

Ana Hernandez and Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *With a Hammer*

Alison K. Young Reviews 05 March 2024 ArtReview



Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *I will lay down my bones and burdens amongst the rocks and roots and desire be in denial of the allure of history's desire of me, pts 1 & 2* (still), 2024, video. © the artist. Courtesy Other Plans, New Orleans

Two new shows at Other Plans, New Orleans are guided by visions of radical futurity and decentring

On a chilly evening in January, the newest gallery on the New Orleans art scene inaugurated its programme with a performance intended to ‘break in’ the space itself. Alone in the gallery (but witnessed by a rapt audience looking in through its windows), sound artist Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste played a few notes on his alto saxophone and upright bass, before subsequently smashing both instruments to pieces against the

concrete floor. The resulting sculptural assemblages – in which fragments of bass, wood and string were gathered, just partially visible, into canvas gris-gris bags (a nod to the city’s Afro-syncretic cultures), or arranged in sparse compositions within inky pools of poured black silicone (for the artist’s *S.L.A.B.* series, 2024) – were a few days later on view at the official opening of *Other Plans*.

Titled *Break Stuff*, Toussaint-Baptiste’s exhibition considers the generative power of destruction and anger. Validating the collective rage many of us have felt in the face of mounting global conflicts and worsening social tensions, *Break Stuff* raises questions about the impotence of art in a time of crisis – or, conversely, the imperative that today’s art be more risk-taking and unfiltered than ever. The artist takes inspiration from metal and rock music (genres wherein performers have frequently wrecked their instruments on stage), the revolutionary rule-breaking of jazz, which originated here from the trauma of the transatlantic slave trade, and the many acts of artistic iconoclasm throughout avant-garde art history, demonstrating that we should transform our tools and traditions when they fail to build the world we envision. Partly inspired by Edouard Glissant’s notions of opacity and Créolité, as the artist explained to poet Kortney Morrow in an interview about this exhibition, these reconfigured sculptures pay homage to cultural forms that have emerged from rupture.

Shown concurrently are wall-mounted works on canvas and wood by New Orleans-based artist Ana Hernandez, whose exhibition *Color of Clouds* is likewise guided by a vision of radical futurity and decentring. Hung from slotted wooden bars, Hernandez’s paintings read more like tapestries or scrolls: unprimed and unstretched, their canvas edges have been laboriously hand-frayed into loose fringes and twists. Each composition features a grid of squares and pinwheels in seemingly randomised sequences of black, grey, yellow and red: patterns and hues that, for the precolonial peoples of Michoacán, Mexico (to which Hernandez traces her own ancestry), corresponded to cardinal directions and celestial bodies.



Ana Hernandez, *HUMANITY*, 2023, acrylic, cotton thread, repurposed 'binary beads' on canvas hanging between reclaimed wood, 147.32 x 152 x 4 cm. © the artist. Courtesy Other Plans, New Orleans.

Hernandez has long been intrigued by organising systems like languages and maps, which reflect and reinforce sociocultural values. Indeed, within the grids of works like *HUMANITY* and *POWER (we are)* (both 2023) are encoded patterns representing their titular words using the binary forms of American Standard Code for Information Interchange (ASCII). Utilising a colour palette based on Indigenous Michoacán cosmology, Hernandez hopes to symbolically subvert ‘binary’ thinking and biased conceptions about language; many precolonial societies, for instance, expressed history and cultural knowledge using visual systems, from Incan quipus to Yoruba adire cloth, the patterns of which seem to echo in the canvas twists and segmented geometries of Hernandez’s paintings.

Elsewhere, her series of mixed-media constructions titled *We Are (O, C, H, N, Ca, P)* (2023) emits a spacier vibe. Intrigued by the interstellar ‘Arecibo’ radio message transmitted into space in 1974, which contained coded data about Earth’s galactic position and the human genome, Hernandez hammered metal nails and tiny bits of mirrored glass into slabs of black-painted wood, spelling ASCII configurations for the atomic numbers of six elements found in the human body: oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and so on. As the viewer passes by, the works catch flickers of light, and shimmer like stars.

Ana Hernandez: *Color of Clouds* and Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste: *Break Stuff at Other Plans*, New Orleans, through 10 March.

Jun 7, 2022

Material Qualities of Sound: Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste Interviewed by Jareh Das

Hearing with ears and bodies.



Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *XXX-XXX-XXXX (Phone Piece)* (2020), performance with landline telephone. Courtesy of the artist.

In her response to Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste's performance *XXX-XXX-XXXX* (2020), a performance conducted over a landline, Ladi'Sasha Jones writes: "The curved shell of the handset in my hand. The click of the hook switch as it interrupts the dial tone. Stuffing my fingers into the coils of the cord. The resounding beep that came from pushing the buttons."

Reading Jones's words took me back to two years ago when I spent all of 2020–21 in Nigeria at my parent's home as the ongoing COVID-19 pandemic unfolded. I found myself spending two to three hours each day immersed in online research as I adjusted to a slowing down with all the extra time on my hands.

During this downtime, I came across Toussaint-Baptiste's *XXX-XXX-XXXX* and decided to give it a call via Skype. Toussaint-Baptiste responded, which took me completely by surprise. *Do I hang up? Do I continue?* We ended up having an almost two-hour conversation, and throughout, while I processed images of speaking via the landline he had installed in his studio, I got transported to my childhood experiences of our own landline in Lagos: 01-587-4199. I was shocked to realize that I still remembered the number. Jones's response so deftly reveals how "the performance's impact lies in the way it shifts the viewer/listener's experience of connection."

Toussaint-Baptiste's current exhibition, *Set It Off*, addresses affective and relational possibilities of sound through the perspectives of minimalism and a resistance to predetermined representations of Black American experiences by favoring instead abstract visual and sonic expressions of Blackness.

—Jareh Das

Jareh Das

I have a deep investment in performance art, and it is a lens through which I navigate my understanding of contemporary art, so when I came to read about your work via Issue Project Room, I went on an intensive internet research dive into your projects. I ended up being intrigued by lots of things relating to the centrality of sound in what you

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do and came across XXX-XXX-XXXX. I had no idea if this project was still live, and I wasn't expecting you to answer. This really threw me, (*laughter*) and I nearly hung up, but I am so glad I didn't. Can you speak a bit about the conditions you set for realizing this work and also the anticipation of the unexpected from the phone exchanges you had?

Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste

I had a thought about what it would mean to create a piece in which I would be bound to a device and space for a period of time, and it feels weird to say, given the circumstances of a global pandemic, that it came to fruition. Connections and reconnections occurred through those conversations that were all just really, really wonderful. It also felt like a form of self and collective improvement through conversations with people such as yourself, literally from all across the world and also across time with people whom I hadn't spoken with or seen in over two decades. We all had a lot of time to talk more and detach from the virtual realm of social media as people were homebound, so there was something nice about having that opportunity to slow down and connect with people in a different way beyond being endlessly busy living in a capital-driven present with its coercive forward momentum.

Then there was that use of technology on its way out. Who uses landlines? Somebody could call from their parent's landline, for example, before it was getting cut off and tell me how that along with the device a number they've had all their life is about to disappear. Not just a number but a part of a family's identity in some way, or, rather, a domestic identity rooted in a domestic space, the home.

