



The catalogue for *Queens International 2016* was printed in July 2016 on a Risograph EZ 221. During the first weekend, designers Ayham Ghraoui and Martin Bek held workshops at the Queens Museum, inviting visitors to use the duplicator's flatbed scanner to print in red their own compositions with rectangular forms based on the exhibition's identity. The following three weeks, the catalogue's content was exported directly from the *Queens International 2016* website, printed in black, collated and spiral bound.

Creative direction and design by Ayham Ghraoui
with Martin Bek and Brandon Gamm

Special thanks to Ashley Chang, Karina Eckmeier, Matt van Hellen
and Javier Viramontes for production assistance.

queensmuseum.org/2016intl

About

A tradition since 2001, *Queens International* is the Museum's biennial exhibition of artists living or working in Queens. While each iteration has had its own curatorial team and vision, what remains constant is the central aim of highlighting and contextualizing the artistic vibrancy of the borough through contemporary cultural productions in all media.

Queens International 2016 characteristically looks to the idea of thresholds, and the way spaces for transition, contact, and exchange become markers for the complex forces that shape contemporary life. Many of the 34 participating artists, collectives, and partner organizations use performance-based and site-specific approaches to incorporate the museum's architectural and historical context and engage the diverse body of the museum audience. Ongoing projects in *Queens International 2016* include experimental and often participatory events, genre-bending musical concerts, and international collaborations between Queens artists and their global counterparts. The politics of borders and border-crossing are expanded through the exhibition and public programs to include not only the discourse of physical territory and migration, but also the act of transgressing between artistic disciplines, linguistic or ideological divides, digital and human interfaces, and prescriptive narratives of the past, present, and future.

References and source materials used by the artists zoom in and out of visibility from local to global, from micro to macro, and from private to public: the dominance of Western advertising in post-conflict Beirut; the international ubiquity of Mariachi bands; hyper-development in the New York City real estate market; the not-so-anonymous crowdsourced Internet marketplace; the reassessment of the body or embodiment in contemporary life; and the remixing of artistic identity with a local Jazz legend. *Queens International 2016* navigates these shifts between assumed binaries and examines the ways in which systems regulate our bodies and environments.

Responding to the increasingly intertwined relationship of printed and digital media today, *Queens International 2016* features a contemporary model of publishing and distribution that develops into its maturity through post-opening contributions, generated by participating artists' interactions among themselves and with external responders. An evolving web platform will produce a print-on-

demand publication that will incorporate content authored over the course of the exhibition. The website—serving as a living hub for documentation, artist interviews, short-form writing, and commentary from wide-ranging responders—in turn comprises a publication that can either be printed on-site at the exhibition via a risograph printer, or accessed as a downloadable PDF. In line with the character of *Queens International 2016*, the risograph method allows the publication to sit somewhere between a handmade screenprint and Xerox copy, giving digitally formatted content a uniquely physical property.

Queens International 2016 is organized by guest curator Lindsey Berfond and Queens Museum Director of Exhibitions Hitomi Iwasaki.

The multi-outlet publishing platform was realized by designer and creative director Ayham Ghraoui with Martin Bek and Brandon Gamm. Copy editors are Grace Duggan and Curatorial Assistant Sophia Marisa Lucas.

Queens International 2016 is generously supported by Mark & Katie Coleman, LaGuardia Corporate Center Associates, LLC, Blumenfeld Development Group, Leo & Patti Hindery, and Douglas and Sarah Luke. Special thanks to the Foundation for Contemporary Arts Emergency Grant and Espacio Odeón (Bogotá, Colombia) and Frame Visual Art Finland for their support of individual artists in the exhibition. Major programming support for 2016 has been provided in part by the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs and the New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew Cuomo and the New York State Legislature.

Very special thanks to: all of the artists in *Queens International 2016* for their dynamic participation in this exhibition, programs, and publication; Queens Museum staff members for their unending dedication and support in various aspects of this entire project; and brave curatorial interns, engaged members of Queens Teens, as well as the devoted staff members at Immigrant Movement International.

Artists

Manal Abu-Shaheen	Eileen Maxson
Vahap Avşar	Melanie McLain
Jesus Benavente and Felipe Castelblanco	Shane Mecklenburger
Brian Caverly	Lawrence Mesich
Kerry Downey	Freya Powell
Magali Duzant	Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin
Golnaz Esmaili	Alan Ruiz
Mohammed Fayaz	Samita Sinha and Brian Chase
Kate Gilmore	Barb Smith
Jonah Groeneboer	Monika Sziladi
Bang Geul Han and Minna Pöllänen	Alina Tenser
Dave Hardy	Trans-Pecos with 8 Ball Community, E.S.P. TV, and Chillin Island
Sylvia Hardy	
Shadi Harouni	
Janks Archive	Mark Tribe
Robin Kang	Sam Vernon
Kristin Lucas	Max Warsh
Carl Marin	Jennifer Williams

Manal Abu-Shaheen

b. 1982, Beirut, Lebanon



Nahawand. Beirut, Lebanon, 2014, archival pigment print. Courtesy the artist.



(L-R) Big Ben. Dbayeh Suburb of Beirut, Lebanon, 2014, and Kate Winslet. Beirut, Lebanon, 2016, archival pigment prints. Courtesy the artist.



(L-R) *Vivid. Beirut, Lebanon*, 2014, *Hotel Window. Beirut, Lebanon*, 2016, and *Nahawand. Beirut, Lebanon*, 2014, archival pigment prints. Courtesy the artist.

Motivated by the changing urban landscape in Lebanon, *Beirut* is a series of photographs that explores what the capital looks like today: a city overwhelmed by the congestion of billboards. In one sense the advertisements are a visual indicator for capitalist growth, and in another they purport a mythologized western luxury that is incongruous against the backdrop of a rough-edged post-conflict cityscape. Hovering monumentally above the developing landscape, depictions of western men and women offer luxury products that have become locally available in recent years. Advertising functions best when it couples the attainable with the unattainable—the unattainable in this case, is the idealized culture of another civilization. Rendered in sobering gray-scale, in her work for *Queens International 2016*, Abu-Shaheen addresses the consequences of globalized communication and commerce in the stark disparity of an imported aesthetic with locally lived experience.

Manal Abu-Shaheen received an MFA in Photography from the Yale School of Art (2011); a BA from Sarah Lawrence College (2003); and attended Lebanese American University, Byblos, Lebanon (1999). Her work has been exhibited at the Bronx Museum of the Arts, Bronx, NY (2014), The Print Shop at MoMA/PS1, Long Island City, NY (2014), Camera Club of New York, New York, NY (2013) and Welch School of Art and Design Galleries, Atlanta, GA (2012). She currently teaches at the

City College of New York. She is the recipient of the 2016 A.I.R Gallery Fellowship and the 2015 Artist in the Marketplace Residency program at the Bronx Museum of the Arts.

Vahap Avşar

b. 1965, Malatya, Turkey





Detail and installation views: *Lost Shadows, [AND Museum]*, 2015-16, offset printed postcards with custom fabricated shelves. Commissioned by Protocinema, Istanbul and NY; P!, NY. Courtesy the artist and Rampa, Istanbul.

Lost Shadows, [AND Museum] is composed of a selection of photographs from the found image archive of the AND Postcard Company. In the late 1970s and 80s, the company dispatched individual photographers around Turkey in order to make postcards for national distribution. The work of these photographers, unearthed by Avşar in 2010, ranges from the overtly staged to more ambiguous or even mundane compositions, whose political undertones may not instantly be read today: an organized mass-athletics, public processions, national monuments, the unexpected presence of a soldier, and the presence of an unfitting vehicle in an otherwise scenic

landscape. Once censored and never distributed, these images evidence the tensions in the governmental oppression following the 1980 military coup in Turkey. By recontextualizing this history and distributing the postcards to new audiences, Avşar's *Lost Shadows, [AND Museum]* resonates with the ways in which—visibly or invisibly—civic space is contested today.

Vahap Avşar received an MFA in painting from Bilkent University, Ankara, Turkey (1991) and a BA in Painting from Dokuz Eylül University, Izmir, Turkey (1989); and completed coursework for a Ph.D and was on the faculty at Bilkent University, Ankara, Turkey (1989-1995). His work has been exhibited in solo and group shows at venues including SALT, Istanbul (2015), Whitechapel Gallery, London (2015), Pinacoteca, Bologna (2015), Istanbul Modern, Istanbul (2015), Rampa, Istanbul (2013, 2010), TANAS, Berlin (2011 & 2012), ARTER, Istanbul (2010), 5th International Istanbul Biennial, (1997), Ankara Central Train Station (1995), 5th Havana Biennial (1994), W139, Amsterdam (1993), Akaretler 50, Istanbul (1993) and German Cultural Centre, Izmir (1986).

Jesus Benavente and Felipe Castelblanco

b. 1982, San Antonio, TX; b. 1985, Bogotá, Colombia



LAS REINAS

G D7
Lola Beltran nos canto con el corazon Cucurrucucu,
G
Amalia Juan Colorado y Un Mundo raro nos regalo,
G7 C
Lucha Villa con su estilo, No Discutamos interpreto,
D7 G D7 G/G7
Rocio Durcal nos dio el alma con un estilo muy Español.

C D7 G
Las Reinas, que grandes son,
D7 G
Vivan Las Reinas, de la cancion.

Violin 1

Las Reinas

Ramon Ponce

Ramon Ponce

163 ♩ = 163

7 **A** 3 2

17 3

26 **B** 3

33 2

Copyright © Mariachi Real de Mexico

Las Reinas, 2016, original score and lyrics sheet. Courtesy the artists, Mariachi Real de Mexico, and Mariachi Imperial de Bogotá.



Las Reinas, open rehearsal performances. Courtesy the artists, Mariachi Real de Mexico, and Mariachi Imperial de Bogotá. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.



Las Reinas, open rehearsal performances. Courtesy the artists, Mariachi Real de Mexico, and Mariachi Imperial de Bogotá.

For *Las Reinas*, Benavente and Castelblanco collaborate with two Mariachi bands, one in Queens and the other based in Bogotá, Colombia, to write a new song in real-time via online video chat. Working across cultural, social, and economic borders, the collaborating bands and artists will reveal the pervasiveness of the Mariachi genre, a Mexican musical tradition that is steeped in poverty, pride, protest, and community, but has been widely adapted to the needs of a globalized tourist economy.

Open rehearsals and conversations will take place at the Queens Museum throughout the exhibition, culminating in a live performance by Benavente and Mariachi Real de Mexico (Queens), with Castelblanco and Mariachi Imperial de Bogotá connecting via video conference. At the end of the collaboration, the new song, *Las Reinas* (The Queen), will be set into the informal oral distribution networks as a new Mariachi tradition, passed from band to band across North and South America, as a means of examining the phenomena of cultural (re)appropriation and (mis)translation.

Presented with Espacio Odeón, Bogotá.

Open Rehearsals (Queens Museum Theater):

April 10th, 2-3:30pm

June 4th, 1-2:30pm

Performance (Queens Museum Atrium):

July 31st

1-2pm

Jesus Benavente received an MFA from the Mason Gross School of Art at Rutgers University (2013), attended Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2012), and obtained a BFA from the University of Texas at Austin (2010). Recent exhibitions and performances include Icebox Project Space, Philadelphia (2015), LTD Los Angeles (2014), Find & Form Space, Boston (2014), Performa 13, New York (2013), Socrates Sculpture Park, New York (2013), Chashama, New York (2013), Shin Museum of Art, Cheongju, South Korea (2013), Vox Populi, Philadelphia (2013), Kingston Sculpture Biennial, New York (2013), and Austin Museum of Art, Texas (2011), among others.

Felipe Castelblanco received an MFA from Carnegie Mellon University (2013), attended Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2012), and obtained a BFA from Pontificia Universidad Javeriana, Colombia (2008). He has had solo shows at Royal Academy Schools, UK (2015), Negros Museum, Philippines (2015), and Practice Gallery, Philadelphia, PA (2014); in collaboration at San Diego Museum of Art, CA (2013), and group exhibitions at Kala Art Institute, Berkeley CA (2015), Columbus Museum of Art, OH (2015), Sumter Gallery and Bivouac Project, SC (2014), Urban Arts Space Gallery, Columbus, OH (2014), and José Martí Gallery, Cuba (2013). He has received numerous fellowships including from the Royal Academy of Art, UK (2014), Greater Columbus Arts Council, OH (2014), US Cultural Emissary to the Philippines (2014), and ARTECAMERA Salón, Colombia (2007).

Brian Caverly

b. 1977, Fanwood, NJ



Studio Abandon, 2011-16, shipping crate, wood, paint, CCFL (cold cathode fluorescent lamp), and other construction materials. Courtesy the artist.





Studio Abandon (detail), 2011-16, shipping crate, wood, paint, CCFL (cold cathode fluorescent lamp), and other construction materials. Courtesy the artist.



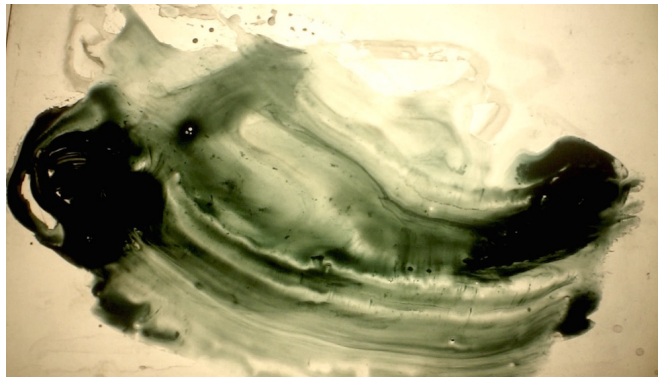
Photo: Kuo-Heng Huang

Studio Abandon is a 1/5th scale replica of Brian Caverly's studio in Ridgewood, Queens, constructed inside of a shipping container. Made with breathtaking exactitude, this miniature studio is rendered nearly empty. Instead of artworks, only traces of what may have been created there remain. The work is autobiographical, reflecting not only Caverly's personal workspace but his day job in which he builds artwork shipping crates. With its interior instantly familiar to artists and people who work with them, the sculpture brings to mind Queens' growing appeal to artists on the hunt for affordable studio space as rent skyrockets in other boroughs. In just a few years, rapid development in the region might make a space like this a thing of the past in New York City.

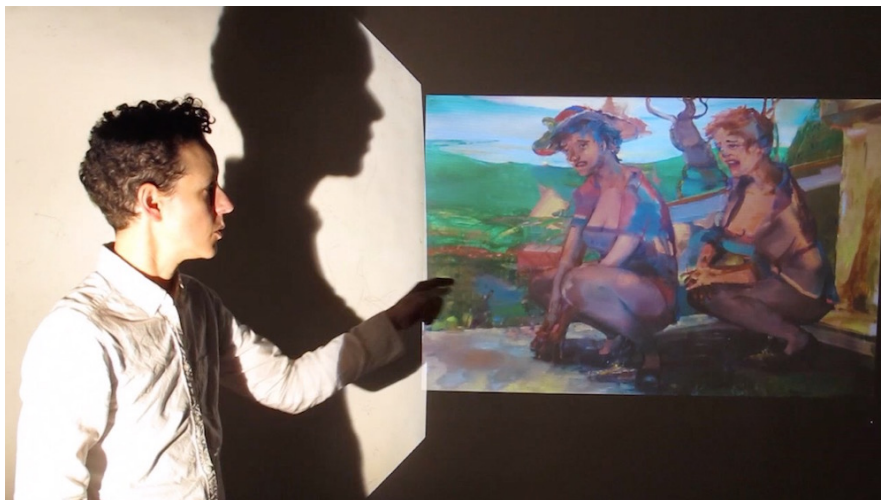
Brian Caverly received an MFA in Sculpture from the Virginia Commonwealth University (2004). He has completed public commissions for Cornell University (2015) and the State University of New York at Albany (2000), and has exhibited his work at many venues in New York including the Guggenheim Museum (2013), Pleasant View Art Festival (2013), Kingsborough Community College (2012 and 2011), Wayfarers (2012), University Art Museum, State University of New York at Albany (2011), Rural Jurors Arts Festival (2011), Emergency Arts (2006), and Kim Foster Gallery (2005). He is currently Adjunct Professor of Art at Kingsborough Community College in Brooklyn.

Kerry Downey

b. 1979, Ft Lauderdale, FL

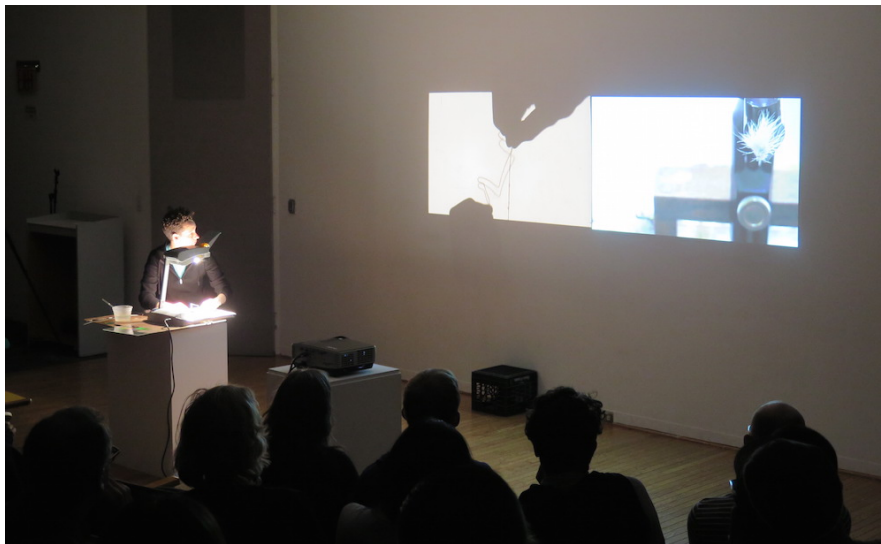


A Third Space (stills), 2014-16, single channel video with sound; 7:41 min. Courtesy the artist.

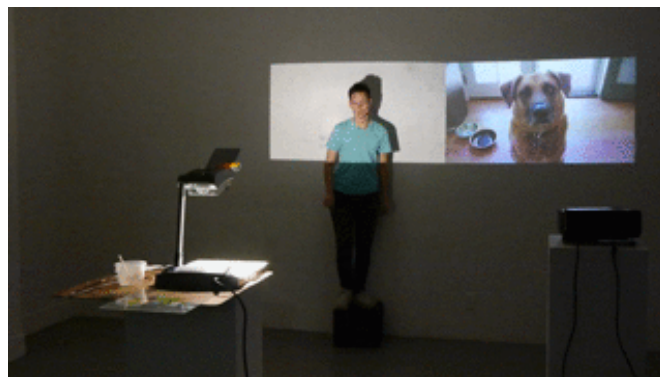




Fishing with Angela, performance and single channel video, 2016.
Courtesy the artist.



Fishing with Angela, performance and single channel video, May 22, 2016.
Courtesy the artist. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.



Produced with an overhead projector, Kerry Downey's animation explores a series of haptic encounters with people, histories, objects, and spaces through the fluidity of colors, shapes, and gestures it

portrays. Along with the artist's narrated anecdotes, images moving through the projector's flatbed shift between the intimate and remote, slippery and stable, poetic and political. While it remains unclear whether we are learning an abstract language or forgetting one, Downey is interested in moments of recognition and the processes by which we come to know or love or experience an "other." The handle, a recurring image in Downey's work, is a literal representation of something we reach for, hold onto, or lean on for support; it is also an object that connects the body to the outside world. This tool begs the question: what is at stake with our coming in contact with the world? Downey's work contemplates these moments of contact, the suspended moments of possibility between one action and the next, and the ways we contain or expose ourselves in such precarious situations.

Performance:

Fishing with Angela

May 22nd, 2pm

Based on a fishing trip Downey took with mentor Angela Dufresne, the project engages with histories of mimicry through queer, feminist, pedagogical, painterly, and performative practices.

Kerry Downey earned an MFA from Hunter College, NY (2009) and a BA in Fine Arts from Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY (2002).

Downey's work has been exhibited at The Drawing Center, New York (2015), Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY (2014), Taylor Macklin, Zurich, Switzerland (2014), Franklin Street Works, Stamford, CT (2014), Flux Factory, Long Island City, NY (2014), and NURTUREart, Brooklyn, NY (2013). Downey's work has been recognized by publications including Artforum, The Brooklyn Rail, The New York Times, and The New Yorker. Downey participated in the Drawing Center's Open Sessions (2014-15) and was a Queer/Art/Mentorship Fellow (2012-13). The artist is a recent recipient of the Joan Mitchell Emerging Artist Grant.

Magali Duzant

b. 1987, Queens, NY



Golden Hours: Live Streaming Sunset (stills), 2016, live streaming single channel video; 6 hours. Courtesy the artist.



Golden Hours: Live Streaming Sunset, 2016, live streaming single channel video; 6 hours. Courtesy the artist.

Golden Hours: Live Streaming Sunset is a video installation that aggregates real-time webcam footage of sunsets around the world. With the eventual goal to create a never-ending 24-hour cycle, Duzant has collaborated with webcam operators in 8 cities to assemble this 6 hour piece for *Queens International 2016*. Taking advantage of the immediacy of Internet communication, her program automatically switches time zones just as the sun disappears from the horizon. In this way, the event becomes one suspended moment, collapsing distance and time as it unfurls across places, cultures, and landscapes. While the work is poetic in its subject matter, the chosen locations of each sunset also point to today's mass migration crisis, as cities such as Visby, Sweden or Lampedusa, Italy have become centers for migrants fleeing the Middle East and Africa. The ease in which the video switches between localities lies in direct contrast to the extreme difficulty many refugees have had in relocating their own physical bodies to safety. While Duzant's sunset may appear as continuous and unfettered, by using the Internet as an expansive resource her pointed choice of locations highlights that the geopolitics of the world outside of the webcam lens are far from unified or fluid.

Approximate schedule of sunsets on view at Queens Museum (EST):
 Giza, Egypt: 11:00 - 12:10; Visby, Sweden: 12:10 - 12:45; Lampedusa, Italy: 12:45 - 13:45; Roses, Catalonia, Spain: 14:45 - 14:15; Cadiz, Spain: 14:15 - 15:00; Las Palmas, Canary Islands: 15:00 - 15:30; Iceland: 15:30 - 16:30; Bahia, Brazil: 16:30 - 17:00

Magali Duzant received an MFA from Parsons, The New School for Design (2014) and a BA in Humanities and Arts from Carnegie Mellon University (2009). She has shown her work at the Fridman Gallery, New York (2015), Root Studios, New York (2015), the State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg, Russia (2015, 2014), DUMBO Arts Festival, Brooklyn, NY (2013), and the North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh, NC (2012), among others. She has been awarded a Queens Council on the Arts Grant (2015) and NARS Foundation Studio Residency (2015).

Golnaz Esmaili

b. 1985, Tehran, Iran



Untitled, 2016, slide projection, digital video, and resin coated photogram.
Courtesy the artist.

In her work, Golnaz Esmaili meditates on the after-effects of memory and suspended time on objects and spaces. For *Queens International 2016*, the artist presents a film in which an abstract, color-tinted 35mm slide projection is layered on top of a digital video. In the video, the camera pans across spaces that are at once empty and full of life, both littered with the traces of what previously occurred in these landscapes and full of remains to be recycled and used again. The slides add a rich materiality to the video while obscuring the details of these vacant sites, producing an effect that is reminiscent of a dream or distant memory being recalled. Accompanying the video work are Esmaili's resin-coated photograms of flowers. These photographic images are made without a camera by placing an object directly onto the surface of a light-sensitive material and exposing it to light. The physical property of the thick resin panel resists the ephemerality of the photographic images, while the colors seem to bring life to their inanimate existence.

From the artist:

Pioneer Plants. Pioneer species -- hardly species. barely plants.
succession - the growth of plant life -- in a place--previously void of life
- a place where all life (and remains of life) was completely destroyed.
Primary succession -- -- almost no nutrients (or soil) - region where

pioneer plants begin to grow. -- where a glacier once was. where plant life once was. -- --- where there is already nutrient rich soil. There used to be plant life -- - but it was destroyed by --- or -- natural disaster. *

Absent Spaces. dense sites -- hardly places. barely spaces.
Suspension - the growth of -- life -- in a place -- previously void of life - a place where all life (and remains of life) was completely removed.
Rock succession -- -- almost -- nutrients (or soil) - region where grit begins to grow. -- where a --- once was. where memory once was. -- --- where there is already ---- rich history. There used to be lights -- - but it was replenished by colors or – a field of nuance.

Abstract segment from “PRIMARY SUCCESSION VS. SECONDARY SUCCESSION”

Golnaz Esmaili received an MFA in Graphic Design from Yale University (2012), an MFA in Communication Design from Tehran University, Iran (2009), and a BFA from Azad Art & Architecture University, Iran (2007). She is a founding member of the collective ALLGOLD, who was in residency at MoMA PS1, Long Island City, NY in 2015. Her work has been exhibited at Parkingallery Projects, Tehran, Iran (2014), Aaran Gallery, Tehran, Iran (2013), Yale Art Gallery, New Haven, CT (2012), Cité Internationale des Arts, Paris, France (2012), and Oi Futuro/Flamengo, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (2011).

Mohammed Fayaz

b. 1990, Brooklyn, NY



With Grace, 2016, butcher paper, fabric, watercolor, marker. Courtesy the artist. Photo: Mohammed Fayaz.



Fayaz with his work at IMI Corona



Snapshot from a preparatory Queens Teens workshop

Queens International 2016 artist Mohammed Fayaz collaborates with IMI Corona (Immigrant Movement International), the Museum's community outpost in its immediate neighborhood of Corona, Queens for an iteration of *The Window Project: Rest in Power*, a site-specific window installation and event program series honoring the lives of Black and Brown victims of police brutality with the intention of building solidarity and challenging internalized racism within the immigrant community.

To create *With Grace*, Fayaz worked together with the Museum's Queens Teens program to investigate the intersectional politics at stake for transgender detainees being held at ICE (Immigration and Customs Enforcement) Detention Facilities. For this installation, the group chose to create a composition honoring activist Grace Lawrence, a transgender woman from Liberia who was incarcerated by ICE for 3 years, and due to her gender identity was held in solitary confinement for the majority of her incarceration. The installation

intends to create space for a deeper narrative of Grace's life, where we not only honor Grace's struggles within carceral immigration systems, but will also celebrate her life, resilience, and resistance in fighting for other transgender immigrants currently in detention.

Opening Event:

July 1st, 5-7pm

IMI Corona (Immigrant Movement International)

108-59 Roosevelt Avenue, next to the 111th Street Stop on the 7 Train

Special thanks to Silvia Juliana Mantilla Ortiz, Cata Maria Elena Elisabeth, Simone Satchell, Ro Garrido, Dominique Hernandez, and Viviana Astrid Peralta from Immigrant Movement International and the Queens Museum Education department for their tireless efforts in organizing the Queens Teens collaboration and installation for *With Grace*.

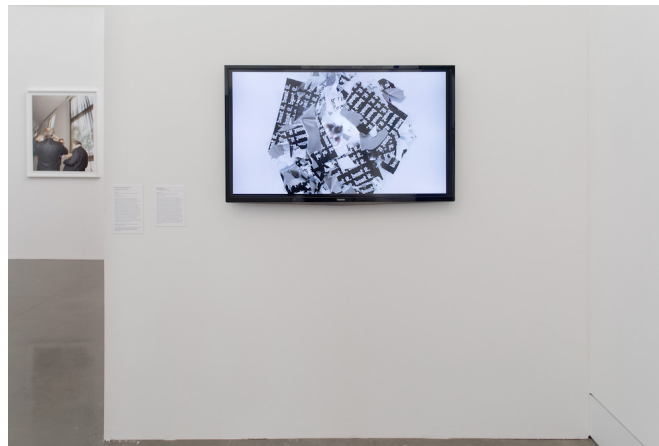
Mohammed Fayaz is a self taught artist who illuminates the otherwise esoteric experience of being a queer person of color in New York. He is intent on documenting his vibrant community through his artwork. He is currently a BA candidate at CUNY Baruch College, and has had exhibits at 41 Cooper Gallery, New York, NY (2015), the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, MA (2015), and The Freeman Space, Brooklyn, NY (2014). He works as a freelance illustrator and organizes monthly events for the queer and trans community of color in New York City.

Kate Gilmore

b. 1975, Washington, DC



Beat It (still), 2014, single channel video with sound; 15:40 min. Courtesy the artist.



Beat It, 2014, single channel video with sound; 15:40 min. Courtesy the artist.

Kate Gilmore is widely known for her physically demanding and darkly humorous videos that explore themes of female identity, displacement, desire, and defeat. She is most often the sole protagonist in her performance-based videos, which involve the artist subjecting herself to daunting and uncomfortable tasks of simultaneous creation and destruction. In *Beat It*, on view for the first time in New York on the occasion of *Queens International 2016*, the camera looks through a circular opening placed above the location of the action as we first only hear a repeated striking sound on an unseen wood and drywall structure. Gradually, a circular frame allowing the sight of the space begins to be filled up with torn pieces screenprinted

with the words “beat it”. Midway into the video, Gilmore herself breaks through and joins the mess inside, pushing fragments through the interior and upending the viewer’s bird’s eye perspective on the set. As she lifts and pushes the wall fragments through this opening, she is obscured again, leaving a collage that repeats the phrase “beat it” in her place.

Kate Gilmore received an MFA from the School of Visual Arts (2002) and a BA from Bates College (1997). She has participated in the 2010 Whitney Biennial, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, The Moscow Biennial, Moscow, Russia (2011), PS1 Greater New York, MoMA/PS1, New York, NY (2005 and 2010) in addition to solo exhibitions at The Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum, Ridgefield, Connecticut (2014), MoCA Cleveland, Cleveland, OH (2013), Public Art Fund, Bryant Park, New York, NY (2010), and Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, PA (2008). She has been the recipient of numerous awards such as the Art Prize/ Art Juried Award, Grand Rapids, Michigan (2015), Rauschenberg Residency Award, Captiva, FL (2014), Rome Prize from the American Academy in Rome (2007/2008), The Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation Award, New York (2009), Art Matters Grant, New York (2012), Lower Manhattan Cultural Council Award for Artistic Excellence, New York (2010), the Franklin Furnace Fund for Performance, New York, NY (2006), and the New York Foundation for The Arts Fellowship (2012 and 2005). Her work is in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art; Brooklyn Museum; Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, MA; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA; Rose Art Museum, Waltham, MA; Indianapolis Museum of Art, Indiana, IN; and Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, IL.

Jonah Groeneboer

b. 1978, Chilliwack, BC, Canada





The Potential in Waves Colliding, 2016, string and thread. Courtesy the artist.

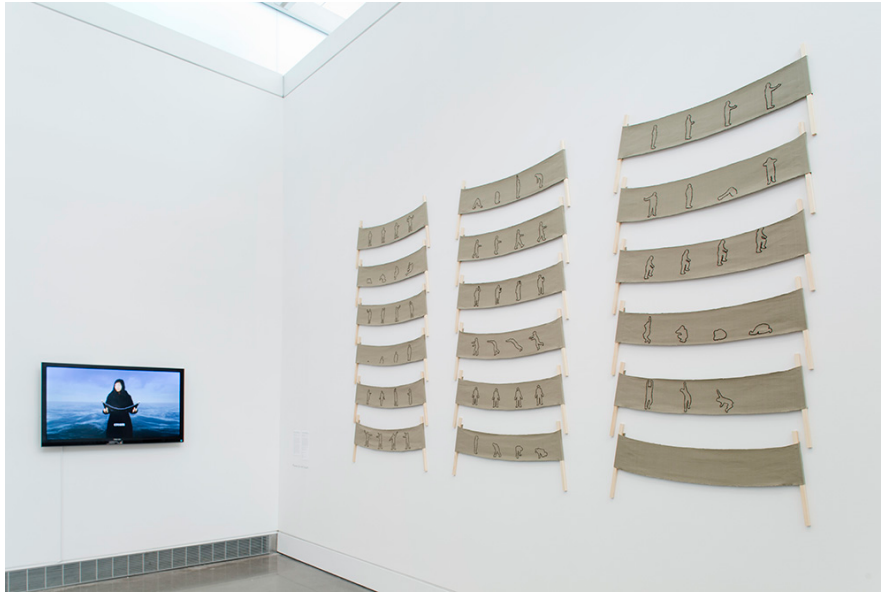
Jonah Groeneboer's *The Potential in Waves Colliding* is a string and thread installation created for *Queens International 2016*. Suspended from the ceiling just inside the Museum's eastern entryway, the delicate curve of its grid echoes the structural pattern of the iconic Unisphere that lies steps away in Flushing Meadows Corona Park. As light passes over the nearly transparent weaving, pale blue and white colored threads come in and out of focus. The viewer is prompted to take time and care with the piece in order to locate all of the subtle contours. The impossibility of seeing the entirety of *The Potential in*

Waves Colliding from a single vantage point is characteristic of much of Groeneboer's work. The artist examines the relationship between seeing and knowing, and the negotiation of assumptions through a process of perception. A personal politics of transgender and queer experience inform the work, as Groeneboer's use of abstraction and duration stand in for a resistance to society's often swift assumptions about gender.

Jonah Groeneboer studied at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia, Canada, received an MFA in Studio Art at New York University (2007) and a BFA in Intermedia at Pacific Northwest College of Art (2005). Current and forthcoming shows include the Objects are Slow Events at CCS Bard Hessel Museum of Art and Shifters at Art in General, both New York. His work has been exhibited at MoMA/PS1 (2015), Contemporary Art Museum Houston, TX (2015), Platform Centre for Photographic and Digital Arts, Canada (2013), Andrew Edlin Gallery, New York (2013), Shoshana Wayne Gallery, Santa Monica, CA (2010), and Exile, Berlin, Germany (2010). His work has been written about in The New York Times, The New Yorker, Art 21, and Art Journal. He has been artist in residence at Ox-Bow School of Art, the Fire Island Artist Residency, and Recess' Session Program in New York City.

Bang Geul Han and Minna Pöllänen

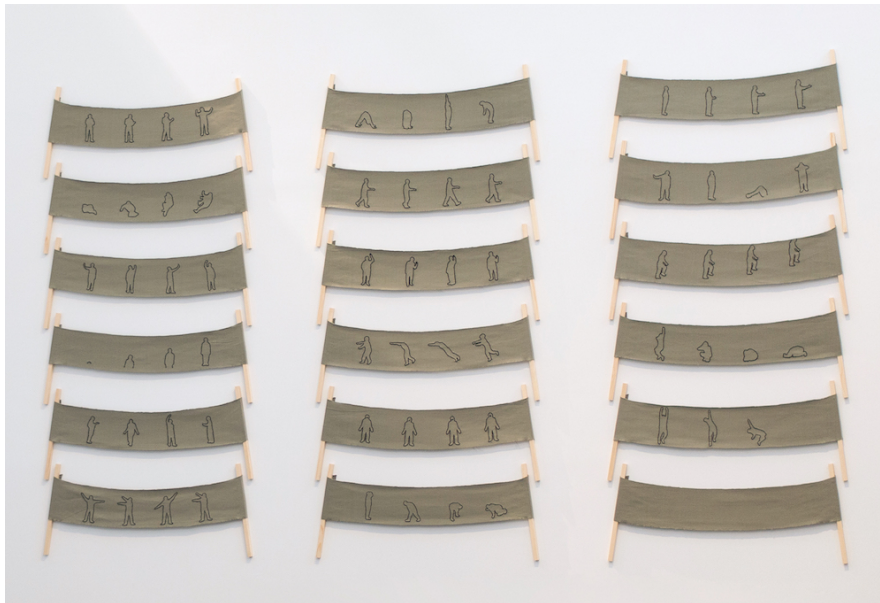
b. 1978 Seoul, South Korea; b. 1980, Tohmajärvi, Finland



Signs of Flood, 2016, mixed media installation (fabric, wool, wood, custom software, and online data). Courtesy the artists.



Bang Geul Han, *Signs of Flood* (still), 2016. Courtesy the artist.



Minna Pöllänen, *Signs of Flood* banners (top left to bottom right):

Engage (Apple product presentation)

Travel

Photograph (360° landscape behind your head)

Emerge (Arnatt reversal)

Pitch (that idea Mahatma, Martin, Nelson,
Malala)

Communicate (YOLO)

Exercise

Spend

Read (victorybunnyyearsphissoffpeace)

Learn (positions for open water)

Express

Search (?)

Network (handshakes)

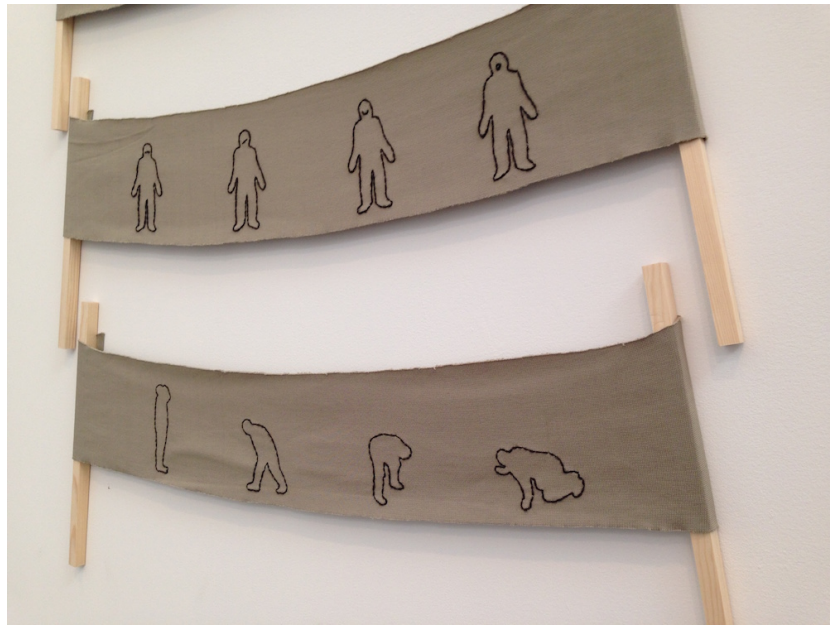
Deny

Lead (one step ahead)

Prepare (avalanche, lightning, hurricane,
earthquake)

Endure (the fall)

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Minna Pöllänen, *Signs of Flood* banners (detail), 2016. Courtesy the artist. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.

Bang Geul Han (based in Queens, NY) and Minna Pöllänen (based in London, UK) have collaborated on *Signs of Flood*, an installation combining new media and hand-stitched embroidery that explores the connotations of the word “flood.” The work shifts between an international vantage point, where abstract and decontextualized media representations are propagated widely, and a far more local, imminent level, where this imagery may have an impact on individual bodies and communities.

In the video, Han, holding a banner similar to those Pöllänen produced for the exhibition, reads aloud headlines from a live feed of Internet sources such as Google News and Twitter. To mine this constant stream of information, Han has created custom software that aggregates any headlines which include the phrase “flood of...,” collecting a variety of literal or metaphorical uses of the word “flood.” The custom software gives voice to these headlines by splicing together clips drawn from a video inventory of the artist speaking thousands of pre-recorded individual words. Han’s program also responds to “weather watch” keywords: a flood warning anywhere around the world can trigger the TV meteorologist background to turn an ominous red color. The robotic and hypnotic delivery alludes to the endlessness of automated media and data streams, disconnected from the content they are reporting on.

Minna Pöllänen's banners work in tandem with Han's video installation, embroidered with a choreographic score of body positions pulled from social media. The slow process of hand stitching traces the body caught in action: a series of yoga poses, open water survival tactics, gestures of fleeing migrants climbing and hiding, Steve Jobs presenting a new Apple product, etc. The images on these banners evoke the schizophrenic constellation of topics we consume, edit, and respond to on a daily basis. Their symbolism distills the algorithmically delivered news stories that "flood" our social media platforms and materializes them as real actions taken on and by the body.

