetition of foreign sounds, encouraging them to pretend they are American. Fake an accent: fake confidence. Her curriculum is one of hypotheticals. Today's lesson: future tense. She asks, Where are you going to go? They respond with signifiers of distant action. Referencing the illustrations beside vocabulary words as a guide, they give distilled answers: I'm going to go home. I'm going to go to work. I'm going to go to the grocery store. I'm going to go to Florida. I'm going to go to New York. I'm going to go downtown. I'm going to go to school. I'm going to go to the library. I'm going to go to my friend's house. I'm going to go to Boston. I'm going to visit my family. I'm going to go to the bank. I'm going to go to a restaurant. And so on. Then she asks: How are you going to get there? I'm going to drive. I'm going to walk. I'm going to take a bus. I'm going to fly. I'm going to take a train. And then: What will you do? I will talk. I will study. I will eat. I will cook. I will buy. I will meet. I will ask. I will sleep. I will look. I will enjoy. I will work. I will walk.



Julia Phillips

Gedankenskitze for "Archer" 2016 Partially glazed ceramics, metal stand, metal bracket, partially glazed ceramic tiles



OPEN
SQUAT
ARCH
(R)EJECT

Alan Ruiz

Hunter Green 1390

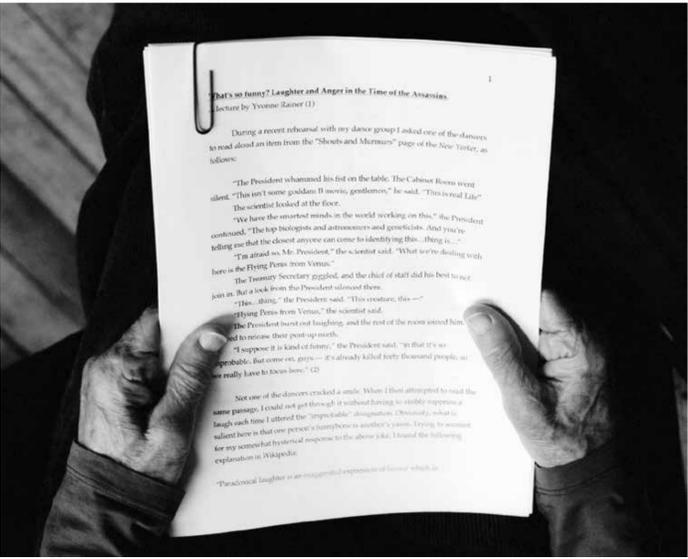
NYC Local Law 47 requires all construction sites in New York City to maintain a standardized appearance. Signed by former Mayor Michael Bloomberg in 2013, this law stipulates that the fences surrounding these sites must be, "of solid construction, 8 feet high with 12 inch by 12 inch viewing panels for the public." These fences are also legally required to be painted "Hunter Green." Sidewalk fences, or sheds, are an undeniably repeatable spatial condition of New York City. Akin to the topology of the pavilion, these screens are forms of temporal architecture that straddle the blurry boundaries of public and private space. Deployed equally for the addition and subtraction of buildings, they serve as anterior envelopes of existing facades as well as those to come. Given the hyper-development of New York City, the sidewalk fence has proven to be a repeatable feature of our built environment. Its standardization might also serve a normalizing function on a larger scale. A habitus, or "social made body," the fence creates a mobius strip of hunter green enveloping the city and its inhabitants, pointing towards a collective unconscious formed by capital. Of the fence's color, former Buildings Commissioner Robert LeMandri told the City Council: "what we are looking for is a color that is, you know, what maybe psychologists think are soothing colors, and so we chose green." Since the signing of Local Law 47, the manufacturer National Paint Industries has sold more than 80,000 gallons per year of the shade "Hunter Green 1390" to New York City construction firms. Yet green also increasingly carries a symbolic value. The NYC Green Codes Task Force (GCTF) and the United States Green Building Council (USGBC) both advocate for a "healthier, more sustainable and prosperous built environment in communities across

the globe." LEED (Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design), a certification program developed by USGBC, is based on a point system in which a building project may achieve the rating levels of Silver, Gold, Platinum after an initial registration fee of \$1,200, and an expedited review process of \$10,000. In this case, green functions as a signifier of quality in the development industry, one that might be cloaked in the service of green sustainability but is also used as an eco-friendly incentive to attract "green consumers." Indeed, green is both a brand and an economy. Ostensibly these screens serve to protect the public from construction while concealing the laboring body. The presence of standardized apertures provides the public with a false sense of transparency while simultaneously drawing the viewers into this concealment of labor, producing a fetishistic gaze and form of architectural spectacle. Yet what is further concealed behind Hunter Green are forms of speculation that expel and displace local communities. As David Harvey has observed, "capitalist urbanization perpetually tends to destroy the city as a social, political and livable commons." These fences not only destroy the city by marking the privatization of urban space, but precisely by acting as green-screens on which prospective futures and changes to the surrounding urban mesh are projected. These projections are alternately banal and menacing, perhaps depending from which side one is viewing the fence. If we consider the building envelope as carrying both representational and economic functions, the sidewalk fence could be said to participate within the semiotic system. For instance, the erection of a sidewalk fence signifies a change in proprietary relations and urban development at both a public and private scale. Its presence indexes the city's financial health and marks the rhythm of capitalist time. The sidewalk fence might conceal the glass-clad skin of luxury apartments and shell companies, or an overgrown plot of land awaiting public housing funds. As Keller Easterling has written, "building envelopes are closely tied to economic and logistical formulas for optimizing the consumption of goods or entertainment and may be as volatile as the market, as slippery as municipal tax structures [...] or as ephemeral as the desires surrounding fashion and entertainment." The sidewalk fence is a screen that projects back.