In terms of the parameters, I was prepared to go on for as long as possible, and I was able to keep it going from June 2020 through May of 2021. It was only when I moved for a residency for three months and didn't really have the ability to install a landline that the project was interrupted. As the world began to wake up again, this also got me moving too. I think continuing the project in different locations would be an interesting challenge, particularly when I'm in places for longer periods and can consider how to continue the performance.



Installation view of *Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste: Set It Off*. 1708 Gallery. Photo by David Hale. Courtesy of Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University.

JD

So you plan to continue the work?

JTB

I'm thinking about it, yeah. When the project began I was in what felt like a fatalistic place in early 2020, and it seemed as if the phone calls would continue without limitation. There was a sense of perpetuity caused by the pandemic when it felt that certain people and our government couldn't get their shit together, so I had envisioned being homebound for longer. Even when living away from home for three months, there was a potential to keep the work going as a continuation in a different location. Another challenge I found with this transferring to another location was that I'm also realizing that as buildings modernize, these accommodations for landlines are slowly fading. I took this for granted when I did the work in New York City compared to other locations. But, yeah, essentially it is a performance that doesn't have an end.



Detail view of Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *Get Low (The Fall/The Drop)*, 2021, wood, polyethylene and tinted glass. Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University. Photo by David Hale. Courtesy of Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University.

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JD

That's a good point about technology and this generational familiarity of having the landline that is disappearing. I'm still always stunned when I fill out something and it's asking you for a landline, and I'm like, Who uses a landline? Although I did have an experience last year speaking with someone older, and I had time slots to call him, which took me a minute to get my head around as he only spent a few hours of the day at the phone, which I thought was brilliant.

JTB

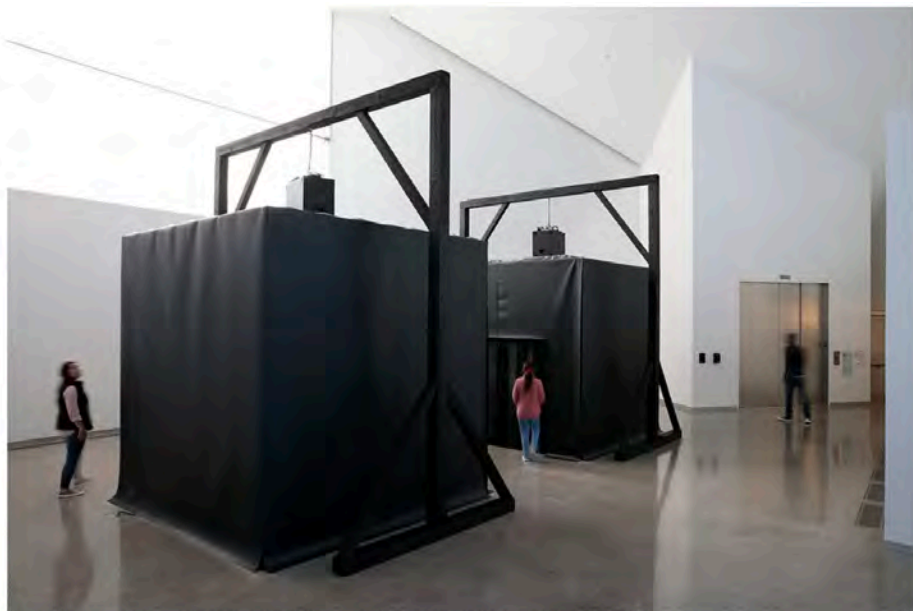
I love this.

JD

Could you expand on the physical demands of the proximity of XXX-XXX-XXXX? Being near the phone, you know when it rings. Were you getting people calling regularly or repeat callers?

JTB

The repeat callers were a few friends who instead of doing a Zoom call or texting all day would call on the landline. It also became a form of accountability for me because I don't enjoy talking on the phone, so this was me sort of setting up this task for myself that I had to participate in and care about. It became important to complete the task—answering the phone—as I'm obsessive in that way. Let's do this to an extreme, say, twelve hours, six days a week. I had to make myself accountable to this set of parameters in this work and talk to anybody who called up.



Detail view of Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *Get Low (The Fall/The Drop)*, 2021, wood, polyethylene and tinted glass. Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University. Photo by David Hale. Courtesy of Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University.

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JD

Your current exhibition, *Set It Off*, is installed across two sites, 1708 Gallery and the Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University. Visitors are encouraged to enter two large-scale black cubes that incorporate the circulation of water from the James River with subwoofers emanating thick, pulsating compositions of bass tones and infrasonic vibrations emanating through the space, architecture, and body. How has the sonic allowed you to explore Blackness intersecting with visual abstraction?

JTP

I am thinking about this set of concerns through different lenses. I don't have a background in painting or fine art; my background is in composition. The cubes are both abstract and confessional in terms of how they allow for a gathering of bodies to experience sounds and vibrations. I've always been interested in architecture, sculpture, and sound as things that are indicative of negative space as an absence rather than a stand-in for, or residue of, bodies. I also think of the installation as holding memory, yet in a way that's alive, as subwoofers make sounds feel animated, which speaks to the material qualities of sound—even though it's invisible, it's still quite palpable.

JD

What about entering into a dark space enveloped by both sound and architecture? One has to surrender to the experience by relying on other senses and not the visual.

JTP

I am using darkness and the low frequency in these works as a lens for Black American cultural practice. I am cultivating a temporary imaginary where the idea or notion of identity isn't dependent on what we see, how we're seeing, or how we see other things. It's also founded on how we not only hear with our ears but with our bodies.

Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste: *Set It Off* is on view at the Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University and 1708 Gallery in Richmond, Virginia, until June 19.

Dr. Jareh Das is a researcher, writer, independent curator, and (occasional) florist who lives and works between West Africa and the UK. Her interests in (global) modern and contemporary art are cross-disciplinary, although her understanding is filtered through the lens of performance art which informs both her academic and curatorial work.

“Set it Off” exhibition engages visitors with a sonic experience

Safia Abdulahi, *Contributing Writer*



An expansive overview of the exhibit space displays the dark cubes attendees immerse themselves in. Photo by Lily Doshi

New York based artist Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste combined his passion for music and art in his sonic exhibition “Set it Off” which allows people to step in a dark space and explores topics such as uncertainty and the Black experience in America.

The exhibition at both the 1708 Gallery and Institute of Contemporary Art includes a large black cube where visitors can sit inside for a sonic and immersive experience. Toussaint-Baptiste described the intended experience of the exhibition from the audible perspective and the meaning behind “hyper-audible” for the viewer.

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Biology senior Samir Kurtu said he enjoyed the conceptual aspect of the exhibit and how it was a newer experience for him.

"It's a place where you can be in the moment, and, with it being dark inside, it allows you not to focus on your surroundings," Kurtu said. "I think the purpose of the sound is the focal point, and you can drive yourself back to the sound when you meditate."

The exhibition uses a car audio system as a part of the base and combines both auditory and visual art. The role of music in Toussaint-Baptiste's life was a part of the inspiration behind the art and who he is as an artist today, according to Toussaint-Baptiste.

"It's not about existing below the threshold of hearing; it's about shifting the way that we think about hearing something that happens in the ears and in the head to something that happens in our entire body," Toussaint-Baptiste said.

Music has always been a part of his life, as he has been playing music since he was 12 years old and continued throughout college, according to Toussaint-Baptiste.

"We didn't talk about music as art in music school. We talked about music as music," Toussaint-Baptiste said. "And that subtle shift in how and what music could do opened my eyes and mind up to like you can build a structure and have it be sonically focused."