Minna Pöllänen received an MA in Fine Arts Photography from London College of Communication, University of Arts London (2011) and a BA in Fine Arts Photography from London College of Communication, University of Arts London (2004). Her solo work has been exhibited at Galerie Pangée, Montréal (with Bang Geul Han) (2016), Triangle Art Association, New York (2015), and Skaftfell Center for Art, Iceland (2014); and in group shows at Shonibare Guest Projects, London (2014), Kilometre of Sculpture, Estonia (2014), and A.I.R. Gallery (2013). She has received grants, awards and residencies in Finland, the UK, US, and Canada.

Bang Geul Han attended Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2007), received an MFA in Electronic Integrated Arts from New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred University (2005). She has had solo shows at Galerie Pangée, Montréal (with Minna Pöllänen) (2016), Bronx Documentary Center, Bronx, NY (2013); and A.I.R. Gallery, Brooklyn, NY (2012). She has received numerous awards and residencies including the Lighthouse Works Fellowship, (2014), VCCA Social Media Artist Fellowship (2013), A.I.R. Fellowship (2011-2012), LMCC Workspace Program (2011-2012), and many others.

Dave Hardy

b. 1969, Sharon, CT



Destiny, 2014, glass, cement, polyurethane foam, tint, tape, pen, aluminum, marker, glue stick, and pretzel. Courtesy the artist and Regina Rex, New York.

Dave Hardy creates assemblages from everyday materials, from sheets of glass salvaged from city streets to cement, cushion foam, writing instruments, and even pretzels. At first glance, his large-scale work *Destiny* appears to teeter on the edge of stability, but the sculpture is actually carefully positioned to resist the forces of gravity. The large-

scale work seems to lean casually against the gallery wall, a lumbering figure waiting to perform. Physical comedy is a key part of Hardy's abstract vocabulary, and his works can be read as bodies in an abject and absurd struggle with physical restraints and the effects of time.

Dave Hardy earned an MFA from Yale University (2004), attended Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2004), and received a BA from Brown University (1992). He has had solo shows at Galerie Jeanroch Dard, Brussels, Belgium (2016), Wentrup Gallery, Berlin, Germany (2014), Churner and Churner, New York (2014), and Regina Rex, New York (2013). Recent group shows include Invisible Exports, New York (2015), Bortolami, New York (2014), and Thierry Goldberg Gallery, New York (2014). His awards include Teaching Excellence Award from the Steinhardt School of Culture, Education, and Human Development, New York University (2013), Outstanding Faculty Award, presented by Steinhardt Undergraduate Student Government, New York University (2012), New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship in Crafts/Sculpture (2011), and Emerging Artist Fellowship, Socrates Sculpture Park, Long Island City, New York (2005).

Sylvia Hardy

b. 1985, Springfield, MO



Tommy, 2015, dye-sublimation print on aluminum and painted iron.
Courtesy the artist.

Tommy juxtaposes the form of a “sticking tommy” candle holder, used in the late 1800s by coal miners, with another makeshift holder found in a meme of a boy who has inventively repurposed a glass table as a shelf to hold his smartphone, so he can lie under it to watch a streaming movie, hands-free. The image of the boy—printed here using the digital dye-sublimation method on a smartphone-sized aluminum plate—went viral around the time Sylvia Hardy’s sculpture was first shown in public. Now, in its static material form, removed from social media, *Tommy* is only “reposted” as a singular, antiquated metal object on the museum’s (real) “wall.” With this work, Hardy comments on the way our relationship to images has drastically changed. The fleeting and multiplicitous digital or viral image acts as a counterpoint to the physical fixity of this lone print and its holder.

Sylvia Hardy received an MFA from Parsons, The New School for Design, New York (2012) and a BFA from Washington University, St. Louis, MO (2007). She has had a solo exhibition at FXFOWLE, New York (2015) and been included in group shows at Rema Hort Mann Foundation, New York (2015), Sydhavnen Station, Copenhagen, Denmark (2013), Spazio Morris, Milan, Italy (2013), and Brennen & Griffin, New York (2013). She collaborated on a publication through Triple Canopy (2013) and received a Danish Arts Council grant (2013).

Shadi Harouni

b. 1985, Hamedan, Iran



The Lightest of Stones (stills), 2015, single channel video with sound; 15:55 min. Courtesy the artist.

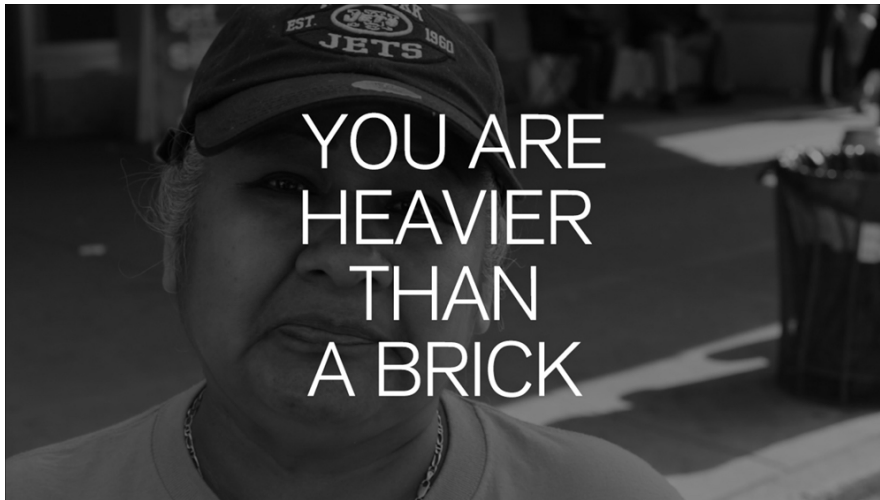
Shadi Harouni's practice engages with the history of erasure and resistance, most recently looking to the ties between commodified natural resources, such as stone and metal, and the distribution of political, symbolic, and emotional power. Her research often leads her to quarries and cemeteries, as she parses the mythologies surrounding deceased and hidden objects or contraband. *The Lightest of Stones* was shot in an isolated black mountain pumice quarry in Iranian Kurdistan. The men in the film, whose own work at the quarry has been rendered profitless by the trade sanctions against Iran, critique and empathize with the artist's futile attempt to carve through the mountain by hand. In a political and economic atmosphere of anxiety and despair, they stand before the camera and talk about labor, ISIS, dragons, and Jennifer Lopez. Several of the older men in the group were jailed during the 1979 Iranian revolution due to their political

allegiances, and fled to this remote region upon release. While they strive to remain out of sight of their own government, during Harouni's film, the group also speaks to how they will be misunderstood by a Western audience, to whom they only see themselves represented in a negative light on television. Both the secluded location behind the mountain, and the positioning of the uncovered female artist with her back to the men, render the film set as a marginal space, a space for possibility, humor, and reflection in the Islamic Republic.

Shadi Harouni holds an MFA from New York University (2011) and a BA from University of Southern California (2007). She has been awarded a Harpo Foundation Grant, an A.I.R. Fellowship, and residencies at SOMA, Mexico City (2015); Fondazione Ratti, Como, Italy (2014); and Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, ME (2013). Her work has been exhibited at Galleria Tiziana Di Caro (2017), The Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts, New York (2016), Galleria Massimo de Luca, Venice, Italy (2016), MUCA Roma, Mexico City (2015), Cathouse Funeral, Brooklyn (2014), Fondazione Antonio Ratti, Italy (2014), Institute Pierre Werner, Luxembourg (2013). She is a regular contributor to several publications including The Guardian (UK). Harouni teaches art and theory at NYU and Parsons The New School.

Janks Archive

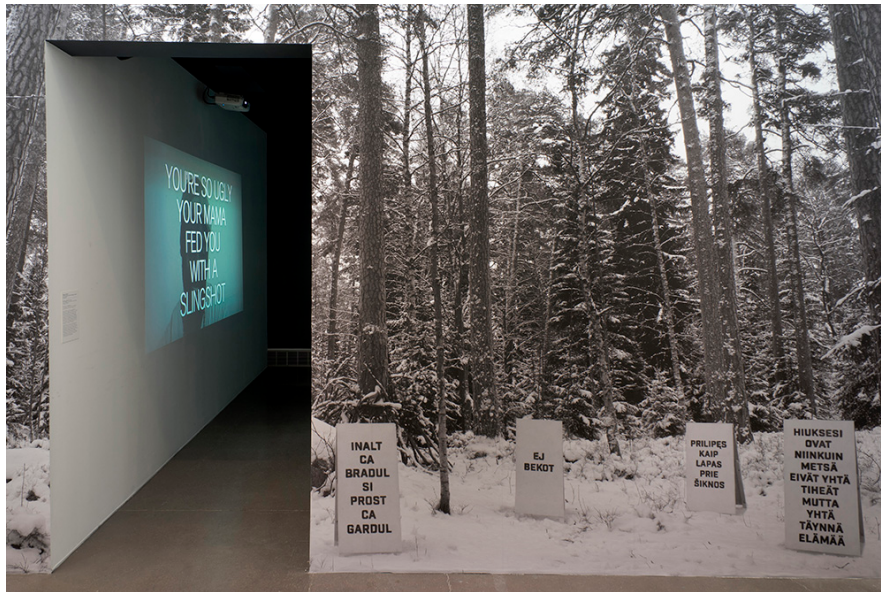
Founded 2012



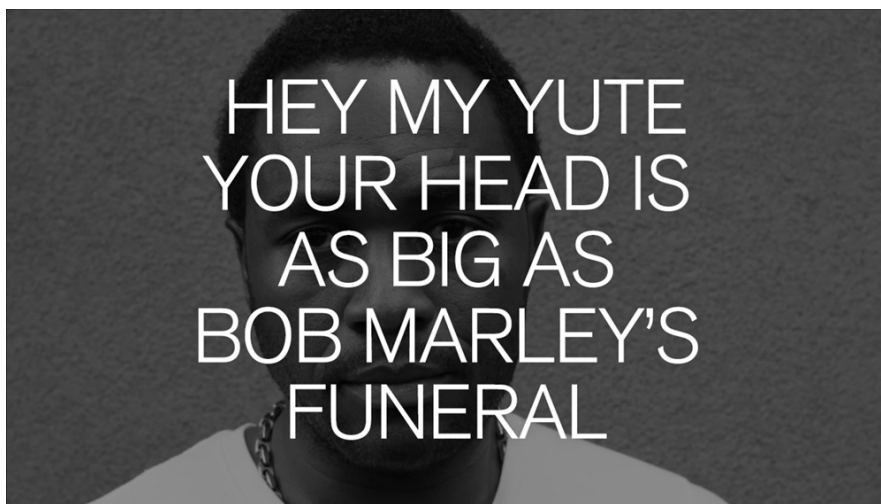
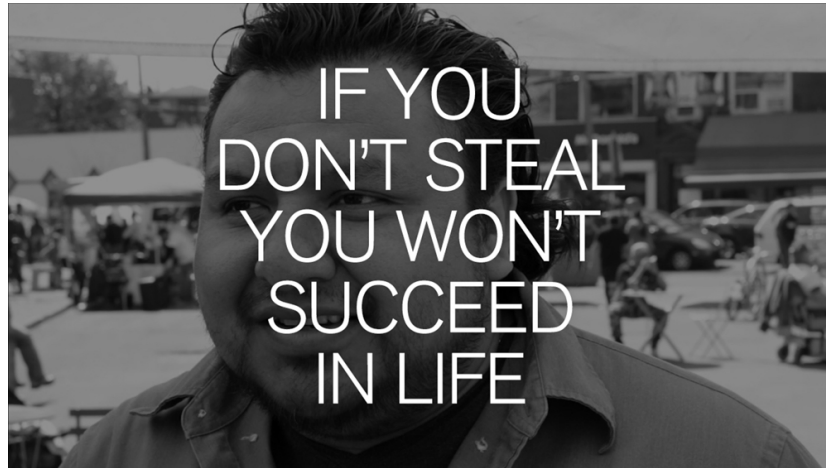
The Eternal Insult (still), 2012-ongoing, video installation, sound; duration variable. Courtesy the artists.



The Eternal Insult, 2012-ongoing, video installation, sound; duration variable. Courtesy the artists.



Untitled (Forest Janks), 2016, inkjet print. Courtesy the artists.



The Eternal Insult (stills), 2012-ongoing, video installation, sound; duration variable. Courtesy the artists.

janks \ˈjɹŋkz\ n, pl, slang [Alabama]

Jokes intended to directly insult the recipient by attacking personal attributes, often leading to verbal sparring

synonyms:

snaps, disses, slams, burns, jibes, digs, cut-downs, rippins, slaggings

examples:

I'll cut you down so low, you'll have to hold a sign that says "don't spit, can't swim" [Alabama]

you're about as useful as a chocolate teapot [Belfast]

your face looks like the ass of a bird of prey [Finland]

Janks Archive conducts an investigation of insult humor—an ancient oral tradition—from cultures around the world. While intentions appear, at first, to be cruel, “janks” are in fact an integral aspect of human interaction, used as much to strengthen camaraderie as to establish dominance. The project documents this tradition through crowdsourcing and field recording, in which participants recite “janks” from memory on camera. The collective also gathers contextual information on every “jank” in an attempt to trace origins. The place and date of collection, translation, personal or cultural associations, and narrative of where the individual first heard the phrase, are included with the video documentation on the collective’s website.

The Eternal Insult is a two-channel video installation that selects videos at random from the archive and plays them on opposing screens, placing the viewer in the center of an endless verbal duel, using footage collected in the United States, Mexico, Northern Ireland, Germany, Finland, Latvia, and Lithuania. During *Queens International 2016*, Janks Archive hosts collection events throughout Queens, and this content will be continually added to the installation and updated on their website.

As part of their installation for *Queens International 2016*, Janks Archive has presented a large-scale photograph mounted to the entrance of *The Eternal Insult* theater. The image was staged in Finland during a residency in which Janks Archive also traveled to Latvia and Lithuania collecting “janks.” Four that are related to the forest can be seen in the installation photograph above:

Romanian: inalt ca bradul si prost ca gardul

English: Tall as a pine tree, stupid as a fence

collected: Vaasa, Finland (12-17-2015)

origin: common Romanian expression

Latvian: Ej bekot!

English: Go pick mushrooms!

collected: Riga, Latvia (08-01-2016)

origin: traditional/classic Latvian insult, equivalent of “get lost” or “buzz off”

Lithuanian: prilipęs kaip lapas prie šiknos

English: clinging like a leaf to the ass

collected: Kaunas, Lithuania (01-10-2016)

origin: traditional/classic Lithuanian joke – a way to call someone annoying

Finnish: Hiuksesi ovat niinkuin metsä, eivät yhtä tiheät mutta yhtä täynnä elämää.

English: Your hair is like a forest. Not as thick but as full of life.

collected: Vaasa, Finland (12-19-2015)

origin: told to the speaker by his father when he was a child

Janks Archive has exhibited at venues such as Practice Gallery, Philadelphia, PA; La Galeria de Comercio, Mexico City, Mexico; Kallio Kunsthallde Taidehalli, Helsinki, Finland; FIX Live Art Biennial, Belfast, Northern Ireland; 2014 Pittsburgh Biennial and Last Billboard, Pittsburgh, PA; Kaņepes Kultūras centra, Riga, Latvia; and POST Gallery, Kaunas, Lithuania. They have presented their research at the Unruly Engagements conference at the Cleveland Institute of Art, Cleveland, OH and have recently returned from a residency at Platform in Vaasa, Finland.

Jerstin Crosby (b. 1979, Dothan, AL) lives in Carrboro, NC, where he makes animations, paintings and objects. He earned his MFA from UNC-Chapel Hill (2005) and his BFA from University of Alabama (2001). His works have been shown at CAM Raleigh, Raleigh, NC (2015), Lump, Raleigh, NC (2015), the 9th Shanghai Biennale, Pittsburgh Biennial at Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA (2014), Brooklyn Academy of Music, New York (2013), Shanghai, China (2012), and Cell Projects, London, UK (2009), among others. Crosby's work has been published in Artforum, Art Papers, Casa Brutus, and Time Out London. In 2008, he founded Acid Rain, a new media distribution organization for artists and produced 60 episodes of experimental cable access TV, e-books, and editioned publications. An alternative art news blog and a desktop audio app/UX design experiment are in the works.

Ben Kinsley (b. 1982, Columbus, OH) received an MFA from Carnegie Mellon University (2008), a BFA from Cleveland Institute of Art (2005), and attended Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2006). His work has been exhibited internationally at venues such as: Catalyst Arts, Belfast, Ireland (2015, 2013), ZKM Museum of Contemporary Art, Karlsruhe, Germany (2014), Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA) Cleveland, OH (2012), Bureau for Open Culture, Columbus, OH (2011), La Galería de Comercio, Mexico City, Mexico (2011), Katonah Museum of Art, New York (2010), Centro di Cultura Contemporanea Strozzi, Florence, Italy (2009), Mattress Factory Museum, Pittsburgh, PA (2008); Flux Space, Philadelphia, PA (2008); Green on Red Gallery, Dublin, Ireland (2008), and Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, OH (2005). He has participated in numerous artist residency programs including the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture; Bemis Center for Contemporary Arts; Skaftfell Art Center, Iceland; and Askeaton Contemporary Arts, Ireland.

Jessica Langley (b. 1981, Milwaukee, WI) earned an MFA from Virginia Commonwealth University (2008), a BFA from Cleveland Institute of Art (2005), and was a recipient of the J. William Fulbright Scholarship for research in Iceland. She has exhibited her work internationally, including solo or two person shows at los Ojos, Brooklyn, NY (2016) and STLCC Forest Park Gallery of Contemporary Art, St. Louis, MO (2013), and group exhibitions at Gildar Gallery, Denver, CO (2015), Pittsburgh Biennial at Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA (2014), Burlington City Arts, Burlington, VT (2014), Survival Kit, Cleveland, OH (2014), Ortega y Gasset Projects, Ridgewood, NY (2013), Parse Gallery, New Orleans, LA (2011). Langley has been an artist-in-residence in numerous programs including Skaftfell Center of Visual Art in Iceland (2009), Askeaton Contemporary Art Limerick, Ireland (2012), the SPACES World Artist Program, Cleveland, OH (2011), and the Digital Painting Atelier at OCAD-U, Toronto (2015). She is the founding director of the Stephen and George Laundry Line, a site for public art in Ridgewood, NY.

Robin Kang

b. 1981, Kerrville, TX



(L-R): *Lime Data*, 2013, hand Jacquard woven cotton, rayon, and acrylic rod. *Phantasmic Data Dawn*, 2015, hand Jacquard woven cotton, synthetic yarns, hand dyed wool, plastic, and metal rod. *Memory Module Mask with Interference*, 2015, hand Jacquard woven cotton and chenille. Courtesy the artist.



Phantasmic Data Dawn (detail), 2015, hand Jacquard woven cotton, synthetic yarns, hand dyed wool, plastic, and metal rod. Courtesy the artist.

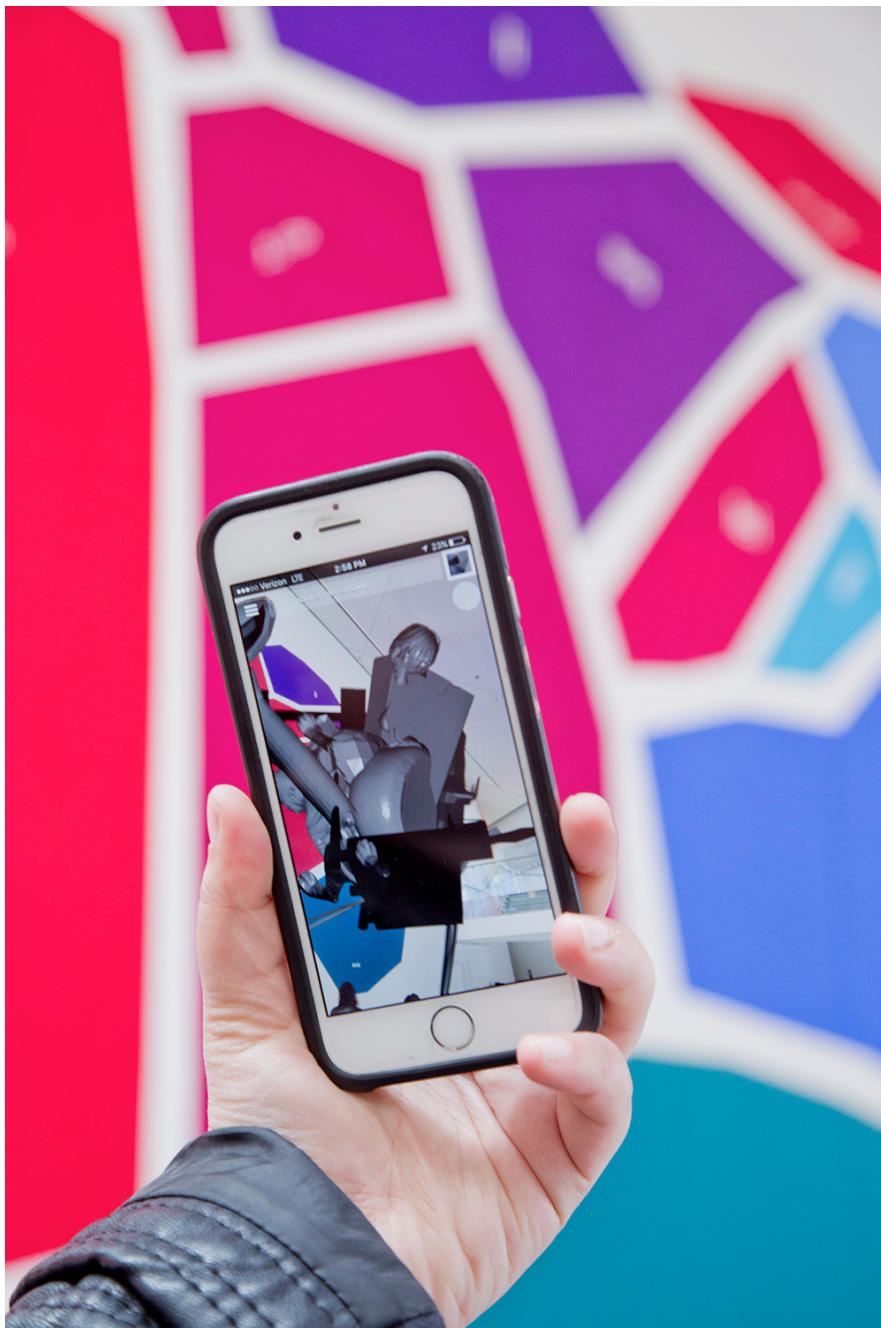
Robin Kang is inspired by the historical connections between the textile industry and technological development. She hand-weaves her tapestries using a computer-programmed Jacquard hand loom, a contemporary version of a machine that itself was a precursor to the computer. While researching early computer hardware, the artist learned that the earliest form of memory storage included both

handwoven copper wires and hand-drawn solder lines. Kang's work incorporates imagery sourced from indigenous histories of textiles and the patterning of computing hardware. The resulting works connect not only fiber arts and technology, but also more broadly textiles, symbols, memory, and language.

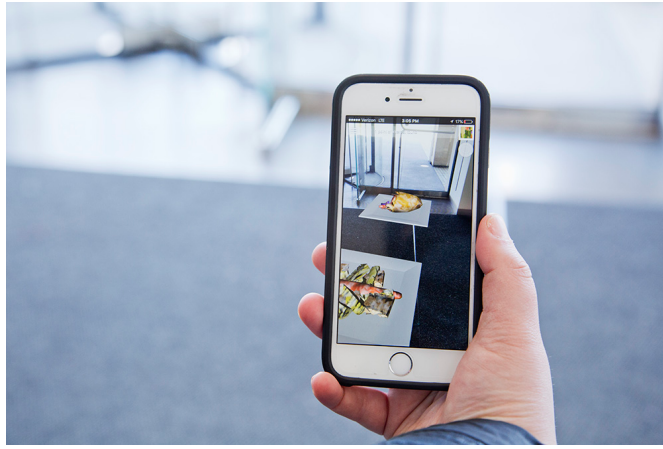
Robin Kang received an MFA from School of the Art Institute of Chicago (2012), a BFA from Texas Tech University, Lubbock (2004), and studied classical painting at 17th Street Atelier, New York (2006). She has had solo shows at First Things, New York (2013) and Gallery X, Chicago (2011) and been included in group shows at Storefront Ten Eyck, Brooklyn (2015), Parlour Bushwick, Brooklyn (2015), CP Project Space, New York (2015), Catinca Tabacaru Gallery, New York (2015, 2014), Regina Rex, New York (2015, 2014), Outlet, Brooklyn (2015, 2014, 2013), Essl Museum, Vienna, Austria (2012), among many others in Saudi Arabia, Spain, and the Netherlands. Kang has directed several artist-run project spaces including, the Carousel Space Project in Chicago and PENELOPE in Ridgewood, NY.

Kristin Lucas

b. 1968, Davenport, IA



Morehshin Allahyari, *Dark Matter*, 2016, in *Dance with flARmingos*, 2016, augmented reality sculpture park and printed maps. Courtesy of Kristin Lucas and her collaborators.



Thomas Storey, *Quick & Easy Recipes for Disaster (Chef's Table)*, 2016, in *Dance with flARmingos*, 2016, augmented reality sculpture park and printed maps. Courtesy of Kristin Lucas and her collaborators.



Giselle Zatonyl, *Swamp Spirit Swarm*, 2015, in *Dance with flARmingos*, 2016, augmented reality sculpture park and printed maps. Courtesy of Kristin Lucas and her collaborators.



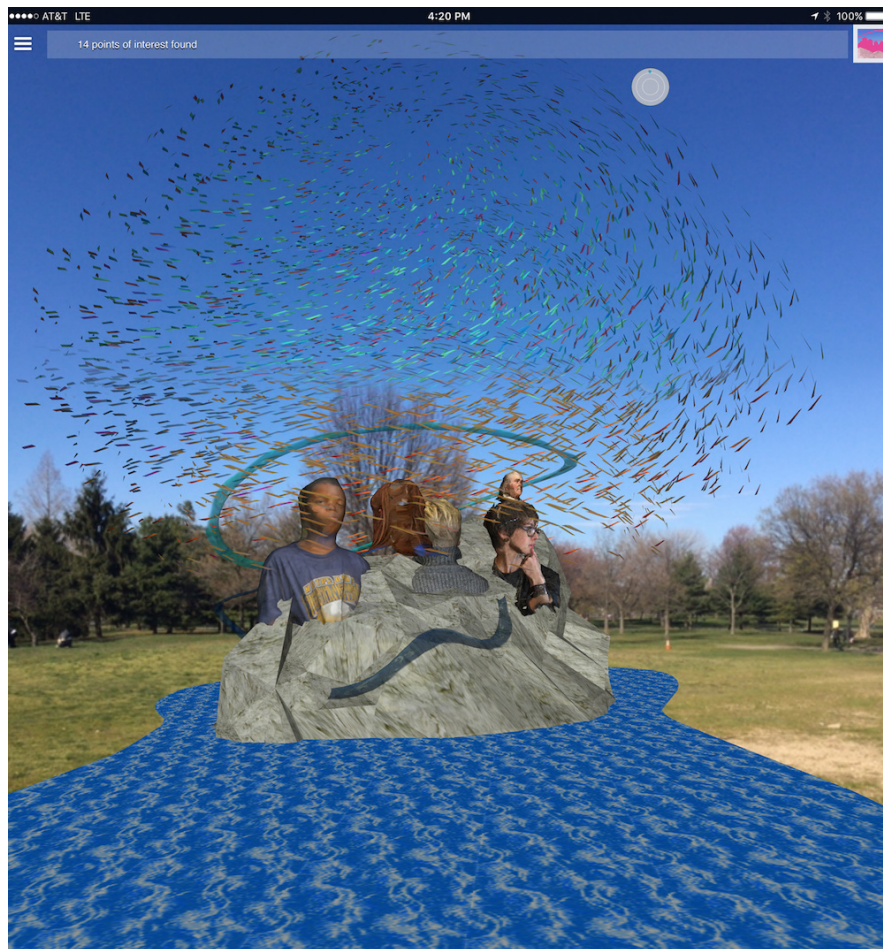
Jack Stenner, *Piece(s) of WestFAILia*, 2016, in *Dance with flARmingos*, 2016, augmented reality sculpture park and printed maps . Courtesy of Kristin Lucas and her collaborators.



Mark Skwarek, *the augmented wave*, 2016, in *Dance with flARmingos*, 2016, augmented reality sculpture park and printed maps. Courtesy of Kristin Lucas and her collaborators.



Tabita Rezaire, *matrix*, 2016, in *Dance with flARmingos*, 2016, augmented reality sculpture park and printed maps. Courtesy of Kristin Lucas and her collaborators.



Will Pappenheimer, *Florida Rushmore Pavilion*, 2016, in *Dance with flARmingos*, 2016, augmented reality sculpture park and printed maps. Courtesy of Kristin Lucas and her collaborators.



HOW TO VIEW THE EXHIBITION:

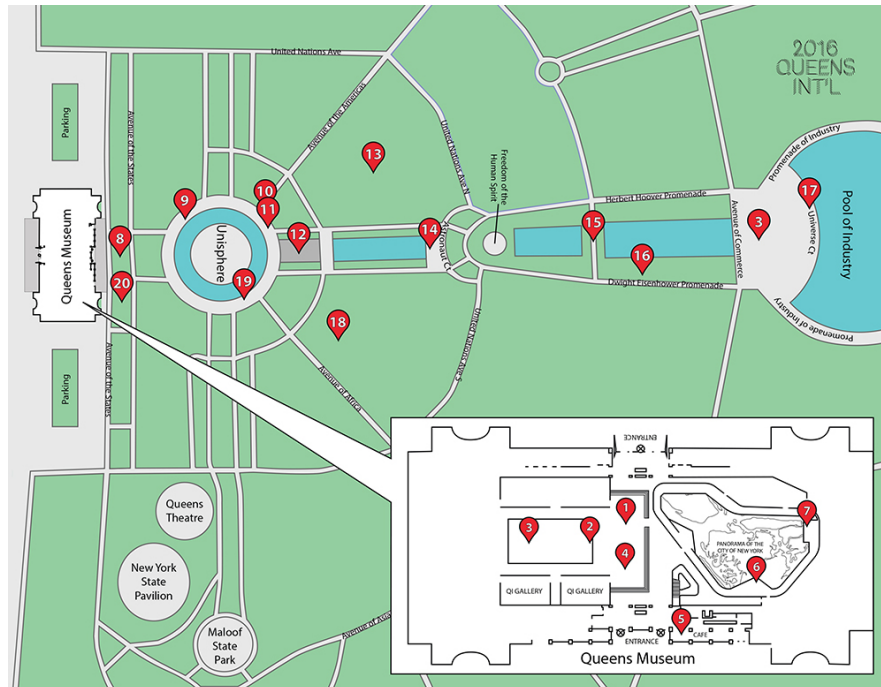
Connect to free Wi-Fi on your phone: "QM-Guest".
 Download Layar app to your phone.
 Launch Layar app.
 Tap screen to scan the flamingo postcard (above).
 Tap the "Tap to Dance" button to enter the exhibition portal.
 (Allow your phone to see your location if it asks.)
 A webpage featuring a list of artworks will load on your screen.
 Links become active only when you are close to the artwork.
 Use the map on the flipside to find the location of each artwork.
 When you arrive at a location, tap the "ready to launch" link.
 Move your phone up, down and around to locate the artwork!
 Tap on the artwork to read more about it.
 In-app features can be used to take photos and share them.

#dancewithflamingos #flamingos #dancequeens

Dance with flARmingos

An Augmented Reality Sculpture Park
 organized by Kristin Lucas

- 1 Alfredo Salazar-Caro, *Father*
- 2 Lily & Honglei Art Studio, *Shadow Play: Sinking*
- 3 Peter Baldes, *Anne Halen, Future Warning Signal*
- 4 Morehshin Allahyari, *Dark Matter*
- 5 Thomas Storey, *Quick & Easy Recipes for Disaster (Chef's Table)*
- 6 Ben Coonley, *Hook #2*
- 7 Shamus Clisset, *DOOMED / DEREK EATER*
- 8 Mark Skwarek, *the augmented wave*
- 9 Miyō Van Stenis, *The artist is online since 1989*
- 10 Jack Stenner, *Piece(s) of WestFAiLa*
- 11 Tabita Rezaire, *I matrix*
- 12 Rick Silva, *5000 cc of Prius Air*
- 13 Will Pappenheimer, *Florida Rushmore Pavilion*
- 14 Brenna Murphy, *Matrix Terrestrial*
- 15 Kristin Lucas, *Ankle Busters*
- 16 Eteam, *petrified wood*
- 17 Rosa Menkman, *A Spomenik [for Resolutions]*
- 18 Eva Papamargariti, *DI-WAVVE*
- 19 Giselle Zatonyl, *Swamp Spirit Swarm*
- 20 V5MT, *Totem Plant*



Dance with flARmingos maps

In her practice, Kristin Lucas has focused on conditions of impending change in contemporary life that perpetuate at different scales: from the position of the connected technology user who is perpetually on the brink of incompatibility amid endless micro-changes and updates, to works that anticipate longer-range impending change, related to climate change at a macro scale. For her new project *Dance with flARmingos* Lucas has collaborated with 21 national and international

artists to create 3D augmented reality (AR) works that are geolocated or virtually positioned to different locations in and around the Queens Museum.

Drawing parallels between the phantom presence of augmented reality and equally intangible notions of “the future”—given the rapid progression of global technological and environmental change—Lucas prompted each artist to create a virtual work imagining the future of Land Art and land use. By using digital tools to envision physically improbable scenarios, the artists have produced haunting new realities that provoke broader conversations about culture, social issues, and the environment.

In *Dance with flARmingos*, the flamingo acts as ambassador to the project. Both the consummate showman and the embattled victim of environmental neglect, it is the act of scanning an image of this paradoxical bird using one’s smartphone that launches the augmented reality exhibition. The American flamingo has been vanishing in Florida for the past one hundred years, after being hunted to near extinction for its eggs, plumes, and meat, yet images of this charismatic colorful bird continue to flourish in the tourism and fashion industries. While it is recently reported that a small flock has returned to the protected wetlands of the Everglades and flamingo populations worldwide are on the rise, a positive outcome of global conservationist efforts, human activity in general has made all flamingo species more vulnerable than ever before.

Visitors can access the virtual sculptures via Layar, a free Augmented Reality camera app that can be downloaded onto any smartphone. Once the app is downloaded, the map included here can be used to locate the works.

Participating artists:

Morehshin Allahyari

Peter Baldes

Shamus Clisset

Ben Coonley

Eteam

Lily & Honglei Art Studio

Kristin Lucas Rosa Menkman

Brenna Murphy

Eva Papamargariti

Will Pappenheimer

Tabita Rezaire

Alfredo Salazar-Caro

Rick Silva

Mark Skwarek

Jack Stenner

Thomas Storey

V5MT

Miyö Van Stenis

Giselle Zatonyl

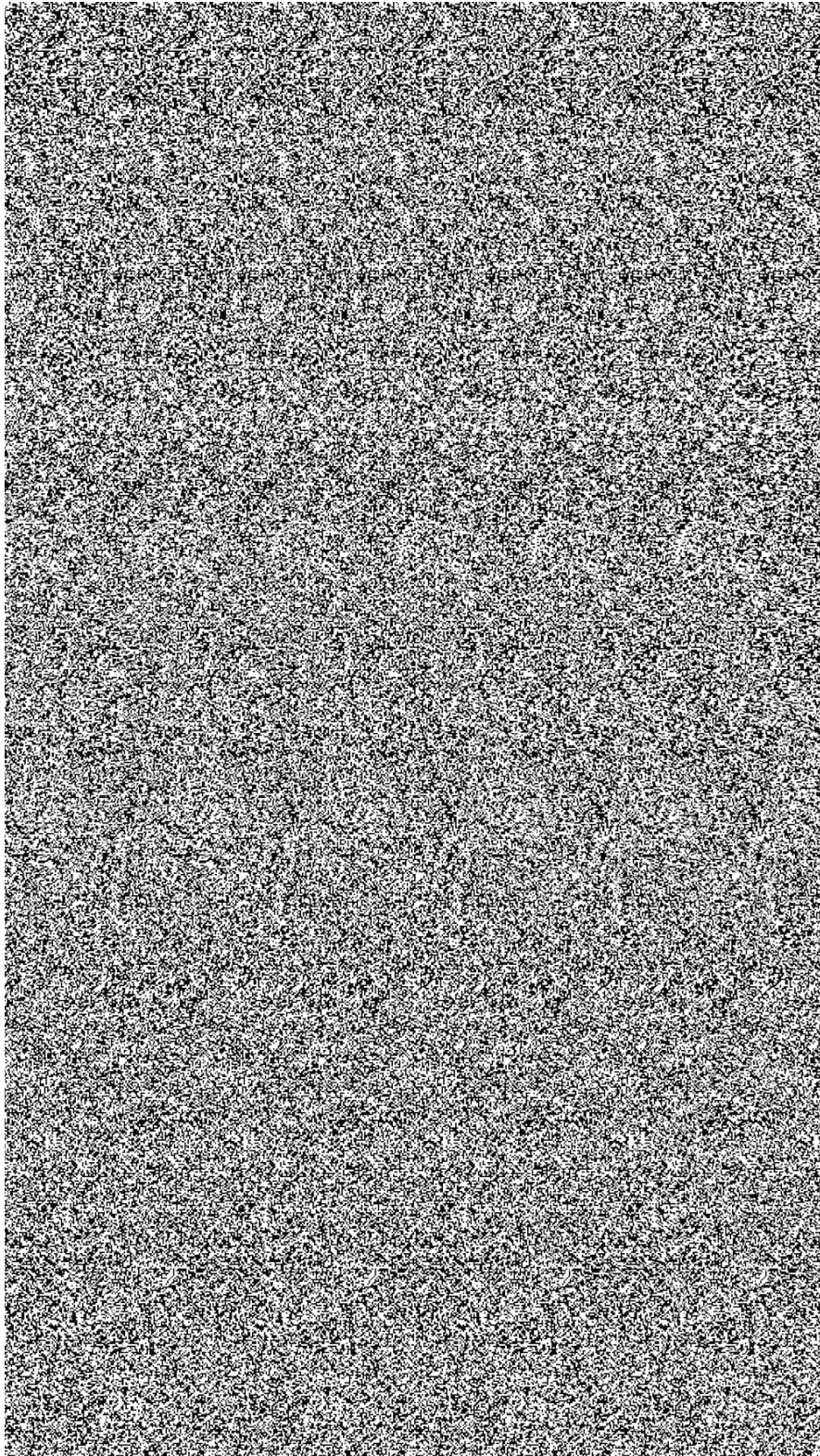
Augmented Reality Sculpture Tour:

June 26th, 2-2:40pm

Kristin Lucas received an MFA from Stanford University (2006) and a BFA from the Cooper Union School of Art (1994). Her work nationally and internationally at museums, contemporary art centers, and galleries, including: DiverseWorks, Houston, TX (2016), Postmasters Gallery, New York, NY (2015, 2014, 2009, 2007, 2005, 2001), XPO Gallery, Paris, France (2015, 2014), House of Electronic Arts, Plug[in], Basel, Switzerland (2015, 2010, 2003), Nam June Paik Art Center, Gyeonggi-do, South Korea (2011), New Museum, New York, NY (2010), And/Or Gallery, Dallas, TX (2008), ZKM Center for Art and Media, Karlsruhe, Germany (2005), Foundation for Art and Creative Technology, Liverpool, UK (2003), Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, NY (2001), Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, PA (2000), O.K Center for Contemporary Arts, Linz, Austria (2000), Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY (1997) Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, NY (1997), and at festivals, including: Fusebox Festival, Austin, TX (2012), dOCUMENTA 13, Kassel, Germany (2012), and Transmediale Festival, Berlin, Germany (2004, 2003). She is the recipient of numerous awards and grants including: Andrea Frank Foundation Grant, Edith Russ Site for Media Art Stipend, New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship, New York State Council on the Arts Individual Artist Grant, Rema Hort Mann Foundation Grant, and a Rhizome Commission, among others. Her videos are distributed by Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI) and her expanded body of work is represented by Postmasters Gallery, New York, NY.

