



NYAQ

Issue 6 // Free
Leonardo Drew

Leonardo Drew • Cameron Platter • Jordan Casteel • Jibade-Kahalil Huffman • ruby onyinyechi amanze •
Cataloging Community Part Four • Millennial Collectors: Nicolas Hugo • Mark Flood • 8 Ball • Leo Fitzpatrick + FTL

Art | Basel Hong Kong | March | 23–25 | 2017

Leonardo Drew

In Conversation With Tasha Ceyan

As we discuss in the interview, I've never seen Leonardo Drew's works in person. I've never been "in" them in the ways that their scale and breadth provides that possibility. I've never touched them, never smelled them. But if, as Jack Halberstam writes by way of Fred Moten and Stefano Harney, "music is also the anticipation of the performance," then not only have I seen Leonardo Drew's works, but I've been in them as well. They've been doing a number on me ever since I first saw them on a computer screen. I anticipate the synesthetic affect of scent and touch. I anticipate the memories conjured—evoked and invoked across the senses—by experiencing greater physical proximity. And so the work has already begun.

I'd like to start with your way of working. I watched several interviews where you talk about these ways in which you almost surrender to the more ethereal elements of art making . . . how you wake up knowing what you're going to do, and there isn't a whole lot of thought.

So you're asking about a way of working, like how I approach my work, and has it always been that way?

It's definitely been pretty inspirational to me in the last couple of years.
Where have you seen the work?

That's the thing, I haven't seen it in person, and so some of the questions that I want to ask you are about elements of the work that aren't accessible through an image.

I have a show opening this week in New York. I may be doing something in San Francisco with Anthony Meier Fine Arts next year. Do you go to the art fairs?

I've been to a few in the last couple years, but not anything where I would have seen your work.

We'll have to remedy that. My practice—because of how much work I produce—it does become a bit problematic. At times it seems sporadic because I produce only so much work, so it's a matter of being a little bit more strategic. I do get complaints by way of social media that there are fans of the work that don't get to see it... I'm always moved by the prospect of that kind of commitment; to be moved by images of art that you're only seeing online. I do feel responsible and obligated to make sure that you and others who are actually fans of the work get to see it. There's something about that; you're writing about the work, though you've only seen it online. How does that work? Does it resonate even—the fact is you haven't seen it in the real . . . can you explain that?

Sure. I think for me, because I am based in movement and music and writing, I can engage with work that carries those elements in the different forms they present themselves in. So with your work I see a lot of movement, I see a lot of posturing in a way or positions held. I think too, the more spiritual nature of your work offers a kind of power that is still present in the images. My view also isn't without the knowledge that there are the elements of smell and sound. Since it's such heavy work, there's the creaking and the shifting in those ways that are subtler, but over time you start to witness that too. I know that there's an element of the earth and the smell of wood itself, I know that those elements are missing, but just knowing that that's there also lends it an allure and a pull.
That's interesting. There are a number of things I definitely have to consider, but this conversation does help, and it just reiterates what I've been hearing.

My first question is borrowed from one of my favorite instructors who would always begin class this way. She would ask us all what our current obsession is, or something that's kind of been on your mind or in your body within the last week or so. So I want to ask you what your current obsession is.

My current obsession is color; I've been obsessing over this for the last year, maybe longer than that. I thought that I would have resolved it by now, but it has been perplexing and ongoing. This is an interesting segue into a number of issues I would to address. Because honestly, by route, you can create work, signature work, if you've been working long enough. I admire Richard Serra's work, but I always know what I'm going to get, what it will look like, what it will feel like . . . but what if he decided to do something completely off the wall different? What would that look like? What would that feel like? I think as artists we should be on a trajectory of discovery—constant discovery—pushing forward and asking questions. To be propelled into a state of otherness. These questions at times can be perplexing, but it does add to the overarching conversation.

I got it. You were talking about color and that it's unresolved at this point for you. Can you talk more about where the snag, or where the struggle is in that regard?

Because of "multifacitivity," there are a number of variables and directions. At the moment, I'm on my way to China for the month of November to study tri-color glazing. If you're familiar with history of China and what they've done with clay pottery and glazes then you can only imagine the potential of the merging languages, but this is an unknown that remains to be seen.

I've read interviews where you talk about your childhood and I wanted to ask you if there was a childhood smell that you recall, or one that sticks with you.

There was a company called Herman Isaac just outside the projects I grew up in that did animal rendering, melting down animal parts to make soap. Trucks would come through full of animal carcasses. Horses, dogs, cows, you name it. The visuals were surreal, but what really captured and stayed with me was the smell. To have the knowledge as a child that soap was made from dead things . . . *other worldly!* And to this day I can still smell it. It still affects me and still informs my creative oeuvre. *Number 8*, the mother to all of my works, speaks of that experience most eloquently. It's a very visual and weighted catalog of where I'm from, and what I've seen. Landfills, cess-pools, and of course Herman Isaac . . . a one two punch and a kick that propels you into the self, that becomes who you are.

I've definitely been thinking, in particular with your work, about the terms nasal and renaissance, having to do with rebirth, and even thinking about how you talk about yourself as an artist and as a kind of filter in a way, how in the ways we pick up scent—it's often one of the first memories to go—but the ways in which it embeds itself in our photographic memories, in our physical memories: your work, even just the visuals, recalls certain scents for me, certain senses of smell, certain feelings.

The scent of things, the presence of things. The very shaping of the self. Yes, melting down animals! What's your name? Tasha? And your last name?

Ceyan. It's my middle name, but I use it as my last name.

Yes, Tasha Ceyan! An interesting question that lead to an interesting answer.

I mean, I feel like that's what your work does for me, and I feel like it is a thing you intuit because it keeps coming up. As I was reading and listening to your interviews, that element kept coming up. That, and the almost religious practice, like you go about art in these ways that seem almost monk-like, with your routine and your ritual and the kind of gutful following that you—the way you follow the work, the way you follow the messages that materials transfer to

you as you transfer your lived experience as material back. That actually brings me to another question I had, which was about cannibalism.

I was watching your interview for the Against the Grain show and you mention that term, and at first there seemed to be a kind of—resistance to it, but then I read another interview in the Wall Street Journal where you talk about curator Valerie Cassel Oliver's use of "material cannibalism" and how you feel a resonance with it. What may have shifted in your initial resistance to the term to your current appreciation of it? What is your relationship to the term cannibalism and to the evolution of a work?

To me, those two things actually mean the same thing . . . you can't have one without the other. The longer something lives, the more layered and complex the life. The more powerful it becomes. I've seen it time and time again, where I've actually taken works, parts from previous works, and transformed them into more meaningful works. Adding history and gravitas. Imagine the layers of the Grand Canyon—it starts from the bottom up, but within all that, like the rings of a tree, you have this layered history. There is a physical history that exists within the layering, it settles in, like the pages in a book. This is also true of my work. Consider *Number 8*, the first piece, keeping in mind that there had to have been a 1 to 7. Interestingly enough, a friend of mine came over to my studio when I was working on *Number 6*, a huge haystack of a monstrosity, and within that there were animal parts tied in to this thing. He asked me, "How are you going to get it out of here?!" And I hadn't thought of that! I hadn't been thinking about that at all. I was thinking about creating. But soon enough *Number 6* became *Number 8*. Cannibalism.

Yeah. I mean—I guess my question around cannibalism is thinking through it as taboo, as well as it being a thing that is often considered bad because it's one kind of material consuming a material too close to itself, and so—

Yeah, that's funny! If you are going to create, throw out the rule book. Get rid of it! There's no right or wrong when you create art. Whatever you decide you want to create, do that. If you feel it, do that. Put your body in the act, and your ass will follow! You can actually divide this into two different directions. You can decide if you're going to work to create art for the public or if you're going to work to create art for public consumption and temperament or if you're going to work to create art for the journey. That's up to you. You can reap a great deal of financial reward by creating work for the public, but ask if that's going to be fulfilling. Would you be fulfilled by that?

Probably not.

If you can break yourself into two people, maybe you can do both, but I suspect your mind will not allow you to do that. There aren't enough man hours to do both. Ask questions, seek answers. Like scientists, we're about discovering uncharted territory to keep life going, to keep life interesting.

That's actually one of my questions for you . . . if you didn't—if you hadn't taken this path in terms of being a professional artist, what other career path would you have taken?

I was born an artist. My mother tried to break me in half to get me to stop. She couldn't do it. I'm an addict, a habitual maker, and nothing can change that. In school they would give me a test paper and I would flip it over and start drawing on it. It's a good thing that the older artists around me at the time saw something in what I was doing and put me front and center. I had my first exhibition at 13, and I truly never looked back. You could go through a number of newspaper articles from when I was 13, up until 1982 . . . until I decided, "Okay, we have to re-address this whole exhibiting thing and who I am as an artist," but that's a whole other chapter. That's when the transformation happened and I became this version of Leonardo. I couldn't imagine anything else. I hope that answers your question.



Number 166, 2012. Photograph by Jason Wyche. Courtesy of the artist and Sikkema Jenkins & Co.



Number 134, 2009. Photograph by Jason Wyche. Courtesy of the artist and Sikkema Jenkins & Co.

It does, I find it fascinating, when people just know—it's almost like your metaphysical dials are dialed all the way up in terms of artist. It's like: that's it. For me, I didn't come to this kind of art making until maybe a year or so before I started grad school. I was primarily a writer, then started using my camera on my phone, started doodling in the margins, but believed I didn't have that mojo at first. I just believed I didn't have it, and then you know, all of a sudden it clicked and now I'm in it, but I had a whole lifetime of different career aspirations.

I suspect that you're an artist, but, this is true, some of us don't find our voices until later. That means that because of the ascent of computers and video, all of a sudden there are artists finding their voices through new media. Before that they didn't know anything about drawing, painting, whatever, they had no interest and they didn't even know, but all of a sudden, boom. The world moves, computers are brought in, and all of a sudden you've got your voice, you understand what I'm saying? You're an artist! It was there, it was dormant, what was necessary was for the proper tools to come around and sort of introduce you. Like back in the day, DC Comics, Marvel Comics, all those, came after me when I was a kid. I had no interest in doing that, I could do that kind of work, but I had no interest in it. So for you, push even further out, it would have been like not drawing, you know, but just all of a sudden something happens, you know? And you were a sleeper! Now you're awake.

I like to think too in the same ways you talked about how your life is just—it's in your work. So even though I didn't necessarily start out consciously, confidently as an artist, I still lived an artist life. I like that the trajectory for me means a particular practice that will have my signature, but isn't necessarily the thing that I'm always trying to put forth.

Wow! And your art is something, you've got to keep it popping, girl! Sounds like you're on a journey!

It sounds like you're a bit of a guide.

I so appreciate hearing that. I recently had the weirdest visit actually—you're hitting me at this time when something just happened, you know. So, a number of people follow me on social media. I don't really actually—I know I have a Facebook page and I also have an Instagram thing, and my assistant, Melissa, takes care of those things, but she gets me on occasion to tell her this or that if someone asks questions that I should address—but about in the middle of last week I was outside fixing this kid's wheel on his bike, a six-year-old kid, and then all of a sudden there's a shadow over us and there's this guy standing over us and he has this grocery carriage, you know, the kind they use for pushing around in the grocery store. He said he came all the way from Westport, Connecticut with this cart because he knew that this was what I needed! I was like, what?! And this kid there was with me and at six years old he knew that this was crazy, you know? But he's saying he's been a fan of my work forever and he just had to come out to see me. These are the kind of fans—you might be one of those kinds of fans, I don't know! I get the most fanatical and strangely committed people who follow the work, and whenever I do have the chance to read this stuff online, it's always that kind of person. This is interesting. I need to take a sit down and actually think about that because there's something that I'm pulling at and there are people who are actually following that very same thread of commitment or passion, and I think it's a beautiful thing, but at the same time it also verges on a very interesting depth of psychological, you know—something there!

I would be touched by it!

He sat with us for like an hour and a half at least: it might have been more than that. And he was talking about the work and what he's read and what he's seen, and he was like this encyclopedia, and I was—I thought it was really interesting. I invited him to the exhibition. He's a filmmaker, and he was going on about what he does and he was curious also about my approach to art-making and how it got him to think about things, think things were already in him, but what it did was actually make it be okay for him to approach life in this way. And my narcissism or ego was sort of like, wow. I just wanted to sit down and listen to him! You know? I suspect he'll be coming around. He made a long journey out from Westport to Brooklyn—he knew exactly where I lived, these days they can find

your number, they can find you. Not too many people actually come out to my neighborhood. It's a neighborhood that's only now become a little bit gentrified, but it was like—it's got two beautiful parks now, but it's just like Williamsburg when I first moved to Williamsburg back in the early '90s, which is where you went to go and get killed. That's not what Williamsburg is now, but that was what it was like when I was there. It was a dangerous place. I would have girlfriends come out to visit and they would always get chased down the street by some trucker who thought, "Oh a hooker! I'm going to chase her." And I would come outside and say, "Oh brother, she's not working! She's here to visit me." But that is not Williamsburg now. We see the most expensive areas of New York, and like two seconds ago it was like *the* high crime rate area. But this guy came out here to this neighborhood and it's like a real cute neighborhood now. New York is really being pushed into like—we don't have any teeth anymore. It's not a rough place. It's very hard to find a rough place now, it's like, Brownsville, all these places back in the day, these were dangerous places.

But it's interesting . . . I liked my neighborhood when it had a little bit more edge, because there was a protective barrier there too, meaning there were people who lived there who were real salt of the earth people and they're being challenged now—my neighbors even say it—so when this guy popped in, I wasn't surprised to see this white guy hanging over me . . . but it was kind of like, now there are more people around who are artists in my neighborhood, and I was, like, the first one, you know. But now just two doors down there are artists, and it was nice for two seconds when my neighbors thought I was a homeless guy that actually had a home! They tried to figure me out, but now slowly but surely—I think they still scratch their head, they kind of go, "He's somebody, but uh . . . he's always dirty! And he's always riding that SeaWorld bike looking around for stuff," and it's like, you know, they're perplexed, and there's a beauty to that, when you're around real people. When you're around a bunch of artists, man, it's like oh my god, it's like you need to have space away from other creative spirits. As beautiful as we are, it's a great thing when we can actually have our solitude. In Williamsburg? I had to get out of there, I wasn't getting it. They knew who I was and that was when they were really aggressively coming right at me. Here I can count in the almost 10 years that I've been in this neighborhood, that guy that came through, there's probably been only maybe six times that's happened and that's not really a lot. It's comedy is what it is! Wish you could see it.