Louisiana State University did not offer a jazz program when Toussaint-Baptiste attended. Only western classical music was offered rather than modern music and modern music theory, according to Toussaint-Baptiste.

"Once I started doing like, the western classical thing, I don't know, I got really tired of it or just really frustrated with the idea that the height of what it is to be a musician, in most contexts, is to play someone else's music," Toussaint-Baptiste said.

After he began to become frustrated, he went into a "weird act of rebellion" where he did not want to listen to classical music and he just listened to "noise" and the "avant-garde" music that his school actively refused, according to Toussaint-Baptiste.

Toussaint-Baptiste said he came to Richmond for a visit shortly after the exhibition's curators reached out to him.

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“I was running along the James River and sort of had this moment of thinking about the bodies, you know the bodies that were once considered property that were likely tossed into this river,” Toussaint-Baptiste said. “But also like the beauty of the river and the obvious power of the river and it being like the water source for Richmond.”

ICA and 1708 Gallery curators Amber Esseiva and Park C. Myers reached out to the artist because they had seen his previous work and wanted him to do a show in Richmond, according to Toussaint-Baptiste.

Esseiva found Toussaint-Baptiste through her interests in sound art, abstraction and performance, according to an email from Esseiva.

“Working with the artist and co-curator to realize this new project took a lot of collaboration,” Esseiva stated. “We had to identify what topics the artist wanted to address and what form the sculpture and sound would take in the galleries.”

ICA employee Kasidi Jordan felt the artistic impact of Toussaint-Baptiste’s exhibition and how it was different from ICA’s usual exhibits as walking into the exhibition was “overwhelming” and something that “immerses you” with art that “shakes your senses,” according to Jordan.

The ICA is known for having contemporary and modern art pieces with exhibitions entering and leaving the creative space, according to Jordan.

“I think this exhibit is really different from a lot of the exhibits that we’ve had in the past, in the sense that it is really immersive and just the nature of it feels really unique,” Jordan said.



**ICA employee Kasidi Jordan who spoke about the installation.
Photo by Lily Doshi**

Toussaint-Baptiste is set to continue his research presented in the “Set it Off” exhibition in his new fellowship in France called The Camargo Fellowship program. He describes what the exhibition allowed him to do as an artist in its totality.

“I was able to take these sounds that I’m able to create, and the thoughts that I’m having and make a statement or a gesture,” Toussaint-Baptiste said.

Spectrum Editor Gabriela de Camargo Gonçalves contributed to this report.



The Virginia museum spotlighting overlooked histories and perspectives

In a trio of current and upcoming exhibitions, the Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University will showcase prints, paintings and a sonic environment that champion underrepresented narratives

Kendra Walker

As the Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University (ICA at VCU) enters its fifth year, it is offering a platform to underrepresented perspectives articulated in a range of media. Like many leaders at cultural and educational institutions in the US South working through legacies of historical trauma, ICA director Dominic Willsdon is exploring how to articulate a break from the past without disavowing history. The museum's current and upcoming programming makes a compelling case for how institutions can look back while moving forward.

Set it Off by New York-based composer and multidisciplinary artist Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste is an immersive sound exhibition that uses frequencies that register just below human audibility. The exhibition, which is split between the ICA (until 19 June) and the nearby 1708 Gallery (until 12 June), continues Toussaint-Baptiste's research into what he calls "hyper-audible" object environments, using a car's audio system as the most recognisable transmitter of bass. He composes his work like a musical arrangement to analyse how bass affects cities and their residents. The artist works in a black minimal aesthetic intended to symbolise the shared Black experience, creating bass frequencies and vibrations that function as sonic representations of Minimalism. *Set it Off* features a new iteration of his work *Get Low*, which references Kazimir Malevich's 1915 painting *Black Square*.

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Detail view of Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *Get Low (The Fall/The Drop)* (2021) at the Institute for Contemporary Art at VCU
Photo by David Hale

Later this month, the ICA opens an exhibition featuring two Latin American artists who address injustice through figuration. *Aquí Me Quedo/Here I Stay* (28 January-19 June), guest curated by Miguel A. López (TEOR/ ética), stages a dialogue between the Costa Rican artist Sila Chanto (1969-2015) and the Dominican artist Belkis Ramírez (1957-2019). Both worked with printmaking, specifically large-scale woodcuts, to critique the misogynistic violence and masculine control of the patriarchal societies in which they both lived. Chanto's printmaking techniques incorporated supernatural imagery that addressed marginalisation and belonging, as well as the fragile nature of life. Ramírez's prints typically combine figuration and abstract designs to explore the vulnerability of the body, gender stereotypes and sexual harassment of women.

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A very different approach to figuration is at the root of Ghanaian artist Gideon Appah's first solo institutional exhibition, *Forgotten, Nudes, Landscapes* [↗](#), which opens at the ICA on 11 February with a mix of newly commissioned works and pieces dating back to 2019. Appah's paintings draw upon Ghana's national archive of images of popular culture, particularly those from the 1960s and 1970s, reflecting a sense of national memory and pride during those first decades after the country gained independence. The artist applies acrylic paint thickly amid collaged layers of materials such as photographs, posters and prints. The vibrancy of the scenes he creates imbue his subjects with a distinctive character. While his work is undoubtedly figurative, through loose brushstrokes and seamless blending he creates areas of terrific abstract strength.

Working between abstraction and figuration to present marginalised perspectives, the ICA's slate of current and upcoming exhibitions—from Toussaint-Baptiste's minimalistic take on audibility in urban spaces, to Chanto and Ramírez's courageous images of injustice, and Appah's renderings of his country's history—underlines imperative issues.

November 13, 2021

The Institute for Contemporary Art at VCU Presents *Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste: Set It Off*

by Institute for Contemporary Art, Virginia Commonwealth University

Using sonic frequencies that register just below human audibility, this exhibition in Richmond, Virginia provides site-specific experiences for sound to be deeply felt.



Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, "Get Low (The Fall/The Drop)" (2021); wood, polyethylene, tinted glass, subwoofer, and water from the James River; exhibition view of *Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste: Set It Off* at the Institute for Contemporary Art at VCU, Markel Center, True Farr Luck Gallery through June 19, 2022 (photo by David Hale)

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Set It Off is a multi-site exhibition by Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste consisting of two variations of a monumental, immersive, sonic sculpture installed across both sites. At the Institute for Contemporary Art at Virginia Commonwealth University (VCU), visitors are invited to enter two large-scale black cubes made of wood, polyethylene, and tinted glass. Just a few blocks away at 1708 Gallery, visitors will encounter a black square pool made of similar materials. Each structure uniquely incorporates the circulation of water from the James River, which flows across the entire state of Virginia, reminding us to consider our bodies as mediums for environmental pollutants.

Since the 1980s, music has been used to push the limits of car audio and sound systems. Music genres like Bounce, Miami Bass, synth bass, and trap intensify cars, clubs, and their surrounding areas. Inescapable in many US cities, bass produces deep affinities but also aversions and sensitivities. While some are conditioned to enjoy the impact of excessive bass, others are given no choice but to experience its intensity. *Set It Off* intends to shake the room, using the car audio system as the most recognizable transmitter of bass.