Carl Marin

b. 1985, Philadelphia, PA



Chasing Waterfalls (still), 2016, random dot autostereoscopic video with sound; 10 min. Courtesy the artist.



Chasing Waterfalls, 2016, random dot autostereoscopic video with sound; 10 min. Courtesy the artist.

Located in the Queens Museum Cafe, *Chasing Waterfalls* consists of three illusionistic videos based on the artist's footage of real waterfalls in upstate New York. The source footage was converted into a random dot autostereoscopic format, which is an older form of a three-dimensional special effect that requires the viewer to "blur" their vision in order to experience the embedded image. Unlike current 3D technology that delivers an immediate experience, these videos require a greater level of commitment from the viewer in order to be fully seen. Perhaps this experience of delayed gratification and obscured audio-visual sensory perception is similar to the experience of locating the waterfalls in Platte Cove, New York, where one must follow the sound of falling water to find them in the densely forested area.

Carl Marin earned an MFA in Sculpture & Extended Media from Virginia Commonwealth University (2013) and a BFA in Sculpture and Painting from Tyler School of Art (2007). He was a recipient of the College Art Association Professional Development Fellowship (2013), and attended the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2012). Marin was the recipient of a Philadelphia Percent for Art Commission (2014). He has had a solo show at FLUXspace, Philadelphia, PA (2011) and has been included in group shows at Sediment Gallery, Richmond, VA (2015), Kingston Sculpture Biennial, Kingston, NY (2015), Socrates Sculpture Park, Long Island City, NY (2014), VCU Sculpture MFA Alumni Exhibition, New York, NY (2014), Virtual Public Art Project, ActivatAR (2014), and the ICA Open Video Call, Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia, PA (2012).

Eileen Maxson

b. 1980, Rockville Centre, NY



evian is naive spelled backwards, 2015, double-sided archival inkjet print.
Courtesy the artist and Microscope Gallery, New York. Supported by the
Mondriaan Fund and CBK Rotterdam.





evian is naive spelled backwards (detail), 2015, double-sided archival inkjet print. Courtesy the artist and Microscope Gallery, New York. Supported by the Mondriaan Fund and CBK Rotterdam.

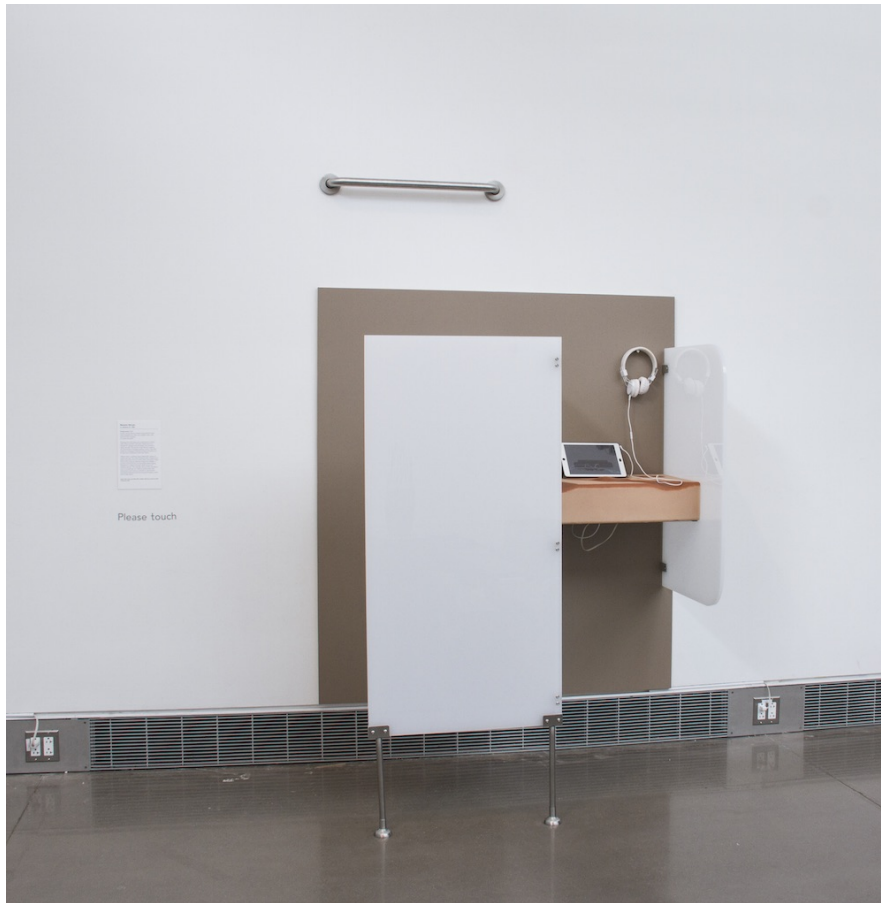
Eileen Maxson's photographic project investigates globalization, consumerism, and anonymity through an intervention into Mechanical Turk, a website for outsourcing internet labor which is operated by Amazon. Maxson's work set out to subvert Mechanical Turk's strict policy of worker anonymity by paying them to capture self-portraits. In order to receive authentic responses from users, Maxson needed to request a portrait that would be "ungoogleable." She arrived at a memory of a scene in the American cult film *Reality Bites* (1994) in

which a character grabs a bottle of water and exclaims, “Evian is naïve spelled backwards!” Humor aside, for Maxson this moment has come to symbolize the interconnectedness of individuals, products, and labor. With that in mind, the artist asked the workers to photograph themselves outdoors with a group of friends and the words “evian” and “naïve,” handpainted on a large piece of fabric or paper. The resulting fifty images are continuously printed on a 13-foot-long paper receipt, with the instructions and invoices for each user’s labor printed on the reverse side.

Eileen Maxson holds an MFA from Carnegie Mellon University (2008), a BFA from University of Houston (2002), and attended De Ateliers, Amsterdam (2008-2010). Maxson’s works have been screened and exhibited at Microscope Gallery, Brooklyn, NY (2014), Victoria and Albert Museum, London, UK (2014), the Museum of the Moving Image, Astoria, NY (2013), Light Industry, Brooklyn, NY (2013), Westfälischer Kunstverein, Münster, Germany (2011), Anthology Film Archives, New York, NY (2009), Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, San Francisco, CA (2008), and Art in General, New York, NY (2008), FotoFest, Houston, TX (2008), Center for Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv, Israel (2007), Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA), Los Angeles, CA (2006), Museo Tamayo Arte Contemporáneo, Mexico City, Mexico (2006), Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, TX (2003), among others. Writing on her work has appeared in Artforum, The Village Voice, Art Papers, ArtReview, The Houston Chronicle, PopMatters, The Houston Press and Metropolis M. Maxson has been awarded residencies at International Studio & Curatorial Program (ISCP), Brooklyn, NY (2013-2014), Lower Manhattan Cultural Council (LMCC), New York, NY (2013), and Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin, Germany (2012-2013). Grants and awards include Mondriaan Foundation, Amsterdam, Netherlands; Artadia: The Fund for Art & Dialogue, New York, NY; The Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas, TX; and Centrum Beeldende Kunst, Rotterdam, Netherlands. Maxson is the first recipient of the Arthouse Texas Prize (2005).

Melanie McLain

b. 1982, Lakeland, FL



Prepersonal, 2016, acrylic, wood, silicone rubber, polyurethane foam, steel, headphones, iPad, and digital video with sound; 6 min. Courtesy the artist.



Prepersonal (still), 2016, digital video with sound; 6 min. Courtesy the artist.



Prepersonal, 2016, acrylic, wood, silicone rubber, polyurethane foam, steel, headphones, iPad, and digital video with sound; 6 min. Courtesy the artist.



Self-Extension Roll, 2016, performance, April 10, 2016. Photo: Kuo-Heng Huang.



Self-Extension Roll, 2016, performance, April 10, 2016.
Photo: Maria Baranova.



Self-Extension Roll, 2016, performance, April 10, 2016. Photo: Maria Baranova.



Self-Extension Roll, 2016, performance, April 10, 2016. Photo: Maria Baranova.



Self-Extension Roll, 2016, performance, April 10, 2016. Photo: Maria Baranova.

Drawing from the ergonomic architecture of modular office units, fitness centers, and spas, *Prepersonal* is a catalyst for dialogue among object, environment, body, and self. The neutral colors McLain employs in the sculpture and video installation are reminiscent of hospital waiting rooms, an archetype of institutional spaces that have been designed to prime us for the specific behaviors and functions that occur within them. Visitors enter a semi-confined enclosure, fitted with a countertop for leaning, hand-shaped grips, and a variety of subtle textures such as silicone padding. The video installed within *Prepersonal* takes inspiration from the online video subculture of

ASMR (Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response), a practice which aims to provoke pleasurable tingling sensations in viewers through subtle visual and auditory stimuli. The tactile and intimate nature of the installation advances the characteristic tendency of McLain's work, and complicates our ingrained relationships to virtual touch and sensory connection, blurring the boundaries between physical and psychological, public and private space.

Performances:

Self-Extension Roll

April 10th, 5pm

May 8th, 2:30pm

Self-Extension Roll is a performance that activates the space, architecture, and audience surrounding the *Queens International 2016*. Multiple performers conduct subtle choreographed movements that explore how the physical senses inform our social environment, either moving in unison or improvising according to a set of predetermined guidelines.

Melanie McLain received an MFA in Sculpture and Extended Media from Virginia Commonwealth University (2012), a BFA in Sculpture from University of Florida (2006), and a BS in Psychology from University of Florida (2006). She has shown her work at Socrates Sculpture Park, Long Island City, NY (2015), Churner & Churner Gallery, New York, NY (2014), Practice Gallery, Philadelphia, PA (2014) and Primetime Gallery, Brooklyn, NY (2013). She is a Visiting Scholar at New York University, Steinhardt School of Culture, Education, and Human Development (2015-16), a Workspace Resident, Lower Manhattan Cultural Council (2015-16), and recipient of Emerging Artist Fellowship, Socrates Sculpture Park (2015-16).

Shane Mecklenburger

b. 1973, Chicago, IL



Tendered Currency, 2012, Roadkill Diamond:

Diamond made from armadillo ashes, glass, armadillo remains, identification tag, and certificate of authenticity; Superman Diamond:

Diamond made from script of *Superman III* (1983), glass, paper, and certificate of authenticity; Gunpowder Diamond:

Diamond made from gunpowder, glass, ammunition, and certificate of authenticity. Courtesy the artist.



Tendered Currency (detail), 2012, Gunpowder

Diamond: Diamond made from gunpowder, glass, ammunition, and certificate of authenticity. Courtesy the artist.

Tendered Currency (2012) consists of three laboratory-generated diamonds created using carbon extracted from materials the artist considers culturally charged: gunpowder, an armadillo (the state

animal of Texas) slain by car, and 32 pages from the film script for *Superman III* (1983).

The installation explores systems of perceived value, labor, and desire. The three diamonds were created using a High Pressure High Temperature (HPHT) gem manufacturing process and each diamond has a microscopic laser-inscription with a unique identifier, carbon source, artist name, and date. The diamonds are accompanied by custom hand-crafted glass bell jars and ephemera evidencing their creation process, along with certificates of appraisal and authenticity.

Both diamonds and art are symbols of scarcity, emotion, investment, luxury, taste, and exertion; both economies rely on cheap labor, careful manipulation of supply, and manufactured demand within insulated markets. As capital moves with increasing velocity, value itself has become an increasingly variable and subjective denominator in society, influencing the definition of art, and what it might obtain in both cultural and economic terms. *Tendered Currency* collaborates with these systems to investigate what we value and how we value it.

Shane Mecklenburger is an intermedia artist exploring systems of manufactured value, simulation, desire and investment. He received an MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (2009) and is currently Assistant Professor at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst in the Department of Art. His installation, sculpture, video and new media projects have exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, UK (2015), Eyebeam, New York, NY (2014), The Columbus Museum of Art, Columbus, OH (2014), Bitforms Gallery, New York, NY (2013), Phoenix Art Museum, AZ (2013), The Dallas Museum of Art, TX (2012), El Centro Cultural Paso Del Norte, Juarez, Mexico (2011), and the El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso, TX (2010).

Lawrence Mesich

b. 1977, Nashville, TN



Highest and Best Use (388 Bridge St.), 2016, archival inkjet print on polypropylene film. Courtesy the artist.

In *Highest and Best Use*, Lawrence Mesich wryly examines the ongoing effects of the 2004 rezoning of Downtown Brooklyn. The digitally manipulated photographs in this series elongate the facades of each newly-built residential tower that breaks the current building

height record for Queens' neighboring borough. The title, a real estate valuation term, invokes the absurdity of how developers describe the ostensible success of this incremental change in zoning laws.

Lawrence Mesich received his MFA in Digital Media and Performance from Stony Brook University (2005) and BFA with a concentration in Video and Performance from SUNY Purchase (1999). His media work has been shown at Momena Art, Brooklyn, NY (2016), Space Available/TSA, Brooklyn, NY (2015), Storefront Ten Eyck, Brooklyn, NY (2015), Screengrab Media Arts Exhibition, Queensland, Australia (2014), Invisible Dog, Brooklyn, NY (2013), and AC Institute, New York, NY (2012).

Freya Powell

b. 1983, London, UK



Omniscience and Oblivion, 2015, audio installation; 48:22 min. Courtesy the artist.





Reading Frequencies: Omniscience, performance, June 12, 2016. Courtesy the artist and her collaborators. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.

Omniscience and Oblivion explores the way individual memories can speak to shared experience. For the project, Powell created an audio archive where participants were invited to anonymously share, via an online form, one memory they would like to keep forever and one they would like to let go. A range of individuals were recorded each reading a stranger's memories. In the audio installation, each memory is therefore mediated: by the writer, by the reader, and by the artist's presentation.

Excerpt from Powell's open call for participants:

The river Lethe in Greek mythology is the river of un-mindfulness. It was one of five rivers in the underworld of Hades. Known for giving the gift of oblivion, all of those who drank from it experienced complete forgetfulness. After drinking they were not to remember their past lives when reincarnated, they would be born anew. The river Mnemosyne was the counterpart to Lethe. Mnemosyne offered to those who drank from it the ability to remember their past lives, forever; infinite memory.

Initiates were offered the choice after death to drink from Lethe or Mnemosyne. Their choice was between omniscience and oblivion; to forever remember or to forever forget.

Performance:

Reading Frequencies: Omniscience

June 12th, 4pm

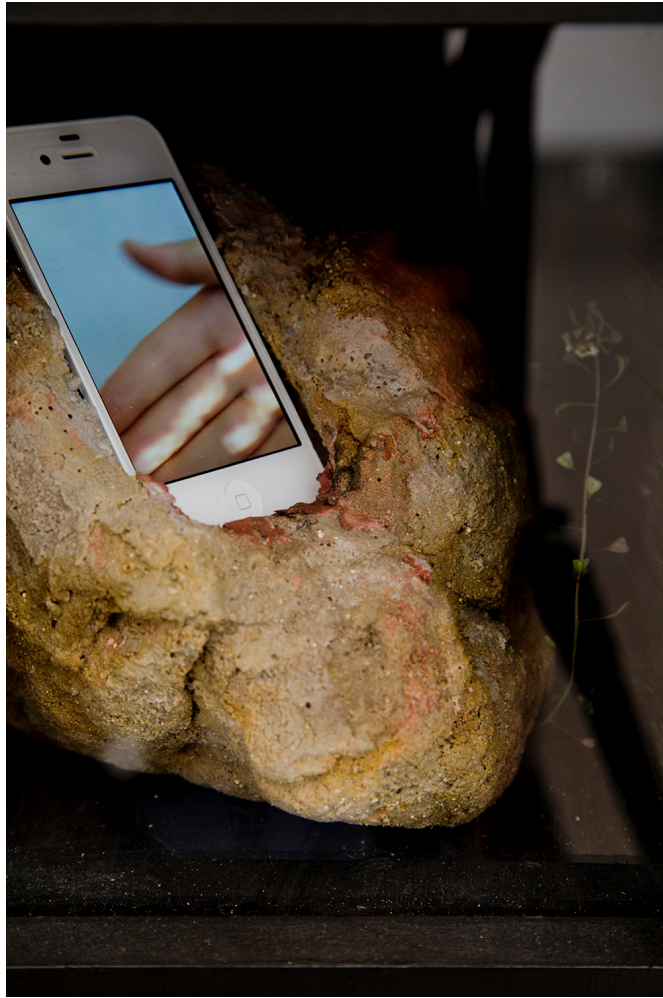
A hearing-accessible reading performance that draws connections between individual and collective memory through the frequency of word repetition. The performance involves 22 performers who read through a list of words derived from the transcript of *Omniscience and Oblivion*. The words of the text have been ordered in terms of frequency of occurrence. Starting with the words just used once to the word used most often (22 times). As the word use increases so do the number of readers, resulting in 22 readers speaking the final word in unison.

Freya Powell received an MFA from Hunter College, New York, NY (2012) and a BA from Bard College, Annandale-On-Hudson, NY (2006). Her work has been exhibited in solo shows at Arts Santa Monica, Barcelona, Spain (2014) and Emerson Dorsch, Miami, FL (2013). She has participated in group shows including Socrates Sculpture Park, Long Island City, NY (2015), the International Center of Photography Library, New York, NY (2014), #1 Cartagena: the First International Biennale of Art, Cartagena de India, Colombia (2014), and the Bronx Museum, Bronx, NY (2013). Her work is in the collections of the New York Public Library; Bard College; the School of the Art Institute of Chicago; and Hunter College. She is currently an adjunct instructor at Cooper Union, New York, NY, and an assistant adjunct lecturer CUNY- Queensborough Community College, Bayside, NY.

Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin

b. 1989, Guangzhou, China

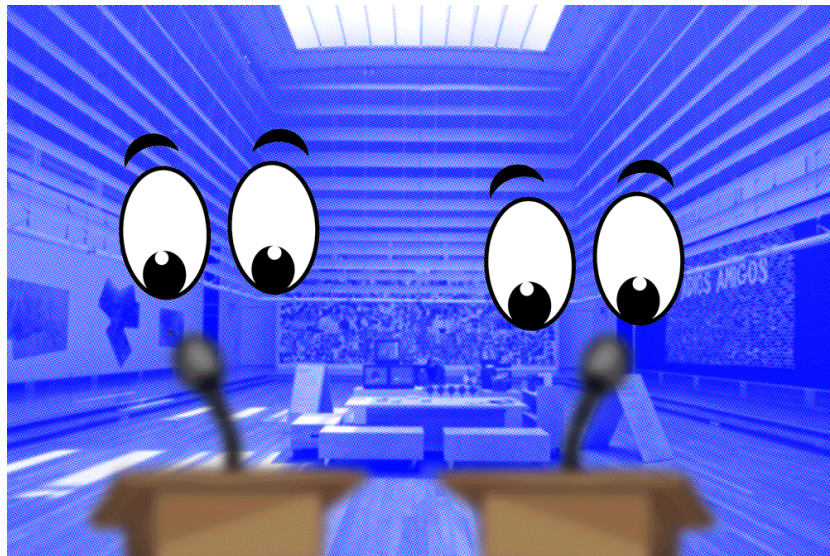




KZ, 2016, styrofoam, concrete, sand, clay, and iPhone 4 with video; 2 min. Courtesy the artist.



Debate Competition: In the future, an artist does not need a body,
performance, May 8, 2016. Courtesy the artist. Photo: Xiaoshi Vivian
Vivian Qin.





(L to R): Panelists Andrew Durbin, Caitlin Cherry, T.L. Cowan, and moderator Kenneth White speculate on the future in *iHistory: Everyday Life and Culture in the Early 21st Century*, panel discussion, May 22, 2016/2116. Courtesy the artist. Photo: Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin.

We Are FemTechNet
 FemTechNet is committed to making the accessible, open, accountable, transformative and transforming educational institutions of our dreams. We are feminist academic hacktivism.
 FemTechNet is an international movement of feminist thinkers, researchers, writers, teachers, artists, professors, librarians, mentors, organizers and activists sharing resources and engaging in activities that demonstrate connected feminist thinking about technology and innovation.
 FemTechNet understands that technologies are complex systems with divergent values and cultural assumptions. We work to expand critical literacies about the social and political implications of these systems.
 FemTechNet is cyberfeminist praxis: we recognize digital and other technologies can both subvert and reinscribe oppressive relations of power and we work to make these complex relations of power transparent.
 FemTechNet is hard at work creating better tools.
 FemTechNet has no observers, only participants.
 Accountability is a feminist technology.
 Collaboration is a feminist technology.
 Collectivity is a feminist technology.
 Care is a feminist technology.
 Irony, comedy, making a mess, and gravitas are feminist technologies.
 No one holds the trademark on feminist pedagogy—it is collective intellectual property.
 FemTechNet is part of and bigger than the contemporary university.
 FemTechNet is fueled by our civil rights, anti-racist, queer, decolonizing, trans- feminist pedagogies as we work within the belly of the beast of neoliberal austerity, normalized precarity, neo-colonial techno-missionary evangelism and MOOC fever towards the radical redistribution, reinvention, and repurposing of technological, material, emotional, academic, and monetary resources.
 FemTechNet is a power tool.
 FemTechNet is distributed expertise.
 FemTechNet is an experiment in solidarity.
 FemTechNet recognizes the often-prohibitive tuition fees and other costs associated with post-secondary education and so works both within and well beyond university and college classrooms to open learning opportunities for and from a wide range of participants.
 FemTechNet knows that the majority of us are not paid a sustainable wage, and works for economic justice as a feminist principle.
 FemTechNet knows that ultimately none of us is protected by our institutions, so we need to take care of each other.
 FemTechNet works across rank, to record feminist genealogies and technological innovations of the past, present and future.
 We are a work group. We are a social network. We are many genders. We are an innovative learning technology.
 We are FemTechNet.

Select slides from *iHistory: Everyday Life and Culture in the Early 21st Century*, panel discussion, May 22, 2016/2116.

Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin uses video, installation, and performance to create works that question technology's influence on learning and communication between individuals, and the ways in which digital tools simultaneously frame and shape the multidimensional attitudes and cultural characteristics of an era. Qin's installation, *KZ*, is a fossil of the present. Consisting of a glitchy, but still functioning iPhone discovered in the year 2116, the piece prompts viewers to imagine how current digital communication technology will be considered in

the future. The recovered device, displayed in a way that recalls an archaeological artifact in a natural history museum, plays the phantom activity of the 2016 user: rapidly flipping through her calendar, maps (geolocating the phone at the Queens Museum), photo stream, and videos. The future-viewer is transported to a previous cultural moment via an unexpectedly intimate encounter with this user's personal information and interests. The voyeuristic nature of the experience also speaks to the current politics of data encryption and privacy standards.

Performances:

Debate Competition

May 8th, 3:30pm

Local debate students from the High School for Dual Language and Asian Studies will argue the pros and cons of the resolved statement: *In the future, an artist does not need a body*. Presented in collaboration with the Museum's Queens Teens program and the New York City Urban Debate League.

iHistory: Everyday Life and Culture in the Early 21st Century

May 22nd, 3pm

A "fictional" panel discussion on the discovery of KZ in 2116

Moderator: Kenneth White

Panelists: Caitlin Cherry, T.L. Cowan, and Andrew Durbin

Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin received her MFA from Columbia University, New York, NY (2015) and BA from Denison University, Granville, OH (2012). Her work has been screened or exhibited at SPRING/BREAK Art Show, New York, NY (2016), Barnard College, New York, NY (2016), 221A Gallery, Vancouver, Canada (2015), I: project space, Beijing, China (2015), Flux Factory, Long Island City, NY (2015), the Jewish Museum, New York, NY (2014), and HB Station at Times Museum, Guangzhou, China (2014). She received the Lotos Foundation Prize in 2015. She writes about art and technology for Modern Weekly Magazine (周末画报) and Leap Magazine. She is the co-founder of forty six meow, Astoria, NY.

Alan Ruiz

b. 1984, Mexico City, Mexico



Western Standards C2-120, 2016, steel studs, baltic birchwood, and existing architecture. Courtesy the artist.



Western Standards C2-120, 2016, steel studs, baltic birchwood, and existing architecture. Courtesy the artist.



Organizational Transparency, 2016, LLUMAR N-07 reflective film and existing architecture. Courtesy the artist.



Organizational Transparency (detail), 2016, LLUMAR N-07 reflective film and existing architecture. Courtesy the artist.

Western Standards C2-120 is an architectural intervention at the Queens Museum. Ruiz used a custom parametric design algorithm (a digital code) to determine a composition of standardized steel studs. The work is comprised of two intersecting screen systems that occupy and partition the threshold of the museum indoor space and the outdoor park space just a few feet away through a semi-mirrored glass facade. As a modular unit, the steel studs gesture towards the hyper-development of our built environment, while the visual obstruction of the screen system highlights the blurry boundary between spaces of inclusion and exclusion. The work mimics the conditions of spatial privatization while calling into question legacies of Modernist architecture's pursuit of transparency in design and commenting on its often unfulfilled promise of access.

For *Organizational Transparency*, Ruiz has applied one-way mirror film to a ground portion of the Museum's glass facade where *Western Standards C2-120* is installed. A type of foil often used in corporate buildings and construction sites, the material obscures the interior view by mirroring back the gaze from outside while still allowing an unobstructed exterior view from within. Together the works visually demonstrate the power dynamics involved in the distinction between public and private spaces.

Alan Ruiz's work addresses the intersection of site-reflexivity, architectural discourse, and urban policy. He received an MFA from Yale University (2009), a BFA from Pratt Institute (2006), and is a 2015–2016 participant in the Whitney Museum Independent Study Program. His work

has been shown both nationally and internationally, including exhibitions at Abrons Art Center, New York, NY (2016), Horatio Jr., London, UK (2014), Johannes Vogt Gallery, New York, NY (2013), the Bronx Museum of the Arts, Bronx, NY (2011), and Y Gallery, New York, NY (2011). His writing has been featured in TDR (The Drama Review, MIT Press), InVisible Culture: an Electronic Journal for Visual Culture, and BOMB Magazine. In 2015 Ruiz was an Artist-in-Residence with the Youth Insights Program at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Samita Sinha and Brian Chase



This Space, performance, July 9, 2016. Courtesy the artists. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.

Using voice and percussion, Samita Sinha and Brian Chase respond to the sounds of the museum, sculpting a receptive space for listening within the cavernous skylight atrium.

Performance:

July 9th, 11:15am

Samita Sinha is a vocal artist and composer who combines tradition and experiment to create new forms of music and performance. Her work combines visceral energy with a deep grounding in North Indian classical music, and investigates the relationship of self and other through voice, body, space, and vibration. She studied Post-Colonial Literature and Cultural Criticism at Yale, and received her MFA from Bard College (2010). Her most recent work, *bewilderment and other queer lions*, featuring Sunny Jain and Grey McMurray, was commissioned by Performance Space 122 and premiered at COIL Festival 2016 at Invisible Dog Art Center. Her solo performance *CIPHER* appeared at The Kitchen, Wexner Center for the Arts, Portland Institute of Contemporary Arts, REDCAT, and Virginia Tech (2014-15). Sinha performs regularly with *Tongues in Trees*, a “uniquely-aligned trio” (NPR) with Jain and McMurray. She has composed/ performed for Dean Moss (upcoming), Fiona Templeton, Preeti Vasudevan, and Daria Fain & Robert Kocik, toured internationally with Sekou Sundiata, and performed with Robert Ashley. www.samitasinha.com

Brian Chase is a drummer and composer living in Brooklyn. His diverse range of work/play includes that with rock band Yeah Yeah Yeahs, the community of the New York experimental scene, and Drums & Drones, an electroacoustic project focusing on the application of just intonation to drums and percussion. Performances have taken him across the world, such as those from the Sydney Opera House (w/ Nick Zinner's 41 Strings and w/ Karen O's Stop the Virgins) to the UK's Reading and Leeds Festivals (w/ Yeah Yeah Yeahs) to Toronto's X Avant Festival (w/ Drums and Drones), and across NYC to such notable venues as The Stone, Pioneer Works, and The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Recorded works include several with Yeah Yeah Yeahs, three of which were nominated for a Grammy; the debut Drums and Drones album released on the Pogus Productions label featuring videos by artists Ursula Scherrer and Erik Zajackowski; and albums each with guitarist Alan Licht, clarinetist Jeremiah Cymerman, pianist Thollem McDonas, and saxophonist Seth Misterka. Other recordings of note include those with Kid Millions's Man Forever, Karlie Bruce, Jeremiah Lockwood's Sway Machinery, and The Seconds. Brian's principle drum teacher is Susie Ibarra, as well as having studied with Greg Bandy and Michael Rosen at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music in Ohio. www.chasebrian.com

b. 1979, Kokomo, IN

b. 1979, Kokomo, IN



Memory of a tiptoe, an excavation, expansion cement, stolen doorstop, reproduction glass, graphite crucible, paraffin wax, accidental steps, shared machine part, tree pruning sealer, memory of an unfair necessary, corning wax bite, Maple, tack cloths, the positive of language, packing foam, binder clips, unfired porcelain, handmade lead tubing, a paperweight, granite dust from a monument making shop in Queens, fine bone china rims, when all the color goes away, rubber cast of how to move in 1939, lined paper tray, gift wrap tape, an earring back, dinner plate fragment, silver approximating thread, compressed pewter, the insides of jingle bells, unfired porcelain with dye transfer, Plexiglas, a small city on quick wood, fragment of a glass crucible from Kokomo, IN, fragment of a glass kiln from Kokomo, IN, sinking pewter, Friendly Plastic, Quick Copper, all about timing, bb's, muslin, half a bouncy ball, a pin back standing in for "seeing the future," Memory Foam, Aqua Resin, marble dust, red cleaning camouflage, chunk glass, potluck stone, Birch plywood, brads, Super Paint, middle gray, 2016, mixed media installation. Courtesy the artist.



Barb Smith is interested in the lineages of the things we keep, how the hopes and traumas they hold far outweigh any remaining functionality they may retain over the years. The artist's handmade or elaborately modified found objects are fasteners for memories, with the language describing their construction intuitively and humorously entangled with their final form. For example, in applying a literal approach to the concept of memory foam—which is made to adapt to the human form and then spring back to its original shape—Smith has frozen the impression, or memory of her presence, by soaking the foam in resin and applying pressure as it hardens.

For *Queens International 2016*, Smith was influenced in part by memorabilia from the 1939-40 and 1964-65 World's Fair on display on the Museum's second floor. These souvenir items, like Smith's objects, contain both residual personal memories and signifiers of a larger social history. Uncannily akin to the way a scale model of a neighborhood or site would instigate the viewer, Smith's work becomes a miniaturized and imaginary world that highlights the tension between seeing, touching, and recalling. Her incorporation of the slightest curve or swell in the construction of the multi-tiered platform also becomes a perceptual trick, a parallax error, that changes according to the position of the viewer. The peculiar interactions among Smith's objects and their relationship to the body prompt the viewer to navigate and locate themselves within the platform through processes of association, recognition, affect, and puzzlement.

Barb Smith received an MFA in Sculpture from Bard College (2016) and a BA from Purdue University (2003). Solo exhibitions include *Unexpired Time* at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Mesa, AZ (2012) and *Apperception* at Purdue University, West Lafayette, IN (2005). She has been included in group exhibitions at Páramo Gallery, Zona Maco, Mexico City, Mexico (2016), Vox Populi, Philadelphia, PA (2015), A.I.R. Gallery, Brooklyn, NY (2012), Bellevue Arts Museum, Bellevue, WA (2012), The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL (2010), and CoCA Seattle, Seattle, WA (2005). Smith was awarded a New York Foundation for the Arts Fellowship in Sculpture (2011) and attended the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture (2012). Her writing has been featured in *The Shawangunk Review*, *No Dear Magazine*, *The Saint Lucy*, *Mahkzin*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*.

Monika Sziladi
b.1974, Budapest, Hungary



Untitled (Interference), 2013/2014, archival inkjet print. Courtesy the artist.



Untitled (...), 2013/2014, archival inkjet print. Courtesy the artist.

Monika Sziladi's photographs often begin as candid snapshots taken at typically homogeneous convention centers, during events such as trade shows, corporate mixers, public relations affairs, and meet-ups of subcultures that were formed—and are operating as a result of—social media. She later collages the images into uncanny digital montages, which conceal their own pictorial construction at first glance. Sziladi's disorienting compositions examine the increasingly muddled separation between public and private, fact and fiction, particularly the ways in which American corporate culture coerces human behavior and gendered identity through advertising, media imagery, and self-broadcasting. Handheld devices and cameras are recurring characters in these fragmented photographs, becoming unlikely focal points or windows into other spaces.

Monika Sziladi earned an MFA from Yale University School of Art, Photography, New Haven, CT (2010), and while there was awarded the Alice Kimball English Traveling Fellowship. She also received a Maitrîse in Art History and Archaeology from Université Paris IV/Sorbonne, Paris, France (1997). Her work has been recently exhibited at Aperture Gallery, New York, NY (2015), Center for Contemporary Arts, Santa Fe, NM (2015), Smack Mellon Gallery, Brooklyn, NY (2014), Bosi Contemporary, New York, NY (2014), and Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, PA (2010). She has been awarded Lower Manhattan Cultural Council Workspace Residency (2014–2015), Center Awards, Curator's Choice

(2015), Humble Arts Foundation New Photography Grant (2012), Smack Mellon Artist Studio Program and Fellowship (2012-2013), and Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture residency (2008), among others.

Alina Tenser

b. 1981, Kiev, Ukraine



(L to R): *Selections From Sports Closet*, 2015, performance set (steel, wood, wicker, mylar, fabric, epoxy modeling clay). Courtesy the artist.
Chances, 2015, single-channel video projection on Plexiglas screen; 1:53 min. Courtesy the artist.

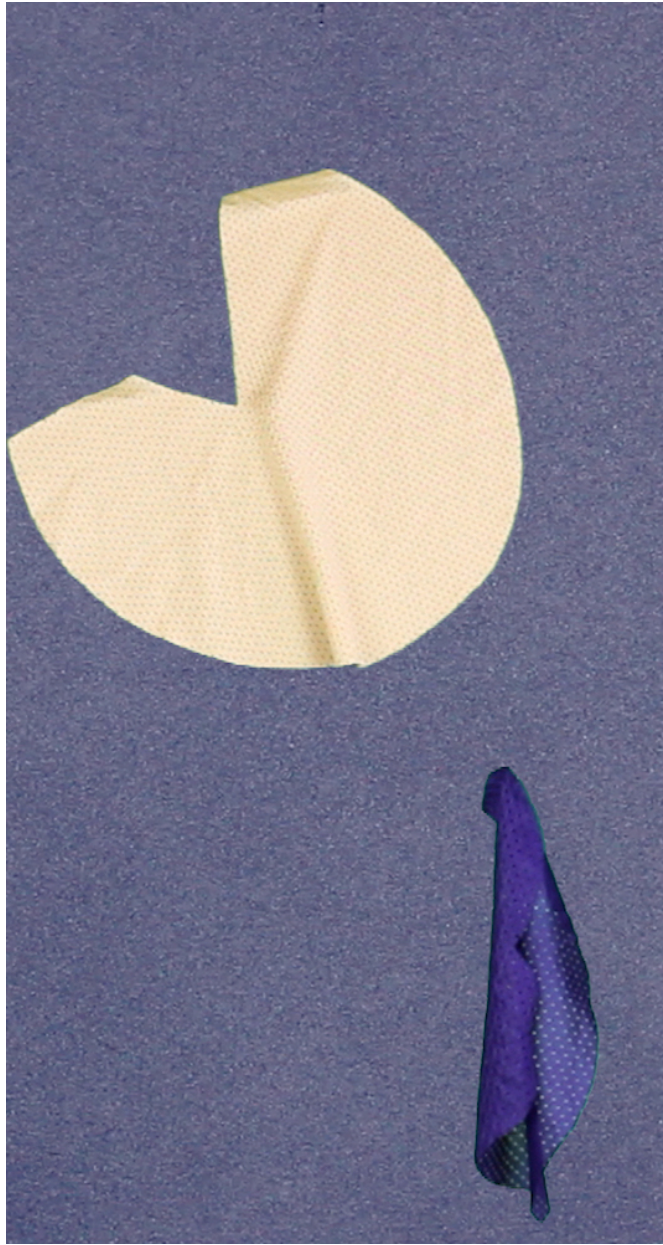


Selections From Sports Closet, 2015, performance. Courtesy the artist.
Photo: Alina Tenser.





Selections From Sports Closet, 2015, performance, June 12, 2016. Courtesy the artist. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.



Chances (detail), 2015, single-channel video projection on Plexiglas screen; 1:53 min. Courtesy the artist.

In this installation of two works that combine sculpture, performance, and video, Alina Tenser examines the relationship between the human body and the surfaces and surroundings it comes into contact with. Combined, the installation employs three screens which all steer Tenser's live or recorded choreography within and between moments of privacy and public display, and demonstrate the artist's interest in the ways objects relay their inherent function and dictate movement through shape and scale.

In the performance, *Selections From Sports Closet*, a folding screen shifts, collapses, and reconfigures itself to Tenser's repetitive actions while she activates objects using gestures that resemble those of

fitness and domesticity. On the second screen, installed perpendicular to the gallery wall like street signage, swaths of fabric tumble down as a disembodied hand attempts to catch them. This video, *Chances*, was produced with the use of screen three, a green screen, whose illusionist capabilities have become a portal for shapeshifting. The fabric cutouts appear as 2D renderings, then collapse to reveal their shape, materiality, and susceptibility to gravity.

Performances:

Selections From Sports Closet

April 10th, 6pm

June 12th, 3pm

Alina Tenser received an MFA from Virginia Commonwealth University and her BFA from School of the Visual Arts. Tenser has held solo exhibitions at A.I.R. Gallery, New York, NY (2015), NURTUREart, Brooklyn, NY (2013); and Pioneer Works, Brooklyn, NY (2013). Her work has been exhibited at venues including The Kitchen, New York, NY (2015), Gallery Diet, Miami, FL (2015), The Suburban, Chicago, IL (2013), Jancar Jones, Los Angeles, CA (2013); and Laurel Gitlen Gallery, New York, NY (2013). Most recently, Tenser's work was shown at Kate Werble Gallery and Susan Inglett Gallery in New York, NY. Tenser received the Dedalus Foundation MFA Fellowship and was a resident of Recess Sessions in 2012.

Trans-Pecos with 8 Ball Community, E.S.P. TV, and Chillin Island

Founded 2013, Ridgewood, NY



E.S.P. TV (Scott Kiernan & Victoria Keddie with additional station identification videos by C. Spencer Yeh, Jason Martin, and Matt Wellins), *Selected Episodes with Cues and Station Breaks*, 2011-2016, video. Courtesy the artists.



8 Ball, *8 Ball Community*, 2016, zines, astroturf, printer and photocopier machine. Courtesy the artists.



Chillin Island (Ashok Kondabolu, Jacob Reinstein, Matt Burke, and Sonya Belakhlef), *Hi Mom, Hi Dad, It's Me Again*, 2016, mixed media installation. Courtesy the artists. Photo: Sonya Belakhlef.



The Kominas performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*, April 10, 2016. Photo: Kuo-Heng Huang.



Show Me The Body performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*, April 10, 2016. Photo: Kuo-Heng Huang.



Show Me The Body performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*, April 10, 2016. Photo: Kuo-Heng Huang.



