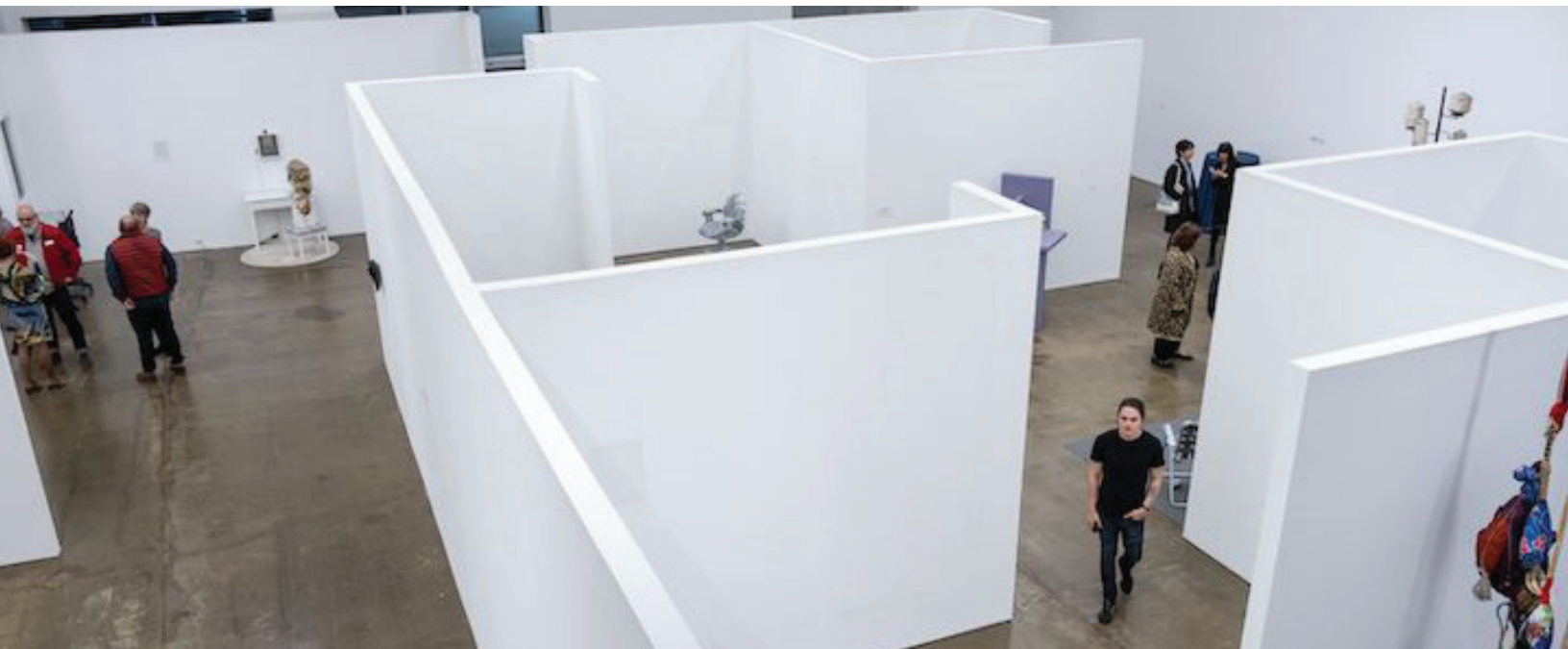


HUDSON VALLEY MOCA

Writing the Walls 2020

Mara Mills, Livia Straus, and Jo-Ann Brody

www.hudsonvalleymoca.org





Janine, Antoni, Cradle, 1999;
Pawel Althamer, The Power of Now, 2016
Danielle Kraay, Spoonfeeder, 1996;
Nam June Paik, Global Encoder, 1994
Lynn Hershman Leeson, Venus of the
Anthropocene, 2017