Coursing through *Set It Off* is a resistance to predetermined representations of Black American experiences, which are most often simplified as experiences of victimhood, violence, and oppression, or worse, as absent, static, and universal, because of selective omission throughout history. Toussaint-Baptiste invites visitors to engage deeply with the site, considering the implications of sound, visibility, and performance.

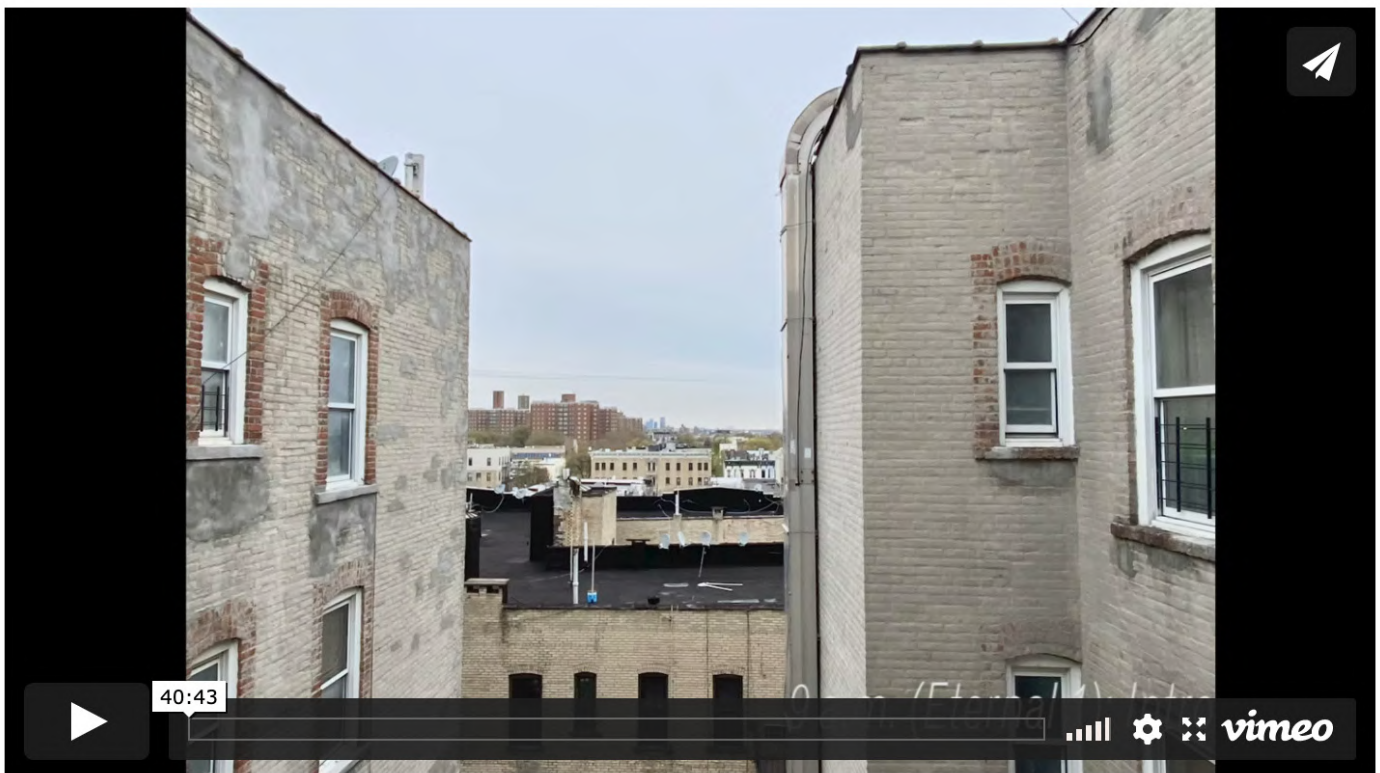
This exhibition is dually located at 1708 Gallery and the ICA. The ICA is free and open to the public.

To learn more, visit icavcu.org.

Set It Off is co-curated by ICA Curator Amber Esseiva and Park C. Myers, the Royall Family Curator at 1708 Gallery.

August 31, 2020

INTERVIEWS

JEREMY TOUSSAINT-BAPTISTEJeremy Toussaint-Baptiste on Malevich's *Black Square* and the limits of visibility

Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *9 a.m. (Eternal 1): Intro*, 2020, video, color, sound, 40 minutes 42 seconds.

*This spring, Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste filmed two static, forty-minute takes outside his apartment in Crown Heights, Brooklyn. Commissioned by Issue Project Room for their “Isolated Field Recordings” series, the videos documented a soundscape subtly inflected by the pandemic; the wails of ambulances can be heard, as can boomboxes played from the balconies of those sheltering in place; as can ominous silence. Toussaint-Baptiste made the work after the indefinite postponement of “Get Low (Black Square),” a performance at Abron Arts Center that considers Kazimir Malevich’s *Black Square, 1915*, as an entry point for abstraction and visibility. As part of “A Language for Intimacy,” an online exhibition organized by Amanda Contrada and Terence Trouillot, the artist installed a landline at his home and spoke with anyone who called between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. from Sunday through Tuesday. Below, Toussaint-Baptiste discusses these three projects, united in their layered approach to meaning and engagement with the sonic*

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capacities of blackness and Black spaces.

SITTING ON A LANDLINE PHONE is an interesting type of listening; a re-attunement occurs when you're holding this apparatus up to your ear as opposed to receiving sound in a full physical or even in a stereophonic way. I got calls from people I haven't seen in twenty years, and I got calls from people I've never met. Somebody called with the wrong number—that was the highlight of my day. The performance, which I'm titling *The Phone Piece*, relates to the field recordings because they were made at the same window. Over the summer, the sonic landscape in New York has shifted and intensified—often traumatically—on so many levels, from the sirens to the uprisings to the curfew to the fireworks. I think there is going to be a lot of work to undo the sonic intensity that we've experienced.

With my art, I'm asking or inviting myself and others to consider an imaginary that we can exist in, in which identity isn't predicated on being seen or seeing another person. It's important to separate the imaginary from the "future." Opening ourselves to questions of nonrepresentational identity and the imaginary as a set of exercises can help us build a set of tools for a fundamentally different world. The future is not an object; it's something that we work toward.

What sorts of things can happen when movements and institutions exist outside of a dominant listening ear? What can we pull off when the voices are too low or presumed to be too low? That's why I keep going back to Kazimir Malevich's *Black Square* and its troublesome if not fucked-up inscription* and saying, So what? What might be possible if negroes were able to battle it out in a dark cellar and have some difficult conversations internally, ones that often get twisted and weaponized against Black folks? This could be expanded to other marginalized populations, and everyone else capitalism has taken and sold their representation back to.

I think that the uprisings are incredibly important and that we saw some of the limits of visibility and political spectacularity. The protests captured the attention rightfully, but within that, there are questions of image. Surveillance technology is sophisticated and omnipresent, especially in New York—we have police helicopters; we have drones; we have cameras everywhere; we have people posting images and videos on their public accounts that can be used to identify people. It was crucial for people to get out and do what they did in June and July, but I also think that there's some critical work that needs to happen where those drones can't fly,

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where those cops can't look.