I might have to make my way there, but I'll do it on terms that you're aware of. I won't just show up!

I find a way of making sure that the passion is about the journey, and to let them know that this is also their journey. I bring them in, you have to bring them in. I've seen it a number of times especially at openings, where people passionate about the work need to see you, need to talk to you. So I bring them in.

Can you talk more about the work in the gallery? Anything you want to add as far as the opening?

As far as that work, I'm still digesting it and I think the answer to that question is something we would have to address later. I'm already on to the next thing. It's just the way I approach life; it's never stagnant. I installed the show a week-and-a-half ago, and I look at it, and all I can see is the future. I can only see the future. I can't see what's in front of me, I can only see the future.

One of the things that's been sticking in my head about your work has also been the elements of movement, and that's part of why I asked you if you had any other career alternatives in mind, because I could definitely see being some kind of—
What does that mean, movement?

So movement for me, it incorporates dance, but when I think of movement, I even think of the way you talked about how your work when you were starting out, you did a lot of drawing, which is a more static kind of movement, it's more static in that kind of process in that you may be sitting in a chair drawing, but you're not actually moving about the room, but it isn't

necessarily divorced from that because when your hands move, you may fidget in your seat, all of that becomes material for any kind of movement practice. I'm interested in movement as it involves the definition of art that comes from the word "be," and so how do you move as you exist in the world. You went from drawing to actually drawing with the materials that would then be part of the work. So instead of drawing the bits of a broken up tree you actually apply the tree as a mark itself. And even in the sense of movement as the more—the internal movement, the way that the filmmaker who came all the way from where he was to share with you his zeal in that, that is a kind of internal movement that your work caused in him as it's moving you internally. I've been thinking about those things in my practice too, how your work called me up out of my seat, out of my thinking in those ways to actually just make marks, to apply gesture, my hands, my feet even, to sculpt and shape in these ways. I definitely think movement is one of the words I would say sticks with your work for me.

Interesting, very interesting. Interesting that we can talk in terms of the body and we can also talk in terms of your internal clock, how you actually time a thing to be realized. I know that there are things that I know and there are things that I don't know, and I have to actually combine those elements to actually make sense. For a physical gesture to happen that can be read in terms of scale. For example, if I create something that's 2 feet by 2 feet, if I were to break it down and reconfigure the form, the easiest realization of this would be the grid . . . from here I could add and/or subtract to continue to enhance the overall composition. It is from here that the body can be made to interact with the body of the artwork. In fact, the complicity of the viewer is what shapes and completes the art. The rhyme and reason of its "being" is set off by the mirror reflection of the viewer. Does that make sense?

Yeah, it makes a lot of sense . . .

Yes, the difficulties of making sense . . .

We were talking about movement and then you brought that into the understanding of the grid and how you have been disrupting that. So I thought it was a really interesting connection between the ways in which life in those ways is gridded, and your disruption of that, or even how you're using that as part of a kind of internal schematics that you're almost parsing out in these ways, and that seem to register and resonate with a lot of other folks. Like I said, the way your movement effects movement in others and as they express themselves as well.

That's it, you got it!

I'm definitely really humbled and honored to be speaking with you.

Yes, you made me think about things I had not considered . . . I'll restructure my lectures to include this happening.

Well, I'm glad I could offer something in that regard. If you had anything else you wanted to add that would be great, otherwise I'll let you get back to your work.

I think we got it and this has been enlightening for me too, so I definitely appreciate it.



Number 8, 1988. Animal carcasses, animal hides, feathers, paint, paper, rope, and wood, 108 x 120 x 4 inches. Photograph by Frank Stewart. Courtesy of the artist.



Installation view, Leonardo Drew at Sikkema Jenkins & Co., New York, 2010. Photograph by Jason Wyche. Courtesy of the artist and Sikkema Jenkins & Co.



Installation view, *Leonardo Drew* at Sikkema Jenkins & Co., New York, 2016. Photograph by Jason Wyche. Courtesy of the artist and Sikkema Jenkins & Co.



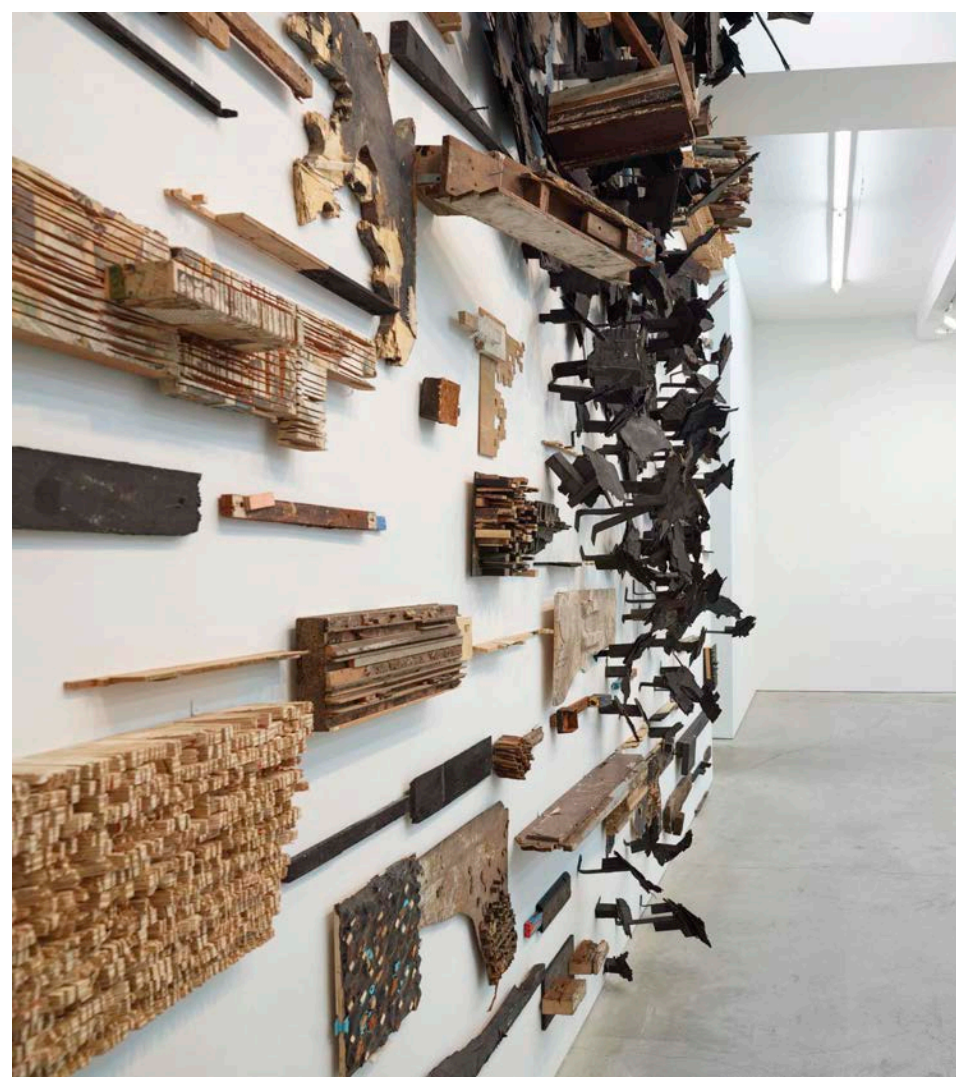
Number 155 (detail), 2012. Photograph by Jason Wyche. Courtesy of the artist and Sikkema Jenkins & Co.



Number 163, 2012. Courtesy of the artist.



Installation view, *Leonardo Drew* at Sikkema Jenkins & Co., New York, 2016. Photograph by Jason Wyche. Courtesy of the artist and Sikkema Jenkins & Co.



Cameron Platter

In Conversation With Andrew McClintock

Visiting your website is like going down some weird interactive worm hole with endless possibilities. I somehow lost track of about 20 minutes stuck in this electronic installation. What the hell is going on?

I have no idea what's going on either. It's what kinda does it for me. One of my favorite parts (www.cameronplatter.com/AIJOASDI-22222-ZZ/) is where you scroll down an animated handwritten/ photocopied poem while rubber chickens, cock-roaches, cheese-curls, and Brancusi's *Princess X*, jump out at you all ending with a pair of dancing red boots and the word DOLLAR.

I originally made it as a supplement to a book and video I made for my recent show *U-~~SAVED~~-ME*. (As an antidote to the despair, and realization, that hardly anyone would see a video, a show, or a book.) But then it grew a life of its own, and became a work in its own right. "Electronic installation" is great way to describe it—it's a sprawling, shape shifting, out-of-control elongated collage—a poem after having ingested a course of anabolic Mass Builder XXX.

Using the medium of the Internet appeals to me in that it's instantly accessible, vast, open 24 hours, (largely) uncensored and democratic, and it's built on a bedrock of porn. I'm really interested in things falling apart, spilt and split and then making them over again—I'd like to keep on working on this project indefinitely, so that eventually there are all these online ruins and fragments, and dead ends. It's my contribution to making the Internet a less homogenized space.

Things are hidden, layered, and you need to revisit and spend time with the site. It's about what's not immediately apparent, what lurks below.

I loosely based the structure on the 1987 text adventure video game *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. The idea that you can go on a journey of sorts, you're questing and inserting yourself into multiple situations, where one thing leads to another, where everything is interlinked. References to R Kelly, Monster Energy, Hooters, crocodiles, The Marikana Massacre, hyenas, washing machines, codeine, oreos, assholes, Matisse, bumper stickers, KFC, Cheetos, and modernism all appear on a single page. That's kinda central to what I do.

I knew I was onto something when even the coder was really into it. They're not usually easily excitable. I made the site in collaboration with my friend, Ben Johnson. I couldn't have done it without his craftsmanship, skill, and eye.

Do you find the Internet as a platform and medium allows you to engage beyond the physical boundaries of Cape Town when your engaging with the rest of the art world?

For sure . . . The Internet is like water or air. Can't breathe without it. Can't breathe in it either. I have compulsions (addictions? therapy?) to work in various other media, but the Internet is a necessary for XXX LIVIN'. The Internet is a life-giving pool, with waterfalls, dolphins, rainbows, and crocodiles and leeches and trash all floating around.

The Internet has made my work more broad in that I'm not necessarily reliant on a particular location to qualify my work. It has made it less easy to be pigeon holed and ghettoized as an African (or Chinese, or US, or Brazilian) artist. Obviously where I live, and what I see happening around me affects my work. But the Internet has not limited the work to more singular narratives (with the associated risks of pastiche and stereotype) and has let it join with other simultaneous stories.

I was at a dinner in LA, after my recent show there, and someone said to me, as a criticism, that my work didn't look African. I took the criticism as an obtuse compliment.

But, maybe oddly, I do actually think that my work looks "African" and more specifically "South African" despite its pan-Internet use/look/appeal. What is an "African look"? Africa is not a country, and, yes, the Internet does exist here.

My work does comes from a specific place and point in history. From both here and there.

And, interesting that Internet is spelled with a capital "I", like it's a country, or person or something?

How long have you been living and working in Cape Town and how would you describe the art and culture scene there?

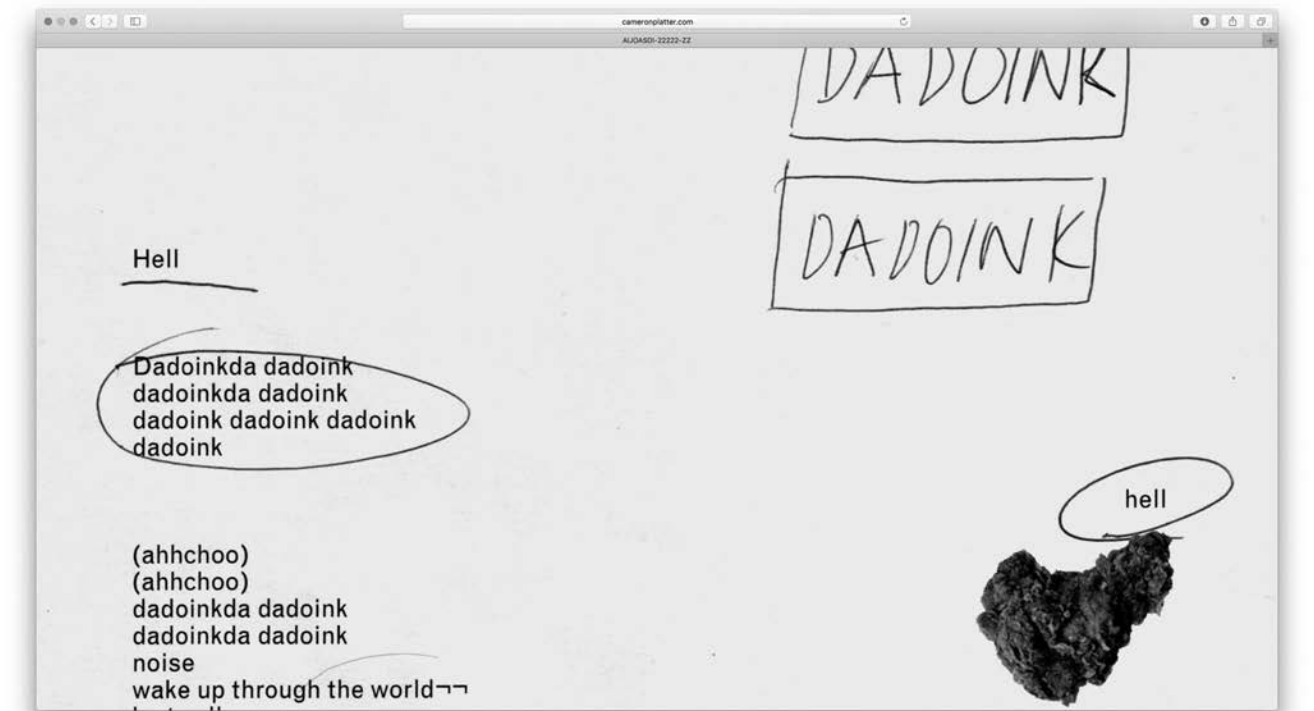
I recently moved from Cape Town to Durban, in KwaZulu-Natal, a sub-tropical city on the east coast of Africa. A Johannesburg next to the sea, or a Detroit with palm trees.