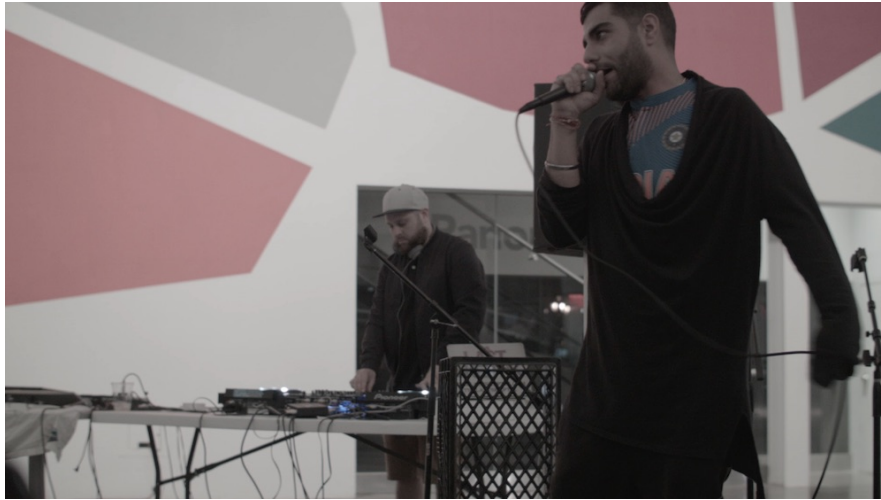
Bela Shayevich and Ainsley Morse performing as part of an evening of televisual poetry readings organized by *Poet Transmit* (Victoria Keddie and Cat Tyc) with Ugly Duckling Presse at the Knockdown Center, April 14, 2016. Courtesy the artists. Photo: Victoria Keddie.



Despot performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*, May 14, 2016. Photo: David Cory.



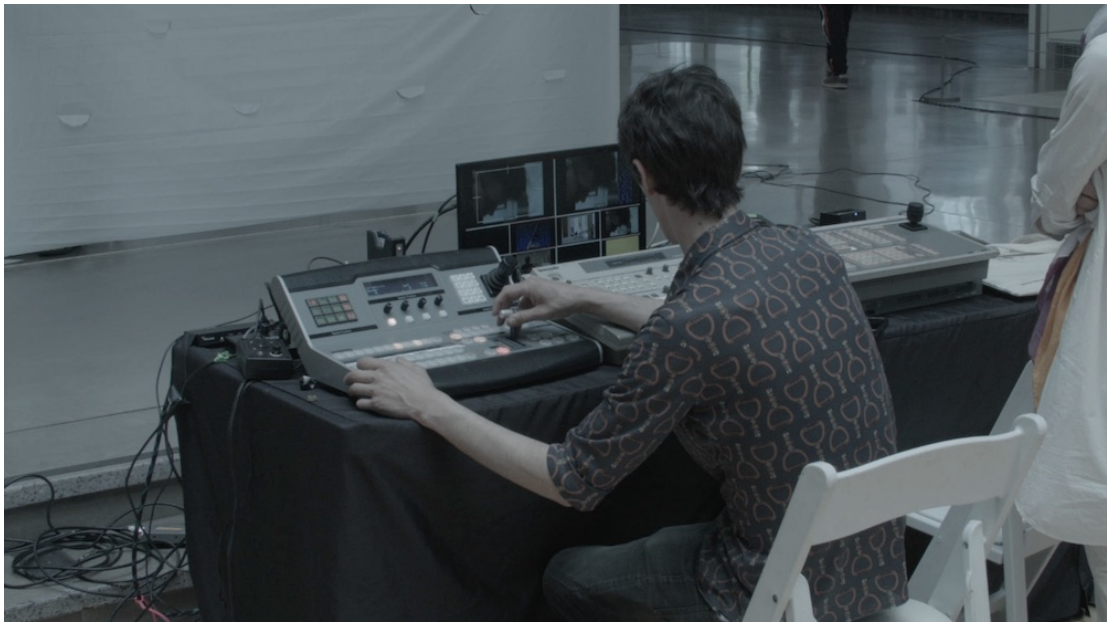
Despot performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*



Heems performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*, May 14, 2016. Photo: David Cory.



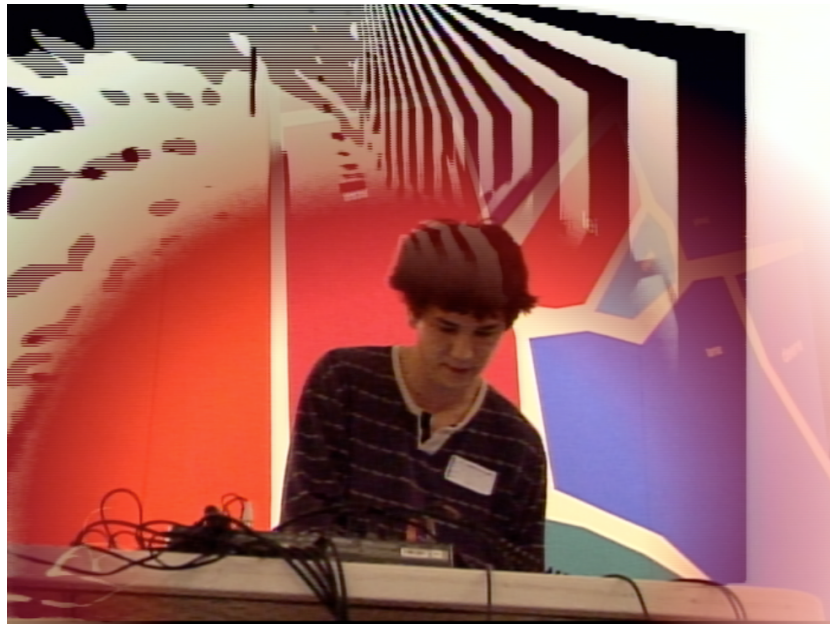
Trouble (Sam Hillmer, Lawrence Mesich, and Laura Paris), *The Stood Maze*, pop-up labyrinth featuring musical performance by Patrick Higgins and live visuals by E.S.P. TV, June 4, 2016. Courtesy the artists. Photo: David Cory.



E.S.P. TV's Scott Kiernan working on live video mixing as part of *The Stood Maze*, featuring musical performance by Patrick Higgins. Courtesy the artists. Photo: David Cory.



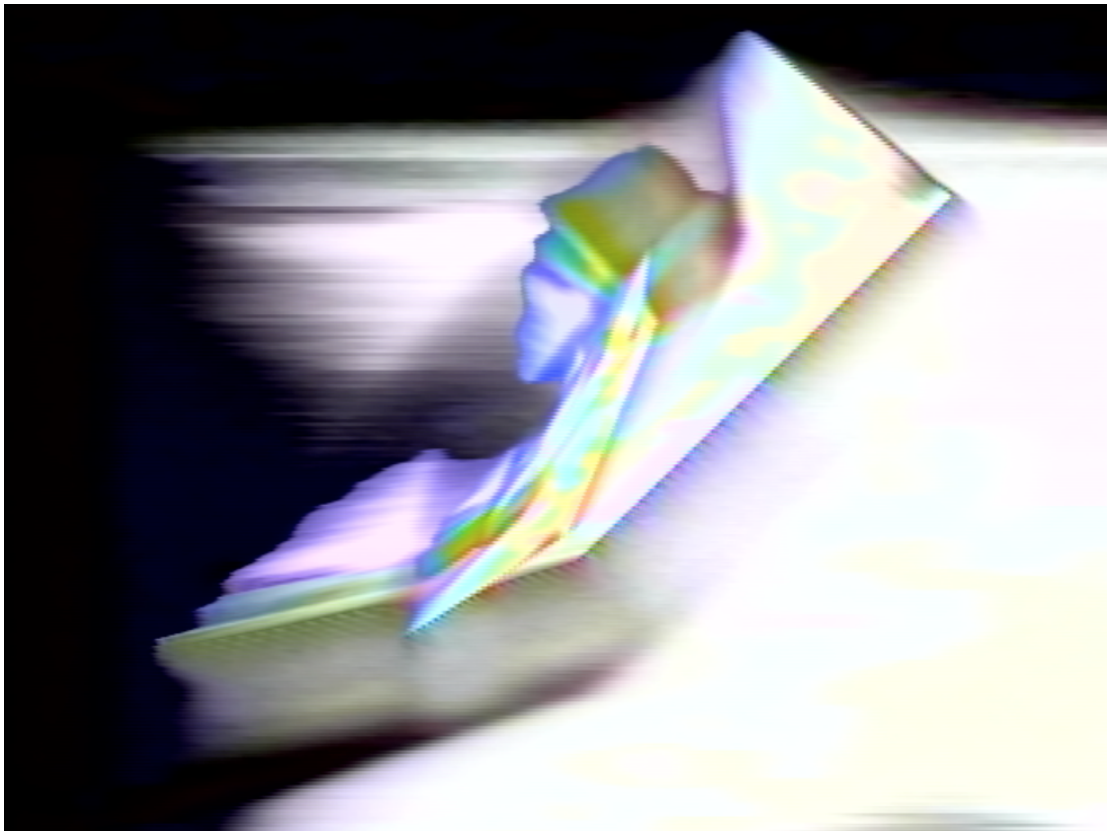
Human Pitch Freeform Ensemble performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*, June 4, 2016. Photo: David Cory.



Logan Takahashi performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*, June 4, 2016. Photo: E.S.P. TV



Logan Takahashi performing at the Queens Museum as part of *Becoming New Objects*



Still from E.S.P. TV's live video mixing as part of *Becoming New Objects*, June 4, 2016. Courtesy the artists. Photo: E.S.P. TV.



The Present performing at Trans-Pecos as part of *Becoming New Objects*, June 24, 2016. Photo: David Cory.



Jesus Benavente performing with Mariachi Real de Mexico at Trans-Pecos as part of *Becoming New Objects*, June 24, 2016. Photo: David Cory.

As part of *Queens International 2016*, alternative music and community venue Trans-Pecos presents *Becoming New Objects*, a series of concerts and experimental music events and *Action Fortress*, a generative installation featuring interventions by 8 Ball Community, E.S.P. TV, and Chillin Island. Performances, workshops, readings, radio broadcasts, live tapings, and community programs with artist Laura Paris rotate between the Queens Museum, Trans-Pecos' Ridgewood venue, and the Knockdown Center in Maspeth.

BECOMING NEW OBJECTS

Becoming New Objects is a series of concerts and experimental events that feature a broad range of emerging and established performers in music, poetry, and visual art, whose work speculates on “possible futures.”

See Queens International 2016 events schedule for full details and participating artists

ACTION FORTRESS

8 Ball is an independent organization that—through free, open-access platforms—nurtures and expands a community of young artists in their teens and twenties, providing skill-sets in the fields of publishing, photography, exhibit staging, digital communication, and media. 8 Ball comes in the form of public access TV and Radio stations, a publishing imprint, a fair, a public library for independent publications, and a workshop for art-related trades. For *Queens International 2016*, the organization presents a selection of zines that visitors can browse and xerox onsite and will host a series of teen zine-making workshops in collaboration with artist Laura Paris.

E.S.P. TV hybridizes technologies old and new, contemporary and obsolete, to realize the live television studio as a site for performance-based works. Directed by Scott Kiernan and Victoria Keddie, E.S.P. TV utilizes a mobile television studio to explore transmission, analog and digital media, and broadcast. Through an ongoing series of live television taping events, they place the control room of the TV studio center stage, making the means of production into a vehicle for performance. E.S.P. TV investigates the language of television through their practice and have built a strong network through artist collaborations. From this ongoing effort, they have amassed an extensive archive detailing these unique explorations of performance, sound, and vision.

Live Taping Installation and Performance:

June 4th, 7-10pm as part of the *Becoming New Objects* ticketed concert series

Chillin Island is a collective of Queens born and bred musicians and artists that host a weekly program on Know-Wave radio. Chillin Island was founded by Ashok Kondabolu (aka Dap) and is hosted with rappers Despot (Alec Reinstein) and Lakutis (Aleksey Weintraub). Chillin Island's installation *Hi, Mom, Hi Dad, It's Me Again* has two iterations during *Queens International 2016*. The more permanent installation shows a selection of ceramics and nostalgic tchotchkes alongside a viewing area for a supercut of the landmark 1986 Indian TV miniseries *Ramayan* and a highlight reel of late 80s and early 90s commercial interruptions. The second iteration of the work is a full-scale recreation of Dap's childhood Jackson Heights living room, including furniture and decorative elements, diaspora newspapers, media directories, and mannequins adorned with Kondabolu's actual parents' clothing. Addressing the experience of growing up as an

Indian-American child of immigrants in New York City, this elaborate installation will be on view during community workshops and live broadcasts of Chillin Island on Know-Wave radio.

Performance:

May 14th, 7-10pm as part of *Becoming New Objects* ticketed concert series

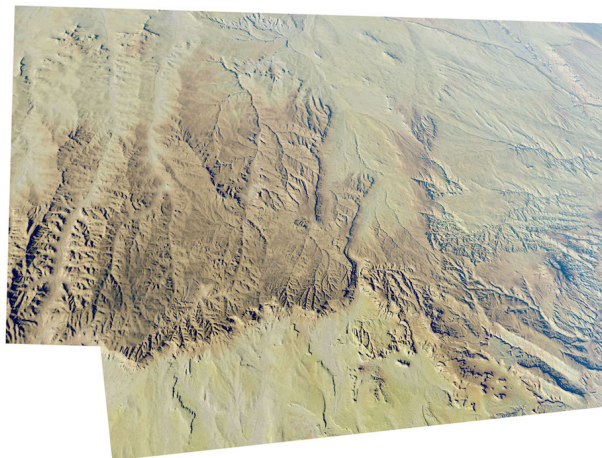
Featuring Despot, Heems, Your Old Droog, Lakutis, Big Baby Gandhi, Spanish Broads, DJs Total Freedom and King Solomon.
Broadcast on Know-Wave Radio

Mark Tribe

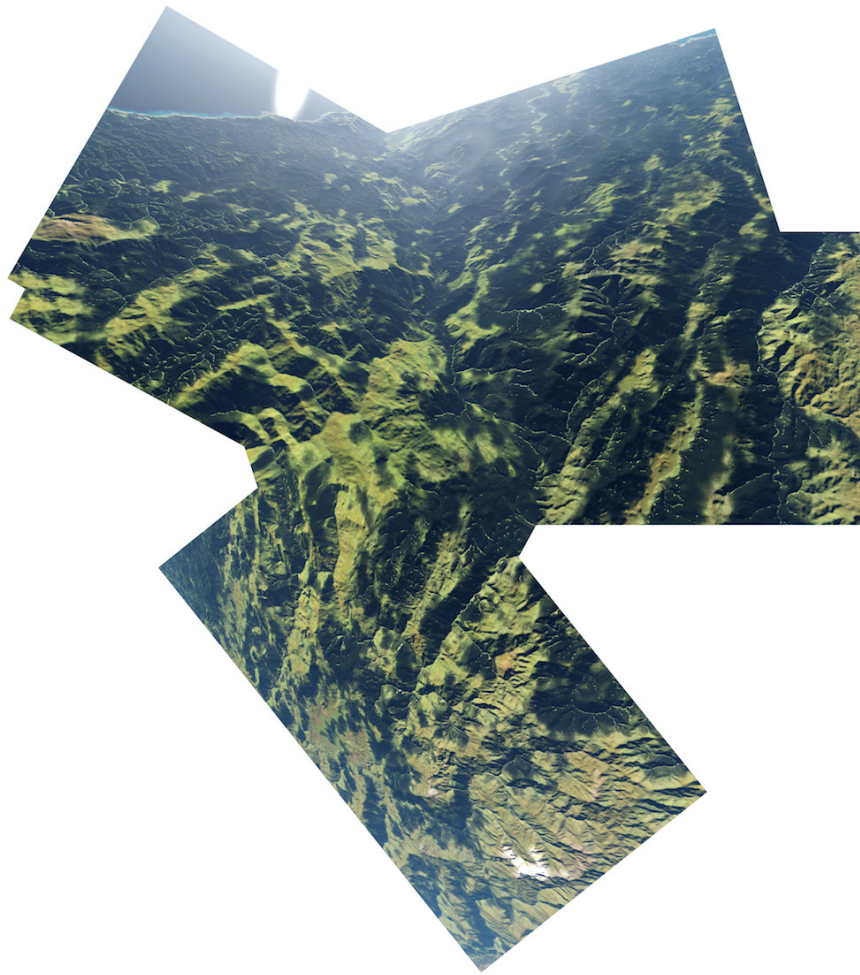
b. 1966, San Francisco, CA



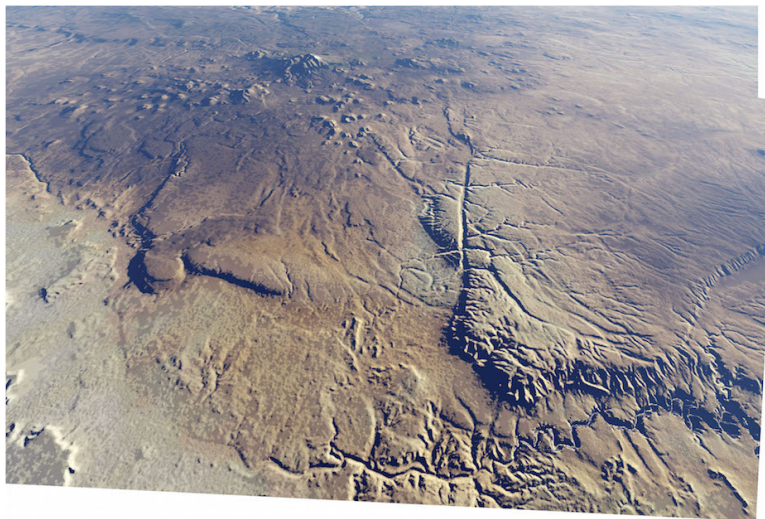
(L-R): *San Juan*, ultraviolet print on aluminum composite panel. *Mendocino*, ultraviolet print on aluminum composite panel. *Coconino*, ultraviolet print on aluminum composite panel. Courtesy the artist.



San Juan, ultraviolet print on aluminum composite panel. Courtesy the artist.



Mendocino, ultraviolet print on aluminum composite panel. Courtesy the artist.



Coconino, Ultraviolet print on aluminum composite panel, Courtesy the artist.

Plein Air is a series of aerial images of virtual landscapes. Made with advanced cartography software that convincingly simulates the Earth's surface, each piece combines multiple views of an idealized fictive world: unspoiled, edenic places that show no trace of human presence. At first glance, the photographs seem much more akin to the tradition of the sublime in landscape painting than the images of widespread ecological destruction we see today.

Yet the landscapes are simulations of actual places, generated by inputting geospatial data (such as longitude and latitude) and atmospheric information into the software. This tenuous relationship between fact and fiction calls to mind the history of photography as an indexical instrument, and the realities of digital photography as a medium that is always already open to manipulation and highly contextualized online by metadata such as tags or other embedded media. *Plein Air* functions as a series of data images, generated by information rather than the camera lens. The irregular polygonal contours of each work highlights its own making, referring back to the technology which requires the stitching together of multiple images taken from neighboring coordinates on the depopulated Earth.

Plein Air looks at the land from a “drone’s eye view,” a machinic perspective that is playing an increasingly important role in contemporary visual culture. In this series, Tribe implicitly critiques the ways in which aerial imaging is used to control territories and regulate geopolitical tensions. While the landscapes on view here are not straight photographs but rather computer-generated images, they are uncanny portraits of an arena where the physical and the virtual seem to converge.

Mark Tribe received an MFA in Visual Arts from the University of California, San Diego, La Jolla, CA (1994) and an AB in Visual Art from Brown University, Providence, RI (1990). Since 2013 he has been the Chair of the MFA Fine Arts Department at the School of Visual Arts, New York, NY. Recent shows and screenings have been at the Pompidou Center, Paris, France (2016), Telfair Museum of Art, Savannah, GA (2015), Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. (2014), the Menil Collection, Houston, TX (2014), Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery, Launceston, Tasmania (2014), Palais de Tokyo, Paris, France (2013), San Diego Museum of Art, San Diego, CA (2012), SITE Santa Fe, Santa Fe, NM (2012); and Momena Art, Brooklyn, NY (2012).

Sam Vernon

b. 1987, Brooklyn, NY



Louis & Sam, 2016, xerox prints. Courtesy the artist.



Louis & Sam (detail), 2016, xerox prints. Courtesy the artist. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.



Sam Vernon with vocalist Abby Dobson, *When You're Smiling...The Many Faces of the Mask*, performance, May 22, 2016. Courtesy the artists. Photo: QM Curatorial Staff.

Inspired by the collage practice and improvisational genius of jazz legend and Corona resident Louis Armstrong, *Louis & Sam* is a site-responsive wall installation that draws on intergenerational exchange, historical memory, and the influences of artistic and personal ancestry. Vernon's practice becomes intertwined with Armstrong's work as a visual artist, which utilized the fronts and backs of reel-to-reel audio tape boxes as surfaces for his serial compositions of clippings, photographs, and ephemera. In *Louis & Sam*, Vernon advances this use of repetition in her own Xerox drawings and patterns, which are informed by Gothic and Afro-Deco motifs. Her multistep production process is derived from printmaking techniques, where images are hand-drawn, photocopied, transformed, and reproduced again many times, often abstracting the original drawing in an act of "ghosting."

To create this immersive environment, Vernon has developed a visual language that surfaces as a performance of collage-making, in particular the collage-making of black experience.

Performances:

When You're Smiling...The Many Faces of the Mask with vocalist Abby Dobson

May 22nd, 2:30pm

July 31st, 2:30pm

Sam Vernon earned an MFA in Painting/Printmaking from Yale University, New Haven, CT (2015) and a BFA from The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art (2009). She has most recently exhibited with the Seattle Art Museum, Seattle, WA (2015), Mandeville Gallery at Union College, Schenectady, NY (2015), Barbara Walters Gallery at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, NY (2014), the Museum of Contemporary African Diasporan Arts, Brooklyn, NY (2013), Ewing Gallery of Art & Architecture at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, TN (2012), and the Emery Community Arts Center at the University of Maine, Farmington, ME (2012).

Max Warsh

b. 1980, New York, NY



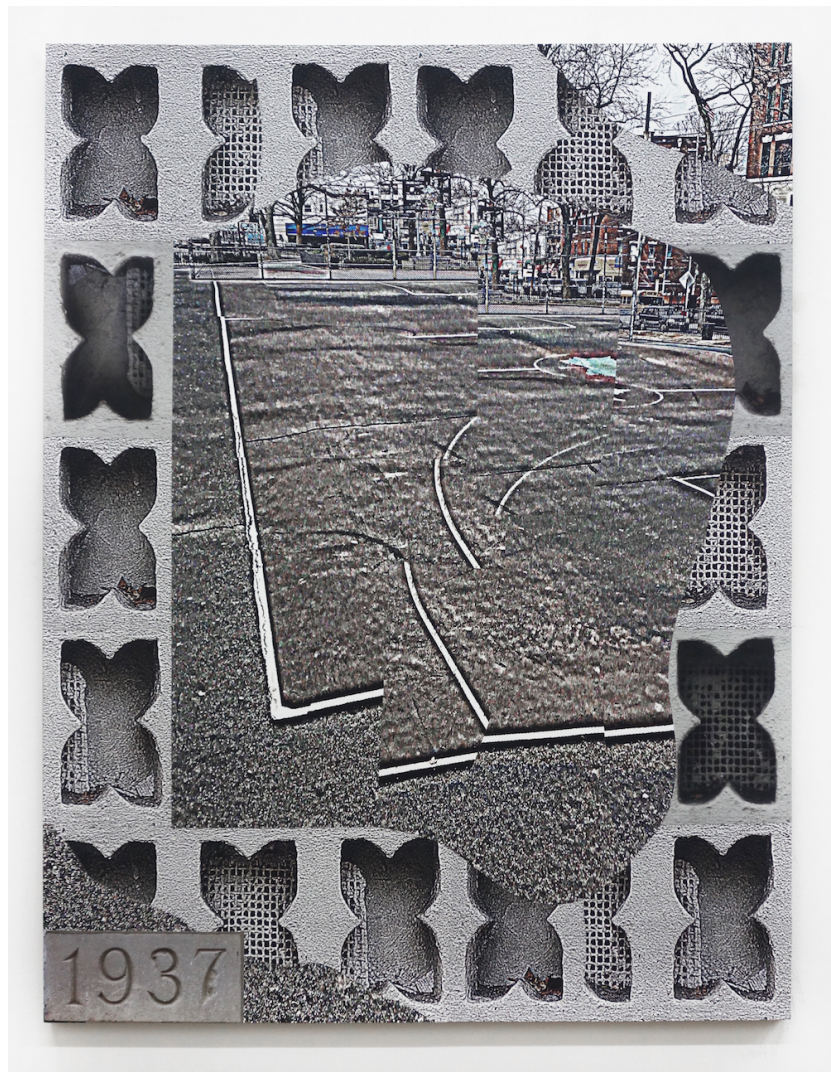
(Top Row): *Corona (Clinic)*, 2016, cut photographs on panel. *Corona (Corrugated)*, 2016, cut photographs on panel. Courtesy the artist.
(Bottom Row): *Corona (1937)*, 2016, cut photographs on panel. *Corona (Caminiti)*, 2016, cut photographs on panel. Courtesy the artist.



Corona (Clinic), 2016, cut photographs on panel.
Courtesy the artist.



Corona (Corrugated), 2016, cut photographs on panel. Courtesy the artist.



Corona (1937), 2016, cut photographs on panel. Courtesy the artist.



Corona (Caminiti), 2016, cut photographs on panel. Courtesy the artist.

The images in this series were taken during multiple walks around Corona, one of the Museum's immediate neighborhoods, in which the artist focused on residential buildings and public spaces such as playgrounds and health clinics. The collages rebuild an experience of walking through the neighborhood, reiterating the physicality of common and ornamental surfaces—bricks, grates, and cast ornamentation—in their own handmade appearance. For Warsh, heightening the repetition, compression, and density of residential space in each work through collage reflects urbanism as a condition increasingly defined by movement through digital networks of information and images, rather than physical appearances of the lived environment.

Max Warsh received his MFA from the University of Illinois at Chicago (2004) and a BA from Sarah Lawrence College (2002). He has had solo exhibitions at Longhouse Projects, New York, NY (2015) and toomer labzda, New York, NY (2013). Group exhibitions include: Graham, New York, NY (2014), Planthouse, New York, NY (2013), Shoot the Lobster, New York, NY (2012), Eli Ping, New York, NY (2012), SOFA, Austin, TX (2012), and NEW CAPITAL, Chicago, IL (2011). In 2016, his work will be featured in a 2-person exhibition at the Sirius Art Centre in Cobh, Ireland. He is a co-founder and director of the artist-run gallery Regina Rex, Ridgewood, NY.

Jennifer Williams

B. 1972, Elizabeth, PA





New York: City of Tomorrow, 2016, collaged photographic prints on Photo-Tex paper. Courtesy the artist and Robert Mann Gallery. Photo: Jennifer Williams.

Created specifically for the Queens Museum's Panorama of the City of New York, *New York: City of Tomorrow* is a large-scale photographic installation that addresses the rising skyline of the urban landscape from a pedestrian viewpoint. While entire neighborhoods have been reinvented due to ambitious renewal and development projects, the Panorama offers a miniature, three-dimensional opportunity to travel back in time to an earlier version of the five boroughs. Originally constructed for the 1964 World's Fair, the model was completely updated in 1992. Since then, new additions have only been made sporadically. Juxtaposing photographs of the architectural scale model with street views of newly constructed buildings occupying the same locations today—in Long Island City, Downtown Brooklyn, and Manhattan's "Billionaire's Row"—Williams' dynamic collage exposes the monumental scale of development interests and the shrinking perspective of the individual citizen.

This project is made possible in part by the Queens Council on the Arts with public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council.

Jennifer Williams earned an MFA from Goldsmiths College, London, UK (1997) and a BFA from Cooper Union School of Art, New York, NY (1994). She is represented by Robert Mann Gallery in New York and has been widely exhibited throughout the country, including The Akron Art Museum, Akron, OH (2015), San Jose Institute of Contemporary Art, San Jose, CA (2013), Pittsburgh Center for the Arts, Pittsburgh, PA (2012),

and Whitdel Arts, Detroit, MI (2014). Public art projects include the Dumbo Arts Festival, Brooklyn, NY (2010, 2009) and UMASS Amherst, MA (2014). She is the recipient of a Queens Council for the Arts Grant (2016), an Aljira Professional Development Fellowship (2013) and a Center for Emerging Visual Artists Fellowship (2011-2013). Her work is in the permanent collection at the The West Collection, Philadelphia, PA and the Akron Museum of Art, Akron, OH.

Responses

An Itinerary with Notes	Data, the Social Being, and the Social Network
Exhibition Views	
Hidden Watershed	Responses from Mechanical Turk
A Distant Memory Being Recalled (Queens Teens Respond)	MAPS, DNA, AND SPAM
Overhead: A Response to Kerry Downey's <i>Fishing with Angela</i>	Queens Internacional 2016
Sweat, Leaks, Holes: Crossing the Threshold	Uneven Development: On <i>Beirut</i> and <i>Plein Air</i>
PULSE: On Jonah Groeneboer's <i>The Potential in Waves Colliding</i>	A Crisis of Context
Interview: Melanie McLain and Alina Tenser	Return to Sender
Personal Space	Interview: Vahap Avşar and Shadi Harouni
	Mining Through History: The Contemporary Practices of Vahap Avşar and Shadi Harouni

A Conversation with
Shadi Harouni's *The
Lightest of Stones*

Directions to a Gravel
Quarry

Walk This Way

Interview: Brian
Caverly and Barb
Smith

"I drew the one that
has the teeth
marks..."

BEAT IT! (Queens
Teens respond)

Moments

Lawn Furniture

In Between
Difference,
Repetition, and
Original Use

Interview: Dave Hardy
and Max Warsh

Again—and again: on
the recent work of
Alan Ruiz

City of Tomorrow

Noticing *This Space*

NO PLACE FOR A
MAP

The History of the
World Was with Me
That Night

What You Don't See
(Queens Teens
Respond)

Interview: Allison
Davis and Sam
Vernon

*When You're
Smiling...The Many
Faces Behind the
Mask*

Interview: Jesus
Benavente and Carl
Marin

The Eternal Insult

Janking Off

Queens Theatricality

An Itinerary with Notes

Laura Raicovich

Written like a Mad Lib featuring QI 2016 artwork titles roughly in order by artist's last name, this piece can be decoded by clicking through the adjacent artist pages to follow as you read through the text below

Lost wallet, cancelled credit cards. **Nahawand. Beirut, Lebanon.** June 18, 2016

Ate well. **Vivid day. Beirut, Lebanon.** June 20, 2016

Saw **Kate Winslet** (I think) coming out of a bar. **Beirut, Lebanon.** June 21, 2016

Hotel window is cracked but view is excellent. **Beirut, Lebanon.** June 24, 2016

Met a guy who called himself **Big Ben**; didn't ask why. **Dbayeh Suburb of Beirut, Lebanon.** June 25, 2016

Visited **Lost Shadows [AND Museum]**. Odd collection of postcards. They seem to hold meaning to someone else who is from here. Maybe. Not your typical array. Unusual landscape views are populated by anachronistic details; a car sits in the foreground of one, against a grand but unremarkable landscape.

The next museum brings me to a painting titled, **Las Reinas**. It reminds me of being in art history class so I move on to find **A Third Space**, one that doesn't require so much focus and concentration. What is the point of all this canned culture? I need some **Studio Abandon**.

Or maybe I should go **Fishing with Angela**. She did say that if I got bored or wistful that I should call. Why not?

Later, after Angela and I spent many **Golden Hours** together, contemplating the **Untitled** and unnamed feelings between us, I **Beat It**. I had to go. We were on the verge of experimenting with **The Potential in Waves Colliding** and there were surely **Signs of Flood**. The waters we overlooked all those evenings were advancing doggedly (despite some stubborn people's will to believe humanity did not have impacts on the planet). So I moved on. Perhaps towards another **Destiny**.

Two days later, I met **Tommy**. It was on a hike through a dry, rocky landscape. We began to talk rather philosophically about how to determine **The Lightest of Stones**. From mere observation, Tommy claimed, he could discern their weight. I doubted him, but we kept

talking as we made our way to a tavern for dinner. There, conversation turned to technology, of which Tommy was deeply skeptical. He claimed he had devised a **Memory Module Mask with Interference** to disrupt attempts at reading his thoughts. He was paranoid, particularly when in range of wifi. Fortunately the tavern was not equipped.

As the night wore on, he boasted of a forthcoming tech-pocalypse, a **Phantasmic Data Dawn**, where 0s and 1s would have the day. Besides his mask, he claimed to have the only antidote, **Lime Data**. Things got sketchy at this point. I was lost, and Tommy too far down his rabbit hole of tech disaster to be distracted.

Somehow, I managed to disrupt his monologue, but only insulted him. He said I had committed **The Eternal Insult** (is this a cultural thing?) and we could not go on talking. While disconcerted that I could evoke an Eternal Insult without intending to (in fact, I wasn't even sure what that meant?), I was relieved at being excused.

Leaving the tavern, I walked by a club advertising a **Dance with flARmingos** in flashing neon. That sounded like fun but perhaps another night. I'd had enough abstract thinking with Tommy, and I was fairly sure that augmented reality, flamingos, and dancing would take more energy than I had left. It was 2am, after all.

Back at the hotel, I dreamt of **Chasing Waterfalls**. Following the flow from the top of a ravine, down through a tropical forest, dense with the scent of passion fruit. The fruits themselves had ripened and fallen on the trail. At first the rich aroma was divine, ambrosia. But as the trail wore on, parallel to the waterfall streaming downward, the fruits rotted and the heavy smell of their decay as sweet and sickening, mixing with the wet dirt of the path.

As the waterfall slowed to a trickle, several miles onward, I heard someone whisper, "**evian is naïve spelled backwards...**" Was this water even ok to drink? I had no choice. It was the only water for miles.

I woke up parched in the pre-dawn light. No rainforest, I was still in Beirut. Or Queens?

Once, in a conversation with an old, dear friend, she said that ours was a **Prepersonal** relationship. She meant that there was nothing we couldn't discuss, although as we got older the humiliations of daily life seemed less like something either of us wanted to rehash. We sat in a café, **Tendered Currency** for our drinks, and talked about the new zoning guidelines for **Highest and Best Use (388 Bridge St.)**. Was the neighborhood really changing? Were we somewhere between

Omniscience and Oblivion? How did **KZ** manage to get such a great studio in Ridgewood?

Suddenly my friend asked if I knew what **Western Standards** were? I asked if they were bathroom fixtures. No, she laughed, that's American Standard.

Wondering about **Organizational Transparency** we wandered back through the old Worlds Fair grounds to the Museum. **This Space** is special. It unfolds over time. It may contain a **Memory of a tiptoe, an excavation, expansion cement, stolen doorstep, reproduction glass, graphite crucible, paraffin wax, accidental steps, shared machine part, tree pruning sealer, memory of an unfair necessary, corning wax bite, Maple, tack cloths, the positive of language, packing foam, binder clips, unfired porcelain, handmade lead tubing, a paperweight, granite dust from a monument making shop in Queens, fine bone china rims, when all the color goes away, rubber cast of how to move in 1939, lined paper tray, gift wrap tape, an earring back, dinner plate fragment, silver approximating thread, compressed pewter, the insides of jingle bells, unfired porcelain with dye transfer, Plexiglas, a small city on quick wood, fragment of a glass crucible from Kokomo, IN, fragment of a glass kiln from Kokomo, IN, sinking pewter, Friendly Plastic, Quick Copper, all about timing, bb's, muslin, half a bouncy ball, a pin back standing in for "seeing the future," Memory Foam, Aqua Resin, marble dust, red cleaning camouflage, chunk glass, potluck stone, Birch plywood, brads, Super Paint, middle gray...**

Suddenly, an **Untitled (Interference)**. **Selections from Sports Closet** were available at the front desk: bocce, even croquette. We could use them in the park if we left our IDs. Games of **Chances** aren't really my thing so we continued on, watching the group of young students go into the park to draw **Plein Air**.

As we made our way inside, we bumped into **Louis & Sam**. They were talking about the collages and music they would make together, right here, in **Corona, New York: City of Tomorrow**. They went off to plan their next project, while we contemplated the Panorama and decided we were **Becoming New Objects**. Well, maybe not entirely new, but at least transformed.

Laura Raicovich is President and Executive Director of the Queens Museum. She wrote this while listening to the rain, sitting on the front porch during her vacation, while thinking about the necessity of rules and how to break them.

Exhibition Views

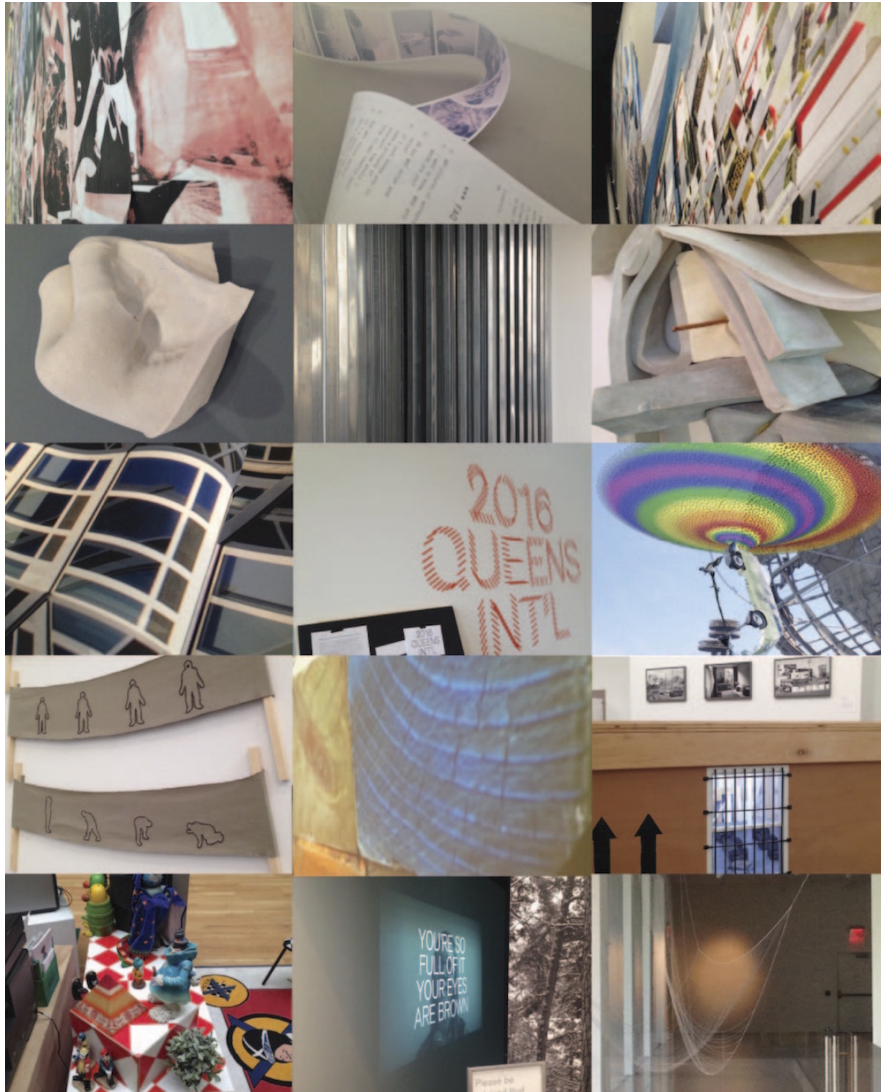


Photo: QM Curatorial Staff









Unless otherwise noted, all installation photographs throughout the catalogue are credited to Hai Zhang.

Hidden

Nora Khan

There are, to hear some describe it, dozens of ways to exist and thrive outside of systems, outside of ruthless economic valuations and standards. There are spaces in which we can insist on the us that flourishes apart from our public selves, in spite of facts of material circumstance.

These spaces remain hidden out of necessity. Protecting the private acts that take place within them can feel like an act of defiance. Memorializing experiences that are difficult to render and by extension, to consume, can feel like an ethic of resistance.