The black square moment on social media got really weird, because it became a performance of self-silencing. It's an interesting form of disengagement because it's an active "opting out" that stymied the flow of necessary information. The real black square or the real-life abject-thing is unfathomable. Malevich is said to have intended to be after a zero form, and I think he was working with such a specific type of visual vernacular where this manifested in a black square. From a purely coloristic standpoint, black is full of other pigments and other hues. So the zero is not empty. The zero is not necessarily a void; it's not a nothing. There's a type of fullness to a zero, or the black thing, and Malevich's painting abstracts over the entire racist image and text. There's an argument to be made that a zero form is not a wiping away of everything, but an including of everything to the point where it becomes flat.

I'm stuck on imagination beyond a sonic and imagistic sense, on putting ourselves in a precarious and difficult state of unknowing. A new world can't look like what we've seen; it can't sound like what we've heard, and it can't feel like what we've felt before. But at the same time, there is no way of denying that the ground is still the ground. This is a scary contradiction that I don't have an answer for yet, but I'm excited to continue wrestling with it.

— *As told to Samantha Ozer*

**Editors' note: In 2015, Russian historians discovered the words "Battle of negroes in a dark cave" underneath the topcoat of Black Square, 1915. The handwritten text likely referenced French humorist Alphonse Allais's *Combat de Nègrès dans une cave, pendant la nuit (Negroes fighting in a cellar at night)*, 1886, considered by some to be the first modern monochrome.*

July 23, 2020

“A Language for Intimacy”

by Natasha Marie Llorens

June 29–August 30, 2020

Abrons Arts Center of Henry Street Settlement, New York, Boston Center for the Arts, Boston

“A Language for Intimacy” is an online group exhibition, curated by Amanda Contrada and Terence Trouillot, addressed to the notion of intimacy. The project is set up as a dialogue between nine artists and nine writers. Each page centers images of an artwork at the top, with an interpretative meditation below it. To take one example, Sougwen Chung’s *Corpus VII*, from the series “(distance) in place” (2020), is a drawing made using a robotic arm, in which Claire Voon sees “the poetic promise of mechanical and artificial systems to imagine forms of closeness in an increasingly estranged world.” Voon’s observation could be extended to the project as a whole. Contrada and Trouillot have assembled a portrait of entanglement between humans, and our entanglement with the technologies of perception we use to try to reach each other. What emerges is the sense that intimacy is in crisis, infused with a profound exhaustion and uncertainty.

In late March 2020, Paul B. Preciado published a short piece in *Artforum* describing the moments after he emerged from the sickbed in an empty Parisian apartment. The last paragraph struck me as a particularly apt analysis of intimacy during the present pandemic. He wrote a love letter to an ex, addressed the envelope, donned protective equipment, and descended to the entry hall of his building. In Paris at that time, it was impossible to leave one’s house without filling out a form stating the reason. Physically unable to step out into the street to post the letter, he dropped it in a trash bin huddled in the back courtyard and returned to his empty apartment, meticulously stripping off his protective gear before entering. “I went back to my computer and opened my email: and there it was, a message from her entitled, ‘I think of you during the virus crisis.’”¹ Preciado’s experience stages the same impossible contradiction that Contrada and Trouillot address in “A Language for Intimacy”: if we can no longer reach for other in the flesh, how will we touch one another? Will the new forms we find for intimacy be adequate to render our exhaustion and our loneliness?

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The website on which “A Language for Intimacy” is presented is precise and minimal in design, like the email Preciado finds from his ex. Large white script against a black background elucidates a series of individual project pages that nestle into each other on a banner tab at the bottom of the page. It works as an online exhibition portal because it does not indulge in the idea that an enthusiastic exploration of digital space will yield new insight into the human condition. The graphic design is firm on that point: we are living through an emotional crisis that is also a political and economic disaster, let’s just be real about that. Instead, the project suggests that the role of art right now is to provide some basic infrastructure to maintain the connections we will need if we are ever to emerge from our homes, should we be lucky enough to have them.

Ladi’Sasha Jones writes in response to Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste’s performance XXX-XXX-XXXX (2020), which is conducted over a landline he has installed in his home, that anyone can call over the course of the exhibition: “The curved shell of the handset in my hand. The click of the hook switch as it interrupts the dial tone. Stuffing my fingers into the coils of the cord. The resounding beep that came from pushing the buttons.” As Jones’s essay reveals, the performance’s impact lies in the way it shifts the viewer/listener’s experience of connection. Those of us who are old enough remember the way a landline held you in place as you spoke on it. Even when I connect from my computer in Rotterdam via a Skype account, I am suddenly aware that somewhere in the process of calling my voice lands in a wire that actually threads itself through the walls of someone else’s home; I feel the weight of the intercontinental distance, and the extensive infrastructure required to connect us.

“What does it mean to listen to a body inside another body?” Amelia Rina asks of Rachel Devorah’s sonic work, *radiant drift* (2020), which is composed of hydrophonic sound captured from within the artist’s pregnant womb. I click to play the 18-minute piece late at night, alone at my desk, and am immediately set on edge. Its high-pitched modulations are a jarring reminder that the kind of intimacy that exists between a mother and their fetal child is intense, visceral, painful for many, and yet the origin of all other patterns of attachment. The work also begs another question: what responsibility does listening to a body inside another body entail?

Contrada and Trouillot suggest, both through selection and the dialogue format, that intimacy today is as entangled with the responsibility to listen deeply as it is with mechanical and digital interfaces. It is a question that is inextricably bound up with that other pandemic, racism. “Did you see the Black woman in her apartment? Do you notice

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how elegantly she reclines?” Erica N. Cardwell asks the viewer of a photograph, *Not yet titled (After Live, Laugh, Love)* (2020) by Elliott Jerome Brown Jr. “Do you notice how she does not look at you?” Cardwell insists that the focus remain on this person’s exhaustion, the potential for her rest. Someone has freshly painted the windowsill behind her, white brushstrokes straying beyond the molding, which contributes to the overall sense that this is a snapshot taken after the day’s work and at the edge of sleep. “Please continue to see her,” Cardwell writes, “please let her close her eyes.”

June 24, 2020

THE SOUNDS OF QUARANTINE: HOW EXPERIMENTAL MUSICIANS ARE OVERCOMING DOMESTIC ISOLATION

The social-distancing imperatives of the **COVID-19** pandemic have left artists and arts institutions grappling for new ways to creatively bridge distance. While many of these efforts privilege visual content—live-streamed video lectures and performances, **virtual museum “visits” powered by Google Street View**, and Instagram feeds padded with collection snapshots—the pandemic has also inspired musicians and artists working with experimental sound to take new approaches to long-distance expression while limiting themselves to the sonic textures of home isolation.

In late March, I began tracking the output of the online festival Amplify 2020: quarantine, which launched on **Bandcamp**. Curated by Jon Abbey, head of experimental music label Erstwhile Records, in collaboration with artistic polymaths Matthew Revert and Vanessa Rossetto, the program marks a new entry in the series of international Amplify concerts which, since 2001, have gathered together leading figures of free-improvisation and electroacoustic music. The organizers chose to forgo the standard solution of a livestreamed concert series in favor of a compendium of free recordings from dozens of international sound artists and musicians. Contributions range dramatically in both length and polish; Abbey encourages participants to think of their recordings as **“aural postcards”** from their respective states of isolation, as he said in an interview. Consequently, Amplify 2020 captures the strange uncertainty of a time rife with restlessness, boredom, and bleak beauty.