Durban, or its isiZulu name, *eThekweni* (which means bull's testicles, after the shape of its lagoon) is an example of a relatively successful post-apartheid city. Its storied history (Zulu, Indian, colonial) has mutated it into a rejuvenating, decaying, parasitic 21st century city—a place where the Iron Age intersects with the post-Internet. It's where a lot of South Africa's talent in arts, dance, sound, architecture is shaped, who then migrate to Joburg, or Cape Town, or abroad.

I've always worked from Durban, even when I lived in Cape Town. My studios ran in Durban, and I would commute between the two cities. As an actual physical real-world site, it permeates my work more than any other place I've lived. Durban doesn't have a big contemporary art scene, (that suits me fine, I like to hide out) but it is the heart and home of SA's craft-art scene, and it doesn't have hang ups about hierarchies between the two.

I still show mainly in Cape Town, which has a small, but pretty vibrant art and gallery scene. Artists to check out are Igshaan Adams (who works in a scene centred around the Atlantic house studios), Tony Gum, Kemang Wa Lehulere, Bella Knemeyer, Barend de Wet. It has an established network of designers, book makers, sound people, video guys, the advertising and film industries, people who often aspire to a more international scene. But for all its worldly aspirations and post-card values—mountains, clean sea, vineyards—it's the most violent city in South Africa, and there are places where it feels like Apartheid never left.

If I'm in Durban, I'm on its beach. Which is South Africa's most inclusive, integrated space. Everyone uses it. It's got great waves, I love surfing in the *middle* of this vibrant, fucked, dirty, city. I even like surfing with the trash that is a natural part of a city butting right onto the ocean. It's not fucking Malibu.



Cameron Platter and Ben Johnson, *aoi38-3-aZZZ-4*, 2016. Website, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artists.

Your use of many different materials and mediums is almost overwhelming, yet it all has such a distinct feeling that it all ties back together. You make ceramics, drawings, paintings, sculpture, weavings, performances, and films. Can you talk about your process and how art and life intersect for you?

Ideally, life would just be art, and vice-versa, and there'd be no need to do anything. Like an endless Duchampian *Twilight Zone* version of Maurizio Cattelan's 6th Caribbean Biennale.

I have fantasies of being a painter. I wish I went to one studio everyday. I wish I painted the same thing everyday. But I know this wouldn't actually work out. I'm too interested in too many different things all at the same time—in replicating and translating a dystopian way of being—where R. Kelly is equal to Manet, A Manet who drinks lean. I have a need to make art as a way of therapy, of self-medicating, as a way to cope with the everyday.

I have a bunch of studios, different ones for woodcarving, drawing, charcoal, painting, collages, ceramics, and video work. My favorite places to work, though, are at my kitchen table (in my underwear), taking sculpture meetings in parking lots, and ordering my head and laying plans for how to micro-manage elaborate schedules while surfing and swimming.

I guess that's my process. It's all art . . . it's just in the translation, and how it's expelled, vomited, and shat out.

Some of the materials and process you use, including working with traditional and local craftsmen for your woodcarvings and weavings, have a distinct tie to historical commentary . . . can you talk about this a little and also to what degree art history weighs on you.

Although I'm pretty retiring, I'm interested in engaging with a wide spectrum of society, with a wide range of different people, and finding how everything links up, bounces off each other, and merges.

An example would be my collaboration in making tapestries with the Rorke's Drift Art and Craft Centre.

The Rorke's Drift ELC Art and Craft Centre has a great importance in South African art history, although recently its weight, influence, and scope has been largely forgotten. Established in 1962, the Art Centre became famous for its print, weaving, and ceramic studios, in an era when apartheid policies denied a formal education to black artists and crafters. Rorke's Drift established a Fine Art School that produced some of southern Africa's most renowned artists and printmakers.

The Centre is also, crazily, situated slap-bang in the middle of the historical battlefields of the Anglo-Zulu War of 1879, where the famous Battle of Isandlwana, and the Battle of Rorke's Drift took place. The British suffered their largest ever military defeat against an indigenous force at the Battle of Isandlwana, while at the Battle of Rorke's Drift, 150 British held off an assault of 4000 Zulus.

So, it's a very spooky and eerie place to be. A beautiful landscape with all these very violent and turbulent memories (literally) buried just below the surface. (And takes a day's drive to get there, on the back roads, from Durban, so it's not a very visited and accessible place.)

I'd always wanted to do a project with the Centre, as one of my art heroes, and major influences (my spiritual artist doppelganger) John Muafangejo, a Namibian artist who specialized in super narrative, hyper-personal linocuts, trained there, and many of his works talk directly to the place. So I made an appointment, hoping to find one of the old linocut presses he may have used, which I was hoping (planning) to use to print a suite of my own linocuts.

I didn't find the press, but I did visit the weaving studio (in an old church whose distinct form had cropped up many times in Muafangejo's works) and was blown away by these beautiful tapestries (often with geometric patterns derived from traditional Zulu design, or narrative works that carried down oral stories passed down over generations).

So, this chance encounter, led to an ongoing collaboration/project where we made large-scale tapestries based on my designs of highly degraded and digitally manipulated interracial pornographic DVD covers. These process-driven works are concerned with therapy and the collage of archive, landscape, and history. The conundrum is that these works, based partly on interracial porn are made by observant Christian, highly-skilled rural Zulu women. They're handmade in the extreme. Raw Karakul wool is hand-carded, hand spun, hand dyed, hand-woven, and hand-stretched on site. Each work takes three weavers six months to complete.

So, it's a weird mix of the spiritual, historical, conceptual, and personal that enabled, and sustains, this collaboration.

So, yes, art history weighs on me pretty heavy . . .

What's up with all the KFC fried chicken and Monster energy drinks that show up in your work?

I'm fascinated by consumption, excess, detritus; by unorthodox and transient sources—I've had past obsessions with crocodiles and Oreos, R. Kelly and Gianni Versace. And it takes a lot of chicken and Monsters to make a good work of art.



Alien (Mystim), 2014. Carved jacaranda wood, polish, stain. 50 inches tall. Courtesy of the artist

Your recent show at the Depart Foundation was your first American solo exhibition . . . can you talk a little bit about the show?

Even though it was my first US solo exhibition, it didn't feel like it, as I showed at DEPART, an Italian foundation. This kinda made sense as I'm half-Italian—this half-Italian, showing in this half-Italian space.

I've shown in the US before, in group shows, in MoMA, et cetera, so it's not unfamiliar territory. I always enjoy travelling to the US; it's the high altar for consumption and excess and it's apparent from my work that I'm pretty into this.

The show was a collage of different elements that I'd been working on for a while.

It was centered around a video (vimeo.com/172642549, password: r_kelly), and the tapestries, which I've spoken about above. Instead of showing the tapestries as wall pieces, which I've done in the past, I decided to have them on the floor as new-age-psycho-meditation mats, which made sense as the video had a lot to do with Deepak Chopra. I may, or may not have, coated the tapestries with liquid LSD, so that the viewer got an extra kick.

There was also a series of charcoal drawings, life studies of a sex worker named Lamina, made while under the influence of psilocybin. I also showed a suite of large-scale pencil drawings—sort of immense notes that related to the video and the tapestries—I call them landscape pictures.

Sculptures included a carved wooden lounge, a giant carved Oreo, and a UV silicon Brancusi/dick/Cheetos sculpture on a polystyrene base.

Makes no sense, right?

Chaos, Panic, Fear—my work is done . . .

What do you have going on next? You recently had a solo booth at the 1:54 Contemporary African Art Fair in London with your Paris gallery. In April of next year you'll be showing at Ever Gold [Projects] in San Francisco. Should we expect chaos, panic, and fear?

Right now, I'm engaged in producing my largest ever sculpture—building a house-studio. It's a real mind-bender, but in a very good way.

In tandem to this, I've been working on a long-term outdoor sculpture project with Éric Hussenot, my Paris gallery.

Closer to home, I'm starting a residency/publishing thing/website/gallery, to bring people to Durban, to have shows in interesting places, et cetera. I had a gallery (Galerie Puta) when I was just out of art school, and want to rekindle this experimental, collaborative, experience of community.

So, in San Francisco you can definitely expect more chaos, panic, fear, or as another bumper sticker reads: I'm going to go Nuckin' Futs.



Installation view, *U-**SAVED-ME*** at Depart Foundation, Los Angeles, 2016. Photograph by Jeff McLane. Courtesy of the artist and Depart Foundation.



Installation view, *U-**SAVED-ME*** at Depart Foundation, Los Angeles, 2016. Photograph by Jeff McLane. Courtesy of the artist and Depart Foundation.



Blow, 2014. Handspun karakul wool, metal complex dyes, and LSD, 250 x 200 centimeters. Courtesy of the artist, Galerie Éric Hussenot, and Depart Foundation.



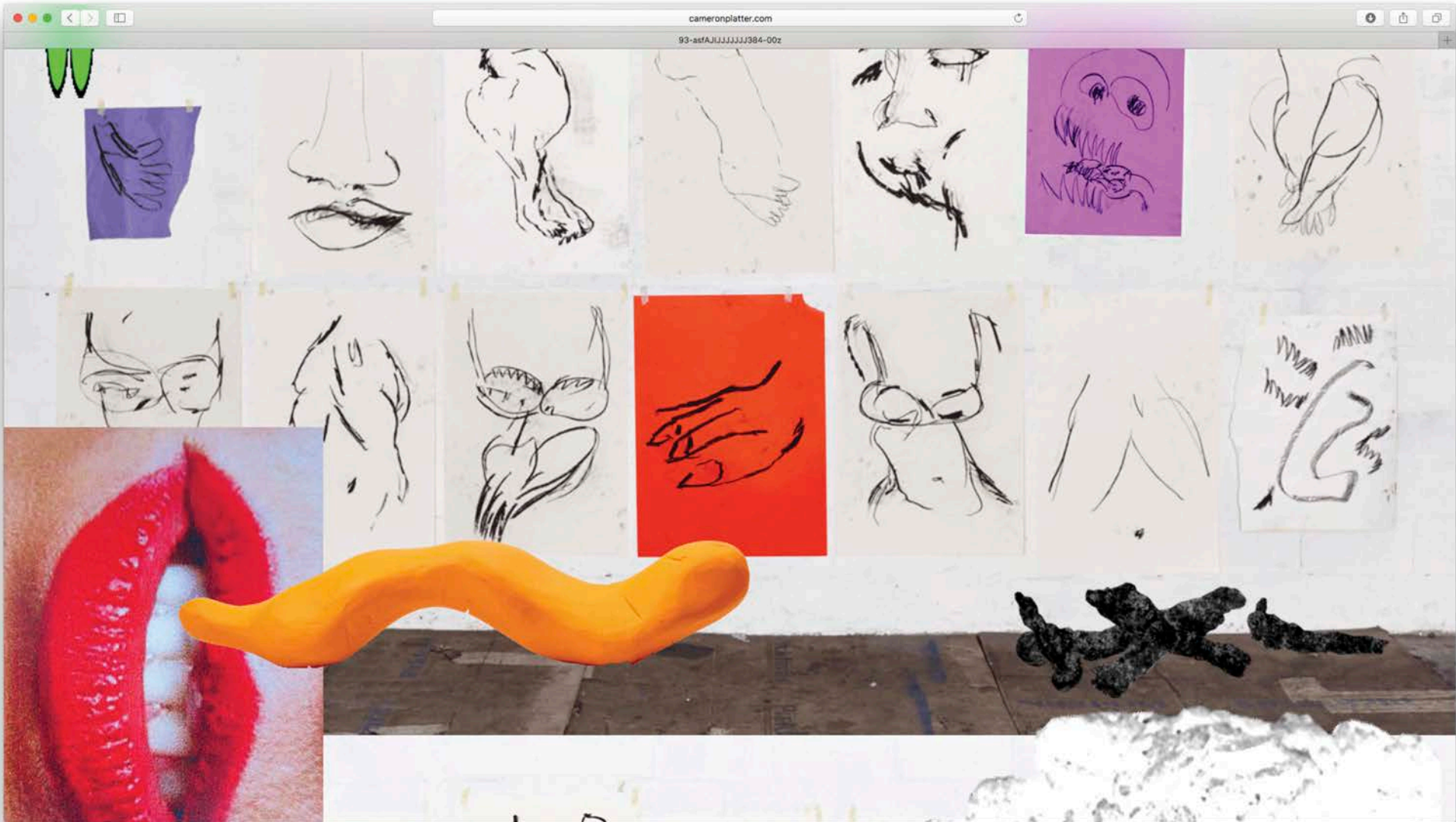
Green Purple Drank, 2016. Pencil on paper, 180 x 130 centimeters. Photograph by Jeff McLane. Courtesy of the artist and Depart Foundation.



Cameron Platter and Ben Johnson, *aoi38-3-aZZZ-4*, 2016. Website, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artists.



Cameron Platter and Ben Johnson, *aoi38-3-aZZZ-4*, 2016. Website, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artists.



Cameron Platter and Ben Johnson, *aoi38-3-aZZZ-4*, 2016. Website, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artists.



*U-**SAVED**-ME*, 2016. Single channel video (color, sound), 21 minutes 7 seconds. Courtesy of the artist.

Millennial Collectors

Nicolas Hugo

In Conversation With Anna Hygelund

Nicolas Hugo is a 27-year-old collector and gallerist based between London and Paris.

How did you get into art? What was the first work you bought?

Well, I actually didn't want to be an art dealer at first. When I was 18, I bought a 1956 Picasso lithograph. I still have it and it's the most cherished piece in my collection.

Tell us about your gallery in Paris. When did you start it and what or who defines the program? At what age did you know you wanted to become a dealer?