Gestures are frozen so we can investigate their affect. We stop at Bang Geul Han and Minna Pöllänen's *Signs of Flood*, to gaze at a hand-stitched black outline of a body in the act of express: no mouth, mouth closed, mouth contorted, a mouth open in an O. On Janks Archive's placards, planted in the Finland woods, janks—ephemeral jokes between intimates—shimmer, resonant with a memory of play, of a good-humored father, of youth. A Monika Sziladi photograph reveals one suited man touching the arm of another, an intimacy that might suggest dominance, compassion, or obsequiousness.

People choose to express anonymously, or to themselves. In *A Third Space* (2014–16), Kerry Downey delivers a monologue that traces the topography of their childhood, bounded by the Exxon Valdez oil spill, the fame of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe, the birth of the Pentium computer chip. In Freya Powell's *Omniscience and Oblivion*, we sit in a private room, between four mounted black speakers, listening to a haunted young woman describe her father in hospice, fading over a week, eventually unable to speak. Her voice is thick with discomfort.

A slight shift in perspective allows us glimpses of hidden work. In Brian Caverly's *Studio Abandon*, a tiny white utility sink is flecked with paints accumulated over years. Groups of South Asian men and women smirk in the photos in Eileen Maxson's *evian is naive spelled backwards*. They seem amused by the project, a Mechanical Turk work order that reveals their intellectual labor that runs digital economies.

A group of garrulous men watch Shadi Harouni pull down stones in a pumice quarry in Kurdistan by hand. They discuss past and future quarry work. “This is labor, too,” one says, pointing at Harouni’s intensive undertaking.

What comes after such reveals? Downey searches for a new “production of relating,” a sense of existence in the world “beyond parents and dogs and doorknobs.” In their animation, daubs of paint sweep, diverge, coalesce on the screen, enacting this meditation on new forms. We might learn “how to dissolve a pattern,” waste it, construct a new one.

Every turn suggests new modes of imagining. Bang Geul Han, in a black cloak before a flashing, apocalypse-red sky, recites according to algorithmic rules. Robin Kang reworks computer hardware into dizzying, deep neon jacquard fabrics that could be draped around the shoulders of a technologic priest. And Mark Tribe constructs fantasy utopian landscapes in cartography software, revealing the contours of an Earth where these priests might walk, where we might start over again.

Nora Khan is a writer and a contributing editor at Rhizome. She’s a 2016 Thoma Foundation Arts Writing Fellow in Digital Art, and an artist-in-residence at Industry Lab in Cambridge. She writes fiction and criticism about digital art, artificial intelligence, literature, games, and electronic music. She has published in *Rhizome*, *Kill Screen*, *Conjunctions*, *After Us*, *Ran Dian*, *AVANT*, *DIS*, and many other places. In 2015 she was a contributing critic for *Åzone Futures Market*, the Guggenheim’s first digital exhibition.

Watershed

Brian Droitcour

“A watershed is an area of land that ‘sheds’ rain and melted snow into a larger body of water, such as a lake, wetland, reservoir, or ocean.” – from explanatory text of watershed relief map at Queens Museum

The slippery surface of a transparent sheet of plastic doesn’t absorb what it touches. Light passes through it. Liquid slides over it. Kerry Downey plays with the slippage of shadow and substance in *A Third Space* (2014-16), an animation made on the flatbed surface of an overhead projector. Shapes appear as a viscous liquid tries to acquire form, its attempts thwarted by the slickness and flatness of the surface and the sharp cuts of Downey’s jumpy edits. Shadows of the artist’s hands lay over the blobs, merging with them in the projector’s bright blankness. The transparency sheet is all scratched up by use, by wear, perhaps by the artist’s own markings. Like the plastic, these shallow grooves in it don’t capture shadows or substances but passively receive their forms and formlessness.

Downey speaks on their animation’s soundtrack. The voice is inexpressive, nonchalant, and low. When I put the headphones on, I hear a list of years, and an event for each one. The selection seems arbitrary. Some of the events sound fake. A chronicle collects facts before they’ve merged in history, listing events without the mutual contamination of cause-and-effect relationships, without the absorbency of narrative. The dry list sounds like an observation of surroundings in the present before they’ve dripped into the past. The succession of facts is more like the cuts of the video or the scratches in the plastic than the formation and deformation of the shapes and blobs that darken the projector’s light.

Queens International 2016 fills a narrow suite of galleries. Downey’s video plays near one of the openings where the show flows into the Museum’s lobby, and at the opposite end there’s an installation by Golnaz Esmaili. A video tracks her meandering movement in a field of dirt, littered with garbage and new plant life. The footage is stilted—stills played in rapid succession. Around the edge of the digital projection there are outlines of pink, green, and blue, the edges of squares of color that faintly filter the footage. They’re cast by an analog projector that marks time with its old clicks. Along the wall, below the two projector beams that share a destination on the wall, lie

three prints in resin. They're made from photograms of the plants that Esmaili found amid the rubbish and the dirt and laid on paper that darkened around their opacity. The resin is thickly gelatinous. The ridges of its slightly uneven edges preserve its former viscosity.

Downey's and Esmaili's work, like that of several other artists in *Queens International 2016*, touch on themes of forgetting and recovering, of memory bleeding into the present and withdrawing from it. I'm listening to Downey's voice through headphones that can't mute the music coming from the Museum's big central gallery. It used to be an ice rink and its recessed floor recalls that origin but now it's more like an agora, a public gathering space simulated indoors. It's an unseasonably warm spring day and mariachi bands are performing for a small and happy audience. Their music fills the whole Museum. It's louder in my ears than Downey's soft insistent voice. It's a reminder of the Museum's double-sided role in the communities it serves, affirming familiar cultures and introducing new ones. At an end of the Museum, around the corner from Esmaili's installation, there's a relief map of the New York City watershed, which shows how water passes through the surface of the Earth and comes back up to it—how water gets from sky to spigot. It maps the contact of two entities, one diffusely fluid and the other more solid and particular—like a culture and a museum, like *International and Queens*.

Brian Droitcour is an associate editor at *Art in America*. His writing has appeared in *Parkett*, *Spike*, *DIS magazine*, *Rhizome*, *Artforum*, and other publications. He edited *The Animated Reader: Poetry of Surround Audience*, an anthology published by the New Museum in conjunction with its 2015 Triennial.

A Distant Memory Being Recalled (Queens Teens Respond)

Jasmine Cabrera

I always tend to think back to the memories created in the past.
The good ones and the bad ones.
You tend to forget certain little details and wonder if they would make a difference or not,
Then you realize it doesn't.
It adds on to the mystery of the missing memory piece.
As you try to put the pieces together you then wonder why you did remember those certain parts.
Were they more important than the other pieces you had forgotten?

I always tend to think back to the memories created in the past.
Thinking back to the good memories puts a grin on my face,
Wishing you could go back and relive it.
I get to replay them over and over again and if I'm lucky someone might even ask me about it,
Which makes the memory even better.

I always tend to think back to the memories created in the past.
Going back to the bad memories is risky,
You end up remembering things you actually don't want to recall.
Sometimes a good memory could have changed into a bad one due to certain situations,
Which makes memories dangerous.

This piece was written in response to Golnaz Esmaili's installation, *Untitled* (2016).

Jasmine Cabrera is a senior at Gramercy Arts High School, and is a vital member of Queens Teens, Queens Museum's nationally recognized youth leadership and career development program. For *Queens International 2016*, she has assisted and participated in projects with Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin and Mohammed Fayaz.

Overhead: A Response to Kerry Downey's *Fishing with Angela*

Wendy Tronrud

My first year of teaching high school in the Bronx, in addition to being a crash course in the art of teaching and learning, taught me all about the overhead projector. I remember one such experience with the overhead quite clearly: I had copied a section of text with which I planned on modeling annotation in real time with my students. They had the text in front of them, and I had it in front of me on the overhead. We had gone over three guidelines for how to tackle annotations: Circle unknown or interesting words, underline any sentences or parts of sentences that seem important, ask questions and make summary notes in the margins of the text. The plan was to give students time to do some annotation work in pairs, and then we would do the annotation as a whole class with them guiding me on the overhead. Everyone would then add to their annotations as various class members contributed. Not a terrible plan for a first-year teacher, but for some reason, on just that day, the overhead decided it had a mind of its own.

As my students called out the various words they had circled and the aspects of the text about which they had posed questions, and I made the appropriate markings, the focus on the overhead began to change. Suddenly, it would zoom, and then, in trying to fix it, I wouldn't be able to get the focus back to normal. With my students beginning to chuckle and get distracted, and me not wanting the lesson to fail and not knowing how to alter it on the spot, I kept going with or without clear focus. As the overhead continually moved its projection, abstracting certain parts of the text or my nervous underlinings or scribbles, I could hear myself talking through the process, pretending nothing unusual was happening in an attempt to keep my students on task. I now imagine my students' experience of this overhead debacle. The dark classroom, the unruly overhead distorting my annotations and projecting all of my attempts at refocusing, my hands casting shadows and obscuring the text in the process. The neat legibility that I had hoped for, complete control of "student learning", opened up to another experience that I only further facilitated because I didn't know how to stop it.

Kerry Downey's performance, *Fishing with Angela* (2016), has nothing to do with my first-year teacher ineptness, but it does have to do with the lining out of a pedagogical experience and relationship, in part through the overhead projector. Sitting in the audience of Downey's performance at Queens Museum on May 22, 2016, the memory of my last experience with the overhead shocked itself back into my view. It was thus somehow comforting watching Downey, in full control of the work on the overhead's surface. The performance was structured by a double-channel projection, the right side a film projection of Downey's mentor, artist Angela Dufresne, and the left side projections of Downey's own work on the overhead. The film of Dufresne, shot by Downey, takes place during a fishing trip that the two artists take together. Dufresne talks about her relationship to fishing, and we see her hands working with the fishing tackle. During the performance at Queens Museum, Downey used water, or other props, to draw out Dufresne's gestures, shadowing or reinstating Dufresne's own movements that we could see happening on the right. Part mimicry and, of course, something that achieves its own level of abstracted form, *Fishing with Angela* layers various kinds of pedagogical complexity. Absent in the actual film of Dufresne, Downey reacts and responds aloud at times during the performance, filling in the conversation that perhaps we, in the audience, do not see happening in the original setting. It is also possible that Downey's verbal reactions and responses are more like commentary, foot- or sidenotes, reflections on the relationship we see obliquely documented before us.

A signal to Downey's own relationship to Dufresne, the overhead interestingly doubles the role of teacher in this piece. The choice of the overhead technology complicates the line between left- and right-projected image, between mentor and mentee. Downey, as student, performs or mimics the teacher; Downey, as teacher, instructs the audience on Dufresne's own painterly practice and, in the process, performs their own.

On the way out of class that day, one of my students lingered behind to ask me if I had ever used an overhead projector before. He then proceeded to turn it back on and show me how it was done. It worked perfectly.

Wendy Tronrud is a writer and educator who currently teaches in the English department at Queens College, CUNY and is a Writing Associate at Cooper Union. After receiving her Masters in Teaching from Bard

College in 2008, she taught Humanities at Fannie Lou Hamer Freedom High School in the Bronx, NY. She is now pursuing a doctorate degree in American literature at the CUNY Graduate Center.

Sweat, Leaks, Holes: Crossing the Threshold

Wendy Vogel

It's 1pm and the temperature is 90 degrees. My apartment feels even hotter. After a shower, I throw on a sleeveless shirt and baggy cutoffs and run out the door.

It's 1:06pm and I'm cursing softly, waiting for the bus on a blazing stretch of sidewalk without a single tree or overhang. The leather on my sandals is stretching because of the heat.

It's 1:12pm and I sigh with relief as I plop onto a bus seat. Water from my still-damp hair mingles with sweat and sunscreen, cooling me down too quickly under the turbo-charged air conditioning. I feel eyes on my bare skin and pull a sweater tight around me. I try to look straight ahead as the bus lurches through various neighborhoods—industrial Maspeth, Elmhurst, Flushing. The bus fills up. I feel nauseous. I can't stop sweating.

Merriam-Webster defines “threshold,” the thematic umbrella of *Queens International 2016*, as “the point or level at which something begins or changes.” A better definition, sourced from the Oxford English Dictionary: “the magnitude or intensity that must be exceeded for a certain reaction, phenomenon, result, or condition to occur or be manifested.” Consumerist messages are constantly telegraphed to female-identified bodies that they are excessive—too big, too sexy, too hairy, too loud. Despite my feminist convictions, I feel excessive, blistered, wrung-out as I enter Queens Museum.

I watch Kerry Downey's *A Third Space* (2014–16), an animated video of cutout shapes and liquid substances moving across an overhead projector. A voiceover considers the mechanisms of desire and moments of recent biopolitical history, from the first “test-tube baby” to photographer Robert Mapplethorpe's 1990 exhibition at the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati. A phrase sticks in my head: “one thousand openings from which I might leak.” A leak may be an ejaculation, poisoning, tears, snot: an uncontrollable suffusion of self into the world.

In the next room, Kate Gilmore's video *Beat It* (2014) depicts a celebration of female excess. Offscreen the artist pounds her way, kicking and punching, into the frame, through layers of drywall

printed with the title phrase. As she enters the frame, she throws pieces of the battered drywall atop a shelf through which the camera points, making a mess to make herself seen.

Near Downey's video is Melanie McLain's *Prepersonal* (2016). The partitioned, cubicle-like installation feels at once intimate and clinical. Featuring various compartments where one might place a body, the main attraction is an iPad video that shows dancers enacting simple movements near modern office furniture. A scratching-like soundtrack intends to evoke autonomous sensory meridian response (ASMR), a type of auditory-tactile synesthesia resulting in tingling feelings when hearing soft sounds, such as whispering.

When ASMR was defined in 2010, the word "meridian" was favored over "orgasm" in an attempt to sanitize a pleasure practice that might seem vulgar. Online ASMR videos, operating somewhere between therapy and erotic service, are produced widely (though not exclusively) by female-identified people. As a non-"tingler," I find myself physically embarrassed by these videos. I recoil as I observe these baby-voiced, slow-speaking ASMR performers whispering, smacking their lips, holding their fingers to the camera, drumming upon surfaces. I try to imagine the mixture of gratification and awkwardness McLain's work might incite in a tingler.

How does *Queens International 2016* exceed the threshold of aesthetic disinterestedness? This is one way of approaching the exhibition. From McLain's work to spontaneous laughter elicited by the Janks Archive to empathy derived from Freya Powell's sound piece *Omniscience and Oblivion* (2015), this show attempts to direct viewers inward and beyond themselves.

Wendy Vogel is an independent art writer and occasional curator based in Brooklyn. A former editor at *Art in America*, *Modern Painters* and *Flash Art*, she has contributed to *Artforum.com*, *Art Review*, *frieze* and *Rhizome*, among other publications.

PULSE: On Jonah Groeneboer's *The Potential in Waves Colliding*

Svetlana Kitto

I don't want to be on this planet. I want to live on a cobweb in the Unisphere. I want to get off at Willets Point and walk and walk and not go anywhere and then find myself full of flowers. Dwarfed like Beirut by the Western billboards or laid out abject and tender on a queer planet by Jonah. Where the truth is being told about a place, about what it's like to fucking live here. I want to think about this for a second.

I remember going to touch my lover's hand. I wanted to get tangled up in her. She said: We can't be gay on this block. Wait.

It's the feeling of forgetting what our job is for a second. Remember, we don't exist. It's the feeling of, Oh, we can't be us here. But we have places we can go, right? Besides this bed. Like the small, intimate space of a gay club. Flung up into the corner of the world. You might miss it if you weren't looking for it, the security guard said about Jonah's thread and string. It's hard to photograph, it's hard to see, it's hard to encounter. It's so beautiful. Well, but we know about it. The gay club. As soon as we know ourselves, we know about it. We have always known about it. How did anyone even know we were here? You would have to know about it to know about it. How do you kill 49 of something that doesn't exist?

In order to call it homophobia, you have to think those people are people. You have to have thought about them before. Their experience. The way gay marriage disappears us into you. The way we lose our specificity and our desire and our vulnerability. The way we think this makes us safe. We have never been less safe. The way we keep hiding out or coming out or being just like you. And get killed anyway.

To be abject. To be tangled up in that string. Let me think about this for a second.

Svetlana Kitto is a writer. Her fiction & nonfiction have been featured in *Salon*, *VICE*, *Art21*, *Plenitude Magazine*, the *New York Observer*, and the book *Occupy*. She is at work on a novel called *Purvs*, which means "swamp" in Latvian, and is the name of the country's first gay club. This

winter she was Danspace Project's Writer-in-Residence for *Platform 2016: A Body in Places*. She co-curates the reading and performance series *Adult Contemporary* in NYC.

Interview: Melanie McLain and Alina Tenser

Excerpted from a conversation between Melanie McLain and Alina Tenser, participating artists in *Queens International 2016*

Alina Tenser:

I thought it would be a good idea for you and I to have a conversation for the Queens Museum catalog, in part because we've known each other for a while and our work matured together in a way. In the *Queens International 2016* there are these wonderful parallels in the kinds of sculptural installation work we are presenting, the way it gets activated through performance and there's video included as well.

Melanie McLain:

I feel like I've been thinking a lot about that too, about making sculptures in relation to the body, and our conversations about this kind of production in grad school.

AT:

Well, maybe we can start there, start at the body because I think that's perhaps the best indicator of where our practices begin, through body knowledge. Maybe somewhat differently from each other, but I know for me, starting graduate school and having a baby kind of informed this idea of a body, that's not a figurative body, but a body from within, like a mass. That was a very surreal place for me to start the sculpture, with this concept of body mass. Do you want to talk about your knowledge of the body and how it informs your work?

MM:

I think my knowledge of the body comes a lot from when I was younger, being a gymnast. When I quit being a gymnast, I was constantly looking for something to fill that void, that way of activating my body. That's coupled with the fact that I'm highly sensitive to anything body related and interested in how we sense some of the smallest movements. In the acrobatics that I do now, that becomes really important, feeling the slightest shift in your hand or your toes or your fingers. I've been thinking about how these small shifts actually inform knowledge and how we process information, which has led to the presence of the body in my work.

AT:

One of the questions I wanted to ask you was about the presence of the trained body, whether dancers or gymnasts, in your performance

work. Bodies that have a similar knowledge to what you just spoke about.

MM:

I have recently found that I really like working with both dancers and acrobats in a single performance, combining these two different styles of body knowledge. Yet, both disciplines share an understanding of the body that is similar to my own. When I am prepping performers, one of the things I talk to them a lot about is getting inside their own body and feeling, thinking about touch or how their own body is responding to a space or to another person in the audience. With trained performers, they already share that awareness and sensitivity. I also wanted to ask about your own approach to performance, how does the shift between your video work and live performance change in relationship to your objects?

AT:

In the videos, which I've been making for a while, I use green screen as a way to fragment. In the performative work, it's very similar logic, but all of it is revealed, there's no green screen, but I always have a reference to this screen. There's always a sense of what is in front of and behind in the environment for the live performances, referencing public and private space and experience, experiencing yourself in public and private. The capacity for fragmenting and feeling is important in the way I use video, I use it as a tool to focus, to show a detail of an object. So I can show myself holding something, perhaps a fragment of an object, without giving away too much. I can focus or emphasize a handle without showing what it's attached to. That's a frustrating thing in sculpture, since you can't really bring focus in that way. In sculpture, everything is in front of you.

MM:

I'm wondering if you could talk more about how the transition from performance behind the camera into live performance came about?

AT:

Sure. I think when we were in school together, one thing that would often come up with sculpture was autonomy, the autonomous object. While I like thinking about autonomy, I don't fully believe it. I know an object has conditions, I know that these things are dependent on their materiality and they're dependent on their maker. My videos are a nod to this consideration of autonomy. They're denying any sort of tethering to me, to architecture, to the structures that hold object details up behind the green screen. With performance I felt that I was

acknowledging the other side of this autonomy, that these things are incredibly tethered and that tethering is important and fragile. That was the pull to do performance. In the *Queens International* show, the proximity of this video – *Chances* (2015) – to the performance set – *Selections From Sports Closet* (2015) – shows this relationship between concealment and reveal. The performative set and performance reveal the action and outcome of that action that is hidden by the green screen in the projected video, where the fabric cut outs are falling repetitively. In the video, they just keep falling, they keep cascading and they almost read like a neon sign or like signage. They're continuous and they're without end. Whereas in the performance, they fall and they remain on the ground. In the performance there is a certain type of failure that feels final, the pieces don't circle back around in a loop. This is the first time I've shown these two pieces together that were created around the same time, it's exciting to have the works take on the idea of autonomy in such close proximity to one another.

MM:

I've been thinking about how the sculptural sets work in your performances, how they literally unfold, with different compartments opening up to reveal other surfaces. This reveal feels like it has a very specific relationship to your videos and the kind of untetheredness to an object you were referencing.

AT:

Yeah, I think of these things unfolding like a silent sentence, like a silent logic. It's actually in a way quite linear. This part unfolds, then this transforms, this folds back up, this falls, etc. A lot of the visual language in the performance takes reference from magic tricks and early childhood development educational videos, slow and steady visual sequences that often don't provide language or very minimal language. The work is about noticing and acknowledging transformation.

MM:

And I think it's very successful at that.

AT:

To segue into your piece in the *Queens International*, it seems like for this work you've begun developing sculptural surfaces in a different way than I've seen in your previous constructions. It seems more

playful, very personal, maybe less informed by industrial design. I was wondering how you arrived at these new surfaces? Which came first in your process, the structure or the surfaces?

MM:

I thought a lot about the new kinds of surfaces you're referring to when I was conceiving *Prepersonal* (2016); the silicone casted form on top of the shelf and the kind of grooves in the back wall that are covered in a resin. Lately I had been making a lot of big work and one of the struggles I kept having with these very large pieces was trying to build an architectural structure that could support bodies in a very short amount of time. I was always hoping to have time to incorporate some of the more tactile details, but the clock always ran out. So for this piece, I consciously decided to work smaller so that I can have the opportunity to focus more on some of the more detailed moments. For the last several years I've been doing a lot with silicone and thinking about grips and grooves and places to lean the body on, but they were all just these small material tests that never made their way into the finished sculptures. I knew I wanted this kind of tactile shelf that would draw the viewer in to get closer, touch the work, and watch the video. However, the structure still came first, it's always a part of my thinking about how the viewer is relating to other people in the space, and how the sculpture can influence that in some way. So the idea for the panels that come out from the wall to create a cubby was something that was very prominent in the piece from the beginning.

AT:

There's something about *Prepersonal* that sits somewhere between therapy and education. I was thinking about the experience of encountering a type of Braille, or a therapeutic Braille, and a keyboard. In Montessori schools, one of the staple educational tools is a box with many different types of fabric, sandpaper, things that have a variety of textures. It's such a simple thing, but the children are really attracted to it as a learning tool.

MM:

That makes sense, because I feel like I still do that.

AT:

In past works of yours that I've seen, you've been influenced by the aesthetics of the spa or locker room. This one at the Queens Museum was a little different and I was curious about what kind of space may have guided your aesthetic for *Prepersonal*?

MM:

Right. For this one I've been looking a lot more at interior furniture design and office spaces. I was thinking about cubicles and waiting rooms and how, and you mentioned this as well in relation to your own work, we distinguish between public and private. I'm interested in these spaces that create a private moment within a public setting, so it almost creates a sense of safety or security while still in public view. I knew I wanted to make something that could give a person a sense of individual space, making the experience of watching the video on the iPad a personal interaction for one at a time, with their peripheral vision blocked by the privacy dividers. But then I also knew that I still wanted parts of them exposed to other visitors, so you can still see their back when they are watching.

AT:

Yeah, I think by delineating space even the smallest bit, such as the the divides on a subway platform or on a bench between seats, there is a certain sense of privacy, a prompt to behave differently than if the divide wasn't there. I'm also reminded of the experience of going to an ATM, and the construction of a one-on-one moment when you're using the machine, a private moment.

MM:

I think that's also how our work connects, because your screen is very much that mediating object. The folding screen operates and moves between you and the audience in your performance *Selections From Sports Closet* and there are moments of partial visibility and invisibility. Do you want to say more about the function of public and private moments in your work?

AT:

Well, the notion of public and private, is very important for me in thinking about my personal life. When I look back at works, I often think that they're autobiographical. For *Selections From Sports Closet*, I was referencing a kind of closeted domestic life and the way self-care, or self improvement gets spliced with domestic chores and repetitive actions. In creating this performance, I wanted every movement to be a repetitive action, similar to exercise reps, but ones that involved more domestic things like climbing a step ladder, changing a light bulb, unfolding something like an ironing board. In the end, the object unfolds as much as it can, and there's a bit of a mess left over.

Personal Space

Esa Nickle

Prepersonal (2016) is the sculpture and *Self-Extension Roll* (2016) is the performance employing or inspired by the sculpture by Melanie McLain within the group exhibition *Queens International 2016*. The performance—semi-durational—was a timed event running for two hours on a busy Saturday afternoon at Queens Museum.

The sculpture by McLain is a delicate affair reminiscent of a futuristic bathroom stall where there is no toilet or sink but only a convenient ledge for an iPad, rendered in tactile materials, smooth surfaces, and soothing hues that call to mind flesh, milk, and areola. Three women performers, Ze'eva Berman, Katie Dean, and Phoebe Osborne, dressed in pants and t-shirts in the same muted hues of pink, red, and yellow as the sculpture, each took their turn inside *Prepersonal*, hanging from a steel towel rack, rubbing their bodies on a textured surface on the wall, or reaching through a hole in the partition to the other side where there might be a visitor watching a video on an iPad with whom they make unbroken but noncommittal eye contact. Each performer brought distinctly different airs to their performance—Osborne the slightly pained or paranoid, Berman the sulky pre-teen, and Dean the burdened space traveler. Because they first appear one at a time in the sculpture, the second and third performers are kind of a surprise when they turn up—as if the sculpture is a replication machine. On exiting the sculpture and gallery space they would then each lurk with excellent posture and grace nearby and in the lobby of the Museum. The lurking had several modes, invading the personal space of visitors by getting really close or following them around in the same noncommittal way as the staring, inexplicably doing yoga poses and handstands in the lobby, or reclining, sitting, and otherwise slow-motion climbing on steps and other objects.

During the performance, the artist mentions to me autonomous sensory meridian response (ASMR)—the name for the very intimate enjoyment of the tiniest of sounds coined in 2010 and often sexualized as the “brain orgasm.” This contemporary phenomenon, made diagnosable by the Internet through videos, audio tracks, and discussion groups, is well tackled here by McLain. The video on the iPad is essentially an ASMR piece—the movements of the same performers set against flat planes to the tune of fingernails tapping on plastic, the ticking of a tiny clock, and the scratching of skin on a wall

—the repetition, the level gazes, slow moving and soft barefoot steps, skulking closely into one’s personal space both in the video and live. The colors, the surfaces, the ASMR references, and the three women performers gave the sculpture and performance a distinctly feminine and slightly creepy sci-fi spin, like a good Margaret Atwood short story.

Esa Nickle joined the Performa team in May 2005 to launch the Performa biennial. She oversees the cultivation of an extended network of over 70 international co-commissioning and touring relationships and in 2013 piloted the international Pavilion Without Walls program for the biennial with Norway and Poland. Esa also curates food and music projects and has co-curated several large-scale music programs including “White Noise” at White Box and “Music for 16 Noise Intoners” featuring performances by Blixa Bargeld, John Butcher, and Joan La Barbara.

Data, the Social Being, and the Social Network

Ravi Chandra

“The opiate of the half-enlightened masses in the digital era is information, data, ‘the math’ – impersonal, unarguable, but nonetheless mysterious numbers that promise to turn our messiest and most intractable problems into sudoku puzzles...Knowledge is always better than superstition. But more often the cult of data, abetted by the culture of opinion, seeks a shortcut around difficulty.”

—A. O. Scott, *Better Living Through Criticism*

We are so much more than our genome, connectome (our neural connections), and what we might call our datome, our cloud of clicks, likes, Instagram uploads, and Facebook shares. What’s at stake in the drive to data is this greater selfhood, altered by the allures of technology. The self is more boundless, fluid, and wonderfully wabi-sabi than data is. Trying to fit the self into a device is like trying to squeeze an elephant into a thimble. It can’t be done, and much life is lost trying. Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin’s *KZ* (2016), a sculptural work disguised as the 2116 discovery of a fossilized iPhone miraculously still repeating its function, reminds me of both the thrills of technology and how it is ultimately only a distant artifact and distorted reflection of our humanity. An iPhone trilling a datome in a future rock draws our sympathy to the magnificent, hopeful, vital, vulnerable, and perhaps lost beings that once created and used it.

Much has been written about how our devices can distract or even degrade us. Nicholas Carr (*The Shallows: What the Internet Is Doing to Our Brains*) discusses how Internet reading erodes the literary mind, that immersive, meditative state we enter when reading a physical book, with a spine we crack and pages we turn. As a psychiatrist, I’m concerned with the social being, our self as it is composed in relationship, whose chief aim is love and nurturance, rooted in the bond between mother and baby and which is inextricably linked to our survival and success as a species. Its only rival is language and its antecedent, thought. Technology has amplified communication, and it may in fact be vital as the world shrinks and we must become more aware of how we affect each other and the Earth. However, the social being, our capacity for love and compassion, has not kept pace with technology, thought, and language.

We can point to many heartwarming examples of connection and empathy expressed through technology, but we can give just as many instances of the other side: disinhibited, sadistic trolling on Twitter and comments sections, particularly against women; online political polarization; and public shaming, bullying, and other oppressions directed at our most vulnerable. Just pick up Nancy Jo Sales' *American Girls: Social Media and the Secret Lives of Teenagers* for a look at the pervasive dark side of sharing online. The mind, language, and technological potentials are seemingly infinite, but the body, with its need and capacity for touch, love, and care, is finite and requires physical proximity and proximal experience for effect.

I suppose what we need now is some kind of technology to transmit heart. I've often thought that if you could somehow transmit the warm, wordless connection that can happen in the space between us, between parent and child, between friends, between lovers, between a doctor and a patient, then all problems and conflicts would melt before its power. The challenge of our day is to make sure we're all receptive to such transmissions, because they are in fact occurring all around us. My bias is that we are biologically wired for creating these receptors and transmissions only in the time-honored, face-to-face way. So any technology that takes us away from our hearts, the gritty, complicated, and difficult reality of relationship grounded in the real world, is doomed to either fail—or destroy us. Without the face, without touch, without energetic and spiritual presence, we cannot hope to ply one another toward compassion and the wisdom of interdependence.

So far, only art has had the capacity to transmit empathy at a distance. So only art, like *KZ*, and art in the medium of relationship—call it love—can be the corrective to the sirens of our data-driven, Silicon dream.

Ravi Chandra is a psychiatrist and writer in San Francisco, California. His book in progress explores the psychology of social networks through a Buddhist lens. Details and a newsletter are available at www.RaviChandraMD.com.

Responses from Mechanical Turk

I find the images a little sad to look at. Mostly because the primary action contained in the task makes little sense, or does it? Is there a correlation between naivete and a willingness to undertake tasks which reveal physical identity for a pittance? It would take a lot more to get me in front of a camera. My anonymity on a platform like Mturk is very important to me, as a college educated individual with a decent career. My activities on Mturk are restricted to free time, and can not overlap with my actual life in this manner.

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I am surprised by the demographics displayed by the pictures. Until extremely recently, registration has been closed to those outside of the United States yet these pictures are almost all foreigners. Some foreigners were able to set up accounts long ago, but the percentage of them is quite small so it is surprising to see them dominating in the pictures. I am also surprised by the large groups of people shown in the pictures. Most of the Turkers I am familiar with either live alone or with a single partner. It is obviously nearly impossible to support a family via Mechanical Turk so seeing these large families participating in a HIT seems strange. Finally, I am surprised you were able to get Turkers to create multiple large signs. Materials are not free and the signs are quite large. At the very least, these signs require sacrificing a large sheet. I, for example, would not complete this task for 25 dollars since it would require me to purchase/create 2 large signs and find a huge group of people to hold it up with me. All in all, I have some serious doubts that these are actual pictures of Mechanical Turk workers and that this is not just a part of some experiment.

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Would I have done the survey? No. Because I don't own a camera or a cell phone or know how to post or send pictures. If I did, well sure I would have done that because \$25 is an incredible amount to make on mturk. Mturk is not a great paying job. I work on it seven days a week from the time I get up until I go to bed. I only take breaks to eat, sleep, walk the dog, or do a little house cleaning. I make between \$300-400 a month. For as many hours as I work it, it's very little money. Mturk is my only income because I don't qualify for disability. So I am very grateful for mturk because it gives me a chance to make money. It's hard. I work 7 days a week all day and never have time to do anything else. I take off an hour or two a few nights a week to watch favorite tv

shows, but being so poor I feel I have to do it all the time. It seems like all I do is worry. I get sad and depressed constantly over how hard our life is, how we don't have things we need, I sneak off to the bathroom and cry sometimes when I watch my daughter and son-in-law sitting in front of the tv watching the endless food and restaurant commercials with wistful looks on their faces. When you're a parent, you want to take care of your kid, and I feel like such a failure that I can't.

Christmas time is the worst time for us, there's no money for presents or a tree or special food, and the tv commercials and shows are endless showing people enjoying those things. I hate Christmas, because it's a month long of feeling sad and depressed over how deprived we are and how I can't make it any better. Mturk is the only thing I can do to make our lives better. I devote myself to scraping the pages of hits trying to find something to do, and doing it well so requestors will be happy with my work. I have done over 175,000 hits in the last four years, and my approval rating is 99.8%. So you could say Mturk has saved my life, because it has helped me try to survive in really hard times. Those of us on the other side of the screen are people trying to survive, and doing whatever we can to do it. God bless you, me, and all the mturkers out there. It's a hard life sometimes, but it's the one we've been given, and we all just try to make the best of it. I hope you have a wonderful day!

A1SRI5PDX6WB9B

The majority seem to be of Indian workers. It feels weird seeing their pictures when the same Hit must have been available to people all over the world. You offered a decent pay for the work. Mechanical Turk isn't always fair as far as the pay is concerned. We expect a minimum wage of a dollar for ten minutes spent attempting a task. Often, we are asked to find emails/information and, if we can't locate one after spending five to ten minutes, are required to return the Hit. This is ludicrous! Our time has no value! The effort doesn't count unless you show results and work. To end, I'm a Master Worker, with proven track record, yet am ineligible for most of the better paying jobs only because I'm a non-US worker. My language skills aren't awful; I understand English better than my native language. I hope a day dawns when people are judged on their skills, not on their color or geo-location.

A1FHS282JP487T

Some of the Requester's are very good. They pay us decent and some more requester's pay us more than worth, but those hits will finish like in seconds. Like hunger people wait for some good bread in the desert

place.

A122E99M2DQY1G

On a good note, the age group in these picture are quite young (except two -three pictures) and also inclusion of young female is evident and healthy as considering female participation is quite low in economic activities in the third world countries. Cheap labor has always been at the core of any industrial revolution, you can take an example of industrial revolution in Europe of 18th and 19th centuries, this was fueled by new inventions by Europeans and cheap labors from European colonies. The new age of information has similarity to the industrial revolution of Europe and cheap labor will be again at the core of inventions and progress. So far cheap labor from countries like India has fueled the economy of USA with use of doctors, engineers and skilled workers from India and India has also benefited from it. I am hopeful to see the living standard of these people will rise and mutually beneficial to all.

A3L10WVX5JWWB1

These people appear generally content with their assignment. You can see some smiles and half-smiles. Maybe they don't know the significance of the "naïve/evian" distinction; perhaps to them it means nothing. Perhaps they see only the shining monetary reward at the end of each HIT. Or perhaps they are participating in a more grand, more magnificent social experiment in which we are all taking part. All of us are gifted with the smorgasbord of options which we call "life." Your life is laid out before you with an astonishing array of branches of interlocking options before you: one choice leads to another branch of choices, and so on, until you die. Perhaps it is after death that we will begin to see what this is all about. It is possible that the Hindus in these photos understand the grand social experiment better than the rest of us. Each moment, each second, you have a choice to do or not do something. What mind-boggling series of choices led these groups of people to hold these signs and stand for a photograph? Does the quantity of options soar toward infinity? Again, these are questions that can only be answered, if at all, upon our ascension to our greater reward....

A1GZOEMTN2KYDA

"Respect is earned, not given" can be read on one of the girl's shirt. So true. And yet there she is, posing for an absurd picture to earn a few dollars. No smiles seems to be the unspoken rule. The background is dirty, busy and honest. All of a sudden, the background changes and

there you have an All-American family posing in their backyard. Kids contribute with the fresh perspective. They are not aligned, they smile and dare to turn their faces away from the camera. They know this is absurd and are enjoying it. And back to India. Despite the dual tone I perceive the background as green and colorful. Picturesque. The "EVIAN" side is stained by the word on the flip side. Like life itself.

Why is nobody smiling yet?

A1LI3P63MMNNEF

Eileen Maxson prompted workers on Mechanical Turk to review her piece evian is naive spelled backwards, a work, in turn, comprised of worker portraits from the same site. For their responses, workers were tasked with writing 200 words in response to the project. Workers were encouraged to share their thoughts on the images, overall task, fair compensation, anonymity, and their personal experiences with the site. The pay for this HIT was \$2.50 per response. Workers published in this catalogue received an additional "bonus" payment of \$6.50, which increased their total compensation to \$9.00, New York City's current minimum wage.

"Amazon Mechanical Turk is a marketplace for work that requires human intelligence. The Mechanical Turk service gives businesses access to a diverse, on-demand, scalable workforce and gives Workers a selection of thousands of tasks to complete whenever it's convenient.

Amazon Mechanical Turk is based on the idea that there are still many things that human beings can do much more effectively than computers, such as identifying objects in a photo or video, performing data de-duplication, transcribing audio recordings, or researching data details. Traditionally, tasks like this have been accomplished by hiring a large temporary workforce (which is time consuming, expensive, and difficult to scale) or have gone undone." mturk.com/mturk/welcome

MAPS, DNA, AND SPAM

Amanda Ryan

I.

A semordnilap is a word, phrase, or sentence that, when spelled backwards, conveys a new meaning, formed from the inversion of its more symmetrical linguistic cousin, the palindrome. Palindromes read the same forwards and backwards, forming an endless loop.

Semordnilap similarly doubles back on itself, demonstrating its own definition. Read right to left and “lived” becomes “devil”; to record the passage of “time” is to “emit.” There is subversive delight in the duplicity of a semordnilap that, when paired with its mirror image in a palindromic phrase,¹ produces unexpected new synapses. Play a record backwards and you might hear satanic verses. Even our DNA contains palindromic sequences: Two strands form a mirror image that can be read in either direction.

II.

The title of Eileen Maxson’s work *evian is naive spelled backwards* (2015) refers to a quote from the cult classic film *Reality Bites* (1994), which depicts a group of recent college grads muddling their way through jobs and relationships. Lelaina, the protagonist, is a filmmaker who struggles between making art that is true to her ideals and giving in to crass commercialization and a comfortable living.

Too broke to buy food, the group of friends goes on a junk food shopping spree at a gas station using Lelaina’s gas card (paid for by her dad). As they’re about to pay, Lelaina’s friend Vickie shares her realization about the expensive water’s name. They buy it anyway and dance. The minimum-wage clerk looks on with a mixture of contempt and embarrassment.

III.

For *evian is naive spelled backwards*, Maxson commissioned a series of group portraits on Amazon’s crowdsourced microtasking marketplace, Mechanical Turk (aka MTurk). Maxson asked participants to paint the semordnilap EVIAN/NAIVE on either side of a large cloth, taking one photo displaying the word “EVIAN” and a second with the word “NAIVE.”