Related Articles



Ireland Introduces Basic Income Program for Artists and Culture Workers Impacted by the Pandemic

Met Reduces Visitor Capacity Amid Covid Spike in New York City

Some of the most affecting recordings render the feeling of domestic stasis and paralysis plaguing those not on the frontlines of essential work. While media artist Stephen Cornford’s austere piece **a state of enclosure** amplifies the dull hum of central heating, texturing it with the tense scraping of piano strings, musician Choi Joonyong’s wonderfully deadpan **Washing Machine** captures the percussive racket of ping-pong balls tumbling in the titular appliance. Musician and sound artist Heather Frasch’s **The sound of objects helps me remember** is a scintillating cloud of clicks, clinks, and rattles—the sonic textures, her accompanying photograph suggests, of various items around the house, including a pair of scissors, a pinecone, and an Illy coffee container. It’s a performance of a text score that prompts the participant (who, in the recording, is also the composer) to “reflect on objects, texts and sounds that remind us of our past selves.” Frasch notes that, given the uncertainty of the present, the past is more comforting than the future. As of my writing, Amplify 2020’s collection numbers 150 recordings. In its generous excess, it offers not so much a distraction as a space for

extended meditation on present conditions.



Cover art for *Washing Machine* by Choi Joonyong.
COURTESY AMPLIFY 2020: QUARANTINE

Muffled Drums, a web-based project by sound artist **Susan Philipsz**, demands a more active engagement from listeners, offering the ingredients of a do-it-yourself sound installation that can be constructed in one's own home with nothing more than a smartphone. Launched in late May by arts organization Philadelphia Contemporary, *Muffled Drums* is described as a "creative recalibration" of a site-specific work that Philipsz, prior to COVID-19, had developed for the Woodlands, a historic estate. Inspired in part by Edgar Allan Poe's short story "The Tell-Tale Heart," in which a murderer is taunted by the imagined heartbeat of his victim, this postponed installation (titled *The Unquiet Grave*) would feature spectral thuds and thumps issuing from the iron ventilation shafts and weathered floorboards of the eighteenth-century mansion.

Comprising four online audio tracks—three of throbbing percussion and one of Philipsz singing the English folk song "The Unquiet Grave"—*Muffled Drums* breaks down the components of Philipsz's planned installation and makes them available to the public. Philipsz invites listeners to play her *Muffled Drums* tracks on their smartphones, proposing that they place their devices, acting as makeshift speakers, behind radiators, in cupboards, and in whatever resonating vessels might help to convey her sounds throughout their home. *Muffled Drums* is a shrewd maneuver by an artist faced with an exhibition's indefinite postponement. The project admirably attempts to haunt at a distance, expanding its reach even as it loses historicity and atmosphere in its journey out of the Woodlands. (I'll concede that Philipsz's vocals fall short of their intended effect when made to emanate from an IKEA dresser.)

Issue Project Room's ongoing "**Isolated Field Recordings**" series calls attention to the daily realities of artists under COVID-19. Since mid-April, the Brooklyn nonprofit has commissioned artists from various disciplines to produce audio recordings that document their working and living conditions. Whereas Amplify 2020 has functioned without a "live" component, the "Isolated" series debuts works via livestream on Issue's website and social media channels once or twice a week. These releases are subsequently archived for later listening. Issue's call to gather and listen at regular times promotes a more acute feeling of person-to-person connection.



The view from Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste's window.
COURTESY THE ARTIST

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Issue's designation of these works as "field recordings" seems somewhat ironic, as the term typically refers to recordings made outside the studio. The series asks what field documentation sounds like at a time of restricted mobility. Artist, composer, and performer Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste's two-part recording *9 a.m. (Eternal)* which debuted on April 23, furnishes one answer. Paired with a still photograph presumably taken out the window of Toussaint-Baptiste's Crown Heights apartment, the two forty-minute audio recordings simultaneously capture the artist's morning routine—indexed by the clinking of silverware and the running of water—and the low-level chatter of the New York streets, punctuated, occasionally, by the ominous swirling of sirens. The work positions the listener on a tense membrane separating domestic claustrophobia from street-level desolation.



LoVid: Still from *April*, 2020, video shot on a camera custom-made by Douglas Repetto with sound from the artists' handmade synthesizers.

COURTESY THE ARTISTS

April, by interdisciplinary artist duo LoVid (Tali Hinkis and Kyle Lapidus), renders the chaotic blitz of a world that has changed dramatically since Toussaint-Baptiste's transmission. The churning noise of handmade synthesizers wars with a stroboscopic cascade of color-inverted images suggesting suburbs and wide outdoor space—bare trees, open fields, rippling water. While the visuals for LoVid's contribution were filmed in April, the work debuted June 10. I can't help but note the resonance of the piece's sensory chaos with the collective mourning and anger that has unfolded in the streets in response to the murder of George Floyd at the hands of Minneapolis police. LoVid's

injunction to listeners—"Blast this noise and flicker set for ruptured times!"—and their routing of donations, during their livestream, to Long Island initiative *ERASE Racism* suggest that this echo was not lost on them.

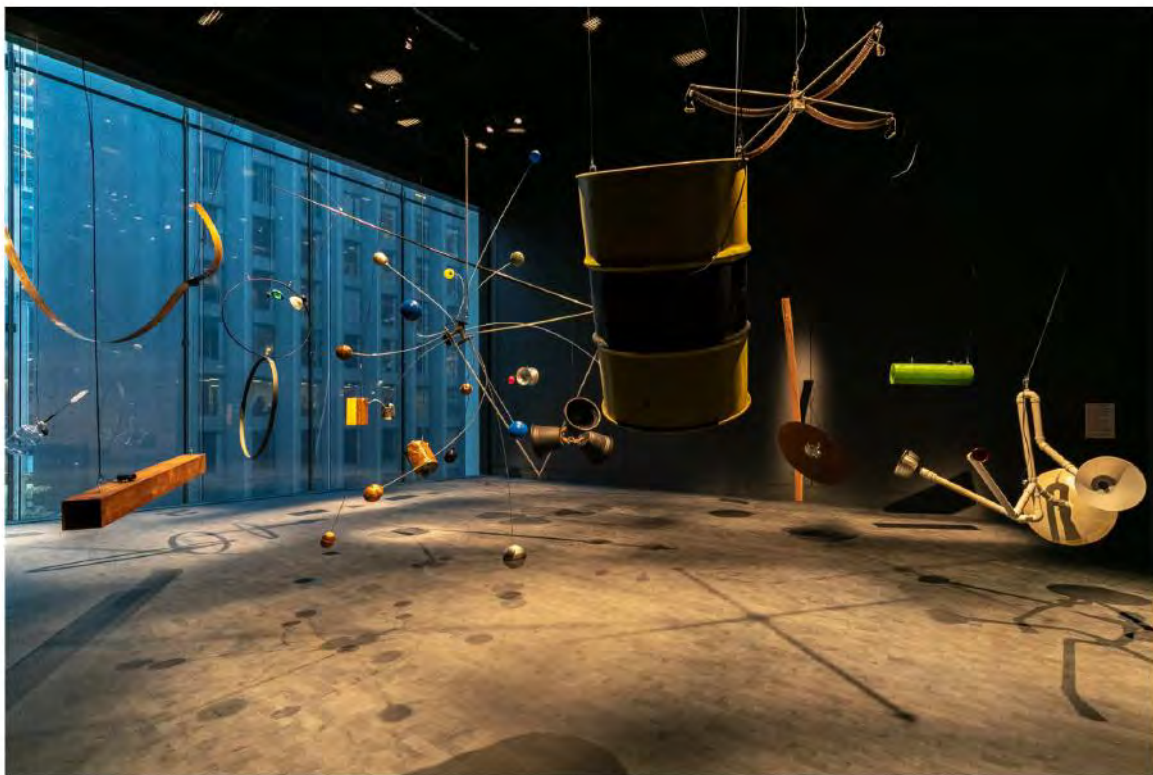
One wonders, moving forward, how those artists and institutions engaged with experimental sound might work to sonically process these more recent events. Extended isolation has given way to urgent assertions of collectivity and solidarity. The heavy silences of cities under lockdown and the muffled thumping of hearts have given way to resounding expressions of grief and frustration. What remains, in any case, is the imperative to listen, and listen together—across all distances and dividing lines.