Originally, I wanted to be an art publisher or a children's book editor. It was actually during a dinner with my father and an art dealer in New York that it occurred to me. My father went outside for a cigarette and I stayed with the dealer, who told me that she could picture me as more as an art dealer than a publisher. She then told me that Gagolian was opening another gallery in Paris in the next few months and advised me to send them a CV. I did and started as an intern there when I was 20 years old. Then I went on to work in Brussels with Sébastien Janssen, and later with Parisian furniture and art dealer Patrick Seguin. Spending time with both of them and observing their ways of doing business helped me a lot and inspired me to start my own project. When I started my gallery, I was 23. I didn't have much money back then but was so impatient to start my own project—I dreamt of having my own exhibitions, my own artists, so I decided to start the gallery in my own apartment. The fact that nobody knew me, and that the artists I wanted to represent were also unknown, I thought that the concept of the gallery being in my own home would attract people's attention. I had no idea of where it could go, or how it would progress—all I knew is that I wanted to do it.

Do you find it difficult to collect outside the artists you represent?

Not at all. I see the gallery and my own collection as part of the same thing, and I can't really dissociate the two. I try to build bridges between them. The last pieces I bought was a textile work by Marie Hazard, a new artist from the gallery, and an Antoine Donzeaud painting on Paddle8.

What dealers have influenced you? How do you feel about the trend of younger dealers and collectors in the art world today?

My mentor is Sébastien Janssen from the gallery Sorry We Are Closed. I didn't work with him for long, but he influenced me considerably. I admire his selection, his eye, his humility and the way he always thinks up and organizes exceptional shows without having a conventional gallery space. I've always seen him as a bit of a troublemaker in the art world, shaking things up and constantly reinventing himself. As for my opinion of the art world today, I think that we're in a transitional period. As the emerging artists' speculation bubble exploded, major galleries have become more important and younger dealers have had to find new ways to survive and to make a difference. I am really interested to see how things are going to evolve in the next 10 years after all of the recent shifts and changes.

I have been hearing good things about an artist you represent, Margaux Valengin. How did you come across her work? Why do you think people are responding so positively to it?

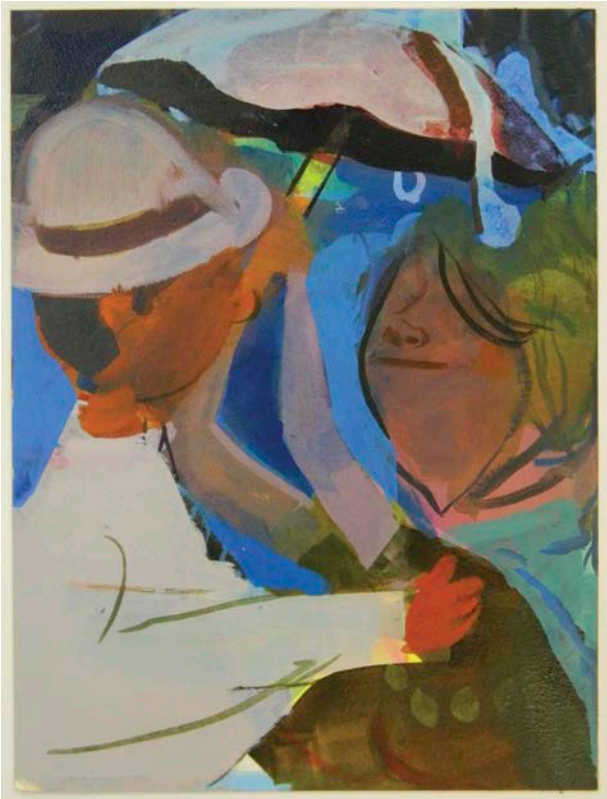
I'm really glad to hear that! I met her when I was working in Brussels, before I'd opened the gallery. I saw the first paintings that she had created and they immediately caught my eye; I knew she was going to be great. She was only 18 at the time. We talked about working together, but wanted to allow us both time to prepare. Three years later, we decided we were ready for Margaux's first show. People responded so positively to it—I couldn't believe it. Margaux then moved to London and now is in New York. Since our show, her work has evolved considerably. It is so natural, yet so surprising. It's a great pleasure to work with her. Our collaboration is a real professional friendship, and I like to think that collectors appreciate that, as well as the work.

I understand you recently moved to London and are now based between London and Paris. What made you decide to move to London? From your perspective, what do you find challenging about the gallery model in today's market?

My client base was growing more and more in London in the last two years and I wanted to give myself and the gallery a new challenge. Apart from the regular collectors that I work with, 60% of my sales are made through my website, Instagram, or Facebook. The fact is that people are now "following" people—not only on social networks, but also in the sense that art-lovers are following the artists, instead of galleries. Artists are their own brand in a way, and wherever they're exhibited, people will go there to see their work. I like to think that seeing paintings in different contexts helps collectors develop their engagement with the artwork, so pop-up shows are becoming significant and very popular.

What are you working on right now? Any exciting plans for Galerie Nicolas Hugo for the end of the year?

I'm currently preparing my first pop-up show in London in partnership with Rosie Osborne. It will take place in East London from December 8th to 12th and features brilliant American artists such as Todd Bienvenu, Jonathan Lux, and Kimia Ferdowsi Kline, as well as artists from my gallery such as Théo Haggai and Margaux Valengin.



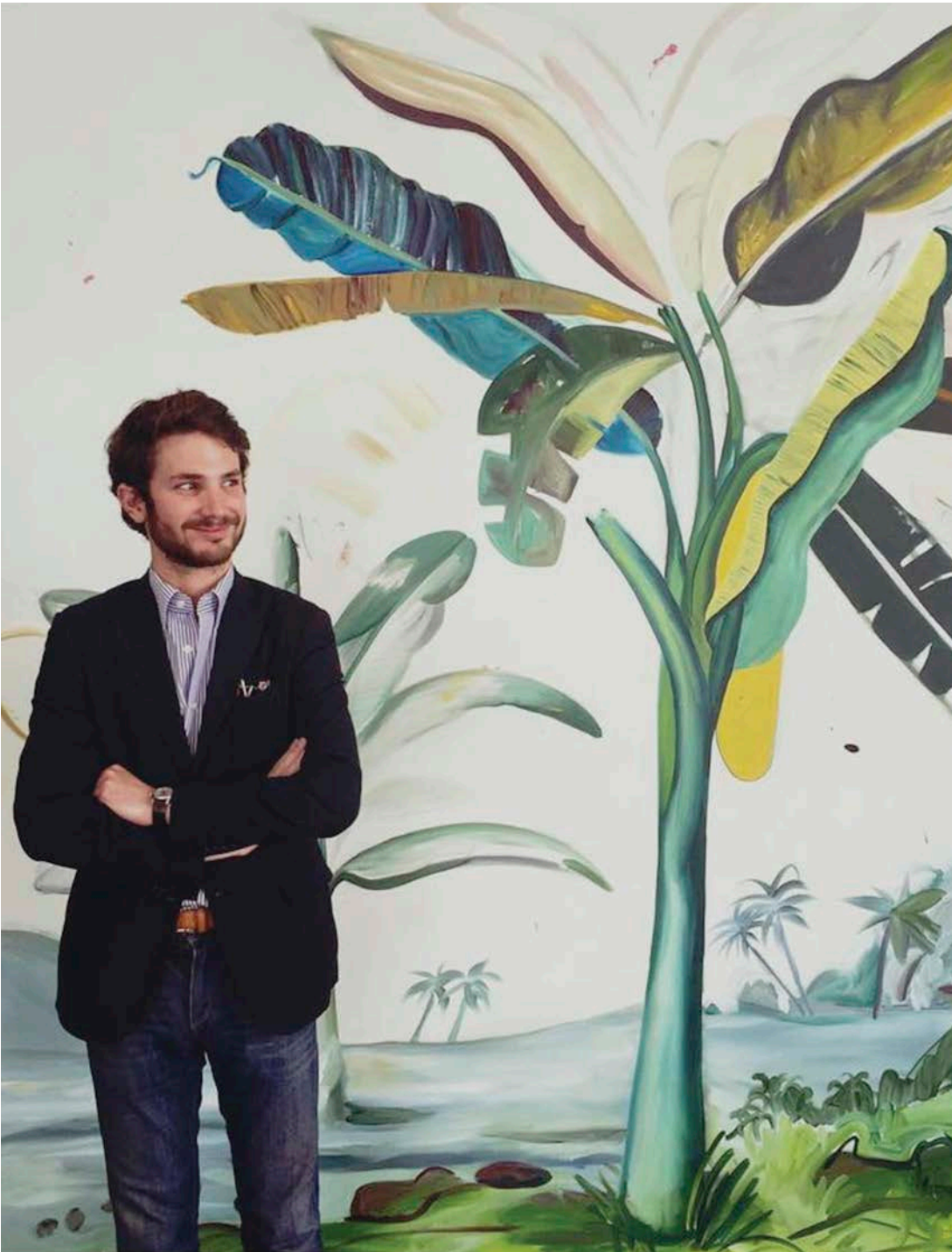
Jonathan Lux, *Untitled (Couple)*, 2016. Oil on linen.



Todd Bienvenu, *Pizza Butt*, 2016. Oil on linen.



Nicolas Hugo's London office. Courtesy of Nicolas Hugo.



Nicolas Hugo with Margaux Valengin's *Jungle Painting*, 2016. Oil on canvas, 155 x 110 centimeters. Courtesy of Nicolas Hugo.

Jordan Casteel

In Conversation With Nicole Kaack

For the past year, Jordan Casteel, Jibade-Khalil Huffman, and EJ Hill have occupied the studios on the third floor of the Studio Museum in Harlem, privy to the flux and flow of traffic on 125th Street and spectators of the events that rally on the plaza in front of the Adam Clayton Powell Jr. State Office Building. Under the auspices of the Studio Museum's Artist in Residence program, these young artists are now part of a new community, one that has become a part of their lives and their work.

On the advent of the A.I.R. exhibition *Tenses*, organized by Amanda Hunt, NYAQ's Nicole Kaack discusses the installation with each of the residents. The conversation with EJ Hill will be available on NYAQ's website upon the completion of his series of gallery performances.

In monumentally scaled, vibrantly colored canvases, Jordan Casteel captures likenesses of the men in her life—from artist models to cousins, from brothers to friends—with an immediacy and fraternity tempered by a sense of caution. Always black, always male, and always imbued with an ineffable humanity, Casteel's paintings regard their viewers, engaging us in a way that transcends the objecthood of becoming a painting.

The works in *Tenses* shift your focus from the interiority of the home to the communal space of the street.

I personally found it interesting that although the settings of the paintings moved from inside to outside—they still had the same intimate and personal depth. There is such individuality in the “things” or people someone chooses to surround themselves with for hours out of the day. I have been very intentional in my desire to preserve the relationship between viewer and sitter. It is beyond important to me that I am a black woman making these paintings of my black male counterparts. It is that connection that has and will always remain the same.

Your deliberation with color and pattern is evident in the divisions and correspondences made in each canvas. The ties that you draw become the expression of a slower process; we can watch you noticing or deliberately making connections that are variably formal or political.

Slowing people down is absolutely a huge priority for me and my process. I am interested in drawing people's attention to ordinary everyday moments that they might otherwise be inclined to pass by. In the painting of Stanley, I am painting him in black and white monochrome to specifically draw a relationship between him as a young man and the people represented in the “stop police terror” sign above him. The day that I photographed him, I felt overwhelmed by the casual relationship between him sitting in front of a barbershop and the signs above and beside him. I immediately found myself feeling overcome with emotion; I knew I had to paint him. I wondered if anyone else had walked by and felt similarly. Generally, in the body of work in *Tenses* there is more explicit language than in previous work. I think much of that is literally just an effect of being on the street—what is amazing is that people are always surprised that the signage represented in my paintings is just as I found it. Nothing is fabricated. I do think that people miss most of their surroundings the majority of the time. Hopefully, through this work, people are able to slow themselves down enough to see things in a way they have not seen them before.

In almost all of your compositions that I have seen, you have painted men in seated poses. This adds something to the intimacy and latent familiarity in the work. Can you talk a little about your engagement of your subjects?

I have found that people's willingness always surprises me. I'm not sure that if someone came up to me and was like, “Hey, my name is Jordan, I'm an artist, could I photograph you for a painting?” I would say yes. Matter of fact, I am pretty sure I would say no. Every person has given me a gift—they have trusted me enough to share themselves with me—a stranger—to become a “painting.” I would say the moment many of them had the opportunity to see the paintings for the first time in person, they were shocked by its monumental quality. As James told me, he expected “a little drawing or something.” What is also beautiful is that I have had the opportunity to really get to know the men of my community—Harlem—through painting. The rapport I have developed is one full of love and support.

I am really interested in this idea that you are introducing of the twinned experience between yourself and your subjects. It's almost one of synchronous opposition—as a black woman representing black men. Your gaze is sympathetic, but can never wholly be the same, and maybe that is precisely the intimate cautiousness that we have been talking about. Gender is a clear consideration in your work.

I feel that I am, as a black woman, represented in this work. Perhaps it is not evident in a literal sense, but my process, my experience, my lens is ultimately what creates these images. Everything is being translated through my experience. I also think it is worth talking about gender constructions in a similar way to how we think about systematic racism. Projecting onto a body under any circumstance can be limiting—we are defining a body/person before we slow ourselves down enough to truly get to know them. There is generally much more fluidity in the way we function as human beings than we allow ourselves to explore/consider. On a more personal level, I come from a family where there is a strong masculine presence. I have two brothers, my father, only male cousins, three nephews, et cetera. I feel I am in a unique position to share my experience as a sister, friend, family member—I desire to share my vision through a lens of empathy and love.

The power and the gift of your paintings seems to me to be the way that they almost propose an alternate way of being together in space.

As crazy as it sounds, I feel like every time I paint, I give birth and even possibly go to church. It is a personal and spiritual process for me. It gives me life—and in turn, I produce an object that is destined to have a life of its own. I cannot control the lives of my paintings—but I can only hope to set up the best set of circumstances for them to thrive. My hope is that each painting goes into the world and touches the life of another. I hope that the paintings hold a piece of my emotional and physical experience with each subject—allowing them to live a life beyond what you and I can imagine. I have to trust that the paintings' integrity will allow them to hold space wherever they go and encourage conversation and thoughtfulness that might not have been there otherwise. I won't always be there to speak on the painting's behalf—its success lies in its ability to speak for itself.