MTurk is an open marketplace where employers can post jobs for independent contractors, often with durations of less than twenty minutes for pay in the range of \$2-\$3 an hour. All parties remain

strictly anonymous throughout the transaction, each identified by a random string of letters and numbers. Touted as the future of work, MTurk provides a model for an unrestricted global labor market that allows employers to find workers at any time, in any place, for any amount of pay, and for any amount of time, no matter how small, which some say effectively eliminates worker protections.²

IV.

evian is naive spelled backwards subverts this sacrosanct rule of anonymity on MTurk, compelling the workers to take a photo specifically for this project as proof of their veracity. However, a sizable percentage of the submissions are random—an arrangement of spoons, a Ferrari in a desert, a tube of toothpaste, a jellyfish, and a blurred photo of Barbara Walters posing with the cast of Jersey Shore (an attempt at something resembling the requested group photo). The images are the epitome of crassly commercial imagery, not chosen for any particular reason but submitted in hopes of gaming the system (on the off-chance that their work will not be reviewed by a human). Rather than exposing their individual identities, subjecting their bodies to vulnerability, they opt instead to send spam in a cynical bid for financial gain in an exploitative marketplace.

The work hinges on Maxson's struggle to reconcile the film's *evian/naive* scene—is it possible to exist and create art according to one's principles in an indifferent market, or should we just give up and buy the water? Are the spammers right to be cynical? Is it naive for workers to expose their bodies to the violence of the marketplace? This produces an unresolvable tension in the work, that of striving to make a work that transcends the dictates of a particular market, while still participating in that market to produce said work. The work sticks on this contradiction, cycling between the poles of idealism and cynicism, folding back in on itself like a palindrome.

1. Placed side by side, a semordnilap and its inverse will always form a palindromic phrase, "lived devil"

2. For more background on MTurk, also see Moshe Z. Marvit, "How Crowdworkers Became the Ghosts in the Digital Machine," *The Nation*, February 5, 2014, accessed June 12, 2016, <http://www.thenation.com/article/how-crowdworkers-became-ghosts-digital-machine>; and Glenn Fleischman, "Turks of the World, Unite!" *The Economist*, May 24, 2011, accessed June 12, 2016, http://www.economist.com/blogs/babbage/2011/05/repetitive_tasks.

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Queens Internacional 2016

Kiyoto Koseki

Durante mi visita al Museo de Queens la semana pasada, entré al Panorama de la Ciudad de Nueva York donde me uní con un grupo de visitantes chinos de mayor edad. Caminando alrededor del modelo a escala, noté que el punto más congestionado del camino ofrecía la vista más clara del mismo edificio que ocupábamos, justo a un lado del famoso Unisphere, aquí reducido al tamaño de una pelota de golf. Al reconocer el monumento, contemplé la estúpida posibilidad de encontrarme allí en miniatura. En realidad, la ciudad de madera y plástico está desierta, pero el impulso de ubicarse dentro de ella llena una posición simultáneamente interna y extracorpórea.

Al otro lado del museo, el *Queens Internacional 2016* reproduce una dualidad semejante con una instalación de obras contemporáneas que evoca una presentación arqueológica. La prístina selección de artefactos de la civilización Queensense propone una visión del presente visto desde una larga distancia. Tapices, murales, relieves y rollos crípticos rodean fósiles sintéticos y cuevas con proyectores digitales. Un candelero en figura de un anj retorcido sostiene un ícono de aluminio con la imagen de un meme en la pared. Pero en lugar de una devoción religiosa, la pequeña reliquia refleja preocupación con formas de obsolescencia diseñada y la creciente profesionalización del ocio. Éste, como muchos de los trabajos en la exposición, sirve para evidenciar tercos esfuerzos de encontrar sustancia en los supuestos márgenes de sistemas industriales y sociales dominantes.

This piece was written in response to the larger exhibition, with a special focus on Sylvia Hardy's *Tommy* (2015).

Kiyoto Koseki is an artist currently based in New York. His work has recently been presented at Galleria Massimodeluca in Venice, Aoyama Meguro in Tokyo, American Medium in Brooklyn, and the Centro Cultural Universitario Tlatelolco in Mexico City.

Uneven Development: On *Beirut* and *Plein Air*

Alan Ruiz



Eugene Atget, *Avenue des Gobelins*, 1927.

When viewing the *Queens International 2016*, it seems impossible not to consider the exhibition against the backdrop of a vanishing environmental commons brought about by rampant forms of privatization and development. Collectively, the works in the exhibition produce something akin to a *structure of feeling*¹, toggling between the specificity of each work and their collective illumination of what it means to produce art under the global conditions of our social and political moment.

Manal Abu-Shaheen's photographs sharpen this focus, confronting the viewer with the hyper-development of an urban environment. At first glance, these elegant images appear digitally constructed, as if they were renderings, their composited compositions evocative of a retina display of windows within windows. And though these seemingly synthetic environments could easily appear to be any number of congested, aspiring global cities, Abu-Shaheen's titles reveal that these pictures are in fact documentation of Beirut, Lebanon.

In documenting forms of display, Abu-Shaheen's work recalls the early 20th-century photographs of Eugène Atget and his investigation of modernity through Parisian shop windows. In Atget's images, the reflective storefront window is an architecture instrumental in the construction of desire, producing perceptually ungrounding effects. Similarly, in Abu-Shaheen's work, figure/ground relationships are destabilized by images of commerce. In *Hotel Window. Beirut, Lebanon* (2016), an empty hotel room is surveilled by a building advertisement bearing the face of a white male model. Framed by windows and billowing curtains, his voyeuristic gaze simultaneously looks over the city below and into the intimate space of the bedroom, collapsing interior and exterior space. If Atget's work documents the intersection between modern urbanism and visibility, Abu-Shaheen's takes this principle a step further. It is not only Beirut and the bedroom that are surveilled by this domineering male gaze, but the viewer of Abu-Shaheen's work as well. Here, familiar branding and advertising function not only as colonial forms of western patriarchy and ideology, but as "vigilantism under color of the law"²; supraideological systems that shape both the look of global cities and the subjects who inhabit them.

We might compare these images to the artist Mark Tribe's series *Plein Air* (2014), which presents speculative images of massive areas of land untouched by human activity. However, unlike the romance of landscape painting and photography, the images of *Plein Air's* are formed through large-scale assemblages of algorithmic data, inviting the viewer to imagine an inconceivable time before and after human civilization. Tribe's work envisions a tabula rasa. In a sense, *Plein Air* is thus a utopian invitation to speculate about what the Earth might have looked like before land enclosures, hydraulic fracturing, and capitalist development, giving the work an almost sublime quality. Indeed, Tribe's *Plein Air* assumes a type of perspective that has

become increasingly synonymous with militarized visuality, geopolitics, and 3-D entertainment—the vertical perspective of a floating spectator, drone, or aircraft.³

There is productive and perhaps unresolved tension in the way these two projects position how visual art interacts with existing structures of power. In *Beirut*, the corporate infrastructure of images appears at once artificial and naturalized, while the bump-mapped landscapes of *Plein Air* exist within a drone-surveilled, uncanny valley. In an increasingly financialized world in which globalization exacerbates uneven development rather than creating conditions of uniformity, these projects offer alternative forms of visuality generated by these conditions, ways of seeing that might lead toward a perception of resistance.

1. Williams, Raymond. *Marxism and Literature*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977. Print
2. Human rights lawyer Muhamad Mugraby's description of Solidere in The Daily Star (Lebanon). Ohrstrom, Lysandra. "Solidere: 'Vigilantism under color of law.'" *The Daily Star* (Lebanon), Aug. 6, 2007.
3. Steyerl, Hito. *The Wretched of the Screen*. Berlin: Sternberg, 2012. 21. Print. Ibid. 24.

Alan Ruiz is a participating artist in *Queens International 2016*.

A Crisis of Context

Sreshta Rit Premnath

Much has been written about the proliferation of biennials and their function, first and foremost, to map specific localities onto the imaginary terrain of global contemporary art.* One challenge that biennials face is the balance they attempt to strike between a conceptually coherent group show and a roster of artists who signal the zeitgeist. This challenge is exacerbated when one considers that a diversity of backgrounds represented in such exhibitions implies a multiplicity of histories and systems of signification. Can an exhibition function as explicator of global multiplicity, or is it destined to fail?

As artists who attempt to navigate the many potential contexts that frame our artwork, we find ourselves internalizing this challenge. We are caught in the crosscurrent of wanting to participate in such exhibitions, while simultaneously worrying that our work may lose the contextual markers that maintain its legibility. This contextualization is performed by didactic wall labels that often displace the problem of interpretation onto the problem of comparison. Exhibition viewers look back and forth between description and object, attempting to determine whether or not their cold read of the artwork corresponds with the official account.

Several artists in this exhibition successfully draw attention to this predicament. In Shadi Harouni's video, *The Lightest of Stones* (2015), we find ourselves watching a group of ex-quarrymen in Kurdistan as they observe and discuss the odd activity of a young woman, back to camera, carefully scouring the face of a cliff and displacing stones that tumble onto her. I was drawn to this piece by its performance of opacity, finding camaraderie with an audience elsewhere in my encounter with this threshold of comprehension.

In the video *Golden Hours: Live Streaming Sunset* (2016) by Magali Duzant, this elsewhere remains a promise that lies beyond an ever-postponed horizon. Like tourists on an airplane that never lands, the video cuts from sunset to sunset live-streamed from a series of eight cameras positioned around the world. The artwork points to the dislocation of the exhibition as site—this video could be shown anywhere—and in so doing forces us to reflect on the crisis of context brought on by the biennial.

While the global imaginary of the art world projects a continuity of geography affirmed by the movement of artists from Seoul to Marrakesh to Kassel and gallerists from Dubai to Hong Kong to Basel, the unequal access to safe space is made apparent today by a new record in the number of refugees. Mark Tribe's topographic fragments, *Plein Air* (2014), point to this double-edge of the dislocated eye. From its aerial vantage, duty-free tourism is indistinguishable from a drone's camera that trains its crosshairs on some unsuspecting target. These photographic prints are read as specific sites, until the wall label reveals that they are in fact digitally constructed non-sites.

Unlike the aforementioned artworks, Mariam Ghani's *The Garden of Forked Tongues* (2016) takes an approach that naturalizes the museological context and its technologies of explication. Her map visualizes statistics about people living in Queens who speak languages on the brink of extinction. Ghani's mural functions as a visual aid that one refers to while reading her essay provided in a fold-out. Although it is a special commission programmatically separate from *Queens International 2016*, it is born out of the predicament of biennial as site. A poetic exercise in data visualization that scrupulously accounts for the local and global, this piece remains unchallenging in its conviction to remain legible.

*Preziosi, Donald et al. "The Crystalline Veil and the Phallomorphic Imaginary," *The Biennial Reader*, eds. Elena Filipovic, Marieke van Hal, and Solveig Øvstebø. (Hatje Cantz Verlag, 2010).

Sreshta Rit Premnath is an artist, editor and educator born in Bangalore and based in New York. His work investigates systems of representation to understand and challenge the process by which images become icons and events become history. He has exhibited internationally at venues including KANSAS, New York; Gallery SKE, Bangalore; Art Statements, Art Basel; and 1A Space, Hong Kong. Premnath completed his BFA at The Cleveland Institute of Art, his MFA at Bard College, and has attended the Whitney Independent Study Program, Skowhegan and Smack Mellon. He is the founder and co-editor of *Shifter* and is Assistant Professor at Parsons, New York.

Return to Sender

Mostafa Heddaya

“Handicapped, the image is not sufficient in itself and requires visual and verbal support, a spokesperson to bring it forth and have it speak.”

—Ariella Azoulay, *The Civil Contract of Photography* (2008)

1 - The merest fraction of the 15,000 photographs of Turkey in the late 1970s and early 1980s accumulated in the archives of the defunct AND Postcard Company ever saw the light of day as circulated postcards in their time. Decades later, in 2010, the artist Vahap Avşar acquired this archive of largely stillborn images and (re)produced a dozen of its pictures as postcards, and still more as larger-scale prints, in his project *Lost Shadows, [AND Museum]* (2015-16).

2 - Straddling the few years preceding and following the country’s September 1980 military coup—which more forcefully reasserted control of the state after the military’s so-called 1971 “coup by memorandum”—the AND Postcard Company’s roving photographers indexed Turkey’s urban and rural landscapes in scenes both seemingly anodyne (*tableaux* of anonymous individuals posing in mostly rural or semi-rural settings) and overtly propagandistic (military processions fraught with nationalistic content). Meant for use as domestic postcards to be exchanged among a population fragmented by urbanization and the geographic displacements of compulsory military service, the images gathered by the AND Postcard Company recall the global political history of the postcard as an article of technocratic modernity.

3 - Picture postcards were first popularized by the rash of expositions that dominated the industrializing world in the late 19th century; the Eiffel Tower was iconized in part thanks to its appearance on postcards sold at Paris’s Exposition Universelle in 1889, for example, and the medium’s success saw the British Post Office engage in a protracted battle to preserve its monopoly on postcard production, eventually ceding publishing rights to private printers in 1899 (or, less than a decade after the country issued its first illustrated postcards for the 1891 Royal Naval Exhibition). By the turn of the century, several nations, including Germany, Britain, and the United States, had employed the picture postcard to propagandistic ends, and other countries followed suit into and through the First World War.*

4 - Postcards are double-sided: When printed, they support inert pictures; when acquired, inscribed with text, addressed, stamped (with yet another vignette of state-sponsored imagery), and mailed, they become communication. The postcard's fortunes were therefore inextricably linked to state bureaucracy, postal infrastructure, and technologies of capture and reproduction, and so, from the very beginning, the circumstances of their creation were entwined with industrialized modernity and the codes governing its public and private spheres.

5 - Returning to Avşar's encounter with the AND archive, we recognize the doubleness of the postcard in the ambivalent status of his (re)production of these source pictures as artworks, some, as in the postcard series on view at *Queens International 2016*, in their intended medium, and others as photographic prints, as in the artist's 2015 exhibition on the ground floor of SALT's Beyoğlu gallery in Istanbul. The works in *Lost Shadows*, [AND Museum] are isomorphic to their historical source, even as their status is changed: The pictures are there, but they are both out of place and out of use.

6 - The conditions of Turkish life to which the archive testifies also bear the hallmarks of 20th-century modernity: a population fractured and reconfigured by the exigencies of military and industrial labor. Bridging the state's desire to manage its public and private spheres and the desires of citizen-consumers to communicate, the AND Postcard Company was on hand to proffer semi-documentary images of everyday life for the maintenance of everyday life. This recursive relationship is literalized in an image on one of the postcards depicting a soldier reading a postcard atop a rocky cliff. Other pictures depict military marches, flags, and banners, and are thus more explicitly propagandistic. In one postcard showing snowcapped peaks, we note a white Renault 12 parked discreetly along the roadside, a make and model marked by its use by the Turkish state's secret security organs.

7 - "Archives do not record experience so much as its absence," Sven Spieker writes in *The Big Archive: Art From Bureaucracy* (2008). "They mark the point where an experience is missing from its proper place, and what is returned to us in an archive may well be something we never possessed in the first place." What *Lost Shadows*, [AND Museum] returns—in a newly spectral form—is the quantity of place and use absent in the AND archive, the technocratic essence of its pictures.

*. Fraser, J. "Propaganda on the Picture Postcard." *Oxford Art Journal* 3, no. 2 (1980): 39-40. doi:10.1093/oxartj/3.2.39.

Interview: Vahap Avşar and Shadi Harouni

Excerpted from a conversation between Vahap Avşar and Shadi Harouni, participating artists in *Queens International 2016*

Vahap Avşar:

Can you tell me about your childhood in Hamedan, Iran? Can you help me visualize the cultural setting of your school years?

Shadi Harouni:

I went to an all-girls school, named after a cleric politician. He had the title *Shahid*, martyr. I don't recall the teachers ever speaking of him or explaining who he was. It was a familiar name and no one would dare to ask more since one was supposed to know the great figures of the Revolution. The war had just ended and we were all quite familiar with the term *shahid*. I assumed Shahid Beheshti had been killed in the war, though it turns out he was assassinated along with many others by a bomb.

I was envious of my brother who went to an all-boys school named after an 11th-century poet and scholar. He would pass through the main town square, which was built around the tomb of the same luminary, every day on his way to school. Ibn Sina wasn't just a name. I knew him. Everyone spoke of him and the monument erected over his body was the symbol of our small city. He belonged to the city, though it turns out he wasn't from there, nor did he have any love for it.

VA:

Growing up in Malatya, an ancient city by the Euphrates, in eastern Turkey, not far from Iran, I remember the age of innocence vanishing in front of my eyes rapidly in third grade, in the mid-1970's. Neither the traditional family values of Anatolia nor the republican ideals imposed upon by Atatürk's vision for a modern, state, could keep the country together under the violent pressure of Cold War forces.

Your memories and your work seem to be demarcated by the culture of Shahid, a culture of martyrdom which often uses exaggerated displays of suffering to promote sympathy. How much of this culture do you think is created to keep the modern Iranian nation together? How much of it is the result of trying to survive as the other, i.e. Shia or Kurdish? Or is it something altogether different?

SH:

Martyrdom, remembrance, and forgetting have political practicality in all contemporary nation states, although in Iran the ways in which people and power erect and erase monuments and memories are particularly excessive and noteworthy. This also has roots in an ancient tradition of performing suffering and lamentation. There is the mourning for the death of Siyavash, the innocent prince of Iranian mythology. There is the figure of Farhad, an architect/sculptor who carves a mountain for the love of a woman married to the king. In *The Lightest of Stones* one of the workers watching me remove stones by hand from the mountain compares me to him. Another explains "Farhad had his chisel, she doesn't even have that."

The notion of sympathy which you bring up is at the heart of this work. I'm engrossed in a kind of futile labor, which in fact does involve "suffering". The stones are sharp, they fall on my head from above, the men are worried for me. This helps align our labors. They empathize with what I do, they try to dissect it, to make sense of it, as they assume the potential audience of the film would with them. They also complete the action in the kinds of narratives they build around it.

Art that deals with politics often does one of two things: assumes the viewer has no sympathy for the subject, so it attempts to force sympathy, which may already be there. Or it assumes the viewer, being a good liberal subject, already fully empathizes so there is no need to generate empathy. I'm trying to carve out a space in between the two.

VA:

Your video made me think of a video installation I made in 1994, called *Growing Watermelons in Gordion* which consists of two video monitors showing a river running fast into a waterfall and a whirlpool. In the monitor on the left I'm picking a watermelon from a pile and throwing it into the mouth of the waterfall. In the monitor on the right, I reach into the water, pick a watermelon and stack it up on a pile. The looped videos create an endless and a complete cycle of production which creates and consumes itself.

SH:

Funny, I've also worked with watermelons. It's the fruit of life and sustenance, of Eastern dreams.

VA:

When I dreamed I could magically "grow" watermelons in that river near Gordion, where king Midas is believed to be buried, I went with a

truck load of watermelons and tried it. When it actually worked, I wanted to share this "magic" with the world, putting myself in front of the audience, exposed, almost naked even though I wore pants.

Your video also made me think of Franz Kafka's *Metamorphosis*. I feel like there is a degree of alienation between you and the five men behind you, who watch you carve into the mountain. It is as if you are transformed into an alien and these folks watch you crawling with a mix of sympathy and pity. You are also exposed even though you are fully dressed. Do you feel exposed acting in front of your immediate audience or the video's potential viewers?

SH:

There is a lot of ease present between the workers and myself. We're linked by our physical and intellectual labor. By the time we appear in front of the camera together, we've already developed an attachment to each other's work. I didn't feel exposed in front of the men, but like them, I did feel vulnerable before the film's potential audience:

"-What I'd like is to watch this film in America.

-Forget it! They'll take one look at these mountains we live in and think we're the ISIS. Wait and see: they'll assassinate us all. We're lucky if they don't take us down by tomorrow morning."

I want to talk about the photographs you work with in *Lost Shadows*, [AND Museum]. A coastline, a mountain, a soldier, athletes piled up on one another. I'm drawn to them as ghosts. They don't beckon nostalgia. They don't invite tourists. They don't sensationalize and they're hardly mundane. Each one records and now functions as a monument. I want to know more of this rapidly changing world that they encapsulate.

VA:

It is interesting you see the characters in that work both as ghosts and monuments. They are representations of a failed attempt at building myths. Those photos are the labor of photographers hired by the postcard company, who were dispatched to the Eastern, Kurdish parts, of Turkey. The photographers came back with rolls of films that the company printed from but the ones I made use of were photographs never printed before. They were the labor of the photographers who had dreamed up a scene, a moment of magic, probably knowing that they had no use value when censored by the company. The company became so powerful, it acted as a semi-official government agency that worked like a propaganda machine who

carefully decided which images to print and immortalize and which not to. So the photographer's attempt at creating their own myths were halted until I saved the images from extinction. Those aspired artists made the work not knowing if they would ever be published but produced them anyway. This is exactly where I am interested in making art; not working for a commission but making art based on the magic or making the purposely hidden visible again.

Farhad made a hole through the mountain to reach Shirin, the love of his life, the question is whom do we do it for and why?

Mining Through History: The Contemporary Practices of Vahap Avşar and Shadi Harouni

Teresa Lundgren

In the globalized world we live in, traditions are lost, culture is flattened, and our understanding of cultures—others and our own—decreases with the perpetuation of stereotypes. As an attempt to reconnect with their own heritage, contemporary artists are mining, literally and metaphorically, through history. This appears many times without nostalgia or irony in the current *Queens International*. In *Lost Shadows, [AND Museum]* (2015-16), Vahap Avşar displays a set of postcards featuring photos taken in his native Turkey in the 1970s and 80s. These photos come from the archive of the AND Postcard Company, all images that were not chosen for publication, but rejected by the government. Images of everyday Turkish life appear: a soldier sitting on a hill reading a piece of mail, officials walking around the grounds before a wrestling tournament. While these moments seem insignificant, they are now brought back as collective memory, reinserted into the historical record. In the gallery, the recontextualized images become part of an ongoing dialogue about history, its editing, and how we understand it. Displayed so that viewers can take a postcard home with them, the piece extends the artist's experience of mining through the collection. Questions arise here: How will these mementos play into the understanding of Turkey thirty to forty years after their initial creation? How does this understanding differ between the artist and his audience? And how will these images be woven into an American understanding of Middle Eastern culture?

The men seen in Shadi Harouni's video, *The Lightest of Stones* (2015) wonder the same thing. The video, documentation of the artist literally mining pumice stone by hand at an Iranian quarry, also shows five Iranian men standing behind her, talking while she works. They are all miners. As she works, silently, doggedly, never showing us her face, they critique her, but move into easy, everyday conversation about the mines, America, and art. They wonder aloud how this video—this art—will be understood in America, where it will be shown. Will they assume by looking at the quarry that they are part of ISIS? That they are lazy men who simply stand and shoot the breeze while they watch a woman work? The larger question, in the end, becomes about the art itself. Is the art simply the futility of mining by hand, or is it the mining

of these stories, these conversations, these worries of the people who surround her? What does it add to our understanding of their culture, of art, or of ourselves? Harouni and Avşar provide us ways to reconnect with the dialogues around us and open new possibilities for cultural exchange.

*This text was written for Professor Kim Connerton, Ph.D.,
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Teresa Lundgren is a graduate student at Pratt Institute in Fine Art and History of Art and Design. Her work focuses on epistemology and the representation of cultural identity in contemporary art. She previously taught art and philosophy at a secondary school in Dubai, UAE.

A Conversation with Shadi Harouni's *The Lightest of Stones*

Marisol Limon Martinez

THINGS (ANIMATE / INANIMATE), PERSONS, & PLACES	ACTIONS
Ahmad Aghasiani	Answer
America	Ask
Art	Assassinate
Ass	Bandage
Bardia Yadegari	Become
Boss	Beg
Brain	Boil
Bucket	Break
Carver	Bring
Casualty	Bury
Chisel	Call
Clock	Care
Davood Yarveisy	Carve
Dragons	Cascade
Farhad (the Mountain Carver)	Catch
Field	Come
Film	Crash
Fire	Cut
Fool	Dig
Friend	Do
Gentleman	Fall
God	Feel
Guy	Figure
Hands	Find
Head	Finish
Hell	Forget
Hotel	Get
Houman Harouni	Give
Hour	Go
Iron	Guard
Irrigation	Have
ISIS	Help
Jennifer Lopez	Hurt
Job	Keep
Junk	Know
Kermanshah	Laze
Kurdistan	Let
Labor	Listen
Legend	Live
Lode	Load

Lord	Look
Machine	Make
Men	Melt
Mic	Mess
Money	Move
Morning	Nap
Mountain	Offer
Mouths	Pay
Neck	Point
Neighbor	Pop
Night	Put
Number	Relax
Pilgrimage	Remember
Quarry	Respond
Rain	Roll
Road	Ruin
Rock	Save
Shadi Harouni	Say
Shoulders	Scream
Shovel	See
Shrine	Send
Sky	Share
Smooches	Shut
Sores	Sleep
Spot	Speak
Stick	Stand
Stones	Stare
Strangers	Start
Technology	Switch
Time	Take
Town	Talk
Truck	Tell
Vahid Alvandifar	Think
Viewers	Turn
Watermelon	Wait
Wife	Want
Workers	Watch
	Wish
	Work
	Worry

Marisol Limon Martinez is a writer, musician, and visual artist based in New York City. She is the author of *Via Dissimulata* (Octopus Books), *First Space, Then Structures (Nothing Moments)*, and *After You, Dearest Language* (Ugly Duckling Presse). A chapbook, *Honorary Men*, based on her music studies in India, was released as part of the Guillotine series last year. She is currently working with music producer Godfrey Diamond on the recording of her second album.

Directions to a Gravel Quarry

Daisy Atterbury

Having been situated already at the site of extraction, the quarry, thanks to Shadi Harouni's single channel video, *The Lightest of the Stones* (2015), we can operate at the intersection of art and use. These categories don't really make poles. I'm following Lucy Lippard's injunction to abandon the word "landscape" for "land use," sitting in a dark corner observing dialogue exchanged by a cluster of men in front of a black mountain pumice quarry in Iranian Kurdistan, the site of a labor now profitless because of trade sanctions against Iran.

"It's like this place was once boiling" (*The Lightest of the Stones*, 2015).

The oldest bedrock exposed in the New York City area is Fordham Gneiss, a billion-year-old deformed sequence of metasedimentary, metavolcanic, and metaplutonic rock that is exposed in the Bronx, with portions existing beneath the Cretaceous and overlying glacial sediment of Queens and Brooklyn, extending into the subsurface of Manhattan. The rock consists primarily of quartz, feldspar, mica(s), amphiboles, pyroxene, and garnet, usually with "accessory minerals" kyanite, sillimanite, epidote, and magnetite.

We know we're interested in description, that writing can describe the world and remind us of where we are as a species, as bodies, capacities, and subjectivities. We know we're interested in how observation is also fantasy and documentation is also imagination. In producing these objects, texts, experiences, we can imagine and demarcate other possibilities, impossible realities, and different kinds of permissible violence: like the violence of narration, of constructing alternative personal and cultural histories.

Directions to a gravel quarry: Take the George Washington Bridge to the Cross Bronx Expressway. Follow the Cross Bronx Expressway to the Whitestone Bridge. You will then be on the Whitestone Expressway. Take the Whitestone Expressway to Exit 14 (Linden Boulevard). Stay on the service road and go through three lights until the end. Then make a left onto College Point Boulevard. The terminal is a quarter-mile down the road on the right (before Best Concrete).

What if it becomes important to see “slow” and/or “death” as essential nonce taxonomies invested with strains of irrational, uncanny, disloyal, even cruel resistance to hegemonic notions of wealth and prosperity—as decidedly unheroic, but essential? If we do away with investments in fit-ness, longevity, and citizenship as a priori?

“There was a time this place was all molten iron” (*Stones*, 2015).

The word “todt” is a variant of the Dutch word for death, thought to refer to Todt Hill’s history as a burial ground and site of colonial violence against indigenous inhabitants by Dutch settlers. (The residue of violence restricts itself to a line of notation on signage posted at Sports Park, Toad Hall Playground, by the New York City Department of Parks and Recreation.) The first instances of iron mining in the New York City area have been traced back to the excavation of iron ore from the decomposition of serpentine rock on Todt Hill, Staten Island, in 1644.

“It could be extracted with relative ease” (Signage, Sports Park, New York City Department of Parks and Recreation, as part of the Historical Signs Project).

In her center room installation, Barb Smith displays “the things we keep” (*Memory of a tiptoe...*, Mixed media installation, 2016), “granite dust from a monument making shop in Queens, fine bone china rims, when all the color goes away, rubber cast of how to move in 1939.” Hardened—our word—object, memory foam soaked in resin in which her bodily form is impressed. “Chunk glass”; “sinking pewter.” These excavations aren’t without their languages, traumas, histories.

Daisy Atterbury is a writer based in New York and New Mexico. Her research interests include theorizations of gender, race and coloniality with a focus on 20th Century poetry in the U.S. and Canada. She directs an annual seminar program founded in 2010 to support conversation around aesthetics and politics in Santa Fe. Her work has engaged audiences through various media formats including film, installation and performance as well as more traditional outlets of production and publication. She received her MFA from the Milton Avery Graduate School of the Arts at Bard College and her BA at Yale University, and she is an instructor at Queens College, CUNY. She is currently pursuing her PhD at The CUNY Graduate Center.

Walk This Way

Mirene Arsanios

Before reaching the Queens Museum, she pedaled through Seneca, Penelope, Ithaca—all streets on which people sat on stools and cooled off in overflowing, inflated plastic pools. Her legs sore, she removed her headphones and locked her bike next to the Unisphere, a monumental steel globe built in 1964 that she had seen only in photographs, and which stood for “Women’s achievements on a shrinking globe in an expanding universe.”

Scattered visitors roamed about the central gallery; some sat on the steps leading in. She asked the man at the front desk if her group had arrived. “She” was an occasional museum guide. Her job was to make art exist in words. “Your tour begins in 20 minutes,” the man said, adjusting his silver-rimmed spectacles while handing her the *Queens International 2016* booklet. She read, “*Queens International 2016* looks to the idea of thresholds”, and shut the brochure.

She walked on, her gaze downcast to avoid wall texts, captions, descriptions. A horizontal base with different volumes and elevations displayed found and fabricated objects. “A museum without labels,” she thought, a collection of objects abandoned for display: a tie-dyed maroon gauze, an unfinished reed basket, various rock formations, memory foam, a small city carved in wood. She liked it, tried getting closer, transgressing the tape separating the artwork from the audience as if dipping her foot in water before taking the plunge. A guard asked her to step back. She considered ignoring him. She wondered if the hand cast in the memory foam had belonged to a museum visitor, a trespasser.

Facing the sculpture, a mother and her son were both peeking inside a large wooden crate. She crouched next to them. Inside, a miniature rendition of an artist studio located in Queens.

“¿Por qué es tan chiquito?” the boy asked the mother.
“No sé, mami. Tenemos que leer,” the mother replied.
“You know what it means?” the mother then asked her.
“I don’t,” she replied, handing the mother the brochure.

Her group was waiting outside, by the front desk. Lingered in the exhibition space, she decided to ignore it, to stop talking about artworks. Abandoning the group felt like trespassing her own self—an

exhilarating sensation. She carried on, feeling gravity in each step she took.

To her left, she noticed black-and-white photographs of a city she once lived in. In Beirut, too, walking required vigilance. The city had no sidewalks, no tape to protect its few pedestrians from itself. She gazed at the photographs, indulging in their familiar landscape, remembering the panic in her limbs and the determination she had to summon in order to cross a street. She paused here. On one of the photographs, a gigantic Johnnie Walker banner covered the façade of a building. The ad said, “Keep Walking” with the brand’s striding man walking past a broken bridge. She walked on, oblivious of her group, beyond the mother and the boy, away from the guard, deeper into the exhibition, past the idea of thresholds.

Mirene Arsanios is a writer born in Beirut. Her work has appeared in *The Animated Reader*, *The Outpost*, *The Rumpus*, and *The Brooklyn Rail*, among others. She is the author of the short-story collection, *The City Outside the Sentence* (Ashkal Alwan, 2015), and the founding editor of the bilingual magazine, *Makhzin*. www.makhzin.org.

Interview: Brian Caverly and Barb Smith

Excerpted from a conversation between Brian Caverly and Barb Smith, participating artists in *Queens International 2016*

Brian Caverly:

Both of our works ask to be viewed slowly. The more time the viewer gives, the more they'll experience. Do you have a particular narrative in mind that you hope will unfold as someone explores your piece?

Barb Smith:

There is something about the way I'm working with the materials, the slowness and strangeness of the processes, and the craftsmanship of everything. It creates a remove while drawing you into the details. I'm also very specific in the language that I use with the objects I make, in terms of emotional, psychological, and historical content.

I was interested in the World's Fair visible storage here. I was listening to people try to explain to their children about the objects in the case. They'd say, "My grandfather had that," or, "My parents had that, and I remember this about it." They were really trying to spark some interest in those objects. It was a very emotional experience for me. I thought a lot about my parents actually, and the American Dream and what the World's Fair represented in terms of that. Especially in the '60s. I wanted to incorporate some of that into the objects I was already making, that hold some sort of significance or a memory for me. I think the anchor point was actually the Memory Foam piece.

BC:

Yes, I was wondering if you could describe that and how you made it.

BS:

When I was thinking about the World's Fair, I was thinking a lot about wonder. It made me think about a posture of wonder: standing on your tiptoes. From there, I fixed my impression on a folded sheet of resin soaked Memory Foam.

BC:

Another thing I was interested in with your piece is the relationship of the parts to the whole. The structure seems very important. Everything that's painted gray—it plays off the idea of the traditional plinth or pedestal, but then it's obviously very formal.

BS:

I always start with objects and then at a certain point I break away and start making components for the bottom. This time I was also looking at the architecture of the World's Fair, which is where the curve in the front comes from. I also knew that I wanted the open wedge, which is a Louise Bourgeois reference. There's definitely a lot of specific references to Minimalism in here, at various scales, which I see as a way to play tag with the boys.

BC:

That's interesting because I feel like the decision I made about scale was also dictated by a relationship to the minimalist object; the box relating to the size of the body, commanding a certain presence. It's a model of architecture, but it is not actual architecture.

BS:

There is also a really interesting dialog between our pieces with preciousness, and how preciousness is contained, in terms of the internal space of yours and this exposed space of mine.

BC:

Yes, they're kind of opposite ways of dealing with that idea. In your case, they had to actually put an extra layer of tape around it to keep people at a distance. How do you feel about that? Did you know they were going to do that?

BS:

Initially the conversation had been about stanchions, which I had opposed because I felt like it was antithetical to what the piece is really asking the viewer to experience. There wasn't enough room for those so we ended up going with the tape. Actually, I photographed the piece prior to the tape, but then after the tape was up, I saw the images and realized that the piece looked naked without the tape. I actually quite like it in terms of it applying another permeable boundary in a way.

BC:

Yes, and it takes it one step closer to relating to the rest of the room, because it makes the viewer more aware of other things outside of the piece, like that other small square of tape over there.

BS:

How do you think about this type of permeable boundary in your piece?

BC:

I want people to desire to be in the piece, but then I create this barrier that keeps them out. The viewing perspectives are intentionally limited; to entice the viewer to approach the piece from multiple vantage points. I'm interested in how the experience of sculpture unfolds over time. It's unique to sculpture, and both of our pieces deal with it—this very physical engagement with someone's body and vision. I think your hidden spaces do that. I really like the places where things disappear as you move around it and then they come back into view.

Did you know you'd use that shade of gray beforehand?

BS:

I wanted middle gray. I was thinking a lot about a photographic type of looking, which I think goes back to my earlier work, which was actually photography.

BC:

Maybe photography is another connection then, because the floor of my piece is a large constructed photograph. It consists of almost 3,000 individual photographs composited together in photoshop.

BS:

Oh, my word.

BC:

I made it over a period of about 3 months. That was actually the initial impetus for creating the piece. I was thinking about the accumulative activities that happened in the space over a long period of time.

BS:

I love the way that you measure space in this piece. Knowing about the photographs is really interesting for that too in terms of the close examination of your floor and the measurement of your space in that way, but also the way that measurement happens when you're looking through windows, especially with the bars. Then you have this contained entity here. It's just layers upon layers of measuring your space, and also my space. I have a childlike wonderment response to it too, because of the miniaturization.

BC:

I thought about displaying the door open but I always come back to this idea of the barrier. Ultimately that's what I was striving for; that in-and-out experience of entering the space psychology, but also being

kept out. I think that's part of the choice of scale. I'm not a miniaturist. I don't build train models or architectural models, so I wanted it big enough that it had a real physicality to it.

BS:

Yeah, and it's nice because it also realigns me to my own studio space. There's a certain compression or something in the piece, and then also in the way it makes me rethink being in my own space where everything is my scale.

BC:

Everything is very disorganized, because it's a documentation of a used space, but at the same time it's very arranged. It's not actually a documentation of my space at one point in time, but a compilation. It's edited to create a psychological feeling, a certain feeling of mystery and emptiness.

BS:

How do you think about the transitory or transitional element in the work and a sort of in-betweenness, a quality of liminality? The interior seems like there's a project that either just finished or about to happen, and then the whole thing is contained in this shipping crate, which is also a very transient, moving object that's protecting something. I have this sense the longer I look at it.

BC:

That's a really good observation. This was a very transitional piece for me. It was something that I started at a point where I was stuck in the studio. I began this meditative process of slowly photographing the floor and that lead to other observations of the space.

With the crate I was interested in the idea of the crate being both a functional crate, as well as being a representation of a crate. It was constructed to be functional. When it was picked up at the studio the art handlers didn't even realize the crate was part of the sculpture, and for me that is part of the idea. I hope that becomes reflected in the piece as it accumulates marks and scratches on the surface from being transported and handled. Over the the course of this exhibition it is accumulating marks as viewers touch it.

BS:

Yeah, because the system of signs is something that's also really interesting with this piece. Not just the symbols here but also the language. It's totally pragmatic for what it is, but it also has this double meaning because I'm like, "Oh, fragile. Handle with care. Ride

flat." Those start to take on other meanings when you look at what's inside. It's funny because I was photographing my piece and I kept seeing the word fragile and I was like, "Oh, that's perfect actually."

BC:
Yeah.

BS:
The hands with the box. It's all this care. It's not just your caring, making and caring, looking, but then you're asking for this care with the signs and the language around the box. It's like trust. I think a lot about sculpture for me as being about trust, and I also feel that with your piece as well, as having this invitation and openness. Some dialog about trust, I guess, with the viewer.

BC:
There's this certain level of trust that has to exist between them and you, or them and the piece that they engage with; and then open themselves up to the discovery of experiencing the piece and having a personal dialogue with the work.

BS:
Yeah, and even the art handlers too. It happens on every level. I still wanted to ask you about the milk crates.

BC:
I started this piece in 2011 and it has evolved over the last five years. I had these milk crates in my studio and they operated as a prop to elevate the sculpture while I worked on it. Over time they seem to become part of the work. Recreating the milk crates within the model was a way of visually connecting the inside to the outside.

I think they're interesting because they're not necessarily something that the museum would use to put a crate on while they were opening it, but I think people can understand them in terms of their utilitarian function, similar to maybe the way that the tape has become part of your piece. I also like that the crates are not in any way precious objects. You were talking about preciousness. It's the least precious thing. You find them on the streets all over the city. It's the least precious, and at the same time most useful thing.

With this sculpture I really wanted to explore different ways of making; there are photographs, 3D printed objects, found objects, and many handmade parts. For instance, the miniature milk crates are 3D printed.

BS:

I was wondering how you did them.

BC:

I modeled them in Google SketchUp. I think by trying to make a copy of an object (either real or in the virtual world), you learn something integral about its form. You said you use SketchUp a lot. I like the idea of that loop of making something (or making a structure that responds to an object) and then taking that into the computer and virtually trying to understand and manipulate it. There's a shift in the computer where you lose your sense of scale; but then when you bring it back into the real world, you reenter that very human sense of scale in a new way.

"I drew the one that has the teeth marks..."

A group of sixth-graders spoke with Barb Smith about her work in the gallery on June 8, 2016.