Oct. 29, 2019

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

At MoMA, a Musical Pioneer's Rainforest Squeaks and Chirrup

David Tudor's installation "Rainforest V (variation 1)" is coming alive through performances by the artists who helped make it.



David Tudor's sound installation "Rainforest V (variation 1)," inside the Studio of the newly reopened Museum of Modern Art. Jeannah Moon for The New York Times

Since the Museum of Modern Art reopened this month, it has devoted its fourth-floor [Studio space](#) to a strangely wonderful, interactive installation: David Tudor's "Rainforest V (variation 1)." Throughout the room hang about 20 mundane objects, including a metal barrel, a wooden box, a lampshade, a reflective disc, a glass

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jar, a vintage computer's hard drive and more. Collectively they become a kind of urban jungle, suspended like Calder mobiles with the anti-utilitarian aesthetic of Duchamp readymades.

Then, as you wander around them, you realize: This jungle emits noises, and they alter according to your proximity. You may also notice that every object is fitted with a sound transducer, giving each its own resonance. The box, the can, the jar — they're all acoustic sources, as if they were seashells. A window in the gallery overlooks 55th Street, but the constantly changing polyphony of "Rainforest" transports you quite elsewhere.

[David Tudor \(1926-96\)](#) was a musical pioneer in many ways: as an admired virtuoso of modernist piano music; as a composer of electronic music; as a creator of sound installations. Among his colleagues were John Cage and the choreographer Merce Cunningham — who, in 1968, commissioned Tudor to compose a score for his dance company.

This was Tudor's first music written for Cunningham's repertory. But he knew the Cunningham tradition: The choreographer would tell a composer the duration and title of a piece he had in mind. Often, the score would be written independent of the choreography — the music usually had a different title — but in this case, Cunningham's title inspired Tudor, who at once responded, "Oh, then I'll put lots of raindrops into it." In the end, the differences were only a matter of capitalization: Cunningham's dance was "RainForest," and Tudor's score "Rainforest."

For the next three decades, Cunningham commissioned scores from Tudor, always eliciting imaginative sound dramas. But this first one proved a seedbed for Tudor's imagination. The scenic design of "RainForest," after all, featured Andy Warhol's "Silver

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Clouds,” whose theatrical interactions with the dancers inspired Tudor: From the 1970s onward, he developed the material of his score for various spatial setups.

One of those iterations, “Rainforest IV” (1973), was devised with musicians who later became known as Composers Inside Electronics. Three of them — John Driscoll, Phil Edelstein and Matt Rogalsky — then realized “Rainforest V,” an installation version that can play by itself.



MoMA is presenting performances of “Forest Speech,” a score belong to the “Rainforest” family, through Dec. 15. Heidi Bohnenkamp

And so the installation at MoMA is available to see — and hear — at all hours. Throughout the fall, though, the museum is also [presenting performances by Composers Inside Electronics of “Forest Speech,”](#) another Tudor score belonging to the “Rainforest” family. For this, the Studio is outfitted with benches and cushions, and its blinds are lowered to darken the space. The roster of musicians will change with each performance (there are six more

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through Dec. 15); on Sunday, they were Mr. Edelstein, Marina Rosenfeld, Stefan Tcherepnin, Spencer Topel and Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste.

The performers were visible at one end of the room, but their sounds came out of the installation's galaxy of suspended hardware. Here again was the spectrum of isolated chirrups, growls, trills, squeaks, purrs, avian alarm calls. It was hard not to hear the sounds of frogs, cicadas, isolated birds, giant cats and even elephants. (Cunningham said [he took the title of his dance from the Pacific Northwest](#), "from the rainforest of the Olympic Peninsula"; he had also been thinking of Central Africa, inspired by the anthropologist [Colin Turnbull's book "The Forest People."](#) Perhaps he was also thinking of the "Rainforest" sculptures by [his friend Louise Nevelson](#)?)

The aural collage of Tudor's musique concrète — squeaks, burbles, rumbles, booms — also evokes more fictional realms, as if a "Star Wars" droid had wandered into the arboreal conclave of Ents in "The Lord of the Rings." These sounds may seem a sonic illusion, but listen closely and you'll know they are just electronics using the frequencies of everyday objects. Tudor's music is multidimensional: fantasy and fact, technology and escapism, poetry and game.

Home // Local Coverage

'What Remains' Responds To The Surveillance Of Blackness

By [Rosalind Bevan](#)

Will Rawls grew up in Dorchester. When he was 10 years old, news about the death of 11-year-old Darlene Tiffany Moore echoed through his neighborhood. Darlene was struck by stray bullets during an altercation between drug dealers. It was around that time Rawls says he realized the precariousness of black lives.

Now a New York City-based choreographer and director, Rawls is returning to his hometown to present "What Remains" at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. The theater piece, in collaboration with poet Claudia Rankine, explores the constant social, cultural and physical surveillance of people of color.



A performance of "What Remains." (Courtesy Ian Douglas)

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Through movement, language, voice and soundscape, “What Remains” addresses questions of presence. Four performers — Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, Leslie Cuyjet, Jessica Pretty and Tara Aisha Willis — haunt the space in long black cloaks. They mold and bend their bodies and voices to explore the ever-present threat on the lives of black people. For Rawls, it’s important to bring the performance to the city he was raised in — one that has a long and fraught history of racial trauma.

He and Rankine first collaborated on “What Remains” in 2017 for the Live Arts Bard Festival in New York City. The festival centered on the theme of surveillance. Black people often have to code, edit and censor their behavior to survive in a dangerous and oppressive society. So, Rawls and Rankine with filmmaker John Lucas examined what it means for black people to be robbed of the freedom to “just be.” When it is impossible to live authentically, “there is a kind of void that opens up” — perhaps a void in connection, spirit or assurance. They asked themselves: What does this void feel, look and sound like in a performative setting? These questions are then explored in the bodies and voices of the performers with language as “the bridge” between the two.

Rawls defines typical theater as a “space of looking and watching, and when you walk on stage as a performer, you are inviting yourself to be looked at. Performers expect to clearly deliver some kind of meaning.” But, “What Remains” shatters this expectation and relieves the performers of the responsibility to communicate a clear lesson. It poses a different set of opportunities and responsibilities for both the audience and the performers.

The structure of the piece is “elastic,” Rawls says. It functions with a deliberate improvisational model that allows for the performers to behave freely in real time. They respond to being watched by the audience, each other and themselves. At one moment, they press their bodies up against the brick wall in what looks like an effort to disappear



A performance of “What Remains.” (Courtesy Ian Douglas)

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completely. Rawls emphasizes that the performers are “material in the show: who they are, not just as bodies, but as people.” When he sees this piece, he recognizes the humor, hard work and maneuvers on stage present in the lives of black people around him every day.

With this subversion of theatrical norms, the audience is asked to listen more and look closer, but with a sense of compassionate curiosity. Rankine’s poetry book “Citizen,” a meditation on the effects of racism, is integrated throughout the piece. But, Rawls is interested in establishing the mood and energy that her poetry exudes rather than an explicit recitation of her work. So, the audience must tune into an often heavy and uncanny atmosphere and react to the performer’s behavior in the space as they take on “the mantle of being watched.”

The audience’s gaze becomes a poignant element in the activation of each unique performance. Similar to the experience of the performers, the audience has no narrative or theatrical device to hide behind. This sense of transparency may conjure an inescapable feeling of being watched, a daily experience for people of color, existing in a world where purchasing a bag of Skittles can cost you your life.



A performance of "What Remains." (Courtesy Ian Douglas)

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Rawls admits this hyper-present sense of being surveilled can make “your imagination feel like its wings are clipped.” This image is manifested in the use of a barren stage and stark lighting fixtures upon tripods. “What Remains” challenges the dramatic convention of preset lighting cues by allowing the performers to control the lights themselves and explore the ability to illuminate the space as they wish. Rawls mentions that the manipulation of lightness and darkness was inspired by the “uncanny” and “visual murkiness” present in cinema such as film noir or classic horror.

Boston is the last stop on the five-city tour of “What Remains.” But, “the piece is alive. It breathes.” It grapples with questions that we will continue to ponder. The show “has to be re-approached every time the performers do it,” says Rawls, as he considers the piece’s vitality. It will continue to take new shapes as the world around us shifts every day.



"What Remains" will be performed at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston on Friday, April 12 at 8 p.m. and on Saturday, April 13 at 4 p.m. as well as at 8 p.m.

October 21, 2018

Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste, *Pendulum Music: An Arrangement for Four Performers and Geodesic Dome*



On the occasion of the [Fall Open House](#) and the opening of *Bruce Nauman: Disappearing Acts*, artist, composer, and performer Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste presents a reinterpretation of Steve Reich's sculptural performance-composition *Pendulum Music* (1968). Originally presented at the Whitney Museum of American Art in 1968 with Bruce Nauman as a participant, *Pendulum Music* is comprised of four individuals who swing hanging microphones over amplifiers, creating bursts of feedback that fall in and out of phase with each other. Attending to the work's legacy while also taking liberty with what is left unspecified in Reich's 1968 score, Toussaint-Baptiste simultaneously gestures to the work's history and reveals new aural, spatial, and relational possibilities. Responding to

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Bruce Nauman's *Bouncing In The Corner* performances, in which Nauman uses the architecture of two walls to guide the movement of his body, Toussaint-Baptiste will use the architecture of the VW Dome to dictate the composition's sculptural and sonic framework. Joined by artists Rena Anakwe, Luwayne Glass (aka Dreamcrusher), and Greg Fox, Toussaint-Baptiste makes explicit what he sees as "the exciting and radical phenomenon of unfixed intersections which emerge from a fixed structure" within Reich's original composition.

This is one of six new commissions presented as part of VW Sunday Sessions 2018/2019. The VW Sunday Sessions commissioning program supports local and international emerging artists in the development and presentation of new performance work

MoMA PS1's acclaimed VW Sunday Sessions performance series welcomes visitors to experience and participate in live art. Since its founding in 1976, MoMA PS1 has offered audiences one of the most extensive programs of live performance in the world. VW Sunday Sessions highlights artists responding to contemporary social and political issues through a wide variety of creative and critical lenses. Encompassing performance, music, dance, conversation, and film, the series develops and presents projects by established and emerging artists, scholars, activists, and other cultural instigators. With a focus on artists that blur and break traditional genre boundaries, VW Sunday Sessions embraces the communities in New York City that create and sustain artistic practice.

Since 2012, VW Sunday Sessions has presented a commissioning program resulting in new work by Trajal Harrell, Mårten Spångberg, Anne Imhof, Tobias Madison and Matthew Lutz Kinoy, Hannah Black, and Colin Self. Additionally, the VW Dome Artist Residency offers a platform for creative development and experimentation for artists at all stages of the creative process.

EVENT



Jeremy Toussaint-
Baptiste and
LaMont Hamilton:
Evil Nigger

Artist, designer, and composer **Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste** completes his ISSUE Project Room residency in collaboration with interdisciplinary artist **LaMont Hamilton** in a co-presentation at The Kitchen entitled “Evil Nigger: A Five-Part Performance for Julius Eastman.” The performance features the duo sequentially performing all five of their previously staged “parts” of Julius Eastman’s 1979 composition “Evil Nigger” as a 24-hour interpretive cycle with select performances by **Nyugen E. Smith** and **Shantelle Courvoisier Jackson**. The work runs continuously from Friday to Saturday, with five publicly accessible segments opening in parts throughout the 24 hours. A \$5 RSVP commitment is asked to ensure seating for each public viewing.

“In this final and cumulative iteration, we are concluding our investigation of Julius Eastman as an archetypal trickster, specifically within the canon of Black American cultural practice. Here, by presenting previously standalone pieces sequentially, we are able to make explicit what Eastman referred to as an “organic” principle of performance, a cumulative process in which new sections of a work are overlapped with preceding sections, resulting in a dense, mounting-yet-nuanced simultaneity of expression: a pursuit through which we are able to further understand Eastman as complicating minimalist form, rather than reinforcing its emergent supremacy.

Specifically, we acknowledge Eastman’s own subtle contradiction in regards to the organic principle that “the information is taken out at a gradual and logical rate” to be an impetus to examine a principle which simultaneously emphasizes the preservation and accumulation as well as the frictions which might occur upon their intersection. In making explicit the sonic, gestural

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and material relationships within and across each of the five performances in this series, we embrace the incongruity (or infeasibility) of overlapping content without losing information.” —

Jeremy Toussaint-Baptiste

Public Performances

Friday, January 19, 8pm–9:30pm

Saturday, January 20, 12am–1:30am

Saturday, January 20, 11:30am–1pm

Saturday, January 20, 3pm–4:30pm

Saturday, January 20, 6:30pm–8pm

The performance is part of “[Julius Eastman: That Which is Fundamental](#),” curated by Tiona Nekkia McClodden and Dustin Hurt, organized by The Kitchen with the Eastman Estate and Bowerbird.

“Julius Eastman: That Which is Fundamental” is made possible with the generous support of Robert D. Bielecki Foundation, Paula Cooper, Rebecca & Martin Eisenberg, and Agnes Gund; endowment support from Mary Flagler Cary Charitable Trust; annual grants from The Amphion Foundation, Inc., The Aaron Copland Fund for Music, Inc., Howard Gilman Foundation, and The Fan Fox and Leslie R. Samuels Foundation; and in part by public funds from New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council and New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew Cuomo and the New York State Legislature. Original support for “That Which is Fundamental” was provided by The Pew Center for Arts & Heritage, Philadelphia.

[ISSUE Project Room's](#) Artist-in-Residence program is made possible, in part, with support from the National Endowment for the Arts, public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council, and with the support of the New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew Cuomo and the New York State Legislature.

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Photo: Cameron Kelly.