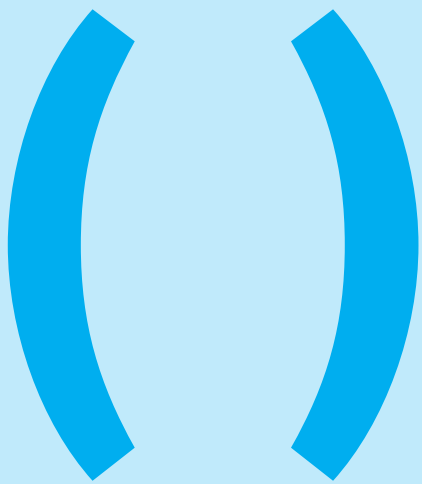
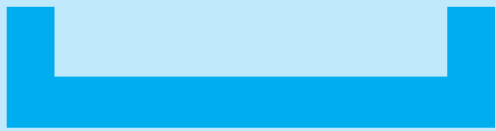




DIDACTIC

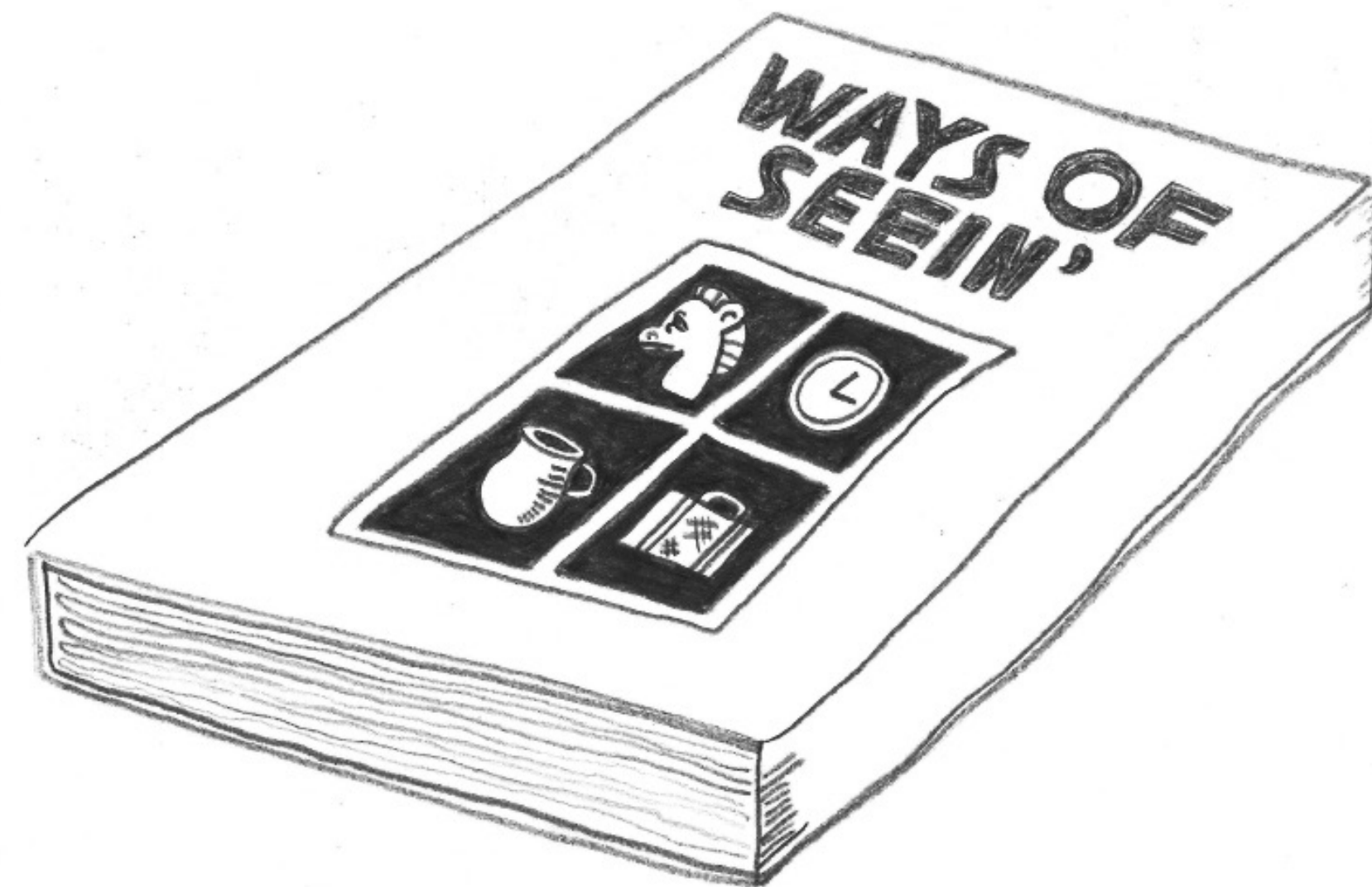
A SELECTION OF TEXTS AND IMAGES
ON THE OCCASION OF SYNTAX SEASON



DIDACTIC IV

A SELECTION OF TEXTS AND IMAGES
ON THE OCCASION OF SYNTAX SEASON

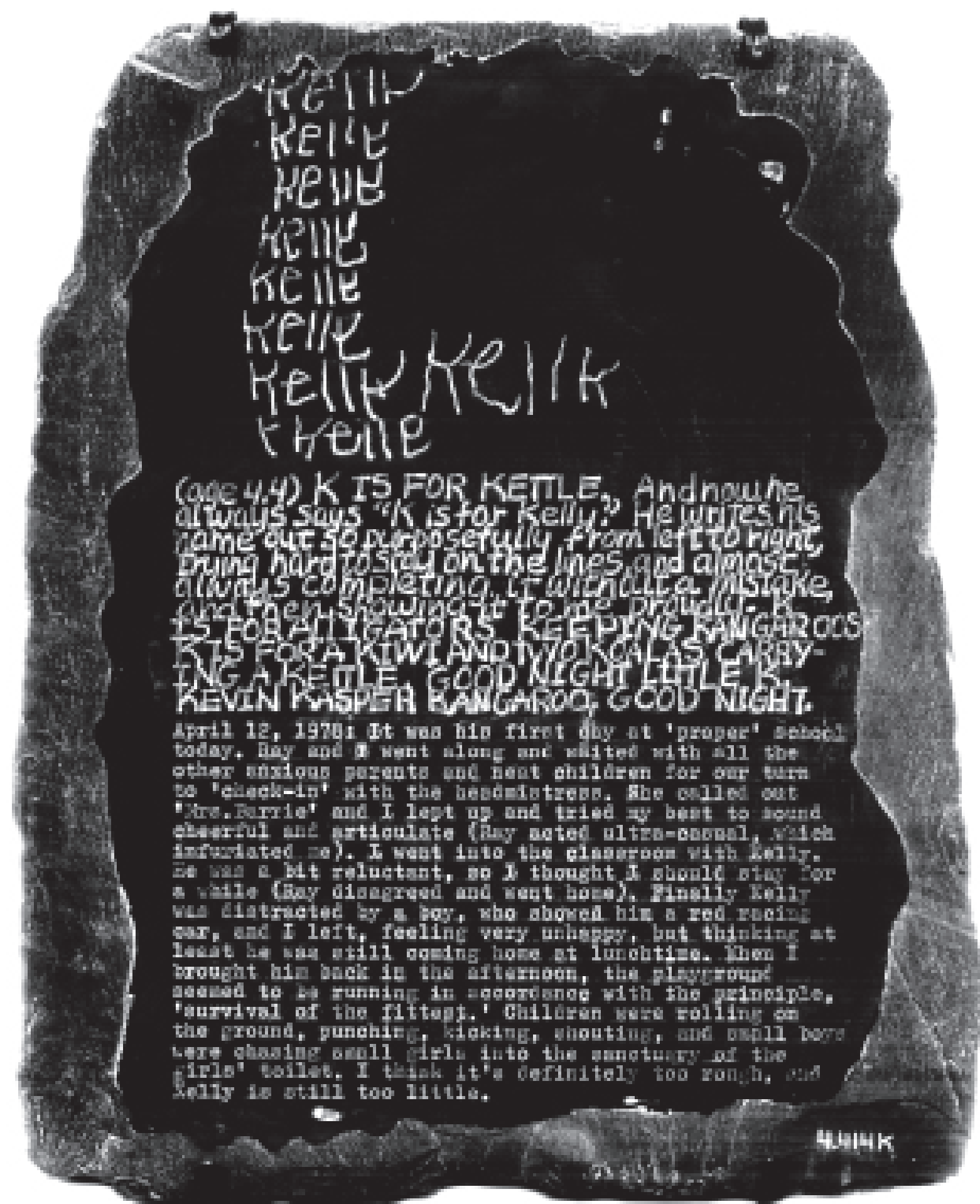
This publication is produced in conjunction with *Syntax Season*, a long-form exhibition series organized by A\M and hosted by PRINTtEXT in Indianapolis, Indiana. The series took place over the course of ten months, from May 2016 to February 2017. Included in this publication are a selection of texts and images of works by artists who mobilize typography, iconography, and cultural signifiers to explore topics such as gender, race, identity, representation, and language itself. Far from a definitive collection of such works and modes of making, this journal seeks to extend *Syntax Season* by bringing together additional artists whose text-based strategies range from humorous to sincere, intimate to oblique. Working with words, text, text-like images, and image-like texts, these artists and writers consider how we engage with language and, more specifically, how we construct meaning.



Curated by: Elisabeth Smith & Michael Milano (A\M)
Art Direction: Elisabeth Smith & Michael Milano
Creative Direction: Janneane & Benjamin Blevins
Published by: PRINTtEXT
February 2017

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A\M would like to thank the following individuals for their support and assistance in realizing *Syntax Season* and its attendant publication: Janneane and Benjamin Blevins, Michael Kaufmann, Nathaniel Russell, Deb Sokolow, Stephanie Brooks, Oli Watt, Alice Tippit, Jesse Malmed, Eric May, Jeff Geesa, Kay Rosen, Gan Uyeda, Paul Esposito, Yonder Bound Press, Laurie Gilbert Wood, and Ezra Birt.



TAKEN FROM HERE
 TO WHERE IT CAME FROM
 AND TAKEN TO A PLACE
 AND USED IN SUCH A MANNER
 THAT IT CAN ONLY REMAIN
 AS A REPRESENTATION
 OF WHAT IT WAS
 WHERE IT CAME FROM

Mary Kelly, *Post-Partum Document: Documentation VI, Pre-writing Alphabet, Exergue and Diary* (detail), 1978, perspex units, white card, resin, slate, 18 units, 11 x 14 in. (each) (28 x 35-1/2 cm). Collection: Arts Council, UK. Courtesy of the artist and Pippy Houldsworth Gallery, London.

Lawrence Weiner (American, born 1942), *TAKEN FROM HERE TO WHERE IT CAME FROM AND TAKEN TO A PLACE AND USED IN SUCH A MANNER THAT IT CAN ONLY REMAIN AS A REPRESENTATION OF WHAT IT WAS WHERE IT CAME FROM*, 1980, language + materials referred to, 56 x 137 cm. (22 x 54 in.), installed The Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of Coosje van Bruggen and Claes Oldenburg, 1982.402. Courtesy of the artist and the Art Institute of Chicago.

COLORLESS GREEN IDEAS

ELISABETH SMITH & MICHAEL MILANO



Alice Tippit, *Scar*, 2016, oil on canvas, 24 x 18 in.
Courtesy of the artist.

The pleasure of the sentence is to a high degree cultural. The artifact created by rhetors, grammarians, linguists, teachers, writers, parents—this artifact is mimicked in a more or less ludic manner; we are playing with an exceptional object whose paradox has been articulated by linguistics: immutably structured and yet infinitely renewable: something like chess.

- Roland Barthes, *The Pleasure of the Text*¹

I.

The making of a text or image is an exercise that has over time developed a unique set of rules and conventions regarding how such mediums are employed. In language, these rules correspond to syntax; in images, they correspond to perspective and pictorial logic. Both are merely an agreed upon set of rules, a consensus, which have developed over time, largely through use. Meaning and sense thus emerge from the novel ways in which we work with, within, and against these traditions.

II.

Such conventions that govern the fundamental structure of texts and images are analogous to rules within a game, to the extent that the action of crafting language or depicting a form is the equivalent to making a move on a (chess) board or field. Thus, every linguistic move, speech act, and image rendered holds the possibility of either expanding beyond or conforming to established rules. However, texts and images that move too far beyond our agreed-upon conventions run the risk of illegibility or, worse, total unintelligibility, while texts and images that rely too heavily on tropes or clichés become equally meaningless.

III.

To characterize the production of images and texts as a ludic game runs the risk of trivializing the practice altogether. On the contrary, nothing is more serious than play. Play is the deployment of an individual's agency, to respond to and reimagine the conventions and institutions that surround us. Pragmatist philosopher and educator John Dewey understood the importance of play as a critical stage in learning, a praxis that directed ideas forward without premeditated results. Play is plastic; an activity whose suggestions rely on the imagination to make even the most concrete of circumstances open to further adaptation.

IV.

Given the current and increasingly volatile relationship between words, interpretation, and meaning, such a project must not fail to acknowledge the contemporary significance of language and the power of syntax—with all of its unique systems, rules, and principles—as a kind of metaphor for the precepts that govern the world in which we live. It is a deeply uncomfortable and contingent moment to be in, one in which we find ourselves longing for stability, for reverence of trusted, collectively developed systems, while still demanding a radical approach to reimagining our world. As we bear witness to attempts at the complete destruction of such systems, we depend on a resistance, not to break down, but to envision what these systems can become.

V.

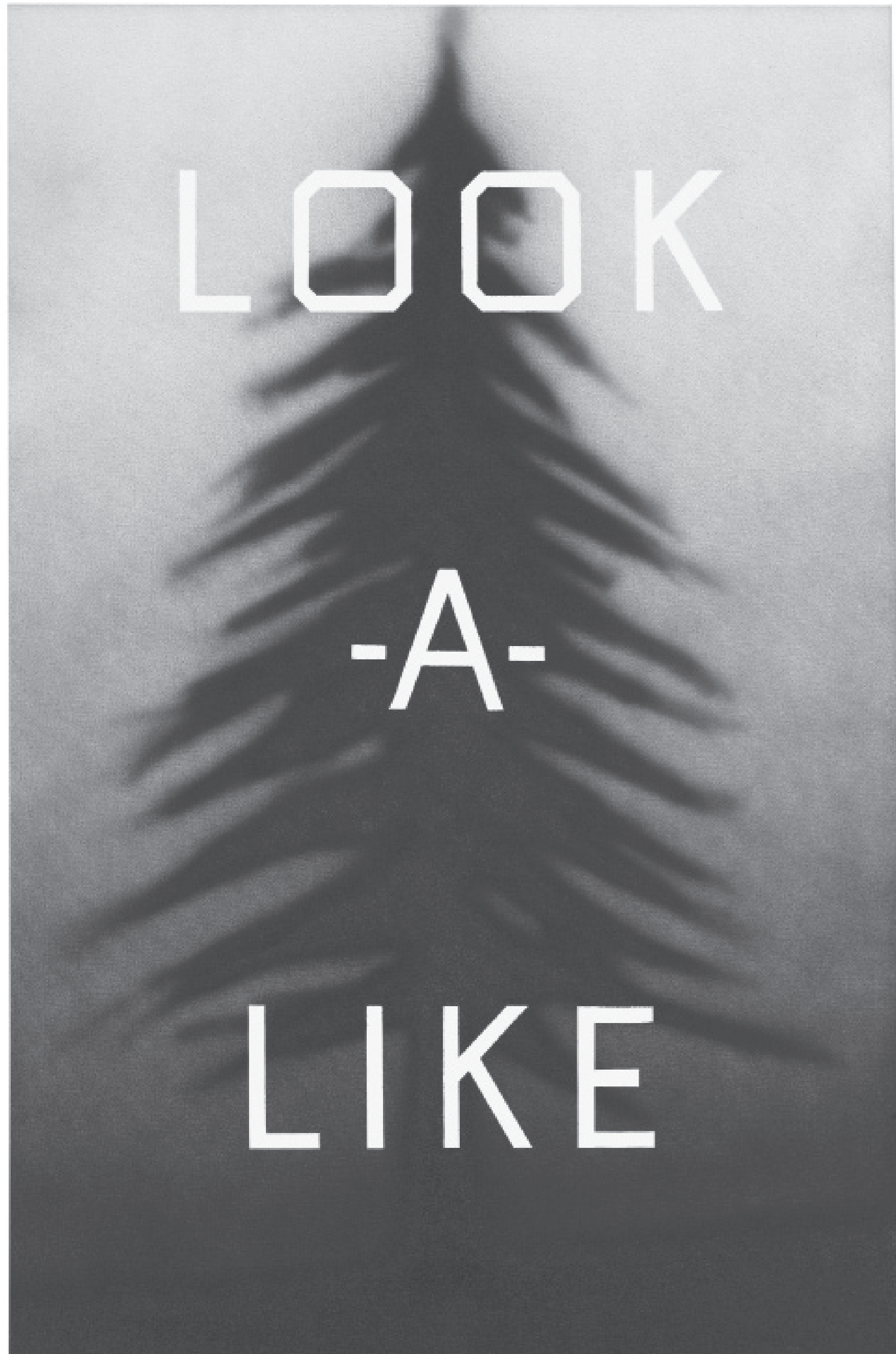
The eight artists included in the *Syntax Season* exhibitions provide precisely this ludic and visionary approach to text and image. Nathaniel Russell uses the vernacular forms of books, posters, flyers, and everyday objects as vehicles for incisive and poetic fragments of language and humor. Working with a reduced

visual vocabulary, his handmade and roughly hewn pieces casually interrogate the way in which we engage with and think about the world around us. Deb Sokolow produces elaborate text-based drawings that obsessively mine the lives of famous individuals, organizations, and events, constructing alternative histories that take on the persuasive tone of a conspiracy theory and blur the boundaries between fact and fiction. Stephanie Brooks works with the visual language and tropes of bureaucratic culture, imbuing seemingly neutral and objective forms with highly personal and emotive content. Taking formal cues from minimalism and conceptual art, Brooks subverts these historically cerebral movements by creating objects that register on a more emotional spectrum. Alice Tippit makes paintings that work within and against the logic of images and the stability of pictorial space. With a graphic vocabulary comprised of familiar symbols, shapes and forms—many of which reference genres such as still life and portraiture—Tippit deftly reveals how color and shape combine to make visual meaning and, just as quickly, slip into the realm of the absurd. Jesse Malmed's seemingly haphazard installations consisting of found and fabricated objects build worlds, sets, and stages through language and humor. Turning his exhibition into a talk show, *The Month Show*, Malmed finds the aesthetics in punch lines, laugh tracks, and cue cards, as well as the poetics in monologues, theme songs, and the late night TV slot. Eric May's multidisciplinary practice considers food as language, and explores the social, racial, and economic issues that govern our cultural attitudes and prejudices towards cooking and eating. Inherently social, food also provides May a catalyst for social engagement and service. Jeff Geesa deploys multiple strategies in his works, exploring the relationship between image, word-play, and painting practices. Consisting of humorous gestures, painterly mark-making, and formal abstractions whose titles reorient our perception, Geesa interrogates the structures of text, language, and the act of painting. Kay Rosen has for decades made the subject of language her medium, manipulating words in the most clever and playful of ways. Employing strategies such as palindromes, anagrams, spoonerisms and portmanteaus, Rosen deftly stretches the limits of linguistic legibility without sacrificing sense, meaning, or significance.

VI.

This publication also includes the work of twenty-six other artists and writers whose practices engage with text, image, and language-games in a similar fashion. Artists such as John Baldessari, Guerrilla Girls, Jenny Holzer, Mary Kelly, Barbara Kruger, Glenn Ligon, Ed Ruscha, and Lawrence Weiner serve as exemplars of the canon, artists who firmly laid the groundwork for mobilizing words and images, manipulating and recontextualizing culturally and conceptually charged signs and signifiers. Using similar strategies with a diverse range of materials, artists Tegan Brace, Elijah Burgher, Jessica Campbell, Bill Conger, Erin K Drew, Christopher Duncan, Tate Foley, Tony Lewis, Cole Lu, Huong Ngô, Jamie Pawlus, Molly Roth, Sayward Schoonmaker, Shannon Stratton, and Oli Watt further investigate politics, race, gender, rhetoric, and abstraction; while writing by Will Butler, Kelly Lloyd, and Sam Scranton variously explore the individual body navigating the world through language, sound, and vision—or, lack thereof.

¹ Roland Barthes, *The Pleasure of the Text*, trans. Richard Miller (New York: Hill and Wang), 51.



Ed Ruscha, *Look-A-Like*, 1990, acrylic on canvas, 48 x 32 in. (P1990.24) © Ed Ruscha; Courtesy of the artist.



Nathaniel Russell, *Darkness*, 2016, woodcut. Courtesy of the artist.

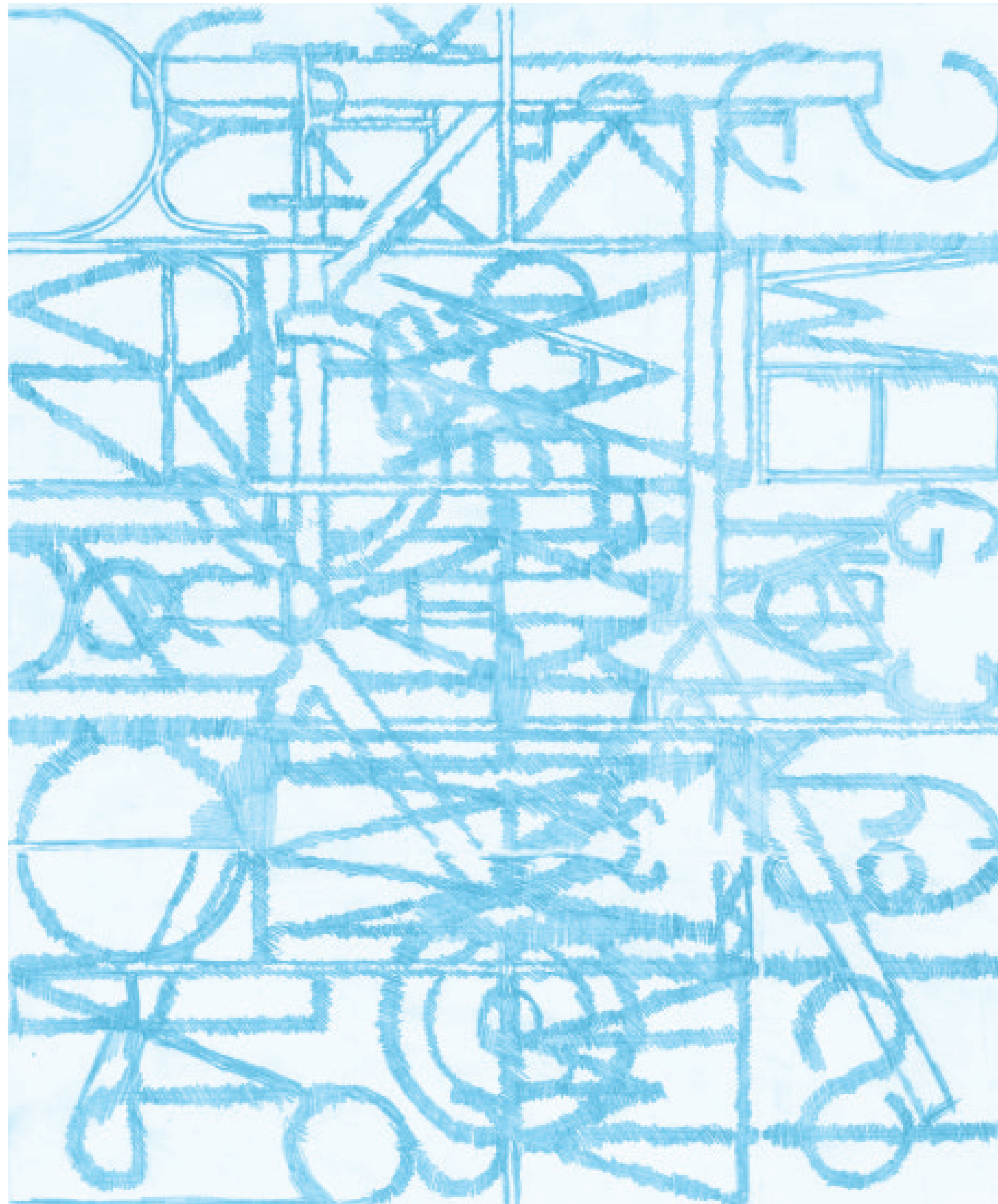
The Man Who Would
Be King
The Man Who Would
Be B.B. King
The Man Who Would
Be Queen Bee
The Man Who Would
Be Aunt Bea
The Man Who Would
Be Bea Arthur
The Man Who Would
Be King Arthur
The Man Who Would
Be Art King

Kay Rosen, *The Man*, 1991/2012, etching,
25-1/2 x 19-1/2 in. Courtesy of the artist.



Barbara Kruger, *Untitled (Your moments of joy have the precision of military strategy.)*, 1980,
photograph, 37 x 50 in. MBG #417. © Barbara Kruger; Courtesy of Mary Boone Gallery, New York.

KELLY LLOYD



Where I live, everything is very small.¹ I prowled through the jungle,^{2,3} no respecter of persons.⁴ I had only my own feelings for what is appealing or moving.⁵

He raises his voice.⁶ He asked if I would sell my Christmas trees⁷ and make them into crowns and play king of the forest.⁸ Am I smiling?⁹

A curious sensation of terror came over me.¹⁰ This one was more jubilant.¹¹ Listens when I listen.¹² The son of a country doctor,¹³ and eighth of eleven children, he grew up on a family farm.¹⁴ We might then wonder whether this refusal to be intimidated was somehow passed along from father to son – a predisposition to enter the fray in behalf of one's people against all odds and "by any means necessary."¹⁵

So now, what's the problem?¹⁶ When things go well you never really have a way of being happy let alone thankful.¹⁷ The analogy of a river emerging from a mountain gorge onto a broad plain may be helpful in understanding this phenomenon.¹⁸

Who had courage enough to marry a seeker and loved him enough to let him follow his dreams?¹⁹ The little gray²⁰ starfish sadly replied,²¹ "Perhaps somewhere in the world you could."²² Coping with Paradise²³ we travelled in our own private bus, not by train or plane, and every night we'd have to find a place to stay.²⁴ Chase after money and security and your heart will never unclench.²⁵

Everyone, as a member of society, has the right to social security and is entitled to realization, through national effort and inter-

national cooperation and in accordance with the organization and resources of each State, of the economic, social and cultural rights indispensable for his dignity and the free development of his personality.²⁶ This dream today embattled,²⁷ this is a hard age we live in, an ungrateful age.²⁸

Consequently, his enthusiasm about the landscape²⁹ and the people who called it home was tempered by a sense of desperation.³⁰ He was not alone.³¹ I saw this look and heard this yearning everywhere in every state I visited.³²

I destroyed a man's idea of himself to have him.³³ If you look closely at your life, not only at your proclaimed ideals and principles but your desires and ambitious as well, do the facts of your life add up to its best intentions?³⁴ It's my method of allowing.³⁵ The routine submittal, over time,³⁶ assumed greater importance.³⁷

I had to do something.³⁸ It was the time to hear things and talk.³⁹ As a country founded on the idealism of both democracy and experienced in the development of industry, we must surely be capable of both ethical and creative thinking.⁴⁰

These things necessarily ought to be written, as much for reinforcing what has just been said as for understanding what remains.⁴¹ I am interested primarily in the vast filed of experience and sensation which neither literature nor a purely plastic art deals with.⁴² So tomorrow just look at the sky,^{43,44} all here for you.⁴⁵ To celebrate⁴⁶ respect people and be considerate.⁴⁷

¹ Antoine de Saint Exupery, *The Little Prince* (Harcourt, Brace and World 1943), 9.

² Kees Moerbeek, *NEW at the ZOO* (Random House, 1989), 9.

³ Verna Aardema, *Bimwili & The Zimwi* (Dial Books, 1985), 9.

⁴ Aldo Leopold, *A Sand County Almanac* (Oxford University Press, 1949), 9.

⁵ J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Fellowship of the Ring* (Ballentine Books, 1973), 9.

⁶ Zakes Mda, *The Heart of Redness* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2000), 9.

⁷ Robert Frost, *Christmas Trees* (Henry Holt and Co., 1916), 9.

⁸ Shel Silverstein, *The Giving Tree* (Harper & Row, 1964), 9.

⁹ Stephen Kwok, *Lunch Break Play* (2016), 9.

¹⁰ Oscar Wilde, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (Bantam Classic, 1982), 9.

¹¹ Edward Hirsch, *the demon and the angel* (Harcourt Books, 2002), 9.

¹² Claudia Rankine, *Nothing in Nature is Private* (Cleveland State University Poetry Center, 2012), 9.

¹³ Ingo F. Walther, *Picasso* (Taschen, 2000), 9.

¹⁴ *One Hundred Years in the Life of Oberlin Shansi* (Oberlin Shansi, 2008), 9.

¹⁵ William Strickland, *Malcolm X: Make It Plain*, (Penguin Books, 1994), 9.

¹⁶ Rocco J. Gennaro, *Mind and Brain* (Hackett Publishing, 1996), 9.

¹⁷ Nikki Giovanni, *Blues: For All the Changes* (William Morrow and Co., 1999), 9.

¹⁸ Don Snow, *More Than a Native Speaker* (Kirby Lithographic Co., 2007), 9.

¹⁹ David C. Lohff, *dreams* (Running Press, 2000), 9.

²⁰ W.H.Howe, *Everybody's Book of Epitaphs* (Pryor Publications, 1995), 9.

²¹ Sheryl McMahan & Sherry Grogg, *The Little Mermaid* (Personalized Children's Books, 1994), 9.

²² James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (Penguin Group, 1964), 9.

²³ Dave Hickey, *Pirates and Farmers* (Ridinghouse, 2013), 9.

²⁴ Lawrence S. Ritter, *Leagues Apart* (Morrow Junior Books, 1995), 9.

²⁵ Stephen Mitchell, *Tao Te Ching* (Harper & Row, 1988), 9.

²⁶ *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* (National Center for Human Rights Education), 9.

²⁷ Langston Hughes, *Let American Be America Again: And Other Poems* (Vintage Books, 2004), 9.

²⁸ Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Left Hand of Darkness* (Ace Books, 1969), 9.

²⁹ Peter Lik, *A Panoramic Journey Through Australia* (peter lik publishing), 9.

³⁰ Mark David Spence, *Dispossessing the Wilderness* (Oxford University Press, 1999), 9.

³¹ Jacob Lawrence, *Harriet and the Promised Land* (Simon & Schuster Books, 1998), 9.

³² John Steinbeck, *Travels with Charley* (Penguin Books, 1962), 9.

³³ Frank O'Hara, *Lunch Poems* (CITY LIGHTS BOOKS, 1964), 9.

³⁴ Robert C. Solomon, *Introducing Philosophy* (Harcourt College Publishers, 2001), 9.

³⁵ Jim Dine, *Some Drawings* (Steidl, 2005), 9.

³⁶ Darby English, *How to See a Work of Art in Total Darkness* (MIT Press, 2007), 9.

³⁷ Christine Mullen Kreamer, *African Vision* (Prestel, 2007), 9.

³⁸ Julia Butterfly Hill, *The Legacy of Luna* (HarperCollins, 2000), 9.

³⁹ Zora Neale Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (J.B. Lippincott Co., 1937), 9.

⁴⁰ Peter M. Wege, *Economicology* (Economicology Press, 1998), 9.

⁴¹ Rene Decartes, *Meditations on First Philosophy* (Hackett Publishing, 1979), 9.

⁴² Rolf G. Renner, *Hopper* (Taschen, 2002), 9.

⁴³ Shel Silverstein, *A Light in the Attic* (Harper & Row, 1981), 9.

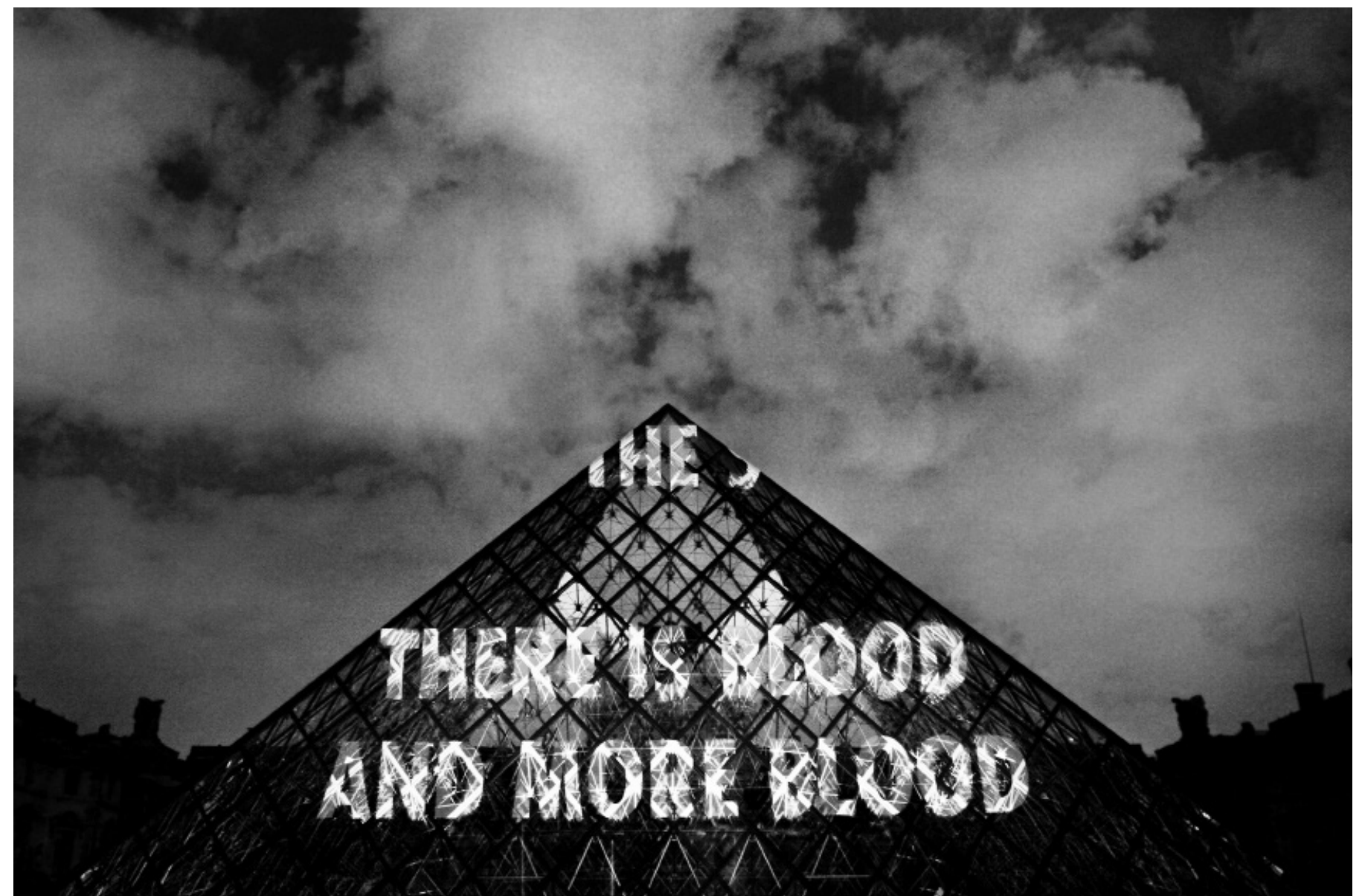
⁴⁴ Shel Silverstein, *A Light in the Attic* (Harper & Row, 1981), 9.

⁴⁵ Maximilian Hines, *Poetry*, 9.

⁴⁶ Cornelia Butler and Alexandra Schwartz, ed., *Modern Women* (Butler, 2010), 9.

⁴⁷ *I like your work: art and etiquette* (Paper Monument, 2009), 9.

Like lawn sprinklers
and station wagons
and dogs and babies.



Molly Roth, excerpt from *Likes*, 2008-ongoing, looped video projection, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artist.

Top: Jamie Pawlus, *Care/Don't Care*, 2006, interactive neon sign, 16 in. (diameter). Courtesy of the artist.
Bottom: Jenny Holzer, *Xenon for Paris*, 2001/2009, light projection Louvre Pyramid, Napoleon Courtyard, Paris Text: Blue, 1998 Collection, National Contemporary Art Fund, Paris © 2001 / 2009 Jenny Holzer, member Artists Rights Society (ARS), NY Photo: Annie Tritt. © 2017 Jenny Holzer, member Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York.

CALL IT GREEN: IMPEACHING THE MINDSETS THAT TRUMP BLINDNESS

WILL BUTLER

In California, there's a guy in his sixties named Mike. Mike is blind, but Mike also has near-perfect eyesight. That's because Mike's brain developed without the use of his eyes, and so he never learned to see the way most people do. Then he got his eyesight back, in his forties—a rare occurrence with very few documented cases in history.

And yet, Mike's reality was already constructed; there was very little mental remodeling that could be done. His vision was verbal, aural, tactile, proprioceptive—the list goes on—but it was not, we might say simply, visual.

Let us be clear: Mike had no problem being blind—he skied, rode horses, joined the CIA, started a business, and had a family—but, to oversimplify it a bit, getting his eyes back confused matters. Mike couldn't see representational structures the same way as people who were trained their whole lives to use their eyes. A painting of a nature scene was just blue, green, and yellow. At first, he could hardly tell a flower from a farm animal. Even though his visual acuity was spot on, his ocular lenses crystal clear, the supposedly objective elements of vision were elusive.

Symbols, both pictorial and abstract, that we fuse together and graft onto the real-life versions of the things we experience—a triangle below a circle on a restroom door, for instance—meant nothing to him. There was a narrow but deep chasm between his known reality, and the visual corollaries that sighted society had agreed on as acceptable placeholders for reality.

Blindness is a deficiency in the eyeballs; the ability to understand and make meaning happens elsewhere. When the bandages came off, Mike's blindness revealed itself not as a deficiency of eyesight but of vocabulary. The difference between, say, a human man and a human woman—something which had rarely seemed confusing to Mike before—was now hampered by a new factor, a smokescreen of photons that hijacked his ability to discern. The reason he couldn't catch up is because the visual certainty that the sighted world took for granted was narrative, and not objective. It was based on a vocabulary of shapes, sizes, tints, and hues passed down with Darwinian ruthlessness—a visual vocabulary which when agreed upon means much to so many, but in and of itself means nothing.

I present this case not to cast my many, beloved sighted friends into ontological quandaries, lose their will to live or swear off a faith in all that is visual; but rather to alert the sighted public of an alternate form of appreciation. There is, in fact, a way to learn, love, and even criticize visual art without ever setting eyes upon a work. Blind people do it every day. Or so they should, were it not for the fact that the art world has only in recent years begun to acknowledge its shortcomings in museum, gallery, and other forms of exhibition accessibility.

Consider the blind man at the museum—a role that I regularly relish taking on. When I'm feeling frisky, I may even attend a museum by myself, with no means of interpreting the art or any game plan for navigating its contents—simply to move through an architectural space with my fellow citizens and soak in their energies. But assume for a moment that the blind museum-goer has a stated goal of experiencing art. Where do they start and how is the work delivered?

Here is the anti-climactic answer: Appreciating visuals non-visually can be quite easy; visual memory can be just as verbal as any other memory, except perhaps the memory of a smell. A work of art will stick in your memory for what it "said" to you—not for how your retinas fired. We pick up retinal data all day long that we do not remember, unless we assign a narrative. Every experience of art is an interpretation, however micro (think of Mike), and every interpretation can be translated for a non-seeing audience. There is a separate issue there: of finding the perfect words, the linguistic acuity to do the work justice with description. But that is another exercise altogether.

I am, for the purposes of this text, most interested in shrinking the gap between the blind and the sighted viewer, in integrating the blind and assimilating their experience in the minds of the sighted. The blind, like many marginalized groups from African-Americans to the LGBTQ population, have been told repeatedly and severely they are, at best, worthy of questioning, and at worst, worthless. Some people, as we've seen in these tumultuous times, actually believe those horrific presumptions, but we persevere with the assumption that most decent types do not. If you're one of those, read on.

If we decide to agree that art is ultimately appreciable by folks with differing levels of eyesight—which I think is reasonable—then we come to the somewhat musty question of why, then, do we not have better tools for our low-vision friends to go to the museum with us? One may argue that it's a question of demand, and that low prevalence of blindness has put art accessibility on the back burner. Yet, very few people ride wheelchairs, and buildings are required to have ramps (and do not forget the wheels of strollers, suitcases, and dollies that have benefitted in their wake). Following the growing evidence, varicose as it may be, one could make the argument that, as it stands, we've rather thoughtlessly agreed that visual art is not "for" blind people.

Accessibility is the word we often use to describe better access for those with disabilities; but good accessibility is a boon to all. Universal design, as it's also known, includes and empowers all, powering human connectivity and enthusiasm to make us feel big and mighty. And yet many, regardless of sight, enter our revered houses of art and feel small, ineffectual, like ephemeral onlookers to a much more significant, at times stifling environment. Like Marcel The Shell.

There are a few prevailing mindsets which afflict vast majorities and tend to halt accessibility in its tracks, and we'd do well to consider them as we design better access to art, wherever we go.

The first mindset is what we can playfully call a lingering case of sight supremacy. Dating far back into the protean sluice-bucket of early humanity, the out-pouchings of our brain that allowed us to cast our mind toward the horizon—to anticipate a predator at great distance and without sound or smell—these eye balls were evolutionary lagniappes which gave organisms an almost magical advantage. Today, they move us less. We become more near-sighted as we squint at ink on paper and blue LEDs at arm's length, burning tiny holes in our maculae. Instead, information—not eyesight—is the telepathic advantage that drives us to the next strategic behavior. And yet the designs of our ritual, brutal, visual world have their holdovers. Our most pallid, vestigial idioms betray our superficiality: the eye of the beholder, the windows to the soul, seeing is believing. If indeed we shun face value, and depth is preferable to shallowness, and so on and so forth, it seems that it would be only decent to shelve old notions of sight as power.

The second mindset is one that bows to unquestioned agreements. Take the agreement, to use a dummy-proof example, that "long hair equals woman." These types of agreements, which grow in complexity and contingency, and all too often rest upon visual vocabularies that are utterly flawed, surely underpin the artistic experience and cannot be avoided. But acknowledging that even the most old and integrally hewed agreement is subjective, is changeable, and even reversible, equals freedom not only for the blind, but for anyone whose sensibilities are under pessimistic interrogation.

Such flaky, tacit agreements underlie a third, societal mindset: poor public awareness. This is a chicken-and-egg dilemma wherein the oppressed population—let's say, for our purposes, blind people who want to share their love of art—continue in a cycle of self-imposed isolation and deprivation because the world which educates them does not provide for their needs. The minority is inextricably measured by the majority, whose ignorance of the group is passed onto the group itself, upon which the group performs this ignorance (perhaps "learned helplessness" in blind circles), as instructed. This is a problem with no clear perpetrator, and one that will only be solved by each party meeting the other one step further than the middle, to explore these facts and heighten awareness in order to break this cycle.

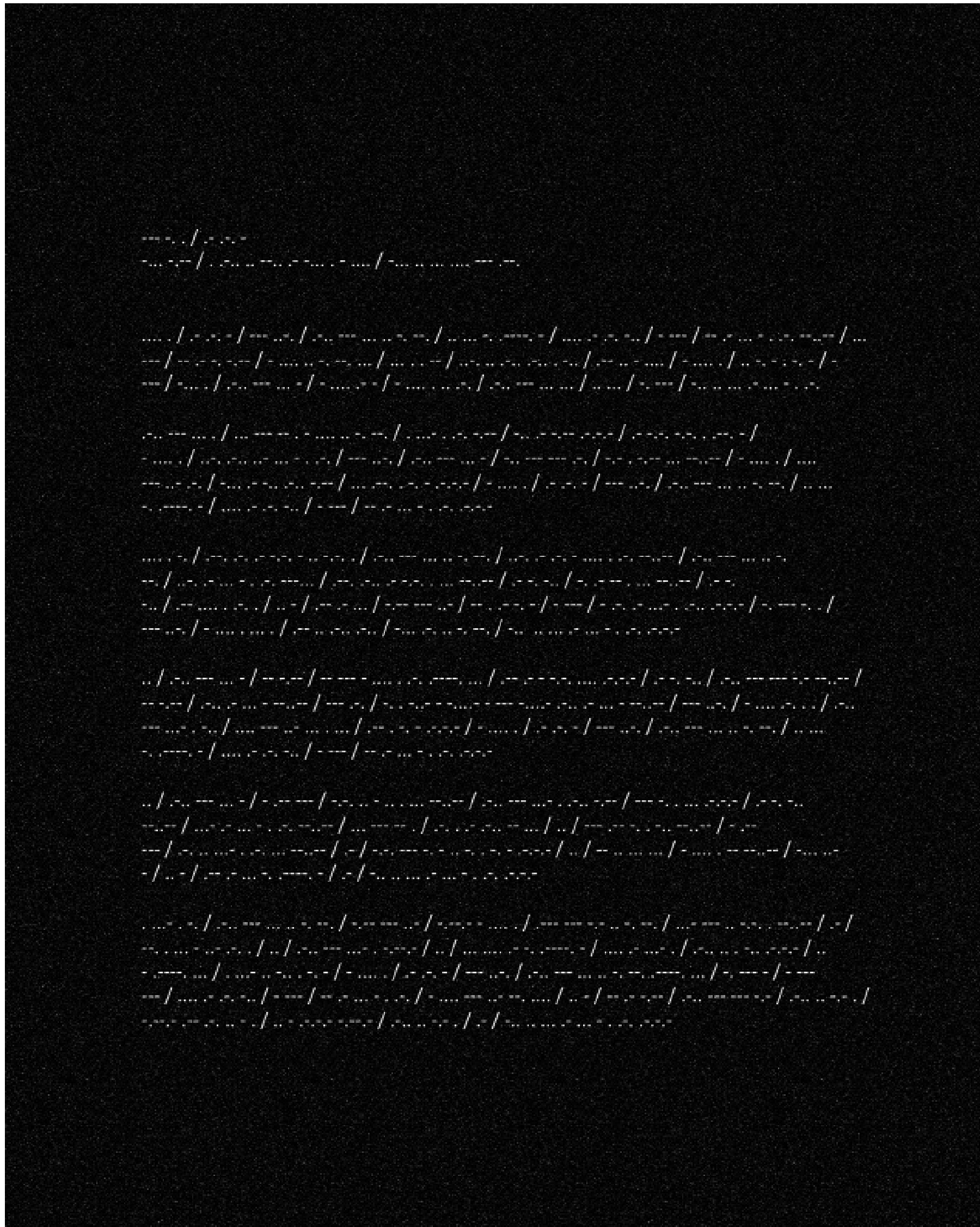
Ultimately, these are the ideas of someone who has departed somewhat from visual input and yet still feels capable of seeing art. I'm unable to project into the mind of those who are blind since birth, as well as those who are so highly visual to the point of being nonverbal. And I don't assume that either has a knowledge unattainable to the other; the only chasms that exist are in the language of description.

I have an extremely comfortable, Seventies-era couch in my living room. It is green. When I bought it off Craigslist a few years ago, the original owners called it "the brown couch." This immediately perplexed me, as it seemed quite clear to me and my friends that the couch was not brown, but a peaceful and wise shade of olive green. They begged to differ. They said it was brown. We bought it.

The sellers had owned it for 30+ years, so who was I, holding my white cane like a shepherd with no flock, to question their agreed upon label. It wasn't until I got home later that I pulled up the cushions, and underneath found the most true, distinctly brown fabric. The couch's red ink had faded, and the couch had become green by appearance, brown only to those who knew it intimately. It was both, the green couch, and the brown couch. To call it the green and brown couch would have created more confusion. It had to have one name, and at the end of the day, its original owners had agreed to call it brown. In my home, where it sits now, we call it green.

We, as blind people, too often accept brown over green. We can be our own worst enemy in this way, and between our ego, our id, and our relentless, nagging self-doubt, our inner sight supremacist will always chime in: Blind people can't see! The sighted have them licked. Sight wins. The sighted have such a mandate in this way, such a societally sanctioned upper hand, they can be forgiven for discounting the protestations of a blind audience. And maybe we are deficient. But before accepting such sad marching orders and reconciling ourselves to the current state of affairs, we'd do well to ensure that we haven't simply been written out of the agreement.

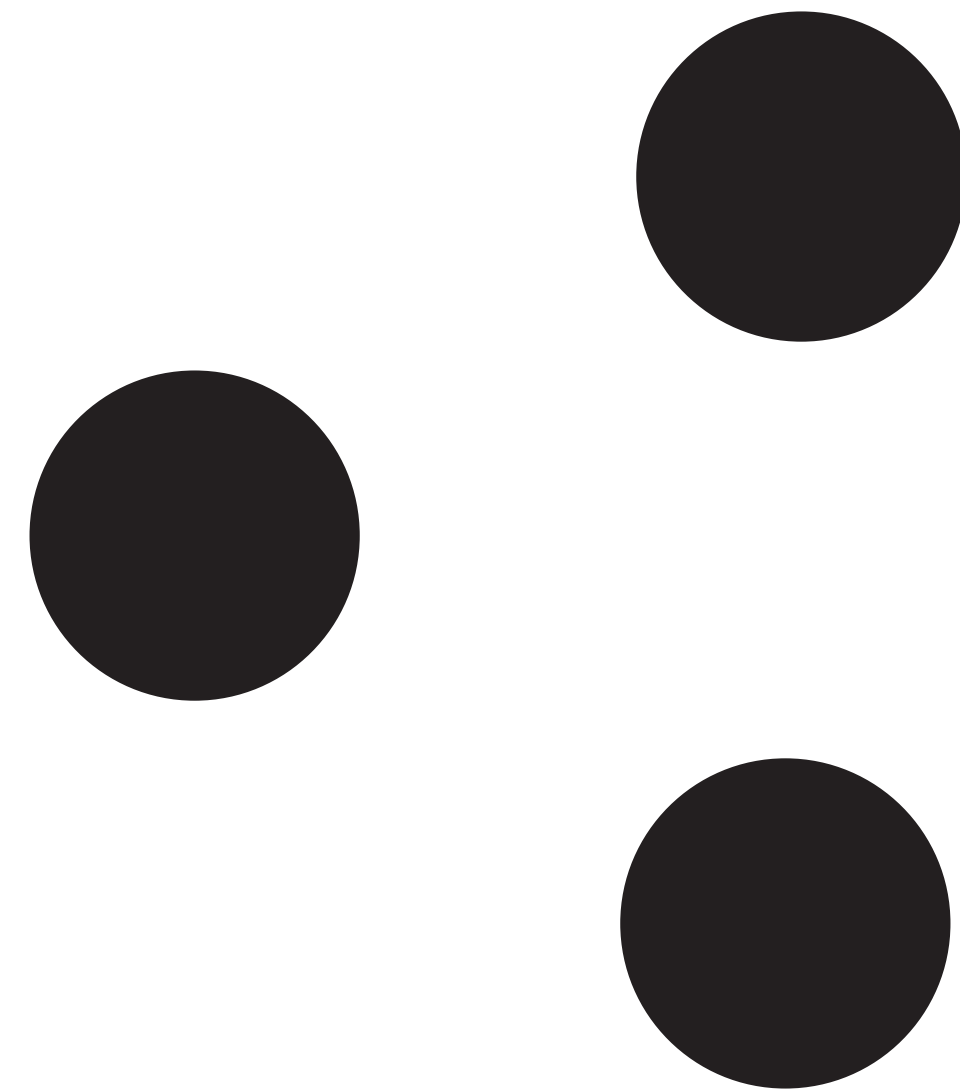
Will Butler is a writer from California. He currently serves as Director of Communications at LightHouse for the Blind and Visually Impaired in San Francisco.



Cole Lu, *One Art*, 2013, morse code translation of "One Art" by Elizabeth Bishop, audiovisual static from the same translation, materials and dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artist.



THE SPECTATOR IS COMPELLED
TO LOOK DIRECTLY DOWN THE
ROAD AND INTO THE MIDDLE OF
THE PICTURE.

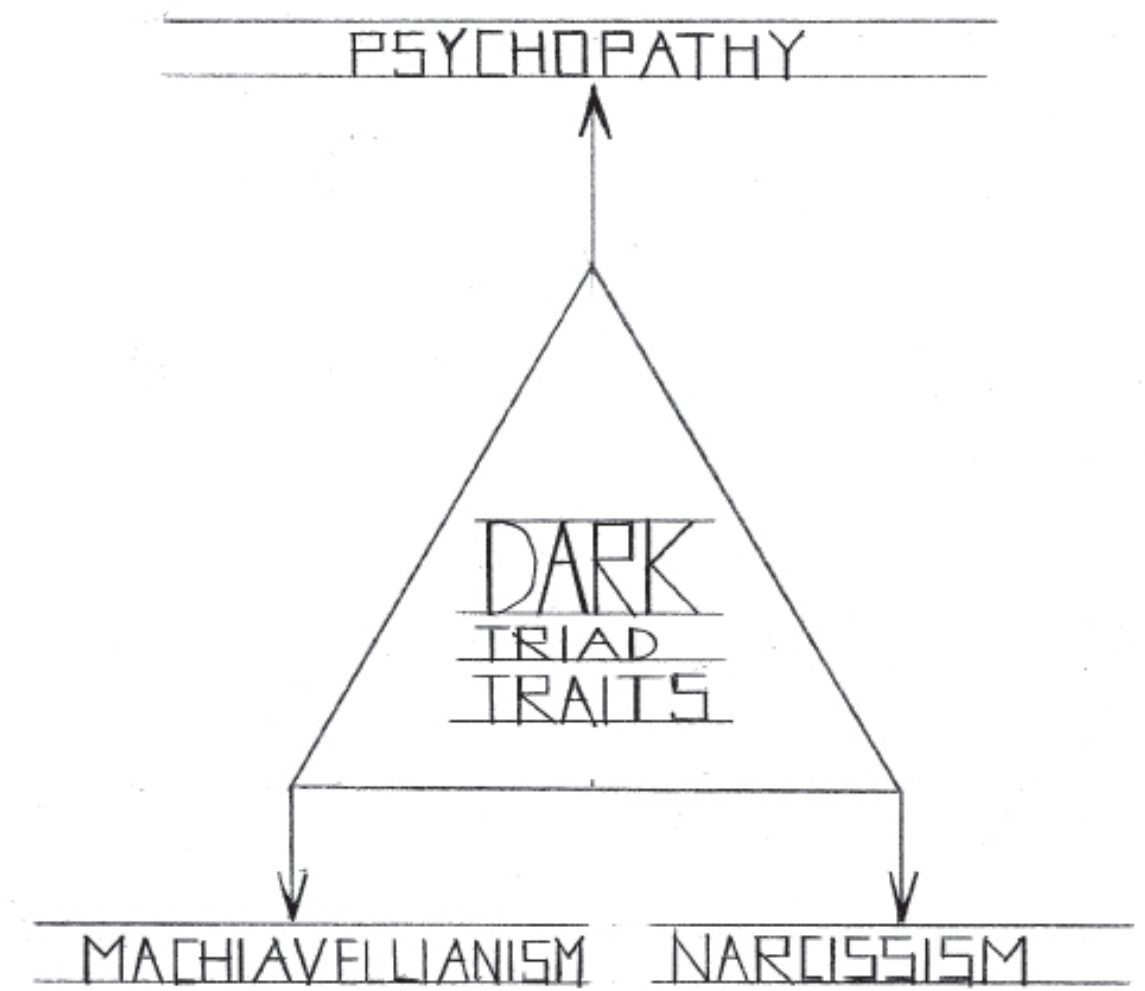


**LOSS
OF
POWER**

**LOSS
OF
STATUS**

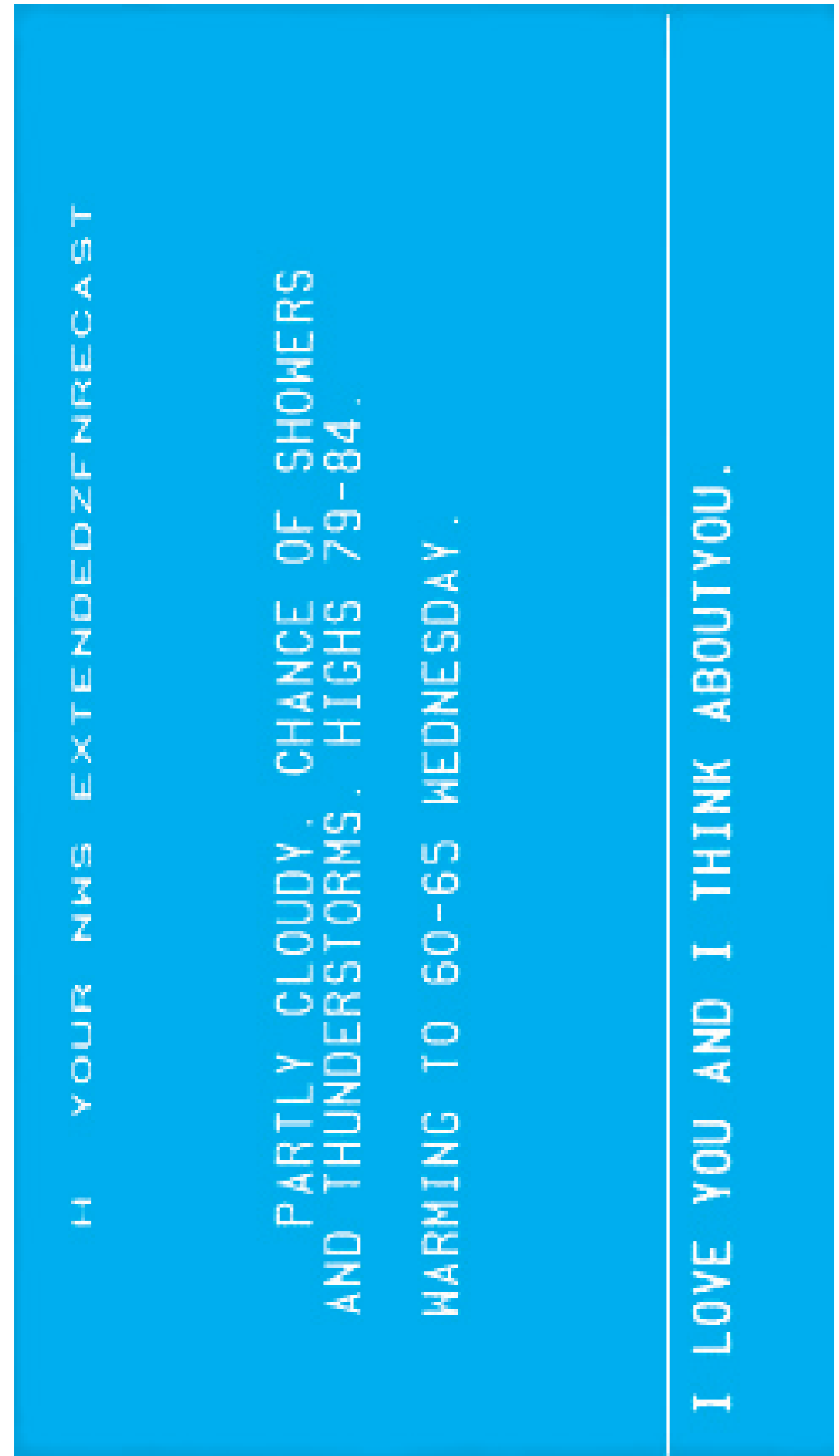
THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN ARTIST:

- Working without the pressure of success**
- Not having to be in shows with men**
- Having an escape from the art world in your 4 free-lance jobs**
- Knowing your career might pick up after you're eighty**
- Being reassured that whatever kind of art you make it will be labeled feminine**
- Not being stuck in a tenured teaching position**
- Seeing your ideas live on in the work of others**
- Having the opportunity to choose between career and motherhood**
- Not having to choke on those big cigars or paint in Italian suits**
- Having more time to work when your mate dumps you for someone younger**
- Being included in revised versions of art history**
- Not having to undergo the embarrassment of being called a genius**
- Getting your picture in the art magazines wearing a gorilla suit**



Top: Jessica Campbell, *SJW*, 2017. Courtesy of the artist.

Bottom: Deb Sokolow, *The Dark Triad Traits, Version 2*, 2017, graphite on paper. Courtesy of the artist.

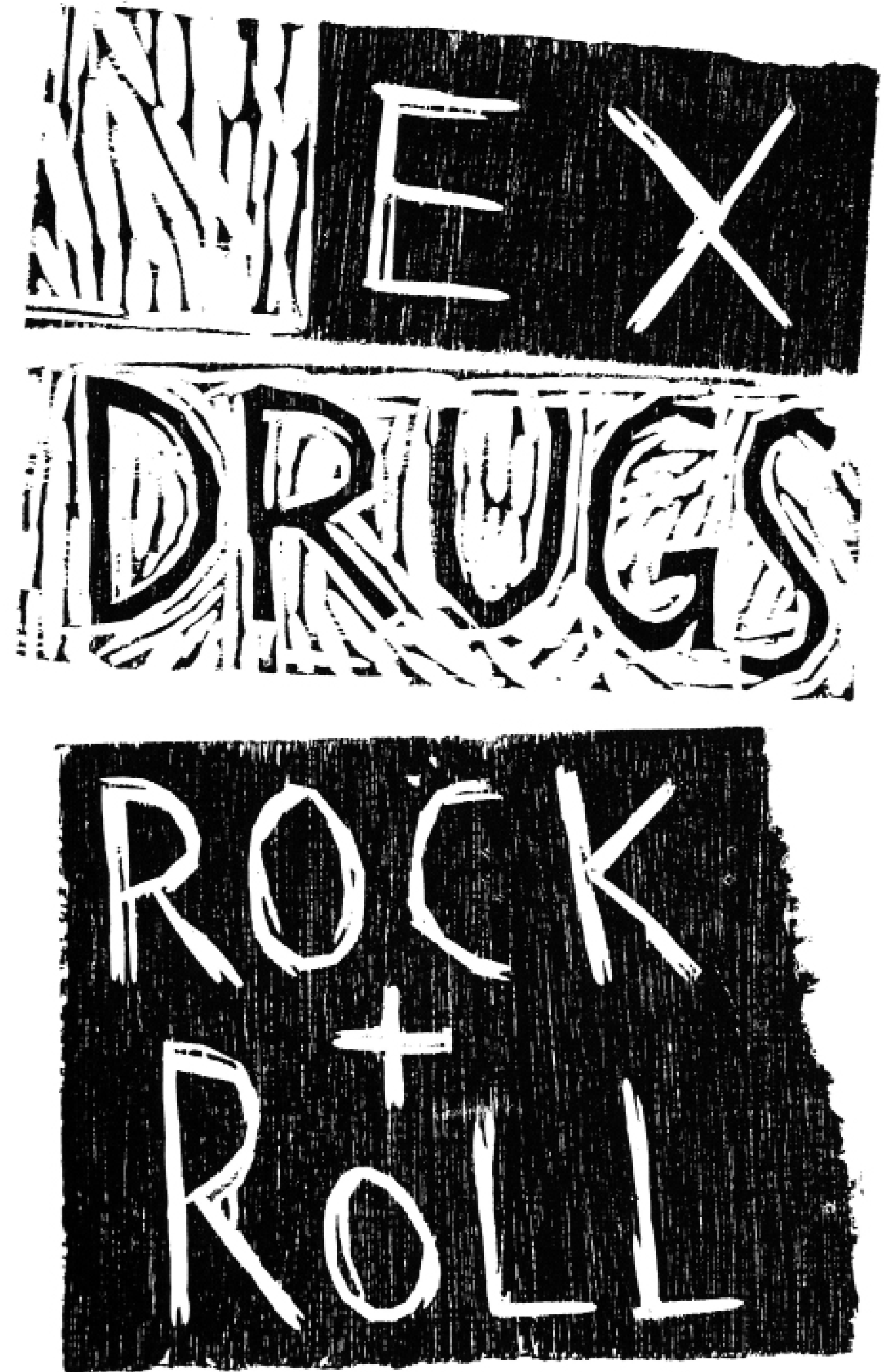


Molly Roth, excerpt from *HOLOLITH*, 2016, video projection for performance for ten players, created in collaboration with composer Sam Scranton, dimensions variable. Courtesy of the artist.

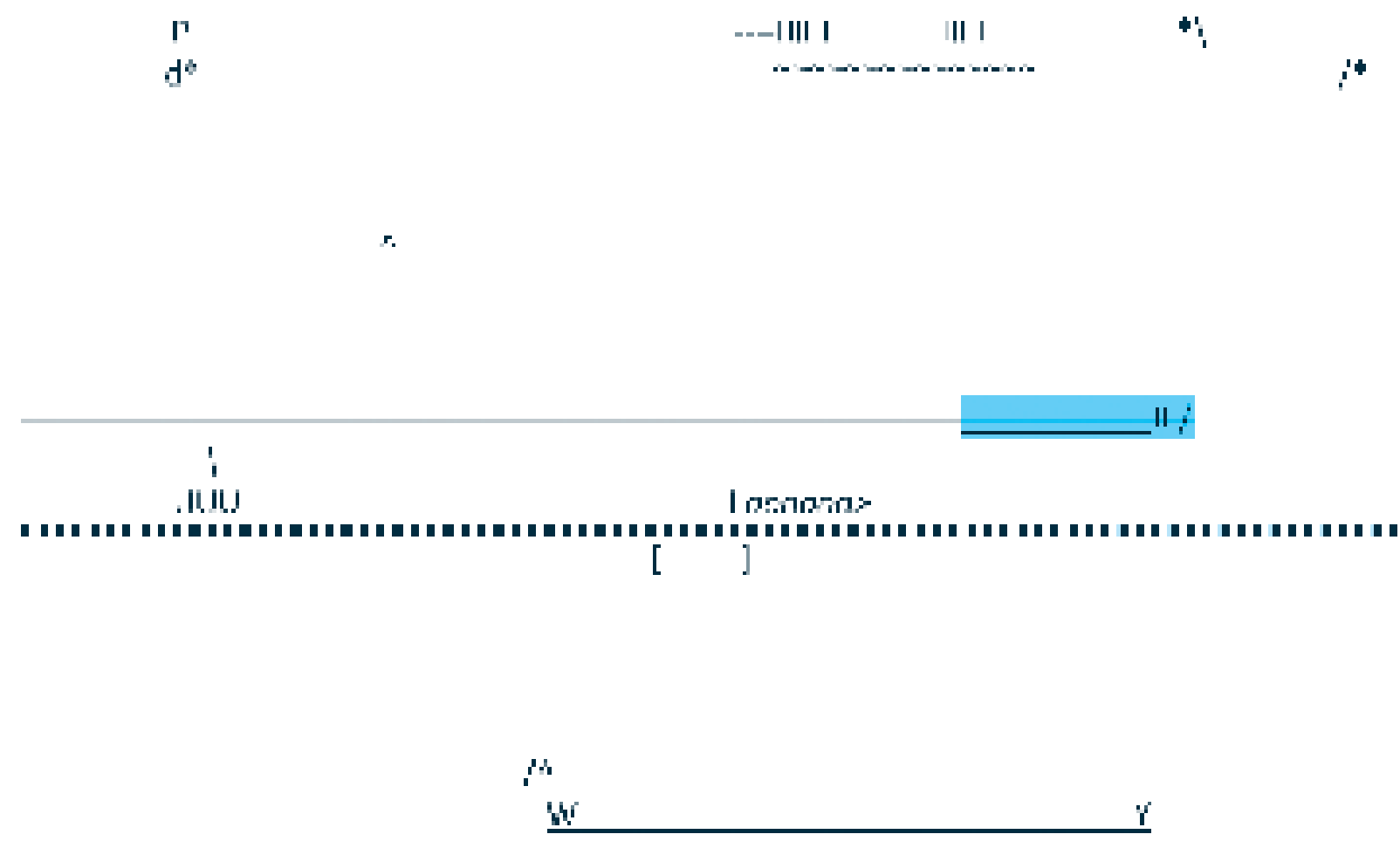


In October 2016, in light of the contentious questioning of the current state of America's greatness, I asked Ejaz Abidi, a Pakistani immigrant and owner of Bombay Bazaar, a grocer, eatery, and caterer in Fishers, Indiana what he thought was great about America. "[It's] better, safer" was his response. Fast-forward to January 28th, 2017 and I wonder if he would have the same response.

Eric May, *Better, Safer*, 2016, hand painted sign.
Courtesy of the artist.



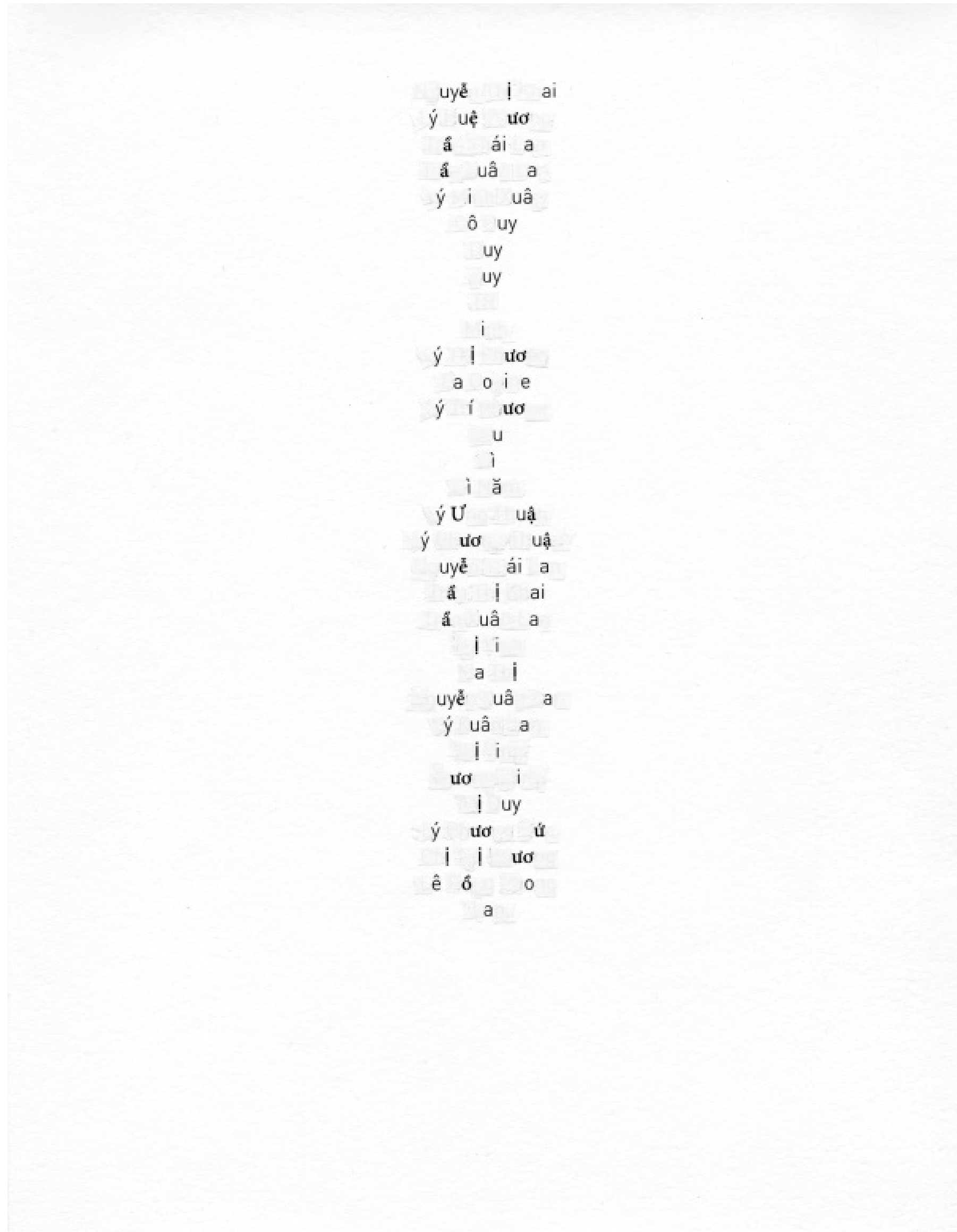
Oli Watt, *EX*, 2017, woodblock print, 15 x 11 in.
Courtesy of the artist.



(an arrangement)



Shannon Stratton, *(an arrangement)*, 2017, type and found internet search image, terms: "Ikebana".
Courtesy of the artist.



Hương Ngô, study for *To Say Her Name*, 2016, performance score, correction tape and ink on rag paper, 8-1/2 x 11 in. Courtesy of the artist.



Bill Conger, *where light goes when it's gone*, 2017, 19th century Japanese teacup heated to 450 degrees Fahrenheit and saucer chilled to 5 degrees Fahrenheit. Courtesy of the artist.

TALK SHOW POEM

JESSE MALMED

A fense straddling Oh and De; I was floating three feet above like a cartoon whose cliff had come at last. I'm on ACME TV. I'm on late. I tape early and the high road. I can watch Brooklyn 99 and fight to abolish the carceral state. I own a real live book about the legal standing trees should have. We, hypocritic oafs, know that there are lines drawn and the drawls align. I nervously attend to my place in life and in line, wondering what Jesse from Ball State thinks, how Jesse from Tuscaloosa votes, what Jessie from Santa Fe meant when we met.

*Nuns are sisters and we're resisters
We've risked existence 'g'ins't tricked invective
And the wicked briskness that thinks this brusqueness
makes a feckless witness of the freckled whiteness
MAKE THE END NEARER: an emitting cap
Iiiiiii (singing now) iiiii fiiiiiiind miiiiiiiine insiiiiiiiide my eyyyyyes
(better lyricists believe in consonants)*

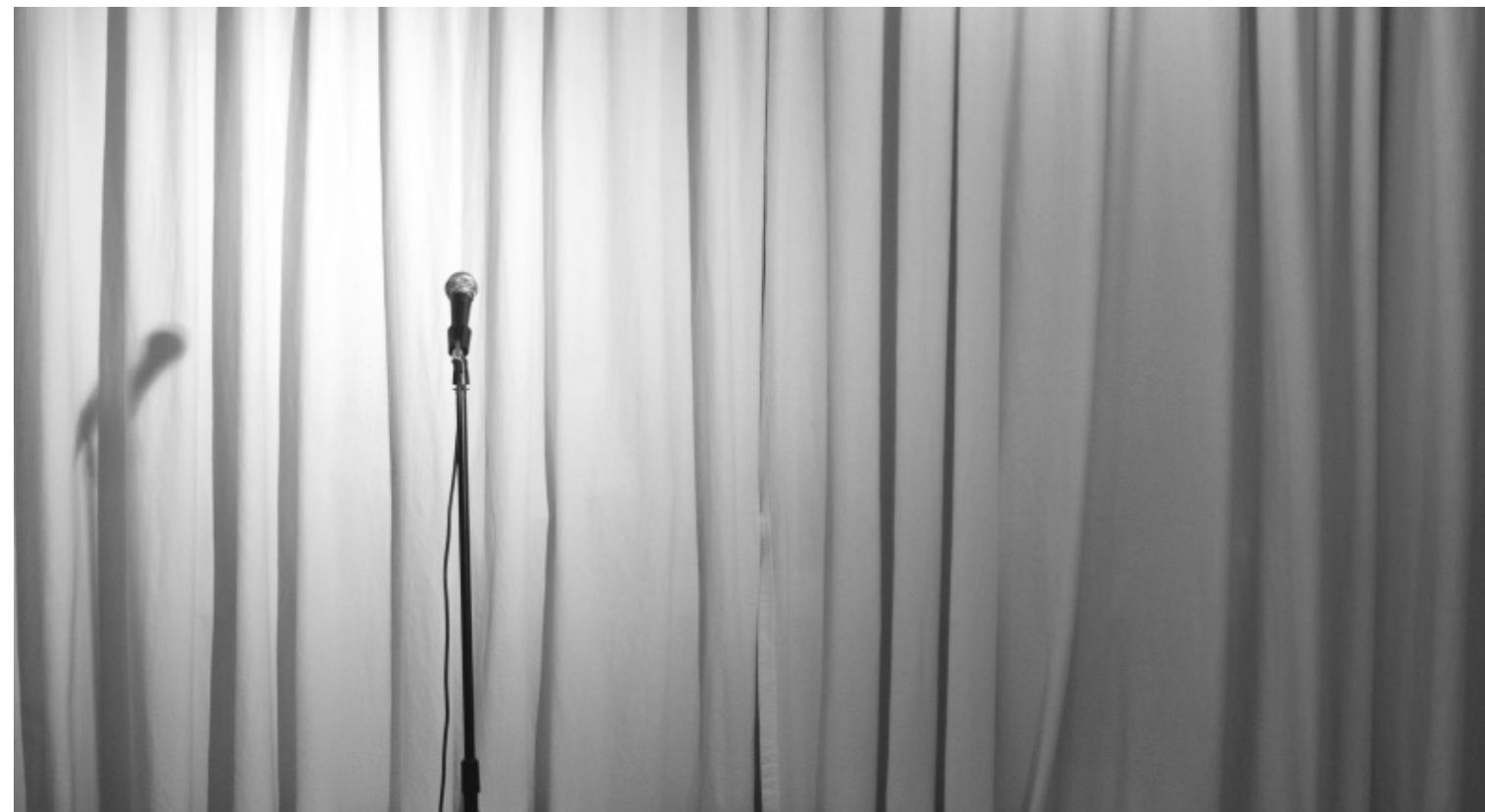
*Fuck the fascists and the KKK
Kill all the cops stuck in your brain
Fill the holes inside your chest
with bits of hearts from all the rest
We can't love you 'til you love yourself
Please give the planet to someone else
(a protest contest in a protext context)*

A good question is better than a bad answer. And swerve. And swerve. I imagine a flyer for a DJ set built entirely out of PLLPs, ours public for the taking. Imagine (I am) that your best trait is something so useless. What night isn't trivia night? Everybody working for the bleakend. Oh sure—we've all been there. Poetics is a rough game.

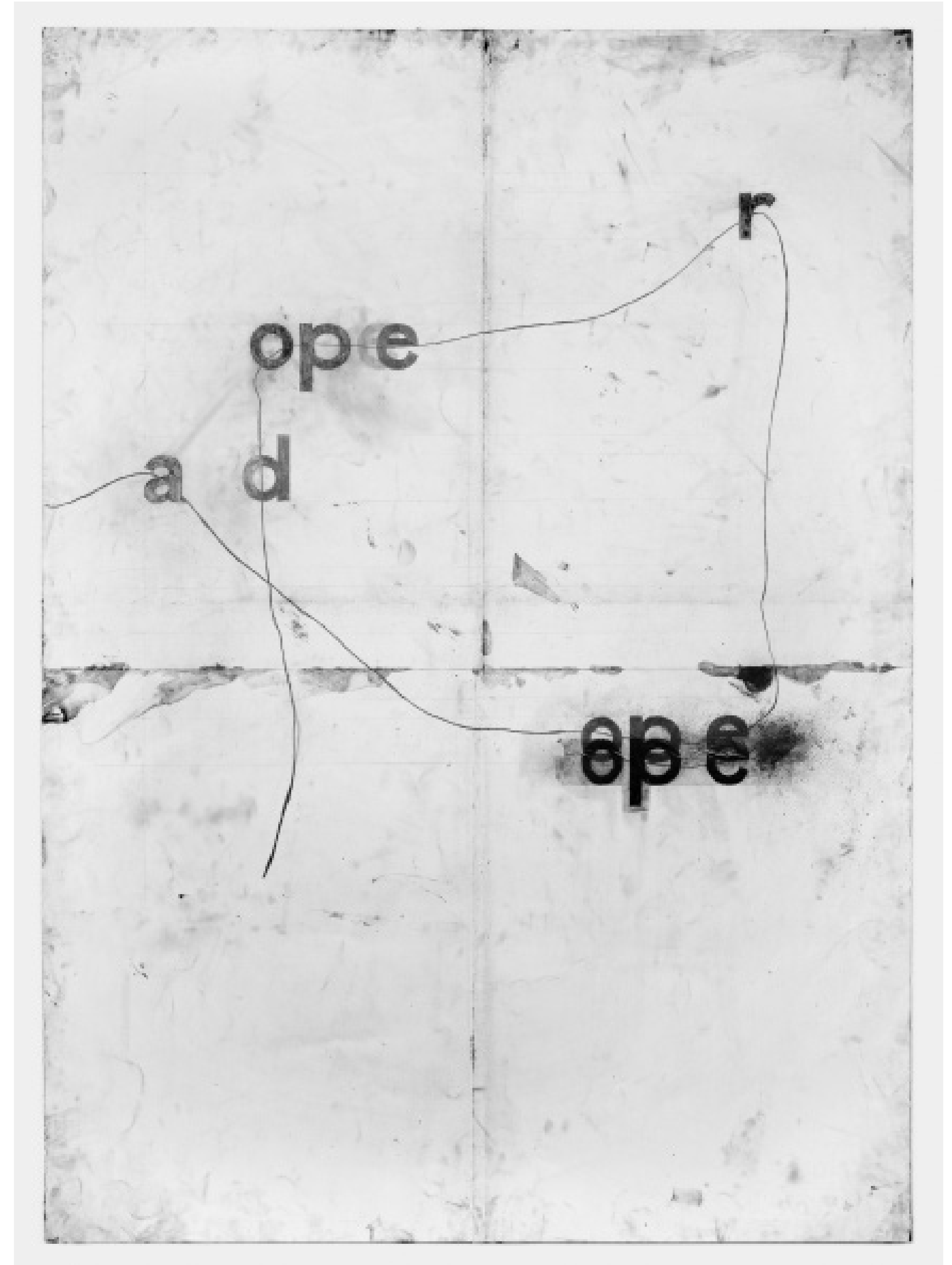
If your President learns everything from television, it is your responsibility to make ethical television. The call-in show that is the Senate lets me leave a message: hello, consider trying not to fuck everything at once. Tonight's guest has been yourself. Our performer is a picture of a gun painted "this machine kills folk music." Our desk bit is a desk bed and we dream through the segment. The audience has as many good ideas for this as anyone—they just need to try.

I, The Ghost of The Month Show

*A few reflections from my times as host
A few questions for my next guest*



Jesse Malmel, installation view, *The Month Show* with Jesse Malmel, 2017. Courtesy of A\M.



Tony Lewis, *dope repoa*, 2012, pencil and graphite powder on paper, 84 x 60 in. Courtesy of Shane Campbell Gallery.

MENT FORMING ABSTRACT NOUNS FROM VERBS TO DENOTE THE RESULT OF THE ACTION OF THE VERB

I
I

MEANT
MENT

WAS
AM

EN GAGE

MENT

IN,

EM BRACE

MENT

OF

INTELLECTUAL DIS A GREE

MENT

CRAFTED SPIRITED APPEALS

GIFT OF AR GUE

MENT



THRIVING ON CONFLICT

PRE FIGURES AS IS GIRLED AS

BALEEN

Duration: ca. 10'00"

About:

Let's consider the multiple senses in which our mouth is a filter. It is the opposite end of the human language filter. It is also a harmonic filter, where changing the shape of the mouth increases or minimizes the amplitude of different frequencies. Our mouth is a filter for the frequencies of the human voice. As a filter, it can be used to filter out unwanted frequencies. As a filter, it can be used to filter out unwanted frequencies. As a filter, it can be used to filter out unwanted frequencies.

Anyone interested in exploring their own voice, it can be performed for an individual or a group. The piece is a vocal score for a group of performers. The piece is a vocal score for a group of performers. The piece is a vocal score for a group of performers.

Instructions:
This piece is to be performed by any number of performers. Performers each need one cup or vase to perform the work. For performances with four or less performers, each player should choose 1 of the four parts, making sure that no two players have the same part. For performances with more than four parts, each part can be covered by multiple performers, but with the goal of distributing each part as evenly as possible.

Interpreting the score: The score is divided by columns into four parts, and by rows into two sections: a set of rows labeled W-K31, and a set of rows labeled S1-S11. "w" rows and "s" rows each have separate performance instructions. Performers each pick one column, or part, and proceed from top to bottom.
"w" Rows Find a comfortable pitch near to that of your speaking voice. Sing each word in your part on your chosen pitch for the duration of one long, full breath. The pitch of each word should be the same. For example, the word "we" acts as a rapid concatenation of "oo" transitioning to "ee". While singing your word, slowly transition from the shape your mouth makes at the beginning of the word to the final shape. You may choose to linger on something that you find interesting. The piece is a vocal score for a group of performers. The piece is a vocal score for a group of performers. The piece is a vocal score for a group of performers.

Note when your body can't make smooth transitions between sounds. Consider, "we" in "we". The "w" is a vowel, and the "e" is a vowel. The "w" is a vowel, and the "e" is a vowel. The "w" is a vowel, and the "e" is a vowel. The "w" is a vowel, and the "e" is a vowel. The "w" is a vowel, and the "e" is a vowel.

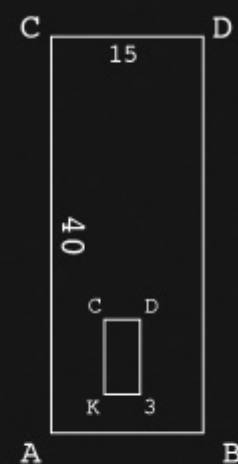
To the right of each word, you will find, represented by characters from the International Phonetic Alphabet, one attempt at showing each word. Each phoneme represents a transitional marker along the path of the word. They can be used as guides. Each place that indicates smooth transition between phonemes is represented with a "...". This points out a pause before starting again.

"s" Rows Sing your part on your chosen pitch. At each pronunciation point, slightly change the position of the cup in relation to your mouth. With each shift of location, choose a spot that emphasizes or de-emphasizes parts of your voice. When you finish speaking the text, place down the cup or vase audibly.

81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200

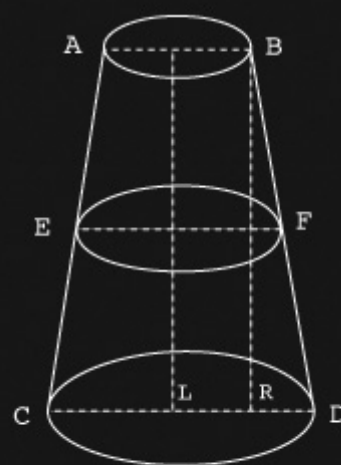
A resentment contains $3\frac{3}{4}$ indignation, and ill will is $\frac{3}{8}$ of its displeasure. Find the real or imagined offense.

Fig. 1



The altitude of a libidinal section is one foot with diameters of 6 inches and 16 inches, respectively. Find the diameter of a sexual drive having an area $1\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the surface area.

Fig. 10



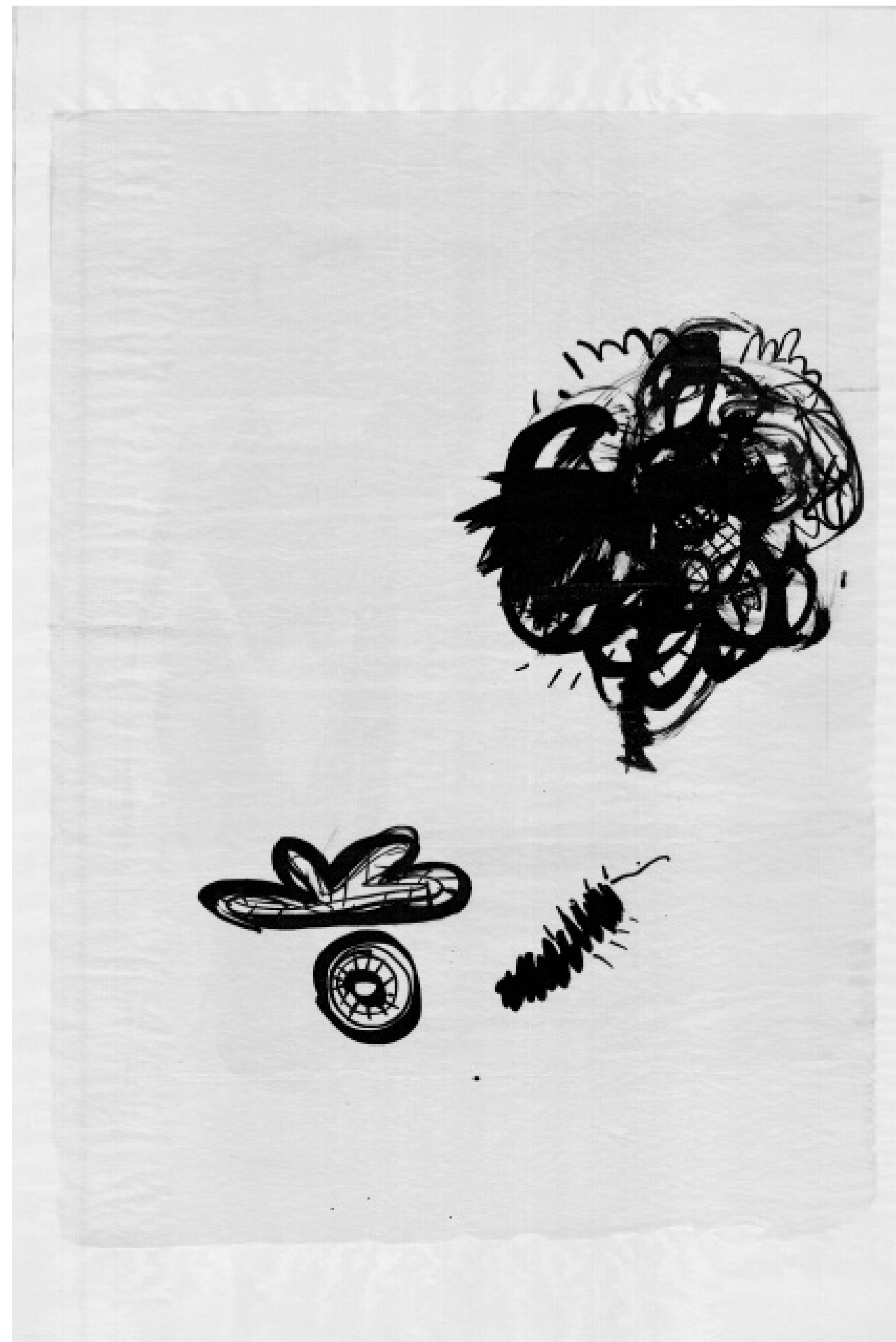
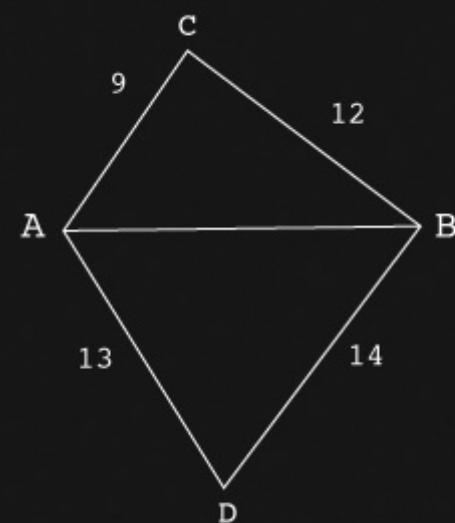
She wears off 36% of a hostility which is 20 inches in diameter and he wears off $43\frac{3}{4}$ of the remainder. How many inches of hostility are left for you?

Fig. 18



Find the area of desire when the sides measure 9, 12, 13 and 14 expressed wishes, and the distance from starting point to opposite corner is 15 sexual urges.

Fig. 5



Stephanie Brooks, *Untitled (Geometry 1-4)*, 2012, etched zinc and enamel, 6 x 6 in. (each). Courtesy of the artist.

Tegan Brace, *Ok* (monoprint), 2014, dye on newsprint, 18 x 24 in. Courtesy of the artist.

SYNTAX

SEASON

AM · John Baldessari · Tegan Brace
Stephanie Brooks · Elijah Burgher
Will Butler · Jessica Campbell · Bill Conger
Erin K Drew · Christopher Duncan · Tate Foley
Jeff Geesa · Guerrilla Girls · Jenny Holzer
Mary Kelly · Barbara Kruger · Tony Lewis
Glenn Ligon · Cole Lu · Kelly Lloyd
Jesse Malmed · Eric May · Hương Ngô
Jamie Pawlus · Kay Rosen · Molly Roth
Ed Ruscha · Nathaniel Russell
Sayward Schoonmaker · Sam Scranton
Deb Sokolow · Shannon Stratton
Alice Tippit · Oli Watt · Lawrence Weiner

