

Event Transcript

March 11, 2021 – *CARE LAB Part II: Access in New Time*

Sara Reisman:

Okay. Good evening. Welcome to *CARE LAB Part II: Access in New Time*. Before we begin, please note that this event includes live ASL interpretation and captioning. ASL interpreters are Grason Vanpelt and Travis Nguyen. The ASL interpreters will be on screen for the entirety of the event. Please feel free to pin the active ASL interpreter if needed. To enable captioning, click on the CC button at the bottom of your Zoom pane and you can opt for a full transcript to be visible for subtitles. Further access instructions are listed in the chat section. Throughout the event, you're invited to use a chat function to write questions and ideas that you'd like to share. During the Q&A discussion, please unmute yourself to speak when called on. If you don't wish to speak please indicate that in the chat feature and one of us can read from your query. Please note Moira Williams is available as an access doula during the workshop portion of the event starting around 7:30 PM.

My name is Sara Reisman. I'm a Caucasian cisgender woman with dark shoulder length hair that is put up. I have green eyes, I'm sitting in my apartment on the Lower East Side, behind me are two French doors with artwork on each side, a blue painting to my left, and a black and white print to my right. I'm the Artistic Director of the The Shelley & Donald Rubin Foundation, which is based in New York City, where we have supported art and social justice through grant making for the last 25 years. Since 2015 at The 8th Floor, we've organized exhibitions and public programs that address themes of social justice and political importance.

Now, I'm going to provide a description of this first slide. On screen is a work by Zoe Hart titled, *How We Spend Our Days*, 2020. The work it includes four shards of porcelain tile that are arranged against a stark white background. On two of the tiles, words printed in black type read, quote, "otherwise" and "invoice". The word "invoice" is crossed out with a bold black line. The other two smaller tiles are annotated with semi legible overlapping handwritten notes and lists. Some phrases of the text read, "I art ideas," "Can call directly," "Get lists," "Clean out air filter," and "Inbox: maintenance."

Below the image is Zoe's always artwork of four logos in a row from left to right. From left is the The Shelley & Donald Rubin Foundation with the red and blue curved RF logo with blue text. All black. Sorry, all caps logo of The 8th Floor. Art Beyond Sight's maroon logo in title case, and the *support structures* black and white square logo with the word "support running" horizontally across the top and "structures" running vertically along the right hand edge of the square, framing a grid of black.

Access in New Time is a program of *support structures*, an exhibition featuring the work of the 2021 art and disability residency cohort, including artists Alex Dolores Salerno, e. e. Miller, Lizzy De Vita, michelle miles, Michael De Feo, Sandra Wazaz, Terry Huber, and Zoey Hart, curated by danilo machado.

Art Beyond Sight had originally planned to open *support structures* for the month of April 2020 at The 8th Floor, where the Rubin Foundation has for the last six years hosted exhibitions and public programs focused on social justice themes. But of course, leading up to the lockdown in March, we collectively agreed that organizing support structures as an in person exhibition in the gallery even if the virus abated in some future moment was not going to be possible. So now, I'm reading from the slide that's up on screen. During this year of calamitous uncertainty, each of us had to reconfigure the ways we understand, plan, spend, share and value our time. For a collective moment we were more empathetic humane. Looking towards an eventual post COVID future, how can we preserve some of this new flexibility? Can we remember to slow down even as the world's picks up that speed? How can we hold on to what we've learned and begin to see time as an issue that is inextricably linked with access? In section one, we invite you to sit back and listen in. Artists of Art Beyond Sight's Art and Disability Cohort discuss temporality through the art process and practice of creating *support structures* and *CARE LAB*.

Before tonight's program begins, I'd like to take a few minutes for land acknowledgement to consider our respective relationships to place. We are gathered virtually in many locations at once, because of Zoom, I can't begin to know where everybody is. But let's just say Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and in this time of isolation many other places, most if not all of which are unseeded lands. As this event is organized by the Reuben foundation. I'm addressing the specific site where our offices are located, near Union Square, thereby acknowledging the Lenape Community. Rubin Foundation and The 8th Floor acknowledged being founded upon exclusions and erasures of many indigenous people, including those whose land or the Foundation is located.

This acknowledgement verbalizes a commitment to the process of working to dismantle the ongoing legacies of settler colonialism. Because much of our lives are conducted in non-places like Zoom and FaceTime and Skype, and WhatsApp, I'll take a moment for virtual recognition, land recognition language devised by Jill Carter, who's a professor in the Indigenous Studies, and Drama Theater and Performance Studies Departments at the University of Toronto. As Carter writes, and I'm paraphrasing somewhat, but let's think about the fact that Jill Carter wrote this.

"Zoom has erected its headquarters in San Jose, California, while Skype has erected one key arm of its operations in Palo Alto, California. This is a traditional territory of the Muwekma Ohlone Tribal Nation. Current members of this nation are direct descendants of the many missionized tribal groups from across the region. We are, who are able to connect with each other via Zoom or Skype, are deeply indebted to Muwekma Ohlone people as the lands and waters they continue to store now support the people, pipelines and technologies that carry our breath, images and words across vast distances to others. Thank you.

As I mentioned earlier, the exhibition *support structures* was meant to be on view at The 8th Floor nearly a year ago, in April. We had opted to put the show up online. Colleagues from the Rubin Foundation, Anjuli Nanda and George Bolster worked with the Art and Disability Cohort to build a website as an exhibition in which accessibility would be featured seamlessly, integrated with the viewing experience. After the show opened last year, we realized the opportunity to think both about duration of and access to an exhibition very differently. As of now, the exhibition doesn't have a closing date, and that feels right in this particular moment. So

each of us participating ...I picked a text to reflect on time. So speaking of time, I'm going to read an excerpt of TS Eliot's *Ash Wednesday* that speaks to the temporality of the moment, any moment:

Because I know that time is always time
And place is always and only place
And what is actual is actual only for one time
And only for one place
I rejoice that things are as they are and
I renounce the blessed face
And renounce the voice
Because I cannot hope to turn again
Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something
Upon which to rejoice.

So this is from *Ash Wednesday*, 1930, TS Eliot. I've returned to the stanza of this poem repeatedly over the last 30 years first when I was 18, and in a time of personal transition moving across the world, leaving my closest friends at that time behind. Yesterday, I was messaging a friend saying, "Enjoy the sunlight." For some reason, the stanza came to mind again, like it's all kind of in the moment. Right? While there's a religious reference to the blessed face on the voice, which you'll see that I crossed out. That place, how I rejoice having to construct something upon which to rejoice.

So now it's my pleasure to introduce Re'al Christian, who I first met on Zoom last April in connection with an essay she was writing at the time for Cue Art Foundation. Re'al Christian is a writer, an art historian based in Queens, New York. Her essays, reviews and interviews have appeared in *Art in America*, *Art Papers*, the *Brooklyn Rail* and *Bomb Magazine*. She's contributed text to *Young-soo Kim Motherland 2020* published by Cue Art Foundation, and forthcoming catalogs by *Performa*, *Gio Dunay*, and *Hunter College Art Galleries*, where she is a curatorial fellow. Re'al's going to begin the program with a brief discussion on durational, structural and conceptual notions of time. With that, I welcome Re'al. Thank you.

Re'al Christian:

Thank you, Sara. So I've prepared a short essay that borrows bits and pieces from essays that I've written over the past year, along with some textual references related to tonight's theme of time and support structures. Like many people, time has been a focal point in my life and in my work over the past year, as both a felt experience but also a structural imperative.

Last year around this time, we hit a turning point. The museum started to close, public transportation became even less accessible as the city shut down, marking the beginning of our liminal state between rest and restlessness during the pandemic.

I'm particularly struck by how many conversations on COVID-19 incorporate or revolve around temporality, phrases like "this is an unprecedented moment" or "these uncertain times" have become part of a cultural lexicon. They repeat over and over in news broadcast, political rhetoric.

These phrases have become a kind of echo chamber, attempting to make sense of our lived reality through the structural framework of time. Perhaps framing the pandemic in this way as a moment with an eminent end helps these feelings of grief, uncertainty, restlessness or fear.

In these terms, fear can be normalized, this emotion is how we've come to relate to one another. But for many of us, this felt experience, this fear this constant re-thinking of temporality has long been the norm. What some call the new normal has historically been characterized as abnormal. I fear that those who frame this moment as temporary do not understand or long for the support structures of understanding empathy and support that we've come to find in one another.

In thinking about *support structures*, we might also think about the structures that hinder our creative ... Can often function as an anti-support structure, a system imposed on us through capitalistic constraints. I recently reviewed a publication called *Colored People Time*, which is here on the screen, edited by curator Meg Onli, on the occasion of her exhibition of the same name at the ICA Philadelphia in 2019. The book in the exhibition consider a familiar concept in black vernacular, Colored People's Time or CPT, referring to the stereotype that people of color, particularly black people are often late. As both an inside joke in the black community and the title of Onli's exhibition and publication, the concept wields a special power.

If time can be used as a tool to regulate the black body, CPT allows it to refuse and refute the constraints of hegemonic time. The book, like the show, was divided into three sections, mundane futures, quotidian pasts, and banal presents, an order that intentionally negates chronology. It posits ways of not ... And utopian future. A similar argument can be found in Jose Esteban Muñoz's *Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity*. In this book, Muñoz looks beyond politically pragmatic issues that would seek to align queer identity with heteronormative ways of being.

Instead, he looks to the past to imagine new futures and potential realities for queer identity. He finds utopianism in a psychological space that transcends the here and now, a realm or a mental state that he refers to as the not quite conscious. He observes the not quite conscious is a realm of potentiality that must be called on and insisted on if we are ever to look beyond the pragmatic sphere of the here and now, the hollow nature of the present.

Thus, I wish to argue that queerness is not quite here, it is a potentiality. Muñoz draws upon several sources in his book including Marxist philosopher, Ernst Bloch's 1954 treatise, *The Principle of Hope*. That treatise, says Muñoz, critiques the auto naturalizing temporality of what we might call straight time. Straight time tells us that there is no future but the here and now of our everyday life.

He goes on to say that queer time is a step out of the linearity of straight time, straight time's presentness needs to be phenomenologically questioned. This is the fundamental value of queer utopian hermeneutics. Queerness is ecstatic and ... Sorry, horizontal temporality is a path and a movement to a greater openness to the world. I believe this echoes the intentional anachronism of Colored People Time, and provides yet another layer of our understanding of the constraints of hegemonic time and working towards another people time. To finish, I've brought two additional quotes, only one of which I included in my slides, apologies. I'll present these as

loosely as possible as food for thought as we continue through the rest of the Artist Talks this evening.

I'd like to read an excerpt from a recently published poem by Ross Cutlass, written on the occasion of the Studio Museum in Harlem's Artists and Residents Exhibition at MoMA PS1, *This Longing Vessel*, curated by Legacy Russel:

“Spent so much time living in disbelief, living like a fugitive on time you thought you stole. And you think this is why the things I love slip between my fingers. Half dead. Who could even see me or want me? On the stark evening, it will occur to you that perhaps time is not a weapon, but a thickness of fabric. Perhaps you are not a fugitive but a lighthouse, all the ones you almost were and not lost, the buoy along the shores. May you live against the empire with rest enjoy and the time you've taken for yourself.”

Lastly, I'd like to finish with this quote by Carlos Fuentes from the essay, "Remember the Future" which has been offered a bit of personal reflection for me:

“For a writer does but conjugate the tenses and the tensions of time through verbal means, and their scope is dismally reduced if they too, in order to synchronize with the ruling philosophy of modernity, must keep stop with the indiscriminate rush towards the future, disregarding the only fullness in time: the presents, where we remember and where we imagine.” Thank you.

Moira Williams:

Hi, everyone, Moira here. I would just like to ask everyone who's presenting to describe their slides. That would be really great. Thanks.

Alex Dolores Salerno:

Hi, everyone. Thank you so much for coming tonight. I'm Alex Dolores Salerno. I'm an interdisciplinary artist based in Lenape, in Canarsie land, also known as Brooklyn. I'm a white Latinx person with a dark brown mullet just past my shoulders, wearing a brown sweater. My steam toy tonight is this stretchy coil made of plastic that I can wrap around my fingers as I use the computer.

I'd like to start by sharing a quote by Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha from the book, *Beyond Survival: Strategies and Stories from the Transformative Justice Movement*. It goes, "The changes we longed for often happen in crip-time moments when we are supposed to be doing something else. It's a disabled knowledge that sometimes things are happening when nothing seems like it's happening."

Although Leah's talking about a crip-poet approach to transformative justice, reading this brings my mind to the infinite ways these crip-time moments show up and guide me. As an artist, I think about the ebbs and flows of the making process and how disability justice has taught me that the ebbs are just as important as the flows. I often have to remind myself that the moments when I'm feeling stuck, when nothing seems like it's happening, are often necessary moments to

reflect, dream, play, rest, read, listen, pause and feel. Next slide please.

One of my works in *support structures* is called *At Work: Grounding Tactics*. I created a thinking about the knowledge gained from our experiences and passed down or passed along from mentors, peers and ancestors, which provide tactics or frameworks for navigating the pressures of productivity and capitalism's attempts to commodify rest. On a gray floor against a white wall is the black bed frame shot at a three quarters angle. The bed frame has built in storage cubbies, six are visible. Inside each cubby are various objects and ephemera, all intentionally placed sculptures within the sculpture.

Some of the objects that are visible include rocks, tarot cards, a jar of self, pieces of wood, tincture bottle, and the fuzzy surface of the heating pad as well as books such as *Care Work*, *Dreaming Disability Justice* by Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha, and *No Way to Idle* by Sara F. Rose. In place of the bed is industrial block over flooring with a diamond plate texture cut precisely to the dimensions of the bed frame and laid flat across the surface. As we think about time in relation to access tonight, I'd like to highlight one of the sculptures within the sculpture that was arranged with time in mind. Next slide please.

This is a detail shot of the left cubby on the side of the bed frame. The book, *24/7: Late Capitalism and the Ends of Sleep* by Jonathan Crary is propped up along the left. Behind is a glass jar with a cork packed full of single use contact lenses. In the back right is a large hour glass. In front of it is a button pin that reads "desirable". A gray silicone spoon with a wooden handle and eucalyptus pods. Twisting in between all of the objects is one continuous red thread strung with coffee beans appearing like ground beads, the coffee beans have been glued together an endless amount of times. Next slide please.

I'd like to end by reading a mashup of a few quotes from the featured book. Jonathan Crary elaborates on capitalism's attempts to overcome its incompatibility with sleep as well as the potentials of dreams in slow time. He explains, quote,

"One of the forms of disempowerment within 24/7 environments is the incapacitation of daydream or any mode of absent-minded introspection that would otherwise occur in intervals of slow or vacant time ... There's a profound incompatibility of anything resembling reverie with the priorities of efficiency, functionality and speed ... Sleep has always been porous, suffused with the flows of waking activity, though today, it's more unshielded than ever, from assaults that corrode and diminish should diminish it. In spite of its degradations sleep, is the reoccurrence in our lives of a waiting, of a pause. It affirms the necessity of postponement and the deferred retrieval or re-commencement of whatever has been postponed. Sleep is a remission, a release from the constant continuity of all the threads in which one is enmeshed while waiting. It seems too obvious to state that sleep requires periodic disengagement from networks and devices in order to enter a state of inactivity and uselessness. It is a form of time that leads us elsewhere than to the things we own or are told we need ... It is possible that- in many different places, in many disparate states, including reverie or daydream, the imaginings of a future without capitalism, begin as dreams of sleep."

Thank you all. Now I'm going to turn it over to michelle.

William Furio:

michelle. I'm sorry. Can you hear me, michelle?

michelle miles:

Yeah, I can. Can you hear me?

William Furio:

Yeah. Unfortunately, for some strange reason, I can't spotlight you. I don't know what that means. I can usually ... I would just speak and go.

michelle miles:

Yeah, I can do that. I can try starting my video and see if that works, it might not.

William Furio:

It might.

michelle miles:

This seems promising. No, maybe not. Oh, there we go. There I am. Okay. Hi, everyone. My name is michelle miles. My pronouns are she/her. I am a white cisgender woman with longish brown hair down my shoulders. I'm wearing a rust colored top and I'm in a room with white walls. Behind me there's a yellow velvet chair and an abstract pink painting on the wall and lots of plants. It's not pictured in the frame, but I'm sitting in a power wheelchair, and I'm also a multimedia artist primarily working in film.

So this first slide here shows three stills from a film of mine titled, *How Did We Get Here?* The three images displayed are stills from ... I captured the process of red ink mixing with soap drying in a petri dish over the span of about four minutes. So these images were captured at a microscopic level. In the first image, the red ink is washing across most of the frame and forming a shape in the middle that I think resembles a human heart. In the second image, the paint has somewhat dried and it begins to form more of a pattern against a bright white background, which is an animation lightboard. The pattern to me almost resembles a bird's eye view of a river system. In the third image, the paint has dried even more, and the red rivers that form the pattern almost appear to have dried up as has the heart-shaped form in the center.

Now, before I speak to you more about this piece, I'd like to share a quote that I came across in a book that I was reading yesterday, which is on the next slide. I encountered this quote, I heard it actually via an audio book, *How To Do Nothing* by Jenny Odell, and she writes:

"In 2015, I was asked to give a lecture on David Hockney to the docents at the de Young Museum in San Francisco. As someone who worked in digital art, I was expected to provide some perspective. But I wasn't sure if I would have anything to say how can he was not only a painter, but really a painter's painter. But as soon as I started researching his evolving interest in technology, not just media, but technologies of seeing, I realized I might have more to learn from Hockney than any other artists. Hockney valued painting because of the mediums relationship to time. According to him, an image contains the amount of time that went into making it so that when someone looked at one of his paintings, they began to inhabit the physical bodily time as it's being painted."

I love this quote because it actually led me to consider my work and process in a way that I hadn't before, which is one of my favorite experiences. So I have a background as a painter. Pencils became difficult for me to use. But I'm always finding ways that my background in painting still informs my work now, and in my recent work, in particular, which have largely been single take films. So their length is exactly the length of the time that it took to shoot them.

Now on the next slide, we'll have an image of my red ink film again. This time a split screen, but shows the first and last frame of the film next to each other to highlight the visual changes between the beginning and end, which occur very slowly over the four minutes of the film, almost imperceptibly. I also want to note that the film was made specifically to be experienced in theater with powerful speakers because there's a subtle audio track on the piece too. The audio is a single sine tone that fades in and then fades out very slowly over the four minutes. Though it's very subtle, and almost imperceptible, like the changes in the film's visuals ... Through the floor when it's at its peak volume.

So this piece really began as an interest in experimenting with materials that I could access. But it evolved into a fascination with how such drastic visual changes in the reaction between the materials I was using could happen, like I said, almost imperceptibly over those few minutes. At the time, I wasn't really aware. But what I think I made here was a self-portrait, and specifically a self-portrait of the way that my body, and I think many bodies in their own ways, experience time, and the way my body experiences atrophy. I understand this piece to be an exploration in how those changes are microscopic and often go unnoticed when they're happening. But they amass over time, and even when they become drastic, it's possible to not recognize anything's happened at all.

So in my piece, *Blueprints*, on the next slide, which is the piece that was featured in *support structures*, the show, I took a somewhat literal approach to the theme of our show, support structures. The image on the screen displays a large rectangle drawn in blue marker near the perimeter of each side of the frame, though the rectangle is drawn slightly off kilter from the rectangular frame.

So again, I think my background as a painter is at play here, because I find that I seek an intimacy with the materials I'm working with. In this film again, I used an animation lightboard on the floor as the backdrop and filmed in a single take overhead shot. Now in the next image, which is also a still from the film, two hands have entered the frame and are adjusting to wooden triangular rulers while holding a blue marker. There's a straight metal ruler strewn near the

bottom of the frame and the hand drawn blue rectangle from the previous slide has been filled with various sized blue lines to create some smaller rectangles within the larger rectangle.

In this work, I decided to review the blueprints of the house that I grew up in that my family built, which ... Folds follows my mother's hands which navigate the frame and depict in blue marker from her memory, the floorplan of our house that she and my father built together. So I'll speak about my process a little bit again here because I think the time is also very much a central character in the story.

So, between my mother and I, this film became very much an exploration of our home that we've lived in for over a decade through our memory collectively and trying to recall details of the space that we experience every day. It was often difficult to do that as she went through and depicted our home. So this wasn't the work I had originally intended to create under the title "Blueprints" for the show, though I use the same title. Many of the same lines of thinking led me to this new work as well. But the past year has added significant specificity to the piece.

I originally intended to explore blueprints as a form quite generally using 16-millimeter film. But for this work, I decided to focus specifically on the blueprints of the home I grew up in, which has continued to house me and support me over the past very uncertain months. So with that, I will turn it over to the next artist and thank you for your time.

Zoey Hart:

Here I am. William, should I stop and start with video again or is everything ok on the other side?

William Furio:

It's good, it's going.

Zoey Hart:

Okay, awesome. So thanks, michelle and everyone who has already spoken tonight. It's been great to put this event together and see everyone's perspectives of time unfolding. So more on that later. But I am Zoey Hart. I am a white woman with black hair, black bangs, very round face and round blue screen glasses and I'm sitting against a yellow wall. In this first slide, you'll see a detail from the *Kindness of Strangers*, which is a set of three, what I call new media paintings that I created for the *support structures* show. Here, we see a still frame captured from an old classic film with the subtitle, "I have always depended."

The image shifts slowly into glitched panels, distorting both the image and subtitle text. This piece in the context of its two partners highlights the full quote from the very end of the play and film, *A Streetcar Named Desire*. The full quote is, "Whoever you are, I've always depended on the kindness of strangers."

So when ... A familiar medium, of like a multimedia image based installation collage. But

funnily enough, it was complicated or maybe simplified further with the big COVID changes. I started experimenting with film through the process of the slow glitch. So for me, the slow glitch speaks to the imposition of timing on our experience and our interactions. What are the different ways that pacing can affect, confuse or clarify our communications and our experiences of day to day life? At the bottom of the screen is a quote, again from Legacy Russell who Re'al mentioned a few minutes ago. It says, "To glitch is to embrace malfunction."

Sorry, I'm lost in my notes for a ... So with slow glitch in general, I'm asking the question of how we can embrace the shifts and the varied functions in our experience of time? Because right now, living in the moment feels a lot like living in the mess, and the mess can be hard to embrace. But I think there's something to be said for owning the experience of this ruptured time that we've been riding through the waves of together. So next slide please.

On this slide, there are three glitching screens that appear side by side. One is black, one pink, and the last, a static green beige. Each screen shows one line of glitching text barely legible. Below, a screenshot of the same text reads clearly highlighted in light blue. It says, "Trying to understand others is challenging."

This was composed of a screenshot some of the folks here tonight experienced with us in our last *CARE LAB* event, which I just wanted to speak to briefly. For those who were and weren't there, it was an experience that we all shared together in the moment of trying to bring a potential new access tool or communication device to life. But it wound up being much more complex than any of us realized which worked to enact the ideas of setting to each other's rhythms and paces. But looking back at the Ether Pad, which was a collective document of people responding to different questions about care. Afterwards, we were playing around and taking screenshots and taking little video clips to see if we could kind of distill, distill the information we got there. I thought this quote really pulled things together. So the text in blue is a direct screenshot from the Ether Pad document. The three screens are just glitched versions of that same text. So next slide, please.

This last slide is something fun that I threw together while I was exploring through Ether Pad and taking these screenshots. The way that Ether Pad works is that whoever contributes to the document, their words come up in a different color, highlighted in a different color. So you wind up getting this patchwork of input, and it comes in as people are typing it in live. So it's complicated, but very beautiful. One person was writing about wolf packs. So what this glitching screen says, I'll see if I can match it up with the time.

It says, "I love what I've heard about how wolf packs move. Setting the pace so no individual is left behind." The screen is glitching. So the text is appearing and disappearing and coming in at different levels of visibility. All elements that I hope to discuss with some of you further in our second hour. But for now, I'll pass it on to Sandra.

Sandra Wazaz:

Hello, everyone. I'm Sandra. All right, okay. Yeah, great. So I am a pale-skinned person with bleached eyebrows. I have short, chin length brown hair. I'm wearing a blue polo and a black

sweatshirt. Behind me there are white walls a brown door, some posters.

All right. I'm just going to ... What's on this slide right now is my name in black text and a still from my video, *What's the Word for Worse than Depression?* An image of the Earth from space, blue and turquoise lagoon shapes with bits of clouds scattered on top of them. They're the type of clouds that look like popcorn, black text in the middle of the screen reads hanging off in the shower rail underneath a single channel video on suicidal ideation or that feel one, what you think is the skyline is actually the world's edge in a style of a karaoke video.

Blue, I am short of time. Unable to leave bed until the afternoon most days. Brain fog medication makes the world fizzle. When I open my eyes, clock time is irrelevant. I brush it off crawling under the covers and then it is dark outside once again. Blah, blah. Through the frame that gives the ephemeral some shape and semblance of touchable boundary. Insert my life with its limited themes and predictable chorus into an electro acoustic echo chamber, slowed down extension, distension, digestion, respiration, cognition, will, immunity. I feel so incredibly situated in history. I can see myself in the pictures of skeletons decaying in the dirt. Next slide please.

So this is a still from a video of mine called *Halcyon*. An image of the sky. There's a glass filter so that the texture of the image has a gappy quality. There's a silhouette of a skyline. In the middle of the image, there's a white glowing circle that is the sun. The sun's rays form an X that cut across almost the entire image. Surrounding the sun and its ray, all these accidents that happened follow the dot. Coincidence make sense only with you. You don't have to speak, I feel. The atmosphere acts to shape a planetary "surface", celestial biome. The sky is an abstract sphere that has an arbitrarily large radius and is concentric to the Earth, circadian rhythm chopped and screwed.

My whole understanding of time is kind of messed up. Depression and trauma is weird because time is like liquid. You can flail around in it or drown or just let it wash over you. There are many ways in which we time travel, one being how trauma is a thing that punctuates your life by bringing you to a visceral past. Okay, next slide.

So this is still from a YouTube channel that I like watching now, the video's called *Quantum Mechanics*, an animation explaining quantum physics and the YouTube channel is Physics Videos. Yeah, Physics Videos by Eugene.

Okay, the image is a gray 3D rendered space. There are eight different colored marbles, purple, yellow, green, blue turquoise, each of the balls have an arrow inside them pointing in a different direction, indicating the axis on which the balls are spinning. Text at the bottom of the screen reads, "This shows spin only for classical particles. No one knows what quantum spin looks like." Space time is trippy. It trips me up and takes me somewhere both intensely in my body and beyond to space time before birth and/or? after death. An image of quantum spin a partial figure that tells you it's failing. Something both larger than a discrete entity and less than a concrete hole, a gooey space time world that folds up folds over itself. Things spilling over attempts of containment and categorization.

The embodied life after a whole life seen through suicidal ideation is like that of a near death

experience. Every moment feels lost forever and every moment feels held harder but faster escapes. Time washes on and on weighted and held only in moments of connection. All right, I'm done. Onto the next person who ... I don't know who that is.

William Furio:

Lizzy.

Sandra Wazaz:

Lizzy.

Lizzy De Vita:

Hi. My name is Lizzy De Vita. I'm a white person with long black hair that's going down past my shoulders, dark eyebrows, dark rounded glasses and a striped shirt. So several of my past pieces instrumentalize time in different ways. I try to use it as another medium to sculpt, manipulate, and also to create containers for and contaminants in my pieces. My work *in support structures* was a daily newsletter, which took slow invisible moments from my life and shared them with others. It was a reaction to the relentlessness of the 24-hour news cycle and reflected my own need to slow down. At the same time, the daily production deadline was one that I wasn't always able to meet. Those letters are readable in an archive on the *support structures* website.

So this is a past work of mine, a simple video called *Grace 2012 and Other Impositions*. It's a still image a small ... Above the rocks. The ocean ebbs and flow below it in a largely still shot in the video itself, but time and location ebb and flow too, when varying locations and dates are overlaid. This one says, "New York, 2008." Each is a moment from my personal timeline, but they intersect with other significations. The titles place, replace and misplace the image and it asks how our perception of an image changes based on when and where it is placed. Next slide.

Time can be a way in which we relate to others. I'm interested in the idea that time can feel forced, and it's highly specific depending on your situation and company. This is a metronome I created several years ago and it's custom made to fit three relative strangers. This image shows the instrument while not in use, curved plastic fittings connected by a slightly curved copper pipe, which is suspended by wire and rope from steel beams in the ceiling. The middle joint, made of plastic is supported by boxes while not being worn. Next slide.

Custom prosthetics were fit to the rib cages of the outer wearers, the neck of the middle wear. Each person sculpted their own fitted piece holding warm soft plastic to their body with their hands until it hardened. This image is a detail of the neck piece, a white semi translucent piece of plastic in a C shape flanked on either side by copper pipe showing the impression of the wearer's hands. Next slide.

This image shows the same apparatus being worn. Each person stands at a different angle and they are connected by a long horizontal line up pipe secured to their body via plastic pieces at the ribs or at the neck. The instrument works like this. As one outer wearer inhales, the ribs press

outward and the breath ripples through the apparatus. Next slide.

By way of a central pivot, the spine of a third wearer then causes a compression on the other side. When wearing the metronome, the outer wearers are forced to breathe alternately in a delicate, highly artificial and constructive balance.

As the middle wearer sways gently back and forth like seaweed in a current. They all literally feel each other and feel their bodies moving together. This image focuses on the middle wearer, a woman with a large black bun on her head, a piece of white plastic is fitted to the back of her neck and is supported on either side by suspension wire. From the right side, a curved piece of copper pipe extends to meet a second piece of plastic, hugging the rib cage of a man standing in the opposite direction. Next slide.

Yeah. So I'm out of time, as many have alluded to here. Time is often linked to productivity. The eight-hour workday for instance, eight hours is really hard for me to wrap my head around as some productivity dose, as some days are spent with 18 plus hours of sleep. Time is also linked to age and thus experience but doesn't always make sense to me either. Because I've only been sick for 10 years, I frequently feel like I'm in my disabled childhood or adolescence even though I'm in my 30s. I feel like there's still so much I'm awkwardly learning.

So alternate forms of timekeeping are of interest to me. Before, I had my cane. I use my eyes to feel balanced as I walked. Looking to the ground, I came across lots of notes and scraps from many pamphlets with the key to finding salvation to receipts for a breakfast sandwich. It felt profound ... Answers or signs, one might just as easily find a sign right on the pavement. I started calling them street signs. I do you use a cane now, but I still train my eyes on the ground. Each time I find a sign, it feels like time travel, an encounter with another person who traveled this path before me. I've been archiving these scraps of lives for four years and over time, they've shown the shifting landscapes of my life and the world around me. I'm currently developing panoramic collages of these traces.

Here's a detail from 2021. The image shows scraps of paper on a white background from left to right. An envelope reading quote, "13 JOBS" all caps. A strip with the typed phone number on it, a mini tarot card, The Hermit, a pamphlet at the bottom of which reads, "It is time to seek the Lord." A handwritten shopping list, a folded yellow note with a tropical scene taped onto it, a scrap of ... And a photograph of a child in a car greeting a giraffe. Thank you.

danilo machado:

Okay. Hi, everybody. My name is danilo machado. My pronouns are he and they, and I am the curator for *support structures* and really excited to be here with everybody, hopping from my last program right on time, fittingly, of course. I am a brown queer person in a pink room wearing a floral buttoned down shirt and a black cardigan. I have round blue glasses and two works from artists in *support structures*, one is a tile by Zoe Hart framed in white, a white tile with the black word "otherwise" etched onto it. Behind it is a painting by e. e. miller, with colorful swirling figures. I'm very glad to have them literally over my shoulder through many Zoom meetings these last few months, and get lots and lots of compliments on them and are always excited to

share more about them with people who ask.

So I'll be sharing an image and a piece of a poem. The image that you see on the left side is of a black train station billboard that reads, "It's a matter of time," in Gothic white font. The tracks are visible below, a train is directly visible behind it, as is a building, a square of sky and lines of cable. This is a series by Felix Gonzalez-Torres, the poem by Felix Gonzalez-Torres titled, *Untitled (It's Just a Matter of Time)* from 1992.

This particular installation is at the Cambridge Train Station in the UK. It was one of 15 international outdoor installations with two indoor locations, part of the exhibition of the same name. This image came to mind for this program, but also for a project I worked on with Re'al earlier this this pandemic for our papers, thinking about monuments. We had lots of conversations, what it means to monumentalize time and the finished result was a poem and essay both in conversation with these images, including this one. Thank you for posting the link, just went live on our papers. I'll read a little bit of the poem.

It's just a matter of out in time, out of time.
Unbated.
It's just a matter of mine, yours.
White sheets unmade, unmet, kept, unkept.
Your bed vacant above my own pink sheets, unmade.
Gray curtains drawn.
Folds at the end.
Flowers on our pillowcases.
It was beside you.
It was beside the other bodies at the coal...
At city hall steps, outside the dim bar.
At the march holding signs.
So many other bodies. Other others.
You saw the crowds, right? (The police did).
There were so many of us at the same time. Were you there then?
Were then? Then where? I must have missed you too.

So you can read the full poem at the link, in conversation with the SN, with some of these images. But just to share a little bit of what you know this idea conjures for me through this work by Felix Gonzalez-Torres. I miss the subway so much. I miss the trains. Part of what they seem to demand is efficiency and arrival times ... I love it in conversation at the at the train station behind it.

It also is sort of ominous. It's just a matter of time until when? Until sickness, until immunity, until hope, until death? That open question set in this outdoor setting is really striking to me. Then this way that we can bend time and stretch it so that we in this poem, I placed myself in Felix's time. Imagine what it would mean if I were living 20, 30, 40 years ago at the same time as him, and how all of these legacies reinforce the fact that it's less a linear progression and more of a continuum that is queer and more slippery, and more inclusive than all of the strict capitalist ideas of time might suggest. Thank you.