Charles, 2016. Oil on canvas, 78 x 60 inches. Photograph by Adam Reich. Courtesy of the artist.



Glass Man Michael, 2016. Oil on canvas, 56 x 72 inches. Photograph by Adam Reich. Courtesy of the artist.



Stanley, 2016. Oil on canvas, 78 x 60 inches. Photograph by Adam Reich. Courtesy of the artist.



Jared, 2016. Oil on canvas, 72 x 54 inches. Photograph by Adam Reich. Courtesy of the artist.

Jibade-Khalil Huffman

In Conversation With
Nicole Kaack

Poet and artist, videographer and sculptor, Jibade-Khalil Huffman's works defy the limitations of traditional media boundaries, bringing a poetic sensibility to visual manipulations. Huffman's sculptural installations of video, found objects, and prints explore the particularities and possibilities of form, refuting the structures that foreclose on our ability to understand ourselves and each other.

When I first went into the installation, because of the space and because of the ways that things are reflecting and literally interacting with each other, it feels so much like an environment. I was actually a little surprised that there was more than one piece. I noticed that in your past installations, things did feel a little more discrete.

In other shows, it was kind of like the pieces needed that space. And I've also just not really known how to put these two things—video that is not on a flat screen and photographs or other sorts of objects—together. That is connected to the frustration of being weirdly boxed into the categories of “you make video and you’re a poet.” These other aspects of my practice are so important to everything else. With regard to *Tenses*, the inherent claustrophobia of that space worked out with my interest in, on a formal level, executing an exhibition that isn’t fixed. When you’re trying all these different things you have a certain ideal viewer. You are making, I kind of, for them.

With each of the media there is such a particular way in which you use it. For example, the way that you use lines is interesting, particularly in this back and forth between the more sculptural objects like the prints hanging out from the wall or the windshields and the prints.

With windshields, I started with this crazy plan to have humidifiers in the space. When I went to the glass shop I was asking about the defrosting lines. And the guys broke it down, basically you solder a metal line into the glass. So I was going to do that. Humidifiers were going to be right under the windshields, to create this steam and then the defroster would turn on. It’s something I still want to do. But I tend to . . . I put everything, time, months into a project, and there are some continuations of things, but then I’ll just get: “That’s it, I figured everything out.” I am really into this continuous exploration, but in terms of what I am showing, it’s kind of a challenge to myself to think about the specifics of the project and what that needs. But that doesn’t mean that if I get some idea with the windshields again, I won’t throw it in.

Between projects, the thing that continues for me is maybe a way of shooting stuff. It’s just the way in which I was trained as a photographer by Stephen Shore, in this super rigorous photographic scene, which still affects how I make video, how I photograph things. So those considerations are always there. If there is any sort of recurring thing, it would be these formal aspects. And this idea of foregrounding, via layering and other factors, complexity. I am depicting the nuance of black women as counter to the idea of the angry black woman. The Studio Museum installation is about a kind of rage, but giving that the true space that it deserves, not the reductive generalization of the angry black woman, but rather this multi-faceted thing.

In your video work for the Studio Museum show, Stanza, there are moments where you use image interchangeably with text. There are things that are signifiers of other things that lead to other ideas.

Let me first say that, across the board, I am resistant to the idea of me ever, in a more general sense, doing one thing. For me, the project is the most important thing. I think that some artists deal with whatever idea they want to deal with, but via their set of tools, their brand of rigor. I am interested in changing. I’ve talked about it with Amanda Hunt, that I wouldn’t say there’s a centerpiece, or cornerstone, of the work. For me, within a project, one thing is not more important than another, including language. And that’s the only reason that I say adamantly that it’s about the particular idea, not the particular form.

It is finding the way to realize the medium specificity of the idea, not the object. I definitely feel that you are changing a medium, that you are not exclusively a thinker about language. The multiple identity of your work comes in the layering, the way that you use shadows and transformations. For example, that print that says, “Turn to your neighbor, Say neighbor.” Another thing that struck me about that phrase is that it is so proscriptive; it is a reflection. You are being told what to tell.

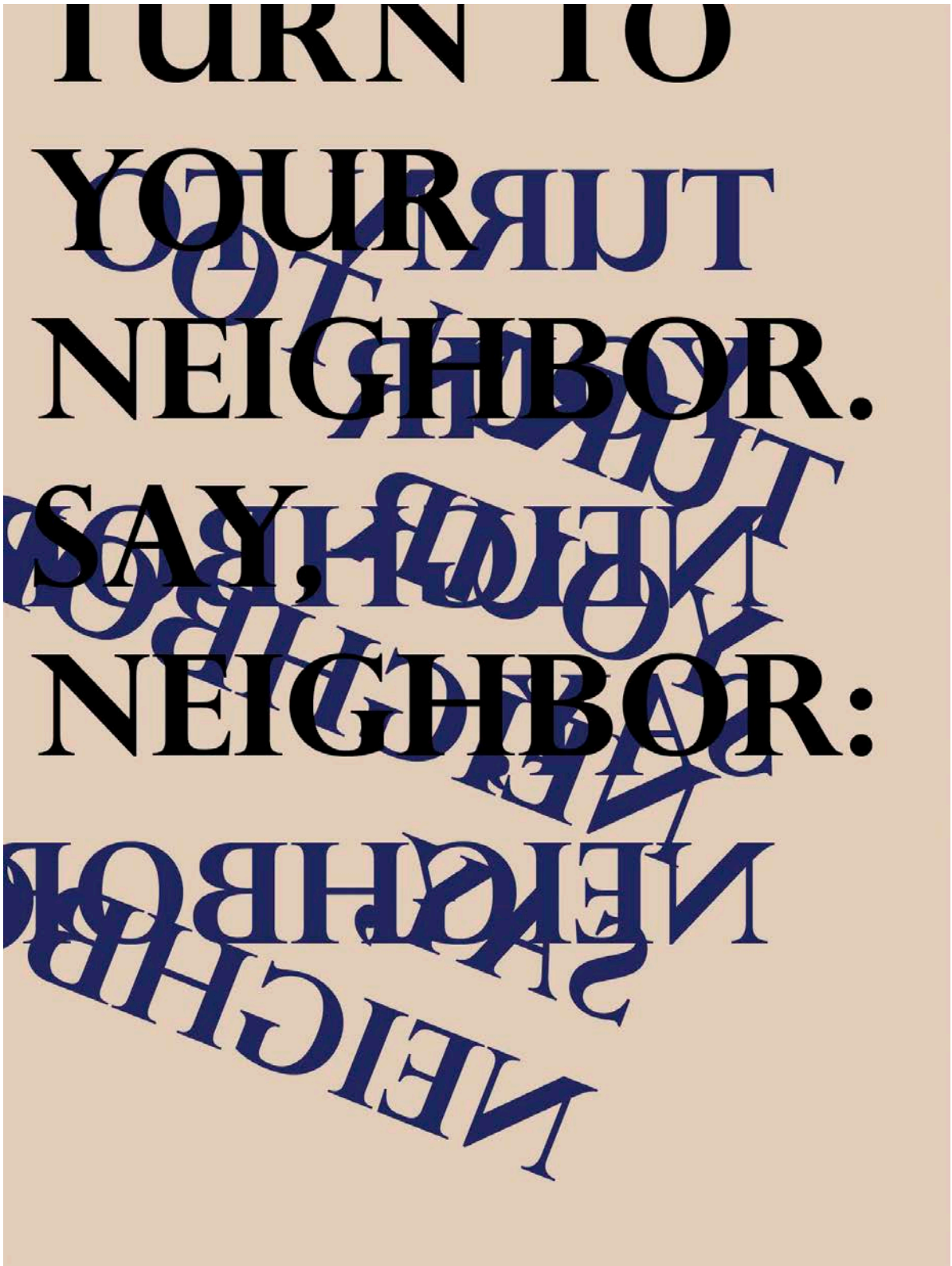
I am sort of interested in it as an openness, a possibility. It doesn’t tell you what to say. The text during the video ends with a straight up colon. This isn’t the first time I’ve done that. I’ve ended several poems with a colon. I sort of stole the idea from John Ashbery.

That was a clip of the program that I was interested in. I think there is a part where you say you’re less interested in making a lyrical “narrative-based work” and more a “studio-based video.” What does that mean to you?

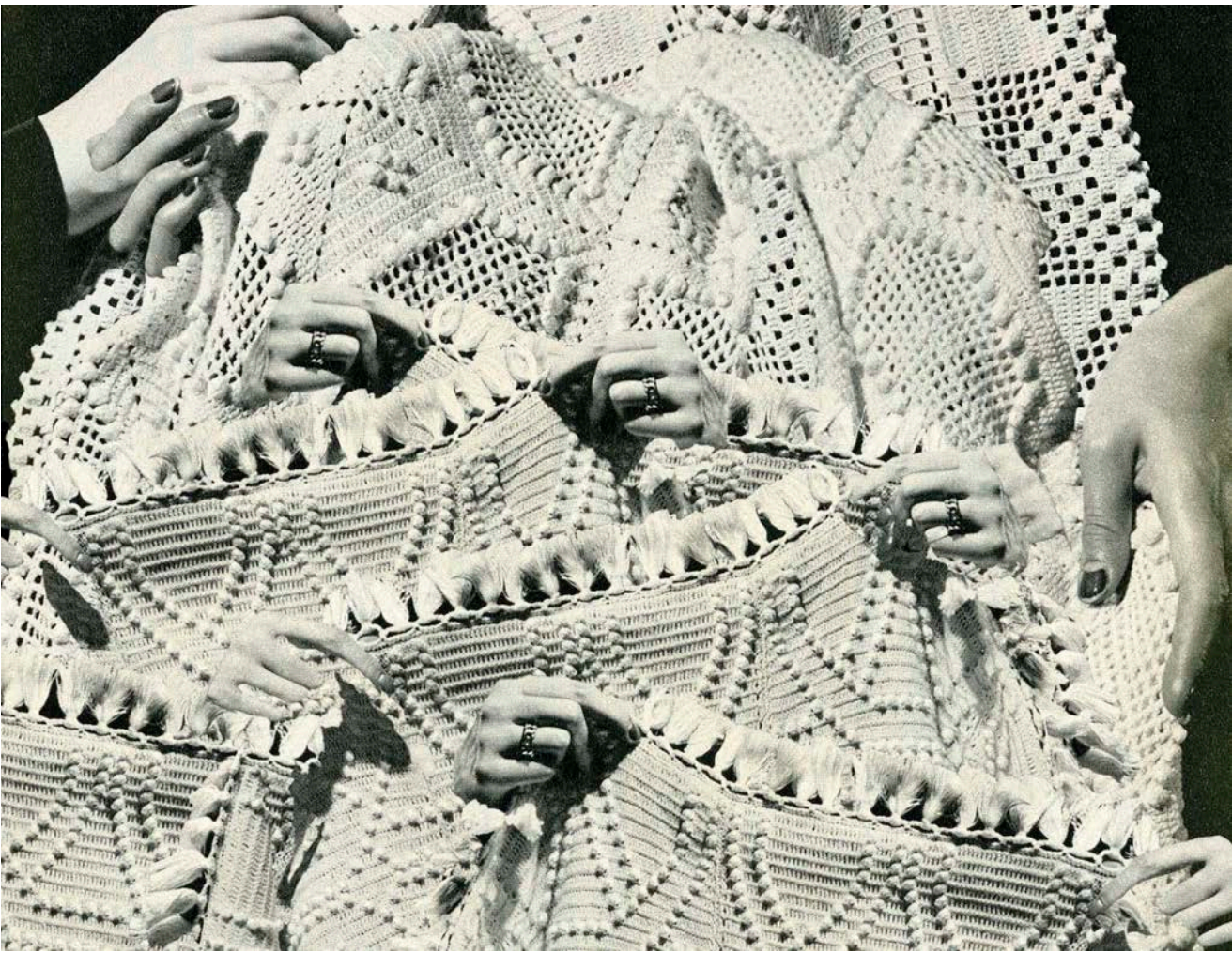
What I mean by that is a poetic kind of work.

More abstracted.

That’s why I use poetry. Because I am a poet and that’s natural to me, but also because the logic of poetry actually allows you to do these things that can reflect what’s happening visually, these fragmentary narratives. With most writing, there’s this logic and expectation built into it, except poetry. There’s obviously exceptions, but for the most part it’s sequential. And it’s the same thing with narrative cinema: that A happens, then B happens, then C happens. I think people going into video have a similar expectation. So when you disrupt that with poetry, there is a logic implied that, even if you haven’t read that much poetry, that you can accept more. Other things can then happen.



Call and Response, 2016. Silkscreen on linen, 36 × 24 inches. Courtesy of the artist.



Laying on Hands, 2016. Inkjet print on canvas, 30 × 23 inches. Courtesy of the artist.



Untitled (Landscape), 2016. Archival inkjet print, 30 × 26.25 inches. Courtesy of the artist.

ruby onyinyechi amanze

Mira Dayal

Planes in space: ruby onyinyechi amanze’s studio

ruby onyinyechi amanze is a contemporary artist working primarily in drawing. I first saw her work at the Studio Museum in Harlem, where her piece that low hanging kind of sun, the one that lingers two feet above your head, (never dying) house plant... (2015) was on view as part of A Constellation. Shortly after she was announced a 2016 Prix Canson Finalist, I heard her speak at The Drawing Center as part of the finalists' exhibition. The following piece reflects upon our August conversation in the artist's Queens Museum studio, where we spoke about space, play, and memory.

In one area of ruby onyinyechi amanze's mural-sized drawings, an elbow from an Egon Schiele drawing might point towards a Bill Murray billboard silhouette or a relaxed sunbather from a spread in a vintage *Vogue*. The original context of these sources is not so important to the artist as the characters whose bodies they come to form; amanze's vaguely human cast of alter egos and hybrid identities forms a loose vocabulary threading through all of her recent work.