"I drew the one that has the teeth marks... the pink thing. It kind of looks like if you go to the dentist and then if you have to get braces and you have to get the mold. I think the artist bit into it."

"I drew that thing that looks like a bunch of buildings in the Bronx because it has little things sticking out and some buildings are like that."

"I think it came from a hard material. I think they made it so it wouldn't break or something."

"The grey spirals. The metal. Because it's silver and the ones that are around it are the same color."

My friends. This is your one chance to ask anything to the artist. Make her sweat a little bit. Ask a hard question.

"How many things did you use to make that basket?"

I used a lot of stuff. It took me probably two weeks to make that one. Two weeks on one thing so it took a really long time.

"What is that?"

What do you think it is? Make up a story about that and tell me what you think it is.

"It reminds me of treasure."

"It kind of looks like a monument."

"It kind of looks like an ancient temple. There might be some kind of treasure here, and those balls look like they could be a trap."

"They look like they're from ancient times, because people collect stuff from a long time ago to now."

"They use them as tools. This one looks like it's from an Indian because they used to make these and we learned about it in social studies. This other stuff looks like it came from the earth, like volcanoes. That other one looks like a fossil."

"It was found in the mountains a long time ago."

“What is that made of? The foot thing.”

Do you guys know what Memory Foam is? It makes pillows and beds. Memory Foam holds your impression, but you know how once you let go it loses your impression? So I used Memory Foam for that, but I broke it. So that it would hold the impression of me standing on my tiptoes.

“How and why did you make that?”

So you know that the New York World’s Fair was here. So I was thinking about getting to go there and I thought that if I wanted to see, I might not be tall enough so I imagined standing on my tiptoes. So I made an impression of me standing on my tiptoes.

What would you say about this right here if you had to? This is artwork by Barb Smith and it is about...

“About a timeline.”

“About different things mixed up.”

Maybe it’s a timeline where everything’s out of order. What might that mean? Why is it like a timeline, what makes you think of time?

“It makes me think of time because those look really old because I never saw them before.”

It’s a lot of different places and a lot of different times attached to these elements. Do you guys have a favorite memory? Maybe in your rooms at home you keep little things that remind you of it like a memento or a souvenir? These are some of my objects that are like mementos and memories. Where I grew up, in Indiana, which is pretty far from here, there is the oldest glass factory in the U.S. and they still manufacture glass to make stained glass. Four times a year they break their kilns and crucibles into little pieces and replace them. And this is a piece of the furnace where they heat the glass to liquid. And over a long period of time the glass gets into the brick and makes something that looks like a fossil. I went and dug through their trash and took home a box of their trash because I thought it was treasure.

I was paying very close attention that day.

“I got this idea of golf.”

“Looks like an ancient temple”

“There might be some kind of treasure here and those balls look like they could be really big in real life and maybe it’s a trap.”

“A trap”

Ha! It does look like a trap all over. That’s a very good point. So we are not supposed to touch these things but did you ever wonder what it would feel like?

“Squishy”

“Soft”

Can we touch a tiny bit? Yes. Today is special, only today we can touch. It smells funny too right?

Queens Museum's School Programs provide pre-K-12 students with fun learning experiences that integrate in-depth observation and interpretation of art and historical exhibits, and hands-on art-making activities. www.queensmuseum.org/education

BEAT IT! (Queens Teens respond)

Emily Torres

Bold, powerful, and intriguing. An inspiring piece that makes you admire destruction and its ability to also be beautiful. Anything broken can still be as beautiful as something that is not. Destruction is the physical representation of struggle and sacrifice, and people face struggles and make sacrifices each and every day. Getting through these struggles shows the power we hold and the beauty we possess.

Kate Gilmore's video work, *Beat It* (2014), caught my attention the second I laid my eyes on it, first drawing me in due to the video's loud and destructive noise. The footage was also shot in the bird's eye view of a space seen through a circular opening of its ceiling. The effect is truly breath-taking as it challenges and plays with your vision and mind throughout the duration of the video in which the artist herself is in the act of breaking down a wood and drywall structure covered with the phrase "beat it" repeatedly printed in black and white. The simple yet bold color scheme was very pleasing to the eye. As I was watching the video, my anticipation grew, wondering what Gilmore's next actions would be. The beginning of the video does not allow the viewer to see Gilmore striking the structure, but rather allows the viewer to only hear the destruction being caused. As the video progresses, you begin to see the broken fragments being tossed and piled up on top of the surface visible from below the circular opening. Gilmore then picks up and places the fragments on top of the ceiling through its central opening. It has a great effect of spatial illusion.

Gilmore's artistic representation of displacement and defeat is truly something to admire. It is almost as if Gilmore is trying to get herself out of the small circle that people place her in which confines her from being true to herself. The placement of the wall fragments to create a closure to the circular opening with the phrase "beat it" demonstrates how Gilmore chooses to express herself and creates a new perspective for her audience. She is able to overcome and demolish her struggles, which is represented by the walls, and uses them to her advantage; something that all people should do in their everyday lives.

I believe that in order to truly become happy with oneself, one must accept both their success and failures. Struggles are necessary for growth as a person. Gilmore's work reminded me of how I have managed to overcome and break the barriers of what was once a great

struggle for me; to accept myself for who I am both inside and out, and happily be set free from the “beauty standards” imposed by our society.

Gilmore's video really allows its audience to experience and feel what she did and see the gradual development of the artwork. I truly honor her work and the feelings it provoked inside of me.

Beat it!

Emily Torres is a student of the High School for Arts and Business and is a vital member of Queens Teens, Queens Museum's nationally recognized youth leadership and career development program. For *Queens International 2016*, she has assisted and participated in projects with Xiaoshi Vivian Vivian Qin and Mohammed Fayaz.

Moments

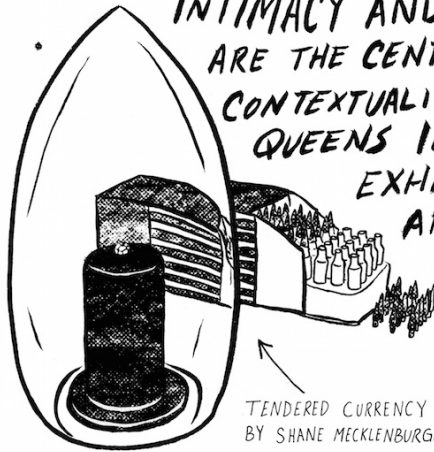
Daniel Fishel

QUEENS MUSEUM

QUEENS INTERNATIONAL 2016

ILLUSTRATED: DANIEL FISHEL

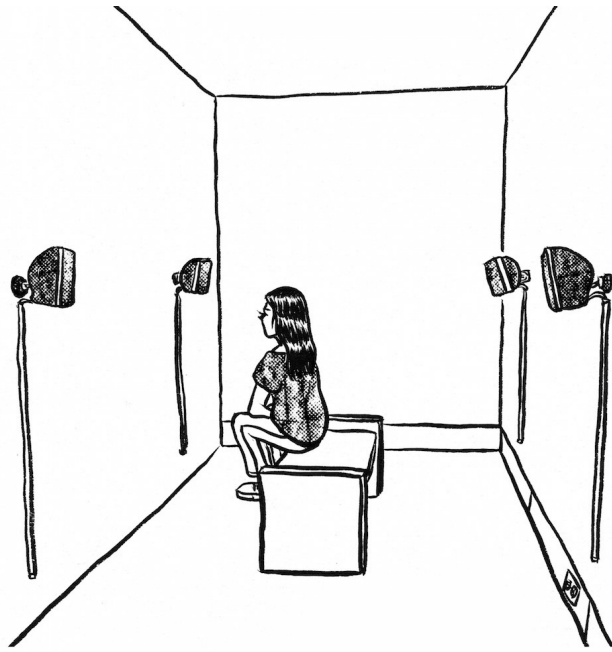
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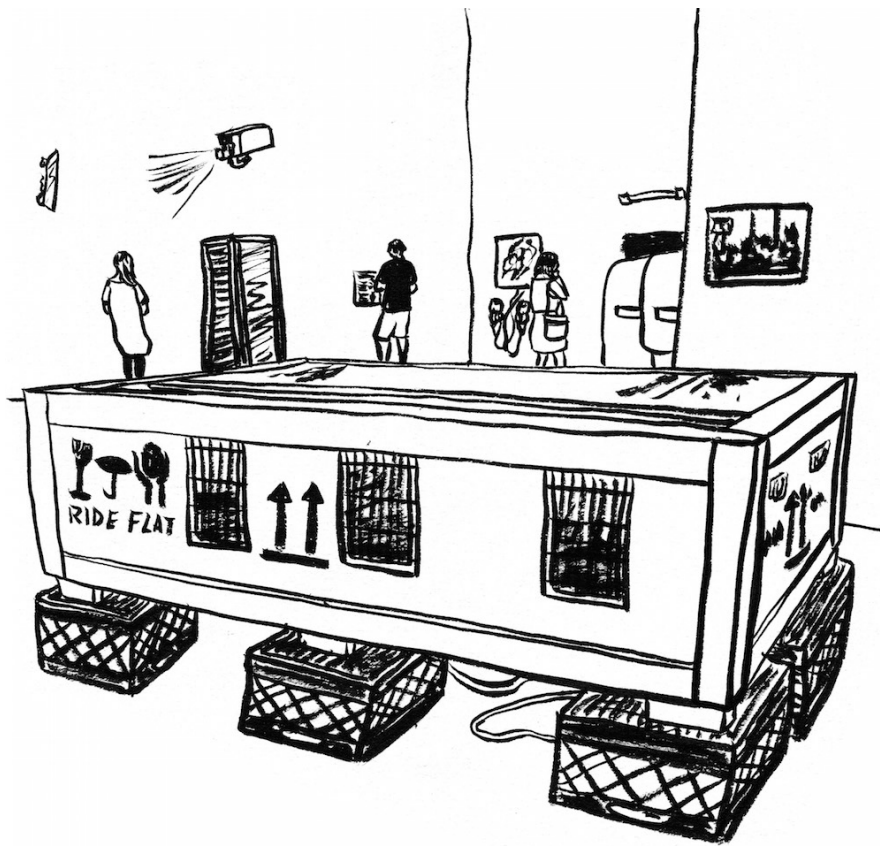


REDEFINING IT TO LET
US QUESTION ITS VALUE.
WHAT'S THE VALUE OF A
DIAMOND CREATED FROM
A BULLET? WOULD YOU EXAMINE
AN ANCIENT IPHONES PHOTOS?

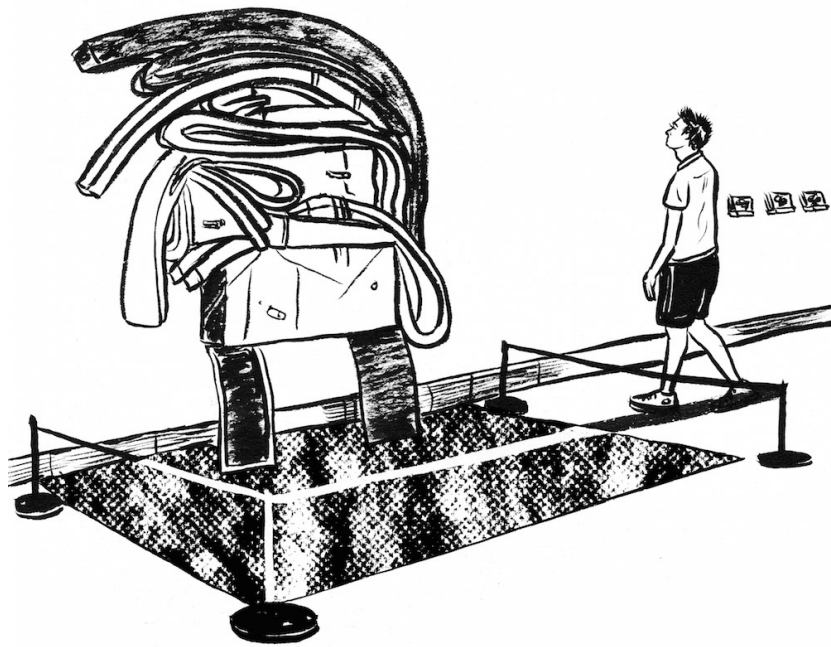
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WHY DO STUDIOS COST SO MUCH?



Daniel Fishel is an illustrator and hand letterer based out of Queens, NY. He's one of *Forbes Magazine's* 2016 "30 under 30" and has worked with the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, *Washington Post*, *McSweeney's*, NPR and many others.

Lawn Furniture

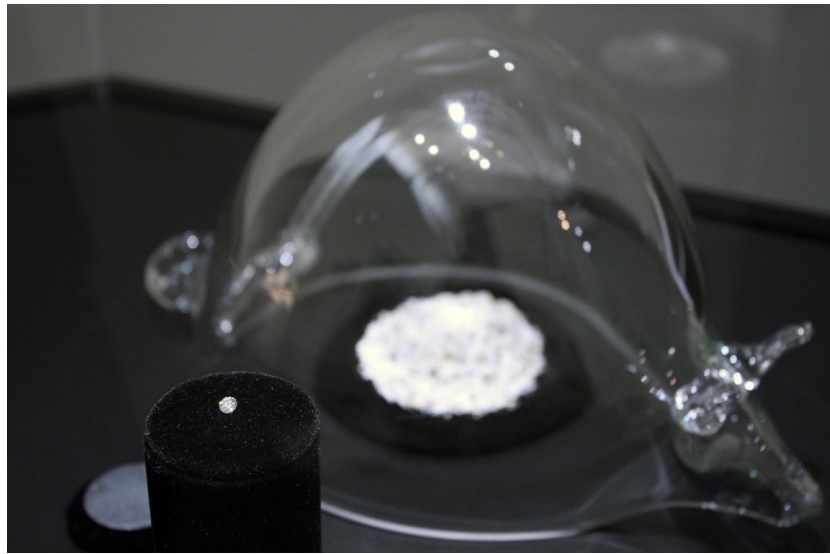
Brian Zegeer



6/7/2016, Concrete globe, New York Hall of Science parking lot

Live among the exhibition for some weeks as I have, art objects take on an aspect of permanence, inevitability. These things live out their active hours in dust clouds in the studio, during transport and installation. Here in the gallery they are in time-out, benched, beached.

The movement of light is the main event of the day, making sundials of anything halfway inclined to stay upright. The light appraises with equanimity those objects under the museum's skylights and their giant cousins outdoors. Impossible to resist seeing correspondences. The place has such an overbearing history, with streets drawn by compass and named for continents. Every existing thing has a ghostly antecedent. For every Unisphere there is a Perisphere. A pile of charcoal leavings from a Sunday grill-out; when discovered Monday morning becomes an evocation of Mount Corona, the ash heap that this place used to be.



6/7/2016, Shane Mecklenburger, *Roadkill Diamond*, diamond made from armadillo ashes, glass, armadillo remains, identification tag, certificate of authenticity, 2012

The objects in the exhibition are ambassadors for a telescoping awareness of the cyclical nature of time, which this place cultivates with its dizzying multivalence. Shane Mecklenburger's *Roadkill Diamond* (2012), synthesized from an armadillo carcass, circumvents time and so retains the joke of its metonym, toughest material vs. impregnable shell, whereas time levels all jokes, flattens the drama of this correlative gesture. The diamond forgets its origin after awhile.



6/7/2016, "The time capsules deposited September 23, 1938 and October 16, 1965 by the Westinghouse electric corporation as a record of twentieth century civilization, to endure for 5,000 years"

Dave Hardy's sculpture, such a lovely sag of that foam over glass stilts, like a knife pressed into cake before it gives. The concrete-immersed foam hardens to freeze this suppleness in time. A hulking feel that

looms in the mind, although you know probably not so heavy, always weightier than when last imagined.



6/7/2016, Dave Hardy, *Destiny*, Glass, cement, polyurethane foam, tint, tape, pen, aluminum, marker, glue stick, and pretzel, 2014



6/9/2016, Grandstand Stadium construction site

Its opposite is the tennis stadium construction next door. The white fish bones I encountered my first night walk to the subway slowly resolved in two years into a structure; a corpse in reverse. Hundreds of tons of steel, giant pylons the size of automobile tunnels upended to erect a cyclopean scaffold, there to enclose a scene in which the two ends of a tennis net will be tied, mere inches over which a 2-ounce rubber ball will pass.



6/7/2016, Lawrence Mesich's *Highest and Best Use*, Archival inkjet print on polypropylene film, 2016

Lawrence Mesich's *Highest and Best Use* (388 Bridge St.) (2016) envisions a skyscraper, infinitely extensible, perfect for the site dominated by the Unisphere, a greeting card from another age lovingly signed by US Steel. This build-up continues in NYC, a coyote climbing a ladder that disappears out from under, leaving him to comb the air.

A modest countermeasure against the long sunset of the Rustbelt, Corona Park still supports an extraction-based (sort-of) industry, fresh New Jersey sod. Fortunes were built on less.



4/19/2016, Sod Stack



6/9/2016 via Layar app, Miyö Van Stenis, *The artist online since 1989*,
Dance with flARmingos, organized by Kristin Lucas, 2016

The work most aware of the inescapable gravity of the site is Kristin Lucas', *Dance with flARmingos* (2016), a group exhibition of Augmented Reality works at various locations around the park. The encounter with AR artifacts effectively cuts one off from one's senses in favor of an uplink to the influences that saturate this air, cellular webs and ghostly ethers enmeshed. Miyö Van Stenis' *The Artist Online Since 1989* (2016) overlays a view of the Unisphere with a rotating laptop featuring a skull's face, an apt vanitas in an age scorched by the hubris of technology worship, writ large against the icon of another age's failed utopian cosmography.



4/19/2016, Scabby the Rat, Grandstand Stadium construction site

Brian Zegeer was born in Lexington, KY. His works encounter the Appalachian and Lebanese landscapes of his parentage as highly-charged networks of affiliation and group narrative. Zegeer believes that the process of stop-motion animation can catalyze objects in the landscape to reveal their metaphoric, political, and forensic content—the ghosts of their obscure histories. Zegeer is currently an artist-in-residence at the Queens Museum. He received an MFA from the University of Pennsylvania, attended Skowhegan School of Sculpture and Painting in 2010.

In Between Difference, Repetition, and Original Use

Joseph Di Ponio

Shane Mecklenburger's *Tendered Currency* (2012) recalls Joseph Kosuth's *One and Three Chairs* (1965) by taking up the performative aspect of difference. However, while Kosuth's piece requires us to navigate three items that are conceptually similar, Mecklenburger's pieces (a triptych of smaller sculptures) implore us to determine the connection between items that, on the surface, seem unconnected. At first, we would be hard pressed to find a unified narrative in the ashes of a cremated armadillo, bullets, and a portion of the script for *Superman III* (1983), and yet, we can't ignore that each piece also contains a diamond housed under a uniquely shaped bell jar that is related to the contents of each individual piece. The bell jars give hints as to the origins of the diamonds, which are manufactured from the other materials in the case. The diamonds unify the triptych but also give rise to layers of meaning.

The original material used to create each diamond has its own individual history, but *Tendered Currency* reminds us of the fluidity of being, freezing in time certain aspects of the source material. The work as a whole culminates with the repetition of the diamond, creating a drawing together of the differences between the source material. In doing this, Mecklenburger reconstitutes the original to create a repetition that simultaneously alludes to and negates the original, thereby drawing attention to the fluid and rhizomal motion of the value of the thing itself.

While Mecklenburger's work creates repetition from difference, Lawrence Mesich's *Highest and Best Use (388 Bridge St.)* (2016) inverts the progression to create difference from repetition. Created from a 15-story section of a street-level photograph of 388 Bridge Street in Downtown Brooklyn, the piece systematically scales and distorts each repetition of the image in order to replicate the perspective of a street-level photograph on the scale of the original. The resulting image cannot merely be a representation of the original; instead, it takes on a life of its own, potentially extending infinitely.

Highest and Best Use (388 Bridge St.) is a simulacrum. The repetition of the original image necessitates repeated distortions in order to maintain the sense of perspective and scale that would be present in a

street-level photograph. And while it does allude to the original, we are ultimately presented with an image of a building that does not exist. Here, difference, through repetition, is performed on a large and potentially infinite scale, resulting in a simulated image that tends toward the hyper-real.

These pieces, in spite of their structural variations, present a common thread: the notion of value. Mecklenburger draws attention to the fact that materials of little value can be transformed into something of high value. In turn, this causes us to acknowledge the steps involved in this process, each of which has its own value. Mesich addresses the issue of rapid gentrification in an area that desperately needs affordable housing while thoughtfully playing on a certain consistency in the construction of luxury high-rises. In the end, both works take up the fluid nature of value by performing difference.

Joseph Di Ponio is a composer, sound artist, occasional art theorist, and an even more occasional curator. He has composed pieces for numerous ensembles and his work is performed regularly throughout the United States. Since 2014 he has been developing a sound and image environment with Australian artist, John Neeson. Di Ponio received his Ph.D. in music composition and theory from SUNY Stony Brook, where he also studied aesthetics with Hugh Silverman and Donald Kuspit. He is interested in the intersections between art, music, and philosophy.

Interview: Dave Hardy and Max Warsh

Excerpted from a conversation between Dave Hardy and Max Warsh, participating artists in *Queens International 2016*

Max Warsh:

A lot of your earlier work dealt with provisional architecture, which is something I was also fascinated with for many years. Do you think architecture today has been able to embrace or accept an idea of impermanence? Even if this idea is built into structures that intend to last forever? I ask because because I love how your work handles these contradictions and I was interested to hear if you felt like there were any architectural works that functioned in a similar way?

Dave Hardy:

It feels to me like people are fixated on the idea of their buildings sticking around forever, we haven't passed that, even as things become more disposable. It's a weird thing to think about as an artist, the idea of work – of stuff – sticking around and outlasting you. My Dad, who has been an artist all his life, tells me about the feeling of watching his sculptures overrun, with vines growing over them in the woods. But I guess the contradiction is between the material and the immaterial, and how they express each other. Structures of praise use particular forms to evoke something greater, like googie architecture dots the landscape with IHOP A-Frames that express some sort of optimism or belief. Which makes me think about something great in your work and your use of facades – whether it's ornament, or pattern, or different types of cladding – to create a continuous field of surface and then to fracture it. Thinking about impermanence, is this collapse of flatness and depth, of interior and exterior, something that interests you as a psychological exploration?

MW:

I used to use the word psychogeography to describe my work, which is a phrase that comes from the Situationists, and they were definitely concerned with a form of disruption or fracture in the perception of urban space. But I'm really drawn to these details in architecture, where I feel like the building is trying to speak to me. I suppose I'm interested in what happens when you humanize a building. Once you do this, you can really see how a building breathes, speaks, and moves. There's definitely a strong psychological impact in how we collectively perceive architecture and notions of permanence, and by intentionally trying to humanize these structures, I suppose I'm trying to disrupt

that. In this way, your sculptures have really strong human personalities, when and how did they start to evoke characters or people?

DH:

Hahahaha. I love that idea, of trying to humanize buildings. I don't know that my sculptures ever did start to evoke people, but other people see them that way. I think of them as relationships, as things coming into contact with each other in different ways. And in that, I guess they contain elements that are evocative of gestures: awkwardness, fleshy folds, softness, and brittleness. Things that are associated with bodies. The encounter can feel like running into a person, when they're roughly the same scale as your body, when they take up that kind of space, they start to behave like characters. It's kind of a game, leaving that to a viewer, but then pushing that sense of familiarity, through titles sometimes, sometimes through really obvious appendages. There's all this admission and denial, all these contradictions again. And then looking at your work, the way you're thinking about the personalities of buildings, cutting up and recombining the facades of buildings, it's funny, it almost feels like fashion. Is that something you think about, "where is the person?" in all these decisions?

MW:

Yes, it's definitely important for me to think about the tradesperson who placed this material down on a facade in the first place, and then how it is communicated to me or any other passer-by. So through this interface of architecture, a very human interaction can occur and this is fascinating to me. And, I think there is a relationship to fashion in how I am looking at the numerous ways that a building expresses its surface through both ornamental and utilitarian details. Also when different architectural styles clash within a collage, it's hard not to think about fashion. I once worked with a fashion designer who printed one of my collages onto a number of garments—pants, jackets, shirts, hats—which was something I never would have thought of. It was exciting to see it though, and it made complete sense—a moving body wearing one of my collages as if the architecture was so fluid it just extended onto the bodies of people walking by. I'm always thinking about ways in which I can make something that embodies the characteristics of moving images within a still image, and this clothing functioned in that way. This tension between stasis and fluidity is such a large part of your work. There's always this looming feeling that

something is potentially on the verge of collapse, when, in fact, it is very solid, and I can't help but read this as somewhat of a critique or failure of ideology, do you see it that way?

DH:

Yeah, I think it is, that's nicely said Max. I've gotten to this place in my work where a feeling is meaning enough. There is all of this building that goes into the pieces, and then it's all removed so that there are just a few elements, looking like they shouldn't possibly be able to stand. Tension holds them together, just at that point of collapse. As something we both use in our work, I think "collapse" is a good thing to end with here...

Again—and again: on the recent work of Alan Ruiz

Tom Burr

As building sites proliferate with relentless rapidity (New York City being but one instance), they punctuate the cityscape as tangible manifestations of ideological agendas aimed at diminishing public access to comfort, to safety, to light, while ensconcing these actual necessities within luxury designations. For Alan Ruiz, it's the repetitive structuring of the conditions of proliferation, separation, and isolation, along with the illusion of transparency that enables them to function, that constitutes the basis of his practice. It's within the structure and language of the built environment, and the architectural codes that produce it, that Ruiz embeds his gestures as *forms*.

Distinct sites may be seen as existing within a continuum of constructed moments that reveal their actual mechanisms only through this very repetition, this accumulation. In Ruiz's *Western Standards* series, systems of construction are evidenced in the form of aluminum or steel building studs, put into overdrive by exceeding the standard incremental ratio of stud to space, their accelerated placement suggesting a hyper-deployment of the architectural objectives of containment and division. Ruiz uses computer-generated algorithms to determine the pattern of the repeating vertical elements, mirroring a murky mix of calculation and abandon that might be said to characterize the effects of power on and within a city, a building, a crowd, or a body.

To experience Ruiz's installation *Precincts* (2015), which occupied a diminutive glass storefront in the West Village located within steps of an NYPD precinct, or *Organizational Transparency* (2016), composed of a semi-transparent, reflective film layered over a suite of ground-level windows at Queens Museum, mirroring and deflecting at once the interior of the Museum and the iconic former site of the World's Fair, is to recognize that the immediate context of these works completes them. These are not autonomous forms. In the first iteration of *Organizational Transparency*, installed at Abrons Art Center on the Lower East Side, the reflective film covered only a single window, in contrast to the installation at Queens Museum, where Ruiz mimicked the full effect of his institutional subject's formidable presence by covering an uninterrupted swath of windows. In the Abrons

installation, the single window was distinguished as one window among several. The band of windows on the building's concave façade was visibly punctuated—to greater or lesser degree due to the shifting conditions of light—by this one glass panel reflecting *differently*. The singular panel, with its distinction, was able to cast an air of suspicion across the building and its adjacent neighborhood, summoning both surveillance and speculation as dual forces of urban *organization*.

The innumerable effects of privatization, visible in the stunningly expeditious accumulation of exclusive space, produce new forms of control while leaving in their wake the somewhat tattered remnants of existing conditions and older disciplines, which may live on partially—even fully at times—despite the totalizing ambitions that engulf them. By pinpointing transformation, Ruiz's work creates discursive forms, forms that, while residing physically in a static state, set in motion a series of active propositions concerning the flux of spatial and social conditions that constitute the work's environment and its larger frame of meaning.

Tom Burr's work has been associated with the expanded field of institutional critique, developing a practice that addresses itself to concerns of public space, privacy, and questions of subjectivity. His sculptural, photographic and architectural works and installations have been exhibited internationally at institutions including MoCA, Los Angeles; MUMOK, Vienna; The Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; Museum fur Gegenwartkunst, Basel; Sculpture Center, New York; The Israel Museum, Jerusalem; and the Ludwig Museum, Cologne, among others. *Tom Burr Anthology: Writings, 1991- 2015*, was published this past year by Sternberg Press.

City of Tomorrow

Emma Pearse

So often, walking around New York, I've got my head down, or my eyes on my destination ten blocks and walls-of-fast-moving-people ahead. Or I've got my fingers in my ears and my eyes squinting almost shut, drowning out the offensive screams of the city. If it's not an ambulance siren (many decibels higher than is legal), then it's the sound of a worker sitting astronomically high above, pounding metal on metal, or the starting of jackhammers constructing one more glassy, looming building to rise amid the skyline of this ever-evolving town. More people, more production. These vast, (fancy), sometimes eco-and-green, sometimes not-so-pretty constructions are the subject of Jennifer Williams' *New York: City of Tomorrow* (2016), which is a brilliant and surprisingly peaceful companion piece to Queens Museum's thrilling permanent vintage installation, the Panorama of the City of New York.

And in fact, I had a similar experience of unintended oblivion on visiting the Panorama recently: I stood on the ramps in the cool, low-lit room, taking in the entirety of New York's five boroughs, thousands of bridges and under-appreciated waterways. My focus was on trying to identify where my apartment building is in the sprawling, genius, complex (especially for the geographically challenged) mass that is New York. I wasn't really looking up but, as always, down. My friend, who isn't so geographically disadvantaged, pointed out where the famous bungalows of the Rockaways lie and which bridge connects Staten Island to Manhattan and where Brooklyn becomes Queens and where nobody is quite sure. I was also very happily absorbing the quiet—art critic Jerry Saltz has said that the Panorama is “the only way to see the entire city all at once,”¹ and it's the only way to see it without your hands over your ears, or your sidewalk rage ready to trigger. And before the skyline began to continually outdo itself—the Panorama was created in the 1960s and was last updated in 1992.

It was a shadow of someone's finger pointing over the 9,335-square-foot model made of “wood, plastic, fake shrubbery, Formica, and whatnot”² that made my eyes flicker, and into view came one of the three outbursts of Williams' printed photographic installation: The Queens artist has taken architecturally precise 3D photographs of many of the city's new and rising buildings. She took them from a pedestrian-eye's view. Imagine the artist, one woman and her camera,

making her way around Long Island City, Brooklyn, and up and down Manhattan's "Billionaires' Row," marveling at and documenting every new and inevitable construction that makes her and us ever smaller. Williams has taken photographs that sparkle and printed them without manipulation. They are now plastered in kaleidoscopic shapes on three strategic walls around the Panorama—at first, I thought I was seeing a plane fly in to JFK. Nope, it was a cascade of the new high-rises. Some with windows the color of the ocean, others concrete or brown brick, covered in industrial orange tarp and yellow police tape. Williams has curated jagged and triangular silhouettes; the buildings all pile up and shoot out from each other, blasting towards viewers on the ramps who can now behold the city then and now—the vintage city back in the relatively calm '90s and what it's moving rapidly toward in the frenetic new age.

The Panorama is a stunning historical piece that's more fun to visit than it is to fly in on JetBlue, even. And Williams' vision of this new urban landscape, moving toward the Panorama like a spaceship (and, more cynically, a fast-spreading rash), might make it a little more fun for us to trek around this chaotic, spreading urban landscape. Somehow, Williams' contained yet theatrical vision might help us take back our own ever-shrinking perspective as pedestrians in this town.

1. Saltz, Jerry, "The Greatest Artwork A Pollock, a Penn, or a Warhol?," *New York Magazine*, January 9, 2011.

2. Ibid.

Emma Pearse is an arts and travel writer and editor in NYC. She's written for the *New York Times*, *New York Magazine*, *The Guardian*, *Smithsonian*, *Vogue*, *Elle*, and more. She is currently at work on her second book. www.emmapearse.com

Noticing *This Space*

R. Armstrong

Not-noticing is an adaptive necessity of twenty-first century life. In order to make it through the days, we have to not notice so much. This is true of many things, sounds among them.

Two recent examples:

I needed to record the sounds of a forest at dusk. I went to a forest I have gone to many times over a handful of years, one that has always felt quiet and renewing. As soon as I listened through the microphone, however, all I heard was the nearby highway. When I took the headphones off, my mind immediately re-mixed the ambient sounds: the birds and stream and soft leaf rustle were in the foreground, and the highway faded away. With the flattening effect of recording, however, the highway overpowered everything.

And the second: A friend recently joined me in New York. He has lived in many cities, on several continents. We sat down in a tiny intersection park for a break and to decide where to go next, and he said, "I had forgotten about the hum. It's everywhere here." I realized I didn't hear it. When he pointed it out, of course, I heard how loud, how pressing it was. But it's one of the many things I have unconsciously trained myself to not notice.

Samita Sinha and Brian Chase's *This Space* slips into the tiny gap between noticing and not noticing and asks us to wait there, to rest there, stay. It opens the border space in consciousness between what we hear and what we sort as inessential, what our minds put in the "harmless background" of the cacophony of our lives. Unlike John Cage's *4'33"*, *This Space* does not ask the background to be the center, it doesn't ask for a full shift of focus to the often unnoticed. Instead, it listens with us in a shared space, and opens up the gap between the heard and unheard for us to step into, to inhabit. In many ways we are relieved of the burden of being an audience, much like the performers are relieved of the burden of performing; we join each other as listeners to or at a specific site.

The present bodies of the performers alert the audience that something is happening. The sounds made by percussion and voice, however, remain on the auditory level of the background noise, though their quality is different. We begin to listen because we see something;

as we do so our listening is dispersed evenly over the performers and surroundings. Once I noticed I had been hearing a sound for a while because I heard an echo of it in the percussion; once the voice made a call and response with a young person in the room, weaving his voice into the intentional space of the piece.

This kind of subtlety, the liminal space of existing on and in the borders between what we habitually ignore and what we acknowledge as worthy of our attention, is an essential skill to develop in our increasingly fragmented and excessively globalized lives. One of the ways that systematic or normative difficulties persist is that so many can sort these issues into the "harmless background" category. A great number of the troubles of contemporary life that we relegate to that category determine our position within complex and ugly systems of power. The skill of slipping between, re-mixing the soundscape to be fully heard, is an abstract means to practice the radical act of fully noticing the world.

R. Armstrong is a semi-nomadic artist and writer with roots in both rural Pennsylvania and New York City. Work explores the taut boundary between what is known and what is unknowable, and the labor involved in shifting this boundary, through sound, objects, text, video, performance, and illogical and futile experimentation. Alluvial detritus can be found at rarmstrongworks.com.

NO PLACE FOR A MAP

Jeffrey Grunthaner

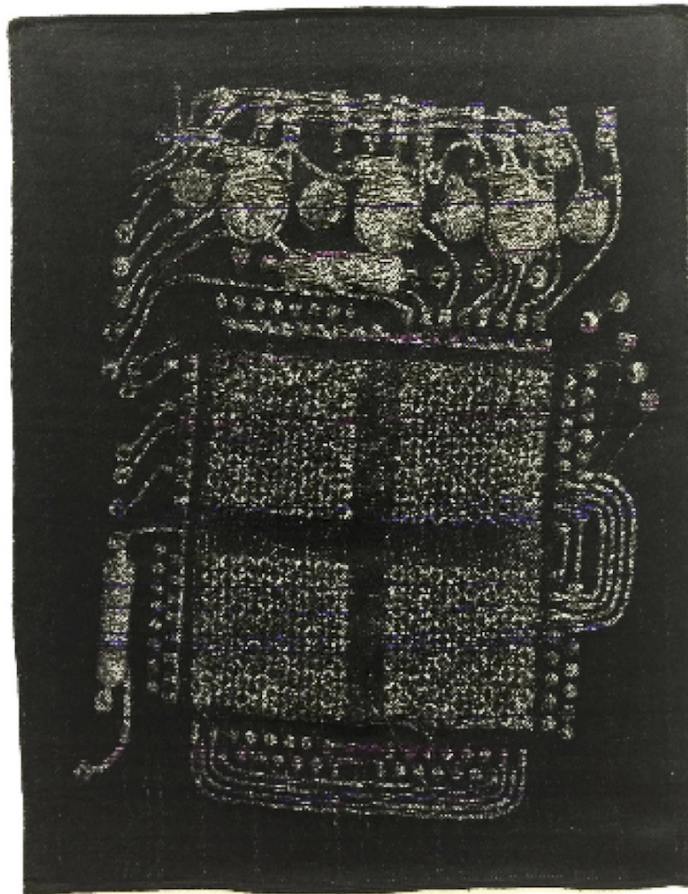
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Tent is the delusion. Delusions control subjects
in ways that do not meet the criteria for
delusion. And strength with tent was a deviant pact.
The real world describes here:

“I’m going to fly to Scotland where they are
making a movie of *Fiddler on the Roof*
because I’d really like corr-

ect knowledge about ‘derailment’ / and anomic Murphy
give similar examples of pneumonia.

Cutting everyone together in autistic logic.

In the sentence “The big boy told the little girl she
was herself,” there is a blurred boundary between
the agent of “told” and

they did. They were very glad

they did. They (independently of each other and in procession,



“I wonder what this city was called,” Murphy says.

They turn aside, going up the remains of a stairway from one of the foundations. “Do you think we might find a signpost? Some kind of plaque?”

You answer in your own language: *between this house and the next house over there is a tree. Under it are five dead ducks, looking sullied*

with matted feathers. She felt a wave of sorrow as she leaned a little farther out the window.

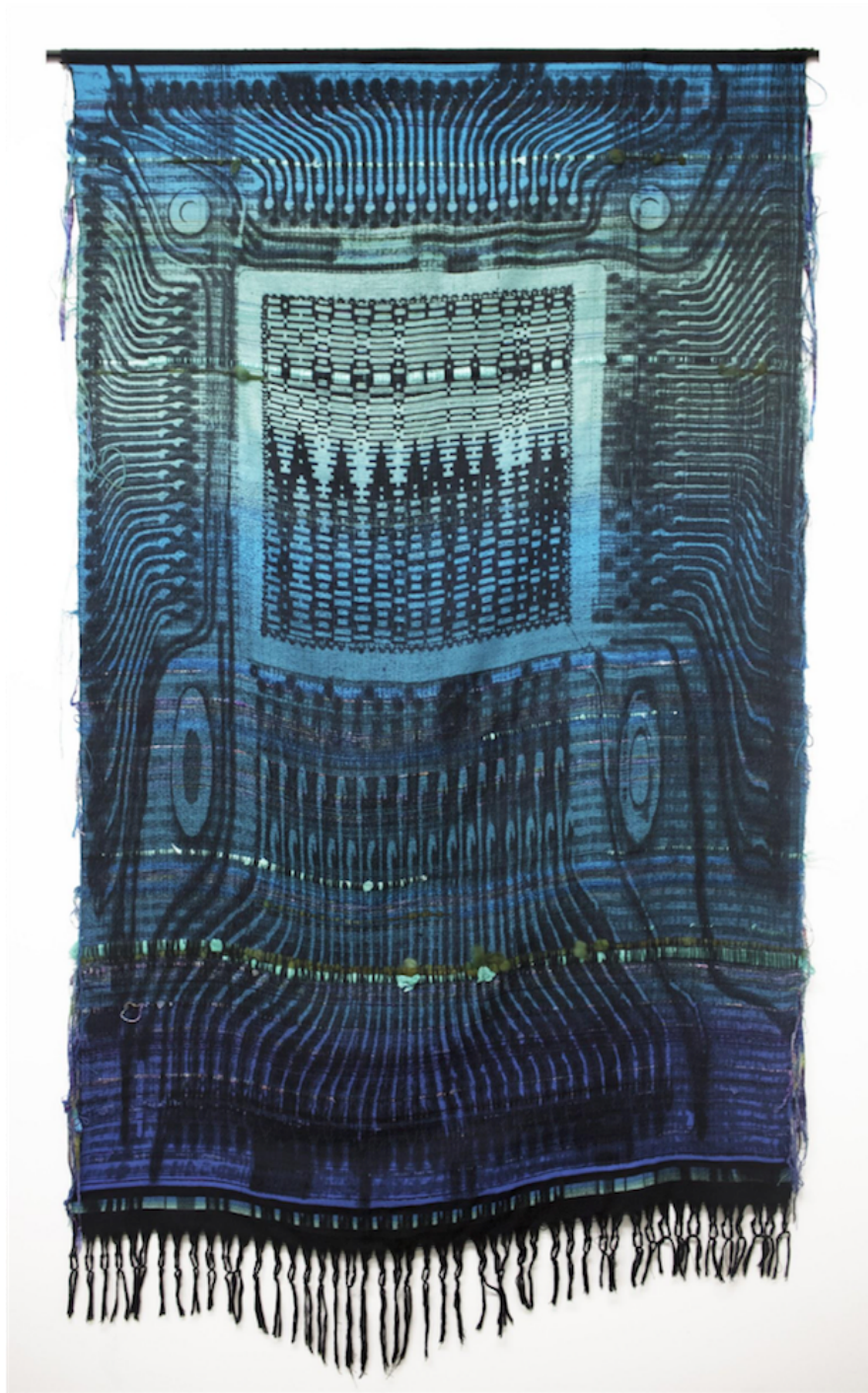
One of the ducks was still breathing, flying its queen’s colors of green + blue, and

and it began to crawl out of the dirt, going down the alley towards the back of a house with its mass of steel and glass set in huge slabs of concrete. The duck snaking down a mountain, carrying something.

It turned back. For reinforcements.

“This is the city,” Murphy snarled loftily.

“That was its name.” Steel and glass whirring beneath them: a network of rods atop a high pole created a thin strait between them + the peninsula’s tip.



different types of semantic memory) raved about the desert
all the next day.

Their tailored characteristic starved the hardened fiddles
Inside the railway:

A coffee vanished in the projecting precedent

The appointed quantum peered.

He told himself a story. But not at first.

At first, there wasn't time for thought. War was coming,
and he was finally glad.

He surrendered himself to an inscription on a bit of paper:

birds keep falling out the trees and

onto the roof outside my window

*i take them to the reservoir and give their bodies
to the water*

and share some words

also last night in dream, in a dark part of the

house, I'm looking out the window of a bedroom,

dark inside and night outside, but there is some

soft orange light coming from somewhere among the fleet of
eastern ships docked in the city's bay.



This piece was written in response to Queens International 2016, and features images of Robin Kang's works: Memory Module Mask with Interference (2015), Lime Data (2013), and Hand Phantasmic Data Dawn (2015).

Jeffrey Grunthaner is a writer and curator based in Brooklyn. You can find his critical and other work in *BOMB*, *artnet News*, *The Claudius App*, *Emergency INDEX*, *Imperial Matters*, *Hyperallergic*, *Whitehot Magazine of Contemporary Art*, and elsewhere. His most recent curatorial project

Sight | Site | Cite is exhibited at OUTLET Fine Arts in Bushwick, and his chapbook THE TTTROUBLE WWITH SUUNDAAYS was published by Louffa Press in 2014.

The History of the World Was with Me That Night

Jamieson Webster

“First to forget. To remember only where one remembers nothing. To forget: to remember everything as though by way of forgetting. There is a profoundly forgotten point from which every memory radiates. Everything is exalted in memory from something which is forgotten, infinitesimal detail, a miniscule fissure into which it passes in its entirety.”

—Maurice Blanchot, *The Last Man*

We remember alone, we forget together.
We remember triumph, we forget self-betrayal.
We remember boundlessness, we forget uselessness.
We remember sound and vision, we forget shame.
We remember temperature, we forget boredom.
We remember what we own, we forget rape.
We remember return, we forget what others have failed to do.
We remember intimately, we forget what we don't understand.
We remember slow waking, we forget endless nights.
We remember hotel beds, we forget taken space.
We remember anticipation, we forget regrets.

*

There was an imperative order in the city of Athens that one forgets. Athenians swear an oath to the city not to remember the *misfortunes*. An altar to Lethe, oblivion, is erected deep in the Erechtheion on the Acropolis, enjoining us together under the banner of repression. The statue of Mnemosyne has three faces: memory, forgetting, and repression. We are what we cannot remember so that the rest, this and that memory, forgetting this or that thing, folds itself around this central void. We do not choose repression; it chooses us, like the near-gravitational pull upon our dreams when we awake. There are only seconds in which to capture the smallest of fragments. One is enough.

Perhaps the greatest negative figure of oblivion is Elektra, the child who cannot mourn, who curses her mother for her actions. Elektra refuses to forget, such is her cry for revenge, her failed mourning. The affirmative oblivion of the utilitarian law of Athens meets here with Elektra's non-oblivion—her refusal to forget that consumes her alone. This process is essentially temporal. We move from negation—I will

not recall—to Elektra’s constant language of double negation—never to be veiled, never to be undone, never to be forgotten. Forgetting is linked to amnesty and forgiveness through a question of memory. But where does this law of amnesty and amnesia begin and end? And who would dare obliterate for good a unique memory? Who would dare transgress the limit formed by repression?

*

Dream—I am looking at a man who has died. The room is full of mourners. I ask an older gentleman a question about him and he says to me, “We will not say anything else. When someone dies, we close them and cast them into the river of peace.” I looked to see if they were going to close his eyes, which I realized was a rather childish interpretation of what was said, a silly literalizing—they meant it another way—but nonetheless, there is a logic in children’s misapprehensions. It felt as if what was said would have to be something that takes place on the body. Perhaps there is an identification with Freud’s dream of his father’s death with the ambiguous and ambivalent command—you are asked to close the eyes, which may also be an eye. Closure, mourning, must have a material component, the link between looking for it, and ceasing to look, closing the eyes, forgetting, was some part of a truth about the fact that closing takes place in the body, much as opening does—this strangely felt rhythm of the unconscious, the openings and closings of the rim of repression.

I have also been called, by the likes of fathers, a disturber of the peace. If this indictment has made me angry in the past—something I’ve turned around on the other as a statement, not about myself, but as something concerning their own desire to be free of desire, which will never leave anyone in peace—in this dream I take it in. Revenge quiets. Peace is not simply the escape from desire, but something about what it means to close one’s eyes, to bring something to an end.

I woke up from the dream thinking about the hell of revision, revisionist history, memory, false memory, the endlessness of interpretation, the obsessive attempt to go over one’s life or another’s, master trauma, this problem in psychoanalysis, which, when it is not a problem, is more like something that erupts in the body and brings thinking to a close. Let the dead be dead. We will not speak any more about it. Reprieve.

This piece was written in response to Freya Powell's audio installation, Omniscience and Oblivion (2015)

Jamieson Webster is a psychoanalyst in New York. She has written for *Apology, Cabinet, The Guardian, The Huffington Post, Playboy, The New York Times*, as well as, for many psychoanalytic publications. *The Life and Death of Psychoanalysis* is published with Karnac (2011). *Stay, Illusion!*—written with Simon Critchley—is published with Pantheon Books (2013). She is currently working on *The Cambridge Introduction to Jacques Lacan*, and a new book, *Conversion Disorder*.

What You Don't See (Queens Teens Respond)

Amanda Gomez

Freya Powell's work delves into expansive and imaginative spaces; alternating from photography, to video, to audio she has continually captured our attention with personal experiences and memories—both of herself and others. *Omniscience and Oblivion* (2015) features a small room with a lone wooden bench and four speakers mounted on the walls. The forty-eight minutes and twenty-two seconds of audio bring to life anonymously submitted pairs of memories from an online form Powell had previously created—one they would like to keep forever and one they would like to let go.

As melodramatic as it may seem, as you settle in, what you hear is actually the submitted memories being read aloud by strangers. During your time sitting down in this humble room, you will notice that each memory is told one at a time, in a random order, and that each memory travels from one speaker to another. Some speakers play the audio rather low, others rather high; each episode spoken by a different voice at a different sound level make you react differently from one to the next.

Unexpectedly, you start noticing many things. One being the sense of comfort you feel, and two the humbling feeling that has developed while listening in on this archive; 'these people don't know me, yet they trust the world with their past?' You are taken by this passionate wave of humanity and it is truly a journey you are experiencing. The strangers' voices gently going from flat to assenting and their reactions going from accepting to incredulous at what they are reading, whether it be a poem, a story, a sentence fragment, or a quote.

Some of the memories are described in such detail, it is as if you were there when that memory was being shaped—as if maybe that person the memory belongs to is recollecting with you.

Visitors to this work might be confused by the emptiness of the space; nothing to see but a bench and mounted speakers. However, relatable or not, indulging in the act of listening brings overwhelming emotions and amazement (a result of spending time with the work). This encourages you to slow down and spend time with the exhibit. How often do we get to do so nowadays? In a city where all is fast-paced and busy-busy, it is refreshing to come into a museum and be able to enjoy the work whilst enjoying yourself. Many museums are just

looking at a piece of art in a crowded room—this exhibit is the complete opposite, and it can't get any better. This exhibit is truly inspiring and insightful, and melts my heart.

Amanda Gomez is an enthusiastic young artist who is currently attending the High School for Arts & Business, and is a vital member of Queens Teens, Queens Museum's nationally recognized youth leadership and career development program. For *Queens International 2016*, she has assisted and participated in projects with Xiaoshi Vivian Vivan Qin and Mohammed Fayaz.

Interview: Allison Davis and Sam Vernon

Excerpted from a conversation between curator and writer Allison Davis and Sam Vernon, participating artist in *Queens International 2016*

Sam Vernon: Louis Armstrong was an incredible person but I had a relationship to him that I think was much like other people—he's an icon. He was a celebrity. He broke racial barriers. I think that his artwork is what really brought me into his personhood, from the surface of him into his world. He was obsessed with his own life. He recorded his voice all the time. Those reels, the boxes that they're kept in, are where the collages are. The collages are on top of the box covers.

Most of the images that are in [this book] you'll see that it's an autobiographical journey. Some of the collages are really strange. There's no connection to him or his network but they're just ads or clips from stories. He was really into this diuretic for a while. He used to collage that into his work. That's his den with all of his collages. This is what really inspired my piece because he would put all of his collages on the walls of his den. He really wanted his collages to surround him. Then his wife forced him to take everything down because she said it was tacky. In a way it was an installation. I don't know if he saw it that way but when I saw the picture I thought of it that way.

Allison Davis: How did you become the discoverer of Louis Armstrong's work yourself? It sounds like you became very interested in him as a person and as an artist outside of his music and his iconography.

SV:

I had an idea that got completely interrupted in the process of doing this for the Queens Museum. I had a completely different concept for the wall originally. I recently moved to Flushing and wherever I live I really try to figure out the history of where I'm living. I come to find out that there was this jazz exhibit at Flushing Town Hall. I saw the photo of him in his den and it hit me so hard because I felt like that was me on that ladder doing what I do.

Then I completely jumped into the research and I discovered that all of his collages, for the most part, are kept in an archive at Queens College. Unfortunately, they haven't gotten that much exposure.

AD:

Then what happened? You saw it, you're like, "This is amazing. I have to comment on this."

SV:

So *Queens International* is supposed to be about artists living and working in Queens, right? When I discovered this gem and that his house in Corona was turned into a museum and there was all this history that I was unaware of about his work and his life, I decided to just make that the theme of the piece and it completely changed the direction.

—

AD:

When somebody comes and looks at your wall what are they looking at?

SV:

They're looking at what I would say is a loose sort of homage. I could never encompass the decades and decades of time it took Louis to make his work but I think the sheer scale of the wall and a similar process of engagement that I saw of him in that picture in his den is supposed to be a conceptual link between how I approach collage and how he approaches it. Which is deeply personal. I'm using images that I've drawn from my life, different photos, notes, just like he was.

AD:

What's the picture that you chose?

SV:

One of the key ones was this quote that says like, "I cut and I paste, and I go home with my fingers blackened by newsprint is...the blood of the world." Referencing all these things that have to do with global news and humanness when you're dealing with the sorts of materials that he and I deal with. I have some handwritten notes, and he also did a lot of writing too. It's important to me to have text in there about how I was feeling, what I was going through. More diaristic things. It's very abstract. It's all abstract.

AD:

Were there any surprises for you during the process and practice of making this particular work?

SV:

Big surprise. I started using color.

AD:

Where did that come from?

SV:

I felt compelled. Louis was always saying how he wanted all of the work that he did to be about happiness. Did you know that he used to smoke every day? He smoked weed like every day.

I think the reality is that he smoked because he had to deal with so much shit. He was such an amazing master of his work but he had to deal with all the racism and people trying to not pay him enough, not acknowledge his genius. It became clear to me that there was no way that I could do him any justice by creating a black and white installation.

And for me, there was just a point in my life and my practice where I was like, "I cannot do another black and white presentation." There is still black and white in there but the more I learned about Louis and the more I was feeling about where I was in my own life, I could not do a black and white piece.

AD:

That's huge. This is like a seminal point in your evolution I feel like. Everything I know of your work is black, white, or gray.

SV:

Yeah, it's all been in the gray scale. Absolutely. I was trying to say that black and white was like the way we use language, "like everything is so black and white" In reality, everything is in the middle. Everything is so gray. We usually don't completely understand why things are the way they are. It was a way for me to also see things clearly.

I come from a photography background and using black and white film in the darkroom. There's a lot of overlapping points about thinking that black and white and gray were the only ways that you could really express clarity but at the same time confusion around messaging. If you think about it, a book might have white pages and black letters on top, at any time, and this is what we're conditioned to understand and how we read the world. I was thinking visually that could be an important and easy way to carry a sense our urgency around my images. Black and white, direct, gray, cloudy.

AD:

Why do you use art to do that? Why not write a book? Why not print someone an article and say, "Here, you should know more about Louis Armstrong." Why take over a wall at a museum?

SV:

It's a scale and time thing. It's the way our bodies relate to an environment and the way I can hold the book and read it in the time that it takes to do that is very different from an engaging 14- by 50-foot wall and being like, "What is this about?" I think art can potentially be an all-encompassing visual experience. I'm trying to use the architecture of the space and the conditioning of the space so that viewers are entering into whatever I've created because it's larger than themselves. You know what I mean?

AD:

Mm-hmm (affirmative). Is this the biggest space that you've ever used? Can you talk about what it means to have this whole space? I feel like the space almost becomes a medium.

SV:

No, the biggest one was in Seattle. That was like a whole building. Yeah, I try to do that obviously. It was suggested actually. One of my mentors who has passed, Robert Reed, love him. He was in *America Is Hard to See* at the Whitney. He was a great painter. Very much a painter invested in formal concerns. Very different practices, he and I, but he said, "Why don't you go to school for architecture? You'll probably try to do that next."

At the time I was in grad school but I was just like ... For me, it's more about specificity. If I were to do something in this space for example, I would try to sit with it as long as possible to see what could be done to transform the space, undeniably transform the space so that a viewer was drawn in. Compelled to engage. For me, it feels like an invitation. It's an interruption but it's also an invitation to be included into a conversation about the work when you are able to create these specific large things.

—

AD:

What's the best compliment you've ever received?

SV:

"Sam, you're fearless."

AD:

That's a good one.

SV:

That was cool.

AD:

You did this before but it was off the record. Can you speak about the book that you selected for the influence portion of the show?

SV:

Oh, yeah, yeah. Claudia Rankine's *Citizen*. It's probably one of the only books that I've read in recent years that is super honest and at the same time poetic about what it means to be a black woman in this country with access to the ivory tower experience and moves about in the world in a pedestrian fashion and still encounters on every level aggression and how she is able to translate that into words and how that aggression manifests in her and how she deals with it. It's so powerful.

AD:

What does it all mean?

SV:

I used to think that having this sort of black-and-white political agenda about being in the world is...I was very angry. I know it doesn't seem like it because I'm usually smiling and like, "Hey, what's up, guys?" But I was dealing with a lot of pain and anger and all these things and the work is like super...in its own way confrontational. How I'm changing and emerging out of that to say, yes, there is still a level of immediacy and urgency that I want to express but then I want to be more focused on my own joy. I listen and or read Audre Lorde's essay on the power of the erotic every week. It's erotic meaning my deepest feelings and desires and how that translates into joy is a primary point of departure for the work now.

As much joy as I can maintain as possible. That's what it means to me right now. Being in my garden, going to see other gardens, thinking about Alma Thomas and how she thinks about color. Or how she thought about color.

Allison Davis is currently the Associate Artistic Director of the Museum of Contemporary Diasporan Arts in Brooklyn. As the daughter of an artist and gallery director, contemporary art has always been a way of life. She has written, produced, and curated across the platforms of exhibition space, television, stage, film, public radio, documentary, commercial broadcast, magazines, and blogs. She holds a BA in Visual and Media

Arts from Emerson College and, through a departmental fellowship, an MFA from NYU's Tisch School of the Arts in Dramatic Writing.
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When You're Smiling...The Many Faces Behind the Mask

Yanara Porter

Have you ever gotten horrible news on a beautiful day? Walked outside and felt the sun touch your skin so sickly sweet? I've had that feeling only twice in my life, before *When You're Smiling...The Many Faces Behind the Mask* (2016). On both occasions, I learned that I was about to lose someone close to me. The installation has all the makings of a smile, Abby Dobson's voice fluttering over back-country acoustic riffs, a backdrop with a collage of colors and images. But as I listen more closely to the music, I realize there's no joy here at all.

The wall behind Abby, on further glance, does not depict the story of a sweet country afternoon, as her voice would have you believe. It shows the truths of this world. The "peace" that we have yet to obtain, the work that we have yet to reap the benefits for, and the blood that we've spilled all for naught. By the time I've realized this, Abby's voice has become stripped and raw. A chill lies over me, and I feel exposed and vulnerable. I'm drained, as if I've smeared my own blood across the canvas.

Strangely enough, I find myself seeking comfort within the collage, like a quilt I could drape over myself. Isn't it funny how we desire the things that remind us of our pain? It's more soothing to embrace it. Or maybe we use it as a defense mechanism to justify our failure, or create an excuse to give up. One image that stood out to me, and that reappeared throughout the collage, was of jazz musician Louis Armstrong sitting atop a ladder in what appeared to be an artist's studio. I immediately identified him as a father figure. Perhaps that's why I found comfort in the piece. "Our Father, the creator," looks down upon the cruel world he has fashioned while Abby as "Mother Earth" weeps from amid the carnage.

Yanara Porter is an aspiring journalist and creative writer, which may seem like a contradiction, but given the realities of our current world, she will be the perfect fit for the genre. Growing up in the East New York section of Brooklyn, she's had experiential knowledge of the cruelties and injustices of society. Nevertheless she is still able to see the potential for beauty that resides in all things. Yanara received her BA in

journalism from SUNY Purchase, with a concentration in music and performance. Yanara Porter strives to radiate hope and creativity from her writing.

Interview: Jesus Benavente and Carl Marin

Excerpted from a conversation between Jesus Benavente and Carl Marin, participating artists in *Queens International 2016*

Jesus Benavente:

So maybe we can start with the question of, "Who's your audience?" Last time we met we spoke about this balance between pleasure and challenge in encountering our works.

Carl Marin:

It's true, I really made the work in the *Queens International – Chasing Waterfalls* (2016) – because I wanted to be someone that is sincerely curious about investigating. And that is the viewer that I'm asking for, the curious explorer. I put a lot of work into translating the experience of encountering these waterfalls back into an image that was not so easily seen or understood. The goal was to recreate how sometimes you're in a moment, and for a while you can't see it going anywhere, but then all of a sudden it leads to something really surprising and rewarding.

JB:

Curious explorer, I like that. I've also been trying to find ways to tie who you are into this interview. Knowing you personally, I think a lot about your biking practice, which is not your art practice. You're someone who fixes and puts together bikes for yourself, and then you, using those tools, go out and challenge yourself...I don't want to use the word "extreme biking", but you go out there.

CM:

Yeah, I was really into mountain biking for a while, and still am. I used to design / fabricate my own bicycle frames, and compete in 100 mile mountain bike races.

JB:

The bike making is kind of a metaphor for how you think, or how you engage your art practice: you create these systems, and then you try and challenge, push, and bend them, to see how far you can go.

CM:

I could see that. I often feel like an engineer in my art practice, and my experience designing and fabricating bike frames has definitely

influenced how I approach making art. I like to think about what I want to experience and then try to reach that experience through technical problem solving.

JB:

Now to tie it in with the *Chasing Waterfalls* piece. There's this reward a viewer may find at the end of the journey, of locating the hidden image. They're getting to feel what you feel.

CM:

I definitely want the experience to be pleasurable. I started with the idea of the waterfall as the primary image because a waterfall hidden in a Magic Eye Poster sounds like a perfect transition. When I was visiting the waterfalls in the Catskills, I felt connected to this history of city-dwellers escaping New York City for the countryside, as well as an art historical trajectory of Hudson River School painters that frequented the same locations.

JB:

So coming back to this engineered part of your process: you go up to the waterfalls, you're taking video, you're recording audio. But the images that are actually hidden in the random dot autostereoscopic (or Magic Eye illusion) video works are these clay models and digital renderings.

CM:

Chasing Waterfalls came together in a way that I didn't expect it to. To figure out how to get this image of the waterfall into a Magic Eye illusion, I looked into a number of different methods. I thought it was so funny that it came down to me actually sculpting the images out of clay. I was originally trying to use the newest technology but to make a really old form of technology (the autostereogram). It's funny that I ended up sculpting out of clay because I felt tied to the history of sculpture in a way that I hadn't felt before because I usually work with photographs. I felt I was using clay in a way that a painter uses paint. This is actually the medium that makes sense to visualize something out of nothing and control every aspect of it. One of the impetuses for translating the waterfalls into a Magic Eye is the fact that I felt like it was so hard to capture the physicality of them in person. I thought it was interesting with clay, because it felt so blind. It took me a month to make each clay sculpture and it felt like a battle to get it down, because I was just looking at it with different photographs at different angles.

CM:

But switching over to your practice Jesus, I actually wanted to ask you about one of your older works titled *Accent Reduction* (2012).

JB:

Oh god. That one I haven't figured out.

CM:

At first upon seeing the title, since I know identity politics is a big influence on your work, I thought the video was going to involve your roots in Texas and trying to adapt into a new environment on the East Coast. Then I saw that the video actually followed Kevin, a student from Eastern Pennsylvania who was seeing a speech therapist from the Jersey Shore, who had a really intense New Jersey accent. While you were in the video narrating, I was thrown off because I was wondering what your relationship to Kevin was.

JB:

Kevin Travers and I went to graduate school together. The impetus for the video was a really intense flyer I had come across. It was advertising accent reduction classes claiming that if "you're an immigrant living in America and you're trying to get a good job, people aren't going to give you a job because you have this terrible accent." On one level that's really messed up, since an accent has nothing to do with one's suitability for employment. But then there's also a certain level of truth to that. If you're coming into a certain job and the employer claims that people won't be able to understand you, or won't be able to relate to you, it is plausible to assume that they will not offer you the job. On one level, these accent reduction services are such terrible things, but it's also probably an essential thing for many people. I was thinking about how my grandparents, and my parents, my mother specifically, often did this thing when someone would say something to them in English and their eyes would glaze over. They knew what the person was saying, but they lacked a confidence...

CM:

To speak it back.

JB:

To speak it back or to acknowledge that they understood. Especially where I'm from in San Antonio. If you're there you probably understand both Spanish and English. Most kids will talk to their parents in English and their parents will speak to them in Spanish, and they'd get each other. But when they're in a public space ...

CM:

They're self-conscious about it.

JB:

It's self-conscious, but it's also this weird class move where you're deferring to the person who's supposed to be in charge.

CM:

Oh, yeah.

JB:

You're not the equal in the situation, you're the dumb Mexican that's expected to clean the toilets or whatever.

CM:

I was wondering, in the video, why you chose Kevin.

JB:

I chose Kevin because Kevin is someone who doesn't really need accent reduction and you don't expect him to need accent reduction. He still has an Eastern Pennsylvania sound to him, but that's considered "acceptable". That's an acceptable accent.

CM:

I thought the collaborative *Accent Reduction* piece, could be an interesting tie in to your Queens International project *Las Reinas* (2016) with Felipe Castelblanco. You've worked with Felipe to bring together these two Mariachi bands, one that's located here in Queens, Mariachi Real de Mexico, and the other is an all-female Mariachi band, Mariachi Imperial, based in Bogotá, Colombia. There's almost a sense of competition between them, as if you're pitting them against one another but also asking them to collaborate on a new song. In your work you often locating points of contention between people that you might think would see more eye-to-eye.

JB:

That's actually the exciting thing for me. There's certainly a level of competition between them. Mariachi is a hyper-masculine practice and is also considered a very Mexican thing. It's really weird how Latinx people outside of the culture reduce it. If you're Puerto Rican and someone would ask you to play some Mariachi music, they might correct that person by saying Mariachi music wasn't part of their culture. But at the same time, Mariachi is a sound that ends up transcending origins and cultural borders.

CM:

People are mashing many of these traditions together, and not actually seeing the cultural distinctions between each one.

JB:

Right. Especially because Mariachi is a very touristy practice that you often see in restaurants or at certain types of parties.

CM:

Another question I had about your work is: why is your character in the performance and video work so hyper-masculine? And how does this relate to the way you work with Mariachi bands?

JB:

For me Mariachi is definitely this weird contradiction of traditional masculinity and traditional femininity within Latin culture. For me it's about winning and losing. There's this bravado, "I have strength. I can do this". But then the music also laments in the end, "But I fail, and I'm the result of being unable to overcome these invaders." Part of it is, as a Latino, coming to terms with the mix of cultures that are at stake when we talk about Mariachi, the histories of indigenous people who were colonized by Europeans in Latin America. Mariachi music is this art form that's very proud and brave, but still has a resonance with a time when the continent was subjugated. Their existence is a result of that subjugation.

CM:

At first i didn't realize the sensitivity to those politics in your work, but I've been noticing it. Definitely more so with this piece where the Mariachi band that started as a part of your work *Covenant Ritual* (2013), in which the band was literally standing in the background of your performance in that work, has now become the foreground in this new piece with Felipe Castelblanco, *Las Reinas* at the Queens Museum. Yet what is consistent throughout your participatory work is that there is a great deal of collaboration and a certain power you relinquish to the participants to determine the trajectory of the piece. There is a conversation around this interaction that's happening, and everything is fair in the sense that everyone's agreed, everyone's consensual, and everyone's ...

JB:

Everyone's compensated.

CM:

Definitely. I feel this is true throughout your work. You actually lay the groundwork, and then the collaborator is invited in. They actually have so much say over what the end message is, but it feels like a power struggle, in a way. I think that's interesting because I think artists can be such...

JB:

Control...

CM:

Ego-maniacs. I'm not saying you're an ego-maniac.

JB:

No, I am. It's fine. Part of it is I want things to be a certain way, and I have this idea of how it should be, but when you're working collaboratively, I know it's important to give the other person a voice, and a sense of ownership over the work.

JB:

Tying this all together, and going back to your work, I feel like a similarity between us is that we create these systems, and then we test the limits of those systems.

CM:

I agree. The effort we put into creating the right parameters for our work is an exciting part.

The Eternal Insult

John B. Henry

My interaction with the art in the *Queens International 2016* began before crossing the threshold of museum building itself. At the time I was unaware that wooden sandwich-boards being propped up in an area next to the hot dog cart on the corner of the path leading away from the stainless-steel globe might have had some connection to the art in the museum. One read: “Do you have gnomes in your attic?” I didn’t really understand the message, but it struck a chord in me alerting my attention. My cousin’s husband was in a band called “Gnome Attic” which I didn’t realize was a play on words until he explained that it sounded like “Nomadic”. I then noticed the other boards being propped up with messages that were equally as strange. Another read: “You’re so skinny that you have to run around in the shower to get wet.” I might have heard that one before, from my grandpa—he was a stringbean too. I soon realized that all of them had odd messages and some were even in languages other than English.

Inside the Queens Museum, I discovered that these messages were a part of *The Eternal Insult* (2012 – ongoing), a project by Janks Archive. In a dark room two digital video projectors played randomly selected footage from the group’s A/V archive. Individuals were shown on opposing walls delivering an insulting message to the camera. The image would freeze and the text of what was just said would appear superimposed on the frozen face. The video on the opposing wall would then begin with a new person delivering a new insult. I found myself looking back and forth across in anticipation as if there would eventually be a response, but each new face just one-upped the last with a smile on their face. In this way, *The Eternal Insult* explores the set-up to and tipping-point in a situation that is about to change dramatically. Since we do not get to see any of the reactions of those the insults are directed towards, this work is playful and oddly endearing. It reminded me of that moment when I realized that everyone in my family was old enough to dish-out insults that resonate deep through memories and shared experiences in a loving way to tease each other without malice or hurt feelings.

Exiting the exhibition and the Queens Museum, we made it a point to circle the Unisphere clockwise so as to avoid the sandwich-board team who had moved onto their next task: approaching strangers with a

video camera and asking them for their best jank. Even though I loved the project, I am camera shy. Here's my contribution to the Janks Archive: "Why don't you go teach your grandmother to suck eggs."

*This text was written for Professor Kim Connerton, Ph.D.,
"Installation Art: Design & Change" 2016 Spring semester at Pratt
Institute in the History of Art & Design Graduate Program.*

John B. Henry is MS History of Art and Design/MS Information and Library Science candidate at Pratt Institute. For the past 8 years he has worked in various arts institutions as well as independent publishing as an editor and an author. He currently lives and works in Brooklyn.

Janking Off

Emily Apter

Trumpism, a vicious, viral strand of politics ushered in to fight off any credible manifestation of the *demos*, represents the endgame of politics as branding and personal trademarking. It proposes a real estate model that replaces the White House with Trump Tower and copyrights a form of politics without policy that fully capitalizes on dysfunctional institutions of governance. The transfer of the Trump name from the tycoon's business assets to the Republican brand, and from thence to the presidency itself, coincides with Trump's elevation of name-calling and personal invective to the level of political *techné*. We might call this incessant jibing and calumniating *janking off*, with an emphasis on autoaffectionate self-servicing and the Twitter vomit of lamely derisive taunts. A *New York Times* article titled "The 239 People, Places and Things Donald Trump Has Insulted on Twitter: A Complete List" offers a compendium of Trump's most regurgitated schoolyard taunts: really dumb, dummy, major loser, goofy, pathetic, failed, a disaster, lightweight, lying, crooked, a disgrace, a bimbo. These hardly rise to jank level—this would require the unit of a phrase or syntactic composition, but taken together as an assemblage or as a single, streaming, jankish meme, they iterate janking off.

To jank, Trump-style, is not a performance art of dissing or offending where ingenious phraseographies are contoured (as can be found in "the dozens" or rapping and slamming). Here, there's nothing to celebrate when the unconscious suddenly speaks, when impolitic remarks are let fly, or when *faux pas* leach into official channels of reported speech. Trumpist janking is irredeemable: It teeters on or falls right into hate speech, trolling, and verbal battery. It exults in forms of baiting reliant on *ad hominem* attacks on a person's heritage, physical rating, character, and body parts. It is naming as traumatic wounding, replete with racist sobriquets ("Pocahontas" for Elizabeth Warren, "rapists" for Mexicans, "terrorists" for Muslims) and acts of violating mockery (the grotesque pantomime of a *New York Times* reporter's arthrogryposis, a condition that affects the joints). Trump janks excel in extreme sexism as some kind of extreme sport. The worst-of catalogue of sexist insults targets Hillary Clinton ("If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband, what makes her think she can satisfy America?" "She was favored to win, and she got schlanged," and the

campaign slogan “Trump That Bitch”); Carly Fiorina (“Look at that face!”); and Megyn Kelly (she had “blood coming out of her eyes, blood coming out of her...wherever”).

The female body is repeatedly trashed and disfigured, attacked like a punching bag with targets on faces, orifices, reproductive organs, weight, and fluids. Insulting the mother turns out to be a big part of janking across cultures and languages, and one could say that in the case of Trumpian janks, there is the full force of abusive defilement directed at the maternal imago. All feminine assets are ranked on a scale of 10, including those of his latest supermodel wife, Melania, avowedly vulnerable to being discarded if she lost her breasts in an accident. Fetish objectification is necessary to a rating system that subjugates women and minorities as part of the great celebrity jank-off.

Body size, as well as parts, is an obsessive motif of Trump’s siege, with potency and impotence adding their phobic, phantasmatic charge to the politician’s eternal game of taking out your opponent. Marco Rubio, repeatedly taunted by Trump as “Little Marco,” had fought back with a reference to Trump’s small hands, recycling *Spy* magazine’s famous epithet for Trump coined in the mid-’80s: the “short-fingered vulgarian.” During the March 2016 GOP debate, Trump responded by defending the size of his hands and his penis: “Now look at those hands, are those small hands? If they’re small, something else must be small. I guarantee you there’s no problem, I guarantee you.” Here, the wank-off/jank-off not only comes close to satisfying the risibility factor of the jank, it underlines the importance of scaling to the art of *belittlement* and to tumescent states of the ego in situations of political contest and phallago-centric competition.

When it comes to the jank, there is a runaway aspect to bodily synecdoches even leading to a theory of politics. Trump’s denunciation of Washington’s stalemate political culture with the phrase “It is out of control. It is gridlock with their mouths” invents a strange figure of speech that, when one focuses on the mouth of the utterer, registers like a warning signal against *mouthing off*. Mouthing off, wandering off script to some indefensible position that must be defended for lack of any other possible strategy, is the essence of jank, and it becomes consonant with the new meaning of the verb “to Trump,” which signifies quite literally the vagaries of disestablished politicking, or going rogue.

Jacques Derrida begins *Rogues: Two Essays on Reason* (2004) with a question that references Jean de La Fontaine's fable "The Wolf and the Lamb": "What political narrative, in the same tradition, might today illustrate this fabulous morality? Does this morality teach us, as is often believed, that force '*trumps*' law [que la force '*prime*' le droit]?" (emphasis added)¹ The verb form of "prime" in French contains the idea of blocking, but also of "adding to," "topping," with "prime" in its use as a substantive to mean "bonus." Derrida's "que la force '*prime*' le droit" suggests that force has a lead, a surplus, or an advantage over the law. His phrase echoes one attributed to Otto von Bismarck in the context of a speech delivered to the French Delegate Assembly. It was taken to mean either that force breaks any laws that obstruct its course or that force is the author of its own rule of law. Both senses are in evidence in La Fontaine's fable in which the Wolf defies the natural laws of reality and makes up his own laws each time the Lamb raises a reasonable, evidence-based objection: "With that, deep into the wood / The Wolf dragged and ate his midday snack. / So trial and judgment stood."

"Trumping" (close to *tromper*, to betray or act mistakenly) describes the strategy of brazenly upping the ante of the counterattack when you are patently at fault. The justice it recognizes belongs to the kangaroo court, where damages are routinely awarded to plaintiffs who make baseless allegations of libel and injury. *Trumpism* in this sense means justice flouted and justice acting like a person who panders to the caprice of the infant sovereign in the ego. Thin-skinned reactions to criticism or public displays of animosity and grievance—summed up in janking—are championed and fully claimed as the tactics of a winner at all costs. *Trumpism* brings to the public stage a performative *incivility*—taken in its full measure as a political concept designating extreme *impolitesse* (improper or uncivilized behavior, *uncivic-mindedness*, bad manners) and, as Étienne Balibar reminds us, the violence inherent in civil society, including the "modalities of subjection and subjectification" in Georg Hegel's *Sittlichkeit* and new forms of civility that respond "to contemporary extreme violence from inside extreme violence."²

Trumpism inflates the dollar value of its patent with the trappings of wealth, with garish fashion redolent of the 1980s era of greed: tall buildings, gold fixtures, private jets, trophy wives. This plutocratic display is pumped up further by a litany of jankish hyperboles: "very, very best," "great," "tremendous," "huge." While intended to provide ballast to the old doctrines of American exceptionalism, this bombast

dissipates into vatic trumpetings. *Trumpism*—whose “ism” is keyed to populist autocracy—is identified with a rogue way of speaking that provides scaffolding for an absent political discourse. The proper name is tautologically performative, which is to say, *Trumpism* trumps public interest by facilitating the decampment of the citizen from the *demos* to media theaters of depoliticized life, to “hijanked” political space.

This piece was written in response to Janks Archive's installation The Eternal Insult (2012-ongoing)

1. Jacques Derrida, Rogues. *Two Essays on Reason* Trans. Pascale-Anne Brault and Michael Naas, (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2005).
2. Etienne Balibar, *Violence and Civility: On the Limits of Political Philosophy* Trans. G.M. Goshgarian (New York: Columbia University Press, 2015), p. 23.

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Queens Theatricality

Colby Chamberlain

Fun fact: Michael Fried, the esteemed critic and art historian, grew up in Queens. He graduated from Princeton, won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, and completed a PhD at Harvard, yet nevertheless he reserves praise for Forest Hills High. “Princeton, which was educationally just fine for me,” he has stated, “was not as intellectual a place as Forest Hills.”

Fried is still best known for “Art and Objecthood,” an essay that portrayed the art scene of the mid-1960s as a pitched battle between modernism and a new set of tendencies that Fried called “theater” or “theatricality.” Modernism, of course, was that progressive refinement of aesthetic expression that critic Clement Greenberg had located in painting’s flattening of the picture plane and that Fried now ascribed to the shaped canvases of artist Frank Stella. Theatricality was...well, what was theatricality? The straightforward answer would be the open-ended situations instigated by minimalist sculpture, yet numerous critics have taken up Fried’s argument to define theatricality in terms of postmodernism, performance, time, technology, language, experimental composition, even entropy. No clear consensus has emerged.

Being myself a critic and art historian from Forest Hills, I have occasionally idly wondered about Fried’s formative years. Did he see movies at the Midway? Treat himself to sundaes at Eddie’s Sweet Shop? *Queens International 2016* turns my curiosity into a question: What’s theatrical about Queens? In one of the most memorable passages of “Art and Objecthood,” Fried describes theatricality by quoting the artist Tony Smith’s account of a midnight drive on the half-built New Jersey Turnpike. What would theatricality look like along Queens Boulevard, the notoriously dangerous thoroughfare that cuts Forest Hills between the pre-war apartment buildings on 108th Street and the Tudor houses on Greenway Terrace? What is theatricality on the former grounds of the 1964 World’s Fair, where visitors once gazed at Michelangelo’s *Pietà* while standing on a conveyor belt?

With its emphasis on thresholds and transitions, *Queens International 2016* suggests a definition of theatricality specific to the borough. Writes Fried, “What lies between the arts is theater.” For Fried,

modernism needed to shore up the definition of individual arts. By contrast, it is precisely the space “between” that interests *Queens International 2016* artist Kerry Downey. In their videos and performances, Downey riffs on the concept of “handles”—obdurately material things that mediate connections between inside and outside, between one body and another. A related emphasis on haptic intermedia can also be found in the works of Melanie McLain, Barb Smith, Alina Tenser, and Dave Hardy. All of these Queens artists connect objects, materials, and bodies together in willfully awkward arrangements.

I understand why Fried would find transitional spaces perilous. The narrow traffic islands on Queens Boulevard are scary places to stand on. Yet a thin stretch of concrete can also be a site of possibility. Consider, for instance, *Fake Estates* (1973–74), the fourteen misshapen Queens properties that artist Gordon Matta-Clark purchased from the municipal government beginning in 1973. These oddly configured lots were “gutter space” resulting from new land surveys, zoning laws, or construction. They were the physical remainders of urban transformation, the shifting ground of relentless change.

Colby Chamberlain is an art historian based in Queens. His scholarship and criticism focuses on intersections of art and other fields of professional practice, in particular the law. He obtained his PhD at Columbia University in 2016 and is at work on his first book, *Fluxus Administration*. The recipient of a Jacob K. Javits Fellowship, a Helena Rubinstein Fellowship at the Whitney Independent Study Program, and the College Art Association Art Journal Award, he is a senior editor at Triple Canopy and a contributor to publications including *Art in America*, *Artforum*, *Cabinet*, and *Parkett*.

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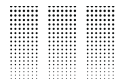
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