Alan Ruiz, 2016

Carrie Schneider

Yvonne Rainer Reading (What's so funny? Laughter and Anger in the Time of the Assassins: A Lecture by Yvonne Rainer) 2016



What's so funny? Laughter and Anger in the Time of the Assassins. Lecture by Yvonne Rainer (1)

During a recent rehearsal with my dance group I asked one of the dancers to read about an item from the "Shoebus and Murders" page of the New Yorker, as follows:

"The President whammed his fist on the table. The Cabinet Room went silent. "This isn't some goddamn 19 movie, gentlemen," he said. "This is real life." The scientist looked at the floor.

"You have the scientist's mind in the world working on this," the President continued. "The top biologists and astronomers and geneticists. And you're telling me that the closest anyone can come to identifying this... thing is..."

"I'm afraid so, Mr. President," the scientist said. "What we're dealing with here is the Flying Penis from Venus."

The Treasury Secretary giggled, and the chief of staff did his best to not join in. But a look from the President silenced them.

"The... thing," the President said. "This creature, this..."

"Flying Penis from Venus," the scientist said.

The President burst out laughing, and the rest of the room joined him and to release their pent-up nerves.

"I suppose it is a kind of satire," the President said. "so that it's not probable, but some one, guys... it's already killed forty thousand people, so it really have to have been." (2)

Not one of the dancers cracked a smile. When I first attempted to read the same passage, I found not just that it without having to visibly suppress a laugh each time I uttered the "improbable" designation. (Obviously, what is subject here is that one person's contribution to another's pain. Trying to account for my somewhat hysterical response to the above tale, I found the following explanation in Wikipedia:

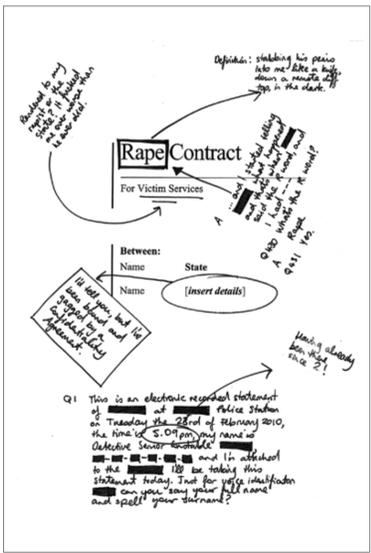
"Paradoxical laughter is an unexpected expression of humor which is



Shevaun Wright

Frustrated by the continued marginalization and distortion of Indigenous and female voices within the legal and art spheres, I seek to subvert systemic discrimination by cannibalizing what is the most privileged form of Western discourse: the legal contract. Fundamental to Western legal scholarship is the problematic metaphor of the social contract, the idea that persons' moral and political obligations are dependent upon a contract or agreement among them to form the society in which they live. Whilst sustaining significant critique, Contractualism and Contractarianism continue to permeate the praxis of law as an instrument for organizing human relations. Carole Pateman's seminal work *The Sexual Contract* and Charles W. Mills' *The Racial Contract* have significantly eroded the premise of the liberal individual in Hobbesian and Rawlsian theories of social contract. The inadequacy of contract as a means for attempting to undercut relations of social classes and market forces has also been observed by Alexander Alberro with his assertion that Seth Siegel and Bob Projansky's *The Artist's Contract* unwittingly contributed to the commodification of conceptual art. Indeed, the reception of *The Artist's Contract* by artists, collectors and gallerists has served as a microcosm for the limited utility of social contract theory. Aimed at securing liberal values of freedom and self-will via individualised, adversarial negotiations, social contract theory has instead whitewashed the subjugation of the 'feminine', the 'racial other', the 'sexually deviant' within this competitive contractual framework. *The Rape Contract* (pictured) is a literal manifestation of a part of my social contract. It formalizes the agreement struck by persons

(particularly cisgender women) with the State for their membership to society and reparation for rape. Created in response to the disempowering experience of assisting my close friend negotiate the Australian legal system as a victim of rape, the document is presented as a commercial services contract for 'Victim Services'. It provides capped 'Social Payments' in the form of legal redress, compensation and acknowledgement in exchange for achievement of community and legal expectations of victimhood. Informed by Carine M. Mardorossian's groundbreaking work *Framing the Rape Victim: Gender and Agency Reconsidered*, it articulates the 'Key Performance Indicators', indemnities, limitations of liability, behavioural specifications and dispute mechanisms enforced against victims. Overlaid upon the formal legal document are excerpts from notes, personal writings, psychiatric reports and a police report taken from a victim of a violent rape and transcribed by me in invisible UV ink. Visibility of this speech is conditional upon the application of black light mini forensic LED flashlights provided as part of the installation. By translating the emotionally charged topic of rape into commercial terms, the project traverses the theoretical divide between art and law, integrating cross-disciplinary feminist critiques to collapse axiomatic assertions of an impenetrable, rational and impartial legal framework in favour of anaesthetics of ambiguity and dispersed perspective. Abjuring outright protest, my project aims to open a space in which to engage in a meaningful dialogue about the absurdities of ascribing neutrality to legalese, by bringing into relief the anachronistic expectations and standards of the law regarding the feminised body, to as one victim put it, "gain a sense of normality in the depravity."



This project is supported by the NSW Government through Arts NSW, the Ian Potter Cultural Trust and the Australian Association of the Dame Joan Sutherland Fund.

- Noor Abed
- Damali Abrams the Glitter Priestess
- Tasha Bjelić
- Brian Block
- Daniel Cerrejón
- Zorica Čolić
- Sonia Louise Davis
- Raphael Fleuriet
- Maya Krinsky
- Jim Grilli
- Julia Phillips
- Alan Ruiz
- Carrie Schneider
- Shevaun Wright