Initially it was a cast of one: Ada, the alien, born as the artist's alter ego. Ada's face might be recognizable as the artist's own, but her body glows with highlighter-yellow acrylic paint. Ada means "first daughter" in Igbo, the artist's father's tongue—an appropriate title for the artist's first developed character. But because Ada acted alone, she was easily (and understandably) mistaken for the artist herself rather than a double. Thus, other characters were soon born into the page, including a leopard named Audre and a merman. While not based on specific people, these characters usually draw on some aspect of the artist's history. The merman, for example, emerged out of the artist's interest in people of the Rivers State in Nigeria, who identify as people of the water more than of the land.

If the stories of these characters and their origins sound more like the beginning of a theatre piece, or science fiction, it may be because the concept of play is so fundamental to amanze's studio practice. This is not a concept to be taken lightly; "Play is connected to freedom, and not everybody gets to play," the artist noted in a recent talk. The interactions of these imagined characters may convey more lucidly how sociopolitical interactions outside the studio affect the artist. For example, amanze considers her own identity to be somewhat hybrid; she was born in Nigeria but raised and educated in the UK and the US. This hybridity is ripe for exploration, as manifested in works that collage materials and narratives. Play for amanze could then be described as a method of redefining one's experiences, or imagining how the world could otherwise be.

In her studio, the artist also noted that "play" means tapping into a heightened sense of curiosity. She recounts feeling excited by visual challenges such as remembering the color of a woman's sweater. Though curiosity manifests itself in many forms, such specific moments of intense interest are often suppressed. It is clear from amanze's works that her heightened sensitivity to details, visual or otherwise, is integral to her practice. Play ties into memory; by remembering interactions or descriptions of events from friends, the artist might piece together a new model or situation for her characters in the studio. Memory is important to viewing these works too; once one realizes that the characters carry over from one drawing to the next, the act of remembering constructs new narratives from the viewer's perspective. These alternate narratives may be completely unrelated to the artist's intentions but can be considered just as valid, especially because each drawing is only loosely rendered as a scene. "I feel no obligation," amanze says, "to give the viewer any more." Not knowing their original models, the viewer can associate entirely different or imagined people with the depicted cast, just as one might associate a book's character with a close friend.

For amanze, the most exciting character is also the least defined: space. "Thinking about space," she says, "is now 60% of it for me." When in the same room as drawings of this size, one might easily feel overwhelmed. But because of this crucial element of open space in amanze's work, her drawings feel physically accessible; one can sense the tension between elements on the page and nearly dive into them. A gaze from one character towards another charges the distance between them. The change in scale of the repeated icon of a houseplant or the difference in scale between a body and a swimming pool anchors an invisible vanishing point, giving the white space dimension. Simple gestures towards architecture—a network of lines or simple diagram of the shell of a space—similarly help the viewer imagine that, within that space, expansive infrastructures could be supporting the whole drawing. This is perhaps why she spends so much time preparing the drawing by arranging the elements on the page—of course, she is also highly skilled in rendering bodies, and without their convincing forms, these compositions would be less compelling.

Space in these works is then "not absence, not negative," as the artist stresses. The implication of this statement is that the white space of the page is just as full and materially embodied as the represented characters. In this way, the drawings can be conceived of as sculptural. For past installations and performances, amanze has extended this suggestion by introducing foreign, three-dimensional materials into the space. A freestanding pane of glass may become a new drawing surface that opens up another mode of viewership. Fake grass may carpet the floor or wall. In her studio, amanze is now working with a sheet of paper curved into the corner by occupying this interstitial space, the drawing becomes more dimensional and disorienting.

In her invocation of invisible networks, implementation of ahistorical references, and fluid translation of ideas between dimensions, amanze presents a distinctly contemporary approach to drawing, and one that relates easily to the language of the Internet, where a virtual click becomes a physical item at the door and a Roman sculpture might appear alongside a stock photo if one searches online for an image of a body. But while such collapses can often feel impersonal in digital space—amanze notes that play ends when she reaches for her computer—her collapses always relate back to the logic of her alternate world.



Ruby Onyinyechi Amanze and Wura-Natasha Ogunyi, Twin, 2013. Collaborative performance-drawing, 3 hours, 34 minutes. Courtesy of the artists.



either way, you'll be in a pool of something, 2015 Graphite, ink, and photo transfers, 40 x 60 inches. Courtesy of the artist.



with the galaxy beneath her, she remembered the magic of soaring amidst coconut clouds, 2014. Pencil, ink, and photo transfers, 80 x 114 inches. Courtesy of the artist.



water and air [shelby], 2015. Ink, collage, photo transfer, graphite, and resin, 38 x 50 inches. Courtesy of the artist.

Part Four: Cataloging Community

John Held, Jr.

In *Part One: Collecting, Compiling & the Construction of Cultural Histories*, it was noted that artists often find it difficult to retain and manage accumulated items in their care. Questions regarding the disposition of materials are particularly challenging for the artist engaged in non-traditional practices. During the discussion in *Part Two: The Disposition of Decades-Old Correspondence*, our focus was directed to practitioners of mail art and their apprehension of what to do with decades of correspondence and collateral items in the face of institutional disregard. *Part Three: An Immediately Quaint Form that Excused Itself from History* examined the slow march of Fluxus toward institutional acceptance, and the similar struggle mail art is currently undergoing in attracting scholarly validity. The present text describes steps being made to rectify the situation.

Part Four: Cataloging Community

Ray Johnson envisioned his postal activities as a communal activity from the start. Schooled at Black Mountain College in the late 1940s, he kept up with his classmates and instructors through the post, as well as personal contacts, forming lifelong relationships with many of them. Endeavoring to start a design business after graduation, he began distributing information and graphic examples through the mail. Circumventing the gallery system, he also began mailing *móticos*—shaped cardboard with minimal ink additions, exhibited in the streets, as well as through the post—which would become the linchpin in Johnson's linking of like-minded individuals. This alternative to standard artistic distribution channels distanced from the gallery/museum system appealed to fellow artists, including those associated with Fluxus and Japanese Gutai, who were searching for new ways of resuscitating art by integrating it with everyday activities.

One of Johnson's main strategies in maintaining and stimulating community, was his decree to "add and pass" enclosed postal works to an either known or unknown third party. By 1962, Johnson's mailings attained widespread underground attention (he was commonly known as "the most famous unknown artist in New York") and were named when correspondent E. M. Plunkett applied the term *New York Correspondence School* to Johnson's heretofore unspecified activity.¹

As his circle of correspondents rippled outward, Johnson began testing the strength of the network he was weaving, inviting various correspondents to thematic meetings and gauging their responses. Another example of Johnson's commitment to community was his selection of personalities for an ongoing series of silhouette drawings, conducted under rigorous guidelines. Through this selection of sitters, Johnson was able to visually articulate a community of contemporaries, whom he believed were setting the cultural agenda of his time.

Replicating the sense of community he experienced at Black Mountain, Johnson instituted new artistic practices that were to have global cultural implications. Today, social practice is a commonly accepted means of extending the creative act into the everyday. Postal exchange among artists provoking human interaction portended this development some 50 years ago. Mail art anticipated the rise of multiculturalism, democratized cultural exchange, and allowed for engagement from participants outside of a cultural center Mail art went viral globally well before the Internet, anticipating the rise of multiculturalism, democratized cultural exchange and the displacement of a cultural center. As early as 1969, Michael Morris and Vincent Trasov had established an "Image Bank Correspondence Exchange," which listed subjects of correspondent's interest to connect the participants in the emerging Eternal Network.²

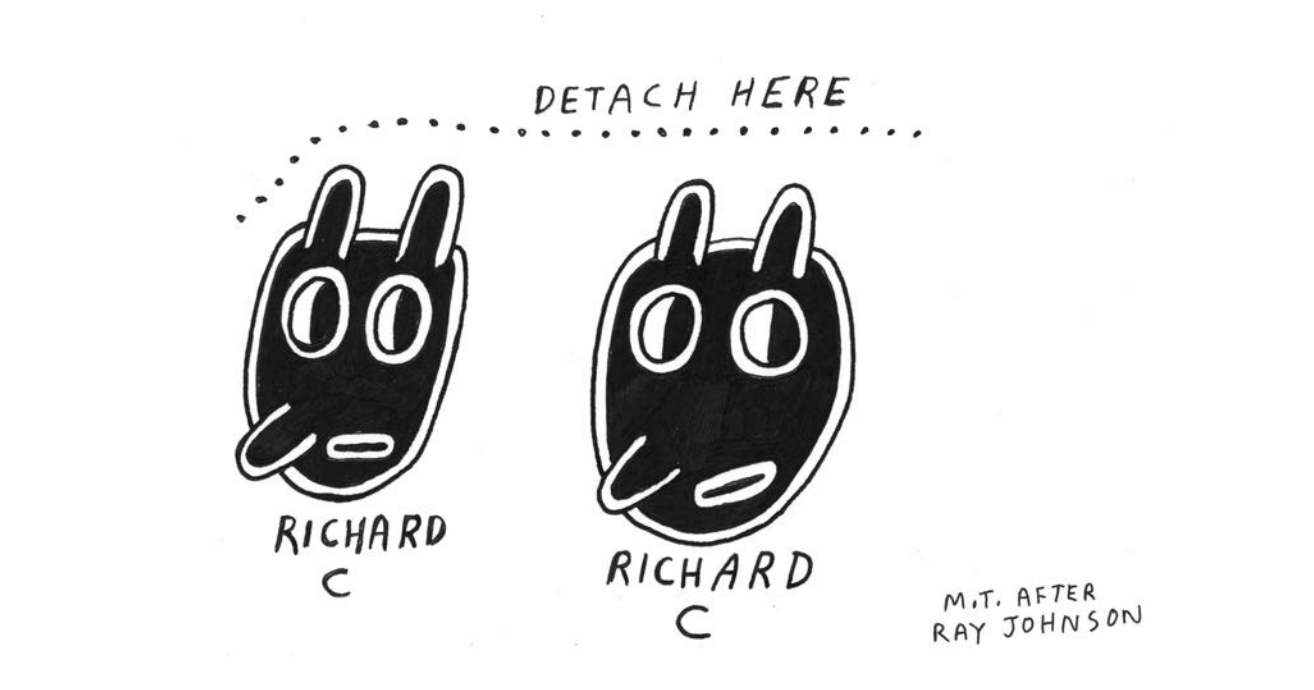
Communication, distribution, and networking became integral concerns of the contemporary artist, anticipating the growing self-sufficiency of the individual in the dissolution of institutional structures and the rise of disruptive enterprises. By immersing themselves in these practices, mail artists anticipated the changing course of a new millennial consciousness. Our widespread dependence on the Internet for timely long distance communication and creative exchange is eerily similar to previous reliance on the postal system's analog reach across geographical and cultural barriers in the deliverance of art and information.

In 1971, I obtained a degree in Information Studies at Syracuse University and began working in public libraries. This provided me with a secure foundation from which to engage in mail art, having access to both photocopy and mailing privileges (which I admittedly abused). Simultaneously, I began working part-time as an archivist for the Oneida Community Historical Society, composed of descendants of the Upstate New York utopian community, that existed from 1848-1881. The Oneida Community grew in a manner similar to that of mail art, through postal communication among the membership with those seeking admission. This contemporary communal endeavor is what initially drew me to mail art.

I relocated from upstate New York to Dallas, Texas in 1981, and continued with both librarianship and mail art. I opened a gallery that featured artists I was corresponding with (Ray Johnson, Anna Banana, Monty Cantsin, et al.) and began extensive travels to visit mail artists in Europe, Latin America, the Soviet Union, and Japan. These gallery shows and personal encounters added to my growing collection of mail art.

Professionally, I began writing and attending panel discussions on artist's archives, most notably at conferences sponsored by the Art Libraries Society of North America founded by Judith Hoffberg, herself an active mail artist.

The contacts made in ARLIS later proved invaluable. After working at the Dallas Public Library for 15 years, I relocated to San Francisco in 1995 to work with Bill Gaglione at the Stamp Art Gallery. After three years mounting some 50 shows with attendant catalogs and rubber stamp box sets, the gallery closed. I decided to put together collections of mail art to see if I could place them institutionally. I never gave a second thought to approaching museum curators about this. Just as Maciunas had achieved success in placing Fluxus in libraries, well before museums were versed in his accomplishments, I knew that curators had no interest in the material, but librarians, I believed, would be drawn to documents of mail art. It was the librarians that collected exhibition catalogs, artists' books and periodicals, and I directed my attention towards them.



You can't approach a potential recipient with the line, "I have a lot of material that I think you may be interested in." They want to know exactly what you have, especially fastidious librarians. At the turn of the millennium, I began to sort my collection of exhibition documentation from the general collection. After the initial sort, I categorized the invitations, catalogs, and posters by year, and within that, by country and curator. Each exhibition catalog (poster or postcard) was placed in a separate folder. That was the easy part. The time consuming portion commenced when this material needed to be enumerated.

Folder by folder, I described what was contained within. The inventory delineated the curator, title, physical location, dates of exhibition and the resultant documentation. Catalogs were described as to the number of pages, printing medium, physical size, and content. Unnumbered pages were indicated by parenthesis. Introductions, essays, and reproductions were noted. Annotations were added to highlight the significance of a specific show.

The results took the following form:

1970

United States of America

Johnson, Ray and Tucker, Marcia. New York Correspondence School Exhibition. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, New York. September 2-October 6, 1970. 4 pages. Offset. 7 x 7 inches. Essay by William S. Wilson, "Drop a Line." Participant list. A very early mail art show (Johnson collaborated with Joseph Raphael the previous year on a similar exhibition at Sacramento State College) that set the tone for the explosion of exhibitions that followed in the next two decades. Organized by Ray Johnson and Whitney curator Marcia Tucker, the show contained the work of the 106 participants listed on the last page of this brief brochure. Includes the essay, "Drop a Line," by noted Johnsonian scholar William S. Wilson.

McShine, Kynaston L. Information. The Museum of Modern Art, New York, New York. July 2-September 20, 1970. 207 pages. Offset. 11 x 8 ½ inches. Introduction by the curator. Reproductions. Bibliography. (In organizing an international activity report of non-traditional artists, the Museum of Modern Art assembled a show in the manner of a mail art exhibition—printing, rather than exhibiting, anything that was submitted. This occurred just a month before the *New York Correspondence School* exhibition at the Whitney [see entry under Ray Johnson]. Something was definitely in the air at the start of the decade.

1972

England

Mayor, David. *Fluxshoe*. Exeter, England. November 13-December 2, 1972. Falmouth, England. October 23-31, 1972. 144 pages. Offset. 11 ¼ x 8 ½ inches. Traveling exhibition. Includes bibliography. Reproductions. A Beau Geste Press publication. An important early mail art show that brought together the Fluxus generation with the emerging Eternal Network of Mail Artists. Contains excellent biographical material about the artists at the end of the work, accompanied by a bibliography of relevant books and periodicals.

Crozier, Robin. *Robin Crozier Retrospective 1936-1972*. Bede Gallery, Jarrow, England. April 29-May 28, (1972). Poster. Offset (2 color). 25 ¾ x 17 ½ inches. Exhibition by the Dean of English Mail Art.

Uruguay

Padin, Clemente. *Exposion Exhaustiva de la Nueva Poesia*. Galeria U, Montevideo, Uruguay. February 7-April 5, 1972. 19 pages. 8 ½ x 6 ¾ inches. 350 artists from 30 countries.

1973

England

Ehrenberg, Felipe; Mayor, David; and Wright, Terry. *Fluxshoe: Add End A: 72-73*. Croydon, England. January 15-26, 1973. Oxford, England. February 10-25, 1973. Cardiff, England. June 14, 1973. Nottingham, England. June 6-19, 1973. Blackburn, England. July 6-21, 1973. Hastings, England. August 17-24, 1973. Falmouth, England. October 23-31, 1973. Beau Geste Press, Cullompton, England. Unpagged portfolio, including poster, postcard, and original artworks by Robin Crozier, Entre Tot, et al. Mixed media. Folder, 9 x 14 inches. Introduction. Includes an essay by George Brecht, "Something About Fluxus." Newspaper reviews. ("As the *Fluxshoe* exhibition traveled, and performances were conducted at the various stops, documentation accumulated, newspaper reviews were compiled, late arrivals added [including a sheet of Robert Watts, *Fluxpost/17-17*, postage stamps], all of which were assembled in a folder, and issued as an addenda to the previous publication.)

New Zealand

Reid, Terry. *Inch Atract*. Auckland University, Auckland, New Zealand. 1973. 16 pages. Newspaper format. 22 ½ x17 inches. Essays by Ken Friedman and George Brecht. Illustrated.

United States of America

Davi Det Hompson. *An International Cyclopedia of Plans and Occurrences*. Anderson Gallery, Virginia Commonwealth University, Richmond, Virginia. March 15-April 10, 1973. Poster. Offset. (9 ½ x 6 inches folded, 37 x 23 ½ inches unfolded). Participant list. Important early show, bringing together diverse factions of an emerging network. "This one has good karma written all over it. Hompson was a sometimes Fluxist and early mail artist, who attracted many early networkers (Clemente Padin, Jiri Valoch, Edgardo-Antonio Vigo, Wolf Vostell, William Wilson). He writes an introduction acknowledging the assistance of Fluxus West, the NYCS and Image Bank. One of the first instances of a self-conscious network recognizing and celebrating itself.

Friedman, Ken. *Omaha Flow Systems*. Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska. April 1-24, 1973. Magazine Reprint. Essay by Friedman, "Flowing in Omaha," reprinted courtesy of *Art & Artists*, August 1973, London. 4 pages. 11 x 8 ½ inches.

Uruguay

Padin, Clemente. *Theme and Variations*. Gallery U, Montevideo, Uruguay. September 1973. Unpagged. 8 ½ x 6 ¾ inches. Offset. 30 participants (Robert Filliou, George Brecht, Bern Porter, Guillermo Deisler, Lowell Darling, et al). Reproductions. Printed in October 1986 in 100 copies.

At the conclusion of the project, some 1,600 mail art exhibition documents from 54 countries were inventoried. While the majority of the items were acquired as a result of active participation in the exhibition process, others were donated for research purposes in the compilation of my *International Artist Cooperation: Mail Art Shows, 1970-1985*, (Dallas Public Library, 1986) and the book, *Mail Art: An Annotated Bibliography* (Scarecrow Press, 1991). Other items were acquired through purchase and trade with many of the leading practitioners of the medium, often during personal visits.

Through contacts made in ARLIS, I approached the Getty Research Institute to see if they were interested in acquiring the 1,600 item collection. The Getty had previously purchased the Jean Brown Archive, containing Fluxus and Mail Art, and I saw this as a compliment to her collection. Once the decision was made by the Getty to accept the material, I donated the label copy of the 1986 Dallas Public Library exhibition, *Mail Art Shows, 1970-1985*, the notes from the periodical section of the mail art bibliography, and 1,500 exhibition invitations to broaden the research potential for future scholars of the field.

At the end of *Part Three* of this series, I promised explication of the placement of Latin American and Eastern European periodicals in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, exhibition *Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980*, containing mail art related works by Paulo Bruscky, Ulises Carrión, Clemente Padin, Pawel Petasz, and Edgardo Antonio Vigo, among others. The museum had previously displayed mail art in an exhibition space reserved for the library, but to my knowledge, before this exhibition, never in the museum proper.

In November 2001, I began pulling all the mail art publications and zines from my archive, which were stored in some 250 storage boxes. At the end of this initial sort, some 70 boxes were identified as publications. These included mail art periodicals, zines, archival material from Friedman's *Factsheet 5* and Ashley Parker Owen's *Global Mail*, as well as the periodical research notes I had used during the development of my 1991 book, *Mail Art: An Annotated Bibliography*. After this initial sort, mail art periodicals were isolated for cataloging and annotating. This process lasted two months.

Specific titles were designated as "mail art periodicals" because of their usefulness in researching mail art as a specific area of the late 20th century cultural avant-garde. The vast majority of the periodicals were generated by those involved in the genre, usually in editions no larger than a few hundred. Other periodic publications with a wider focus were included because of their persistent attention to mail art, or had specific numbers devoted to the genre.

The term "periodical" seemed preferable to "magazine," which implied a publication with various sections, including letters to the editor, articles, announcements, reviews, etc. Periodicals, on the other hand, could be defined more broadly; a publication issued serially, less confined by traditional magazine formats.

At the start of 2002, I sorted the mail art periodicals by title, creating files (manila folders) in standard storage boxes. By the end of January, the sort was completed, and I began work on an annotated inventory" of the mail art periodicals in the collection. All items were cataloged (title, editor, publisher, location, volume, number, date, medium, size, pages), and annotated to describe both the character and content of the item under examination. Editors' motivations for publishing were cited, authors and graphic contributors noted, and indication given on the inclusion of reviews, and mail art exhibition, project, and publication opportunities. Quotes were chosen for their value in illuminating a facet of the field.

The final inventory of the collection, completed by the end of March 2002, totaled 610 pages. The final inventory enumerated 3,711 items, consisting of 655 titles published in 34 countries, and housed in 39 storage boxes, containing significant runs of influential mail art publications from 1972-2001. Notebooks were created to present the inventory, illustrated by some 200 cover and interior pages of the periodicals in the collection.

I had sensed MoMA's interest in the material, and proposed their acquisition of the material to the Chief Librarian. In an ironic twist, library trustee Jon Hendricks was asked to consult on the material's relevance. Hendricks, a Fluxus archivist, had been in a similar position decades earlier trying to institutionalize Fluxus.

The inability of traditional research institutions to acquire challenging materials at the time of their issue, forces individuals associated with marginal cultures to nurture primary source materials prior to their mainstream acceptance enabling future scholarly study. This "care and feeding" of cultural alternatives at the infancy of their acceptance, is both blessing and curse, rife with discouragement and disappointment, ultimately satisfying through perseverance and strength of purpose.

1) Donna De Salvo and Catherine Gudis, *Ray Johnson: Correspondences* (Paris and New York, Flammarion, 1999), 7.
2) Kate Craig, et al. *Art & Correspondence from the Western Front* (Vancouver, Western Front Publication, 1979, 1.

NYAQ / November - February, 2016/ 17
Issue 6

Publisher & Editor in Chief
Andrew McClintock

Managing Print Editor
Lydia Brawner

Senior Editors
Lucy Kasofsky and Lauren Marsden

This issue is also available as a PDF at [sfaq.us](#)

CONTACT:

NYAQ Advertising
advertise@sfaq.us

Comments / Complaints
info@sfaq.us

East Coast Community Outreach Squad
Nina Potepan
nina@sfaq.us

Advisors:
Nion McEvoy, Kevin King, John Sanger, Adam Swig, Sue Kubly, Nick Podell, Maurice Kanbar, Barry McGee, and Tom Sachs.

BLACK LIVES MATTER
FREE MUMIA!
FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS
STOP THE TPP
SUPPORT PLANNED PARENTHOOD
SUPPORT WHISTLEBLOWERS
FUCK DONALD TRUMP
DON'T KILL THE PLANET
STOP THE DAKOTA ACCESS PIPELINE
STOP PRETENTIOUS CURATORS

NYAQ
73 Chrystie St.
Suite 1
New York, NY, 10002

All Material ©2016-17 SFAQ LLC (SFAQ, NYAQ, LXAQ, AQ, DFAQ) // Designed in the Dogpatch, San Francisco. Printed on 60% post-consumer papers with environmentally friendly soy-based inks in Hunters Point, San Francisco. Work, Work, Work, Work, Work, Work Always looking out for Benny Blanco.

Leonardo Drew
In Conversation With Tasha Ceyan
Page 4-9

Cameron Platter
In Conversation With Andrew McClintock
Page 10-12

Millennial Collectors:
Nicolas Hugo
In Conversation With Anna Hygelund
Page 13

Jordan Casteel
In Conversation With Nicole Kaack
Page 14

Jibade-Khalil Huffman
In Conversation With Nicole Kaack
Page 15

ruby onyinyechi amanze
Mira Dayal
Page 16

Move Your Archive: Part Four
John Held, Jr.
Page 17

[PROJECTS]

Leo Fitzpatrick + FTL
Page 2

Prisoners' Resistance
8 Ball
Page 16

Mark Flood “Zero Fucks Givin”
Pullout Poster

Cover Image: Leonardo Drew, *Number 155* (detail), 2012. Photograph by Jason Wyche. Courtesy of the artist and Sikkema Jenkins & Co.



Tasha Ceyan is an interdisciplinary artist-scholar, whose work is immersed creating an embodied language for intersectional metaphysics. This involves investigating the dynamics between religion and faith through a framework comprised of blackness, queerness, gender, and poverty.

Mira Dayal is an artist, critic, and curator based in New York, interested in the intersections of drawing, performance and language. She is the founding editor of the *Journal of Art Criticism* (JAC).

John Held, Jr. has been a staff writer with SFAQ since 2011. He has contributed over fifty feature articles and reviews, interviewing such notable Bay Area artists as poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, painter Robert Bechtle and dancer Anna Halprin. His most recent book is, *Small Scale Subversion: Mail Art and Artistamps*, available from Amazon. His essay, *After Gutai: Shozo Shimamoto's Networking Art*, was recently published in the catalog for the exhibition, *Shozo Shimamoto: Avant-Garde Shock*, at the Karazawa New Art Museum, Karazawa, Japan, June-August 2016.

Anna Hygelund is head of Post-War & Contemporary Art for Paddle 8. She has worked in San Francisco, London and New York, where she is currently based. In addition to her active role in auctions and private sales, Anna has written for SFAQ/NYAQ since 2014.

Nicole Kaack is an artist and writer from Northern California, currently based in Queens, New York. Incorporating elements of video, ceramics, and photography, her multimedia artistic practice has focused on the themes of trace and memory. Kaack's writing has also been published by *Whitehot Magazine*, *artcritical*, and *Artforum*.

Mark Van Proyen is an artist and art critic based in northern California. His writings have appeared in *Art in America*, *Art Issues*, *CAA Reviews*, *New Art Examiner*, *Bad Subjects*, *Art Practical*, and *Square Cylinder*.

Andrew McClintock, disowned heir to the Greek shipping tycoon Stavros Niarchos, disappeared off the coast of Coral Gables, Florida on December 19th, 2007. Five weeks later, authorities discovered the skeleton of his 1951 Chris-Craft Riviera lodged against a sandbar near Elliot Key. The boat itself showed signs of fire damage and what appeared to be a contained explosion. The missing persons case remained open for fourteen months. On January 19th, 2010, a man walked into the Torrey Pines Bank in downtown Oakland, California, and applied for a small business loan, expressing interest in starting a quarterly magazine. His name was Andrew McClintock, and all his paperwork was current. The loan was processed and expedited. By 2009, the lead detective assigned to the McClintock disappearance was retired, a thirty year veteran of Miami PD named Marcus Caiman. Detective Caiman was alerted to a ping on McClintock's credit report after over a year of radio silence. Intrigued, he traveled to California in an attempt to track down McClintock and clear the case. Detective Caiman would never return to Florida. His last known whereabouts were the lobby of the Winton Hotel on Jones Street in San Francisco, where he made contact with his wife Marion from a payphone. Marion claims Detective Caiman was set to meet McClintock later that night at a bar called the Brown Jug. He never returned to the hotel, leaving behind his clothes and a gold watch given to him by his partner as a retirement gift. It was found locked inside the safe in his room. It is rumored that the last person to see McClintock alive on his Italian speedboat in 2007, was the San Francisco based gallerist also known as Andrew McClintock, once a private dealer, who now owns Ever Gold [Projects]. The rumor continues that Andrew McClintock had just sold McClintock a nine million dollar Picasso painting at Art Basel Miami Beach that year, and McClintock was late on his payment.

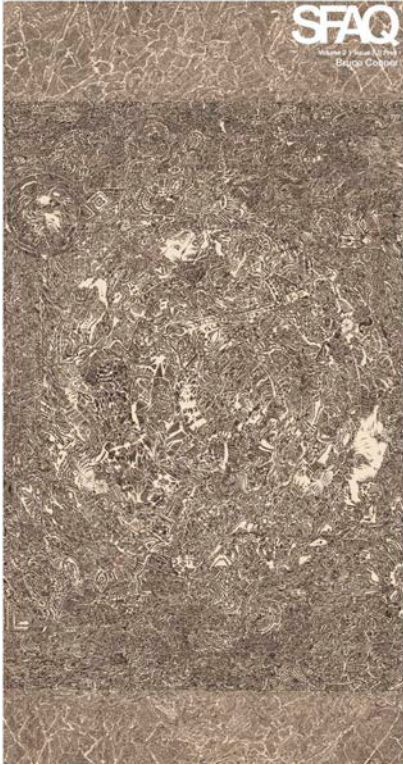
[PROJECTS]

Leo Fitzpatrick and **FTL** are artists based in New York.

Mark Flood is an American artist. Mark Flood is the collective identity enacted by a group of international artists, poets, musicians and deadbeats. Mark Flood is somebody, formerly nobody, who did something somewhere, formerly nowhere. Mark Flood was born a while back and will cease to exist when you stop reading this.

8 Ball is an independent non-profit organization that—through free, open-access platforms and events—nurtures and supports a community of artists. We provide virtual and physical meeting sites for people of all scenes, ages, and backgrounds. Our mission is to generate collaborative and educational exchange through public access television and radio stations, an imprint, a self publishing fair, a public library, an internship program, a residency, and a series of workshops in art-related trades. 8 Ball Community operates free of elitism and is governed by its participants.

NOVEMBER - FEBRUARY ISSUE OF SFAQ:
BRUCE CONNER ISSUE & Pullout Poster



NOVEMBER - FEBRUARY ISSUE OF LXAQ:
PARKER ITO ISSUE & Pullout Artist Publication



Can't find these issue in your city? Buy one from our Internet store: sfaqprojects.bigcartel.com



PRISONERS'



RESISTANCE

The act of production is often an act of rebellion, and especially in an explicitly repressive environment like a prison. Albert Camus said that creating is to place oneself on the level of God, the ultimate creator, and thus is an act of absurdity. In the contemporary social formation, to create is to grapple with the reproductive forces of society, and place oneself on the level of the ruling class.

To create is to engage in a dialectical struggle with the existing power structure. The prison is the most explicit

spatial and material expression of state repression and for prisoners, the struggle with power structures is often at the forefront of the work they produce.

Prisons function through violence or the threat of violence, as well as more implicit mechanisms of discipline and surveillance that find counterparts and refine techniques of discipline and surveillance throughout society. Therefore, to study how prisons suppress creativity in demand for work is to study the ongoing struggle with, and tension within, the power structures of our society.

EAR TO THE CELLS

This September, on the 45th anniversary of the Attica uprising, the Incarcerated Workers Organizing Committee (IWOC) and the Free Alabama Movement (FAM) helped form the largest nation-wide prison strike in history. In at least 24 states and 40 facilities, more than 24,000 people in prison are protesting the systematic exploitation of their labor—a two billion dollar a year industry. According to the Federal Bureau of Prisons, prisoners at federal facilities make between 12 and 50.40 cents per hour, maxing out at 50.42 per hour, while state prison rates range between zero and 51.60 per hour. Several states—including Texas, Georgia, and Arkansas—pay their inmates no wages for their labor. The companies that do pay prisoners get up to 40% of the money back in taxpayer-funded reimbursements. There has been very limited media coverage of the situation because prisons are easily locked down and the flow of information from inside prisons can be tightly controlled. The full effects of the strike are yet to be seen, though we do know that many prisoners have been punished for participating. Guards at Holman Prison in Alabama are on strike in solidarity and are reportedly planning to quit en-masse at the time of writing.



What facility erupted tonight?

It erupted at Turbeville C.I. in SC. Tough guard got mad because prisoners didn't obey a command.

Why did things pop off? What happened?

When the guard reached for their mace, they were surrounded and beat up.

How did the guards react?

When the other guards arrived like they were going to jump on the prisoners, everyone stood up and ran them out of dorm.

How does this fit into everything else already happened in the facility around the prison strike etc?

The strike news got us holding some long overdue conversations. The spirit of Attica is in the air.

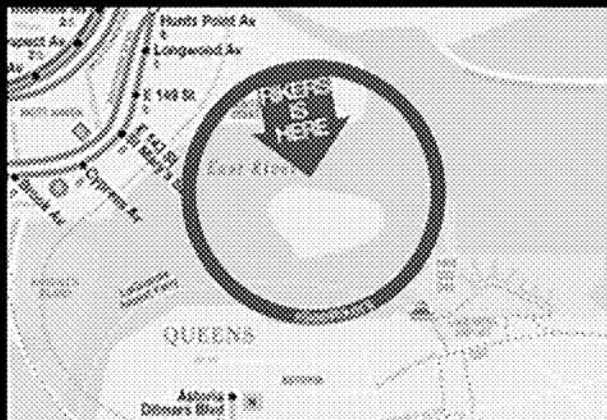
How can people support you?

Help us by standing up for us in places we can't go! I'm here for the people, the most oppressed...all the prisoners that feel as I do.

Interview excerpt from itsgoingdown.org



Jails and Prisons Near You



saerikers.org

Concealing the undesirable helps a city develop its reputation and economy, but the growing jail and prison system in the U.S. is difficult to hide.

A few local, state and federal detainment centers in NYC:

Brooklyn Detention Complex, 275 Atlantic Avenue
Vernon C. Bain Correctional Center [New York's Prison Barge], Hunts Point, Bronx
Manhattan Detention Complex, 125 White Street
Rikers Island Correctional Center, the East River between Queens and the Bronx [includes several jails]
Queensboro Correctional Facility, 47-04 Van Dam Street
Metropolitan Correctional Center, Manhattan, 150 Park Row
Metropolitan Detention Center, Brooklyn, 80 29th Street
Edgecombe Correctional Center, 611 Edgecombe Avenue
Queens Detention Facility, 182-22 50th Avenue
Richmond County Jail, 350 St. Marks Avenue

UNICOR, also known as Federal Prison Industries (FPI) is a corporation created in 1934 and owned by the federal government. It's one of many companies that oversees penal labor and sets the condition and wage standards for working inmates. UNICOR's public claim is that including an hourly wage, inmates are given "vocational training" to aid in their rehabilitation into society. But, how effective is this rehabilitation when hourly wages are 50.23 to 51.15 max and training includes inhumane working conditions like smashing television and computer monitors with hammers, without masks, gloves, or other protective gear, exposing inmates to high levels of lead and cadmium?

The significant profit incentive UNICOR has in paying its workers less than \$1/hr should be concerning considering these numbers:

Over \$471 million in sales last year and over \$900 million in 2011. An estimated 74% of revenue goes toward the purchase of raw material and equipment; 20% to staff salaries; 6% to inmate salaries. Over 12,000 inmates employed nationwide.

Small American business owners are losing million dollar contracts to UNICOR's cheap prison labor (e.g. Tennier Industries). UNICOR has over 80 factories in federal prisons, producing about 175 different types of products and services, including clothing and textiles, electronics, fleet management and vehicular components, industrial products, office furniture, recycling activities, and services including data entry and encoding. The company claims to sell products and services exclusively to the federal government but they also vaguely mention doing business with "certain private sector companies."

Most Americans would not approve of buying products outsourced to foreign sweatshop prison labor, so why is the exploitation of our American workers being overlooked? Given the already prominent racial bias of the prison system, if this prison-for-profit incentive continues we're bound for a grim shopping spree.

"WE ARE MEN! WE ARE NOT BEASTS!"
Attica, September 9, 1971

"When it started I was in the shower. I stepped out of the shower and the world is changed. I see a guy driving down the hallway on a forklift and at the end of the hallway there was a gate. They put the tongs underneath the gate and started pulling it up. By the mess hall, police was throwing tear-gas canisters at this guy and inmates was picking them up and throwing them back at the police. And I said "Oh wow, it's a new world!" -Carlos Roche, Former Attica Prisoner

Over 1,000 prisoners stormed the Attica Correctional Facility—taking over 42 staff hostage. This was the beginning of what would become one of the most significant uprisings in prison history. The revolt occurred in response to the extreme inhumane living conditions in the prison:

Racist Prison Staff The prison staff was all-white. 63% of the inmates were Black and Latino. Islam was not recognized as a legitimate religion. Racial discrimination by the staff was encouraged.

Overcrowding The capacity limit had been exceeded by almost 40%

Lack of Food The state was spending approximately 63 cents per-prisoner per-day on food.

Poor Sanitation and Medical Care Inmates were allowed 1 shower a week and 1 roll of toilet paper per month. Doctors were indolent.

Media Censorship Any inmate letter written in a foreign language was thrown away.

Inhumane Labor Blacks were specifically relegated to the lowest-paying intense manual labor—making around \$0.50/day.

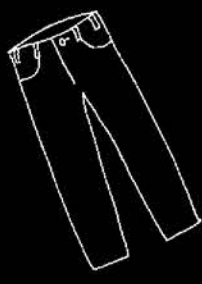
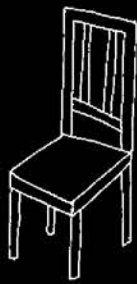
Prisoners used the riot to demand political rights and improved living conditions. A committee of inmates created a list of 33 demands addressing the issues listed above and others. The demands were directed to Gov. Nelson Rockefeller for negotiation. Rockefeller refused any negotiations. On September 13th, squads of New York State Police troopers stormed the prison. They were given unlicensed guns, unmarked uniforms, and instructed to open fire on the unarmed inmates. The police massacre killed unresisting and unarmed victims, 29 inmates and 10 staff hostages. Following media reports claimed the inmates killed all the hostages by slitting their throats, contrary to medical reports that proved they all died of gunshots by police.

The effects of the riot and negotiations did result in some of the 33 demands becoming institutionalized throughout the prison board for a number of years, but unfortunately prison conditions in Attica continue below standard. Overcrowding, one of the main issues initiating the riot is still prevalent today, exacerbated by double bunking of inmates in single-person cells. Every year on the anniversary of the riot, hundreds of protesters gather together in NY to propose the closing of Attica.

Become involved. Follow the movement beyondattica.org and sign their petition urging Gov. Cuomo to CLOSE ATTICA NOW!

WHAT DOES PRISON LABOR PRODUCE?

LICENSE PLATES
FAST FOOD BEEF
JEANS
FARMED FISH
MILITARY EQUIPMENT
OFFICE FURNITURE
UNDERWEAR



5 Great Escapes

1- 1976, Susan LeFevre from Detroit House of Correction, Michigan. 10 years. Was found 32 years later outside her suburban home in front of her family who had known her for the past 20 years as Marie Walsh.
2- 1977, Judy Lynn Hayman from Women's Huron Valley Correctional Facility, Michigan. 2 years. Was arrested again 37 years later under the name of Jamie Lewis.
3- 1979, Assata Shakur (JoAnne Chesimard) from Clinton Correctional Facility for Women, New Jersey. Life Sentence. Escaped to Cuba where she lives today.
4- 1986, Samantha Lopez from Federal Correctional Institution at Dublin, California. 50 years. Was picked up in a helicopter by her lover. Was found 10 days later while purchasing their wedding rings.
5- 2008, Sarah Jo Pender from Rockville Correctional Facility, Indiana. 110 years. Was found 4 months later in Chicago under the name of Ashley Thompson after someone had recognized her from America's Most Wanted.

7 Household Names Making a Killing Off of the Prison-Industrial Complex

1. Whole Foods. The costly organic supermarket often nicknamed "Whole Paycheck" purchases artisan cheese and fish prepared by inmates who work for private companies. The inmates are paid .74 cents a day to raise tilapia that is subsequently sold for \$11.99 a pound at the fashionable grocery store.
2. McDonald's. The world's most successful fast food franchise purchases a plethora of goods manufactured in prisons, including plastic cutlery, containers, and uniforms. The inmates who sew McDonald's uniforms make less money by the hour than the people who wear them.
3. Wal-Mart. Although their company policy clearly states that "forced or prison labor will not be tolerated by Wal-Mart," basically every item in their store has been supplied by third-party prison labor factories. Wal-Mart purchases its produce from prison farms where laborers are often subjected to long, arduous hours in the blazing heat without adequate sunscreen, water, or food.
4. Victoria's Secret. Female inmates in South Carolina sew undergarments and casual-wear for the pricey lingerie company. In the late 1990's, two prisoners were placed in solitary confinement for telling journalists that they were hired to replace "Made in Honduras" garment tags with "Made in U.S.A." tags. Victoria's Secret has declined to comment.

5. Aramark. This company, which also provides food to colleges, public schools and hospitals, has a monopoly on foodservice in about 600 prisons in the U.S. Despite this, Aramark has a history of poor food service, including a massive food shortage that caused a prison riot in Kentucky in 2009.
6. AT&T. In 1993, the massive phone company laid off thousands of telephone operators—all union members—in order to increase their profits. Even though AT&T's company policy regarding prison labor reads eerily like Wal-Mart's, they have consistently used inmates to work in their call centers since '93, barely paying them \$2 a day.
7. BP. When BP spilled 4.2 million barrels of oil into the Gulf coast, the company sent a workforce of almost exclusively African-American inmates to clean up the toxic spill while community members, many of whom were out-of-work fisherman, struggled to make ends meet. BP's decision to use prisoners instead of hiring displaced workers outraged the Gulf community, but the oil company did nothing to reconcile the situation.
U.S. Uncut, 2015
Kelley Davidson
"Information from 2015. Although, after being exposed last year, some of these companies have revised their sourcing practices, we should still be aware of their history."

Dedicated to Kalief Browder (b. 1993 – d. 2015) arrested at the age of 16 [for allegedly stealing a backpack]. Unable to pay bail, he spent three years on Rikers Island awaiting trial and suffering abuse from both guards and inmates, only to have his charges dismissed. Suffering from post-incarceration trauma, Browder died of self-inflicted wounds soon after his release. Let this be a testament to the tragic effects of our corrupt judicial and prison system.

Mark Flood

Paintings From The War For Social Justice

November 4 - December 21

Kazuo Shiraga & Kour Pour

Earthquakes And The Mid Winter Burning Sun

January 13 - March 18



Kazuo Shiraga, *Chisonsei Isshika*, 1960. Oil on canvas. 51 x 63 inches.

**EVER GOLD
[PROJECTS]**

1275 Minnesota St.
Suite 105
San Francisco, California, 94107
egprojects@sfaq.us