Writing the Walls 2020

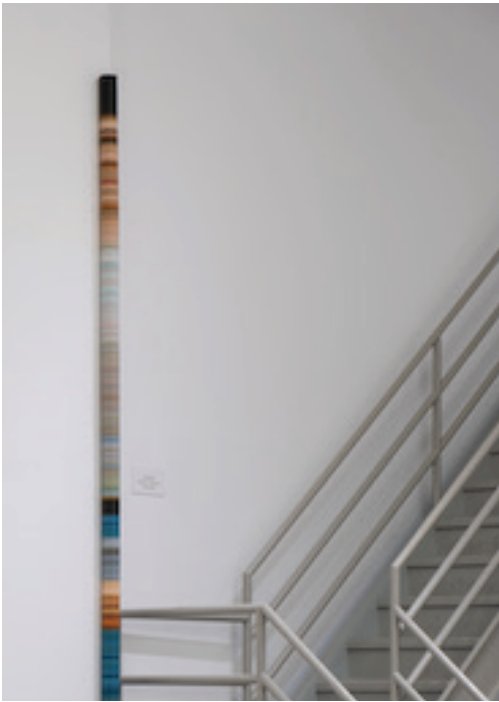
Writing the Walls started with XXX Large, opening in September 2007, as a collaboration between Mara Mills, Studio Theater in Exile, and Livia Straus, Hudson Valley MOCA. Since that exhibition, poems and plays have been written inspired by the art at Hudson Valley MOCA. Every year, at The Poets' Walk, poets would read their work in front of the art work as we took a curated walk through the exhibit.

This year, Co-VID19 has changed our perspective and way of being in the world. This year's on-line Poet's Walk is our answer to not being able to get together. We asked the selected poets to record their poems. Those who recorded, we have included in a virtual Walk. This document includes all the selected poems and the images of the art work that inspired them.

Please enjoy.

Mara, Livia, and Jo-Ann

The copyright belongs to each of the included poets.



Tom Friedman, Untitled (Styrofoam Cups), 2002
Jeanne Silverthorne, Bubble Wrapped TaskChair with Rubber Base, 2016
Bryan Zaslav, Family Reunion, 2006
Tamy Ben Tor, The Hitler Sisters: 2003
Moffat Takadiwa, The Chief Justice (3), 2018

INKJET ON PERFORATED VINYL

Tony Howarth

A telescreen monster greets you at the door,
 six jittering screens for a torso, two for its eyes.
Everywhere exhibits of how we live amid manufactured magic.
Glimmering patio chairs and a scatter of beer cans.
Venus of the Anthropocene shut down awaiting computer repairs.
A mammoth bulldozer mouth poised to crunch what sits inside it.
A comfy chair chuffed up with bubble wrap.
A lifetime tower of pastel-painted styrofoam cups.
Chief justice imagined out of a thousand keyboard buttons.
TV screens for “Hitler Sisters” and “Spoonfeeder”
 looped to pause and repeat pause and repeat pause and repeat.
In a far corner, a refugee from a previous year,
sits on a bench, his clothing muddy, tattered and gray,
his back to other human figures torn out of fantasies,
his hands at his neck holding his head bent down
as if to avoid looking at life as it passes him by.



Janine Antoni, *Cradle*, 1999

Steel

59 x 58 x 65 inches

Coffee Shop
Debra Jenks

Coffe
e Sh
ho
p

I
can't
get a word
in edgewise.
I can't get a
word
in wedge-wise. I can't
get an edge in word-wise.
I can't get a wedge in
edgewise. I can't get a wedge
word-wise.



Janine Antoni, *Cradle*, 1999

Steel

59 x 58 x 65 inches

Barefoot and Pregnant
Deirdre Hare Jacobson

Now and then, I go to the graveyard of me
and visit the mirrored stones.
Each cages a different likeness, save for one—
empty till I husk my next face.
When the time comes, the crows will scream me a cake of rust
while I feed the dirt new birth sac and wobble out on baby legs,
naked as the last day I was born.

Into light or dark, like a snake doctor ready for air,
I bust out of old skin,
my midwife hands waiting to catch
the blood-slick crown.
Come out of the holler hollering
with a twang that won't quit me
no matter how many state lines I cross.
Chew through the umbilical, shred it, hex
the strings for my steel guitar.
Deer lick.
Panther scream.
House full of bibles and lightning.
Shit shed outside, a pot to piss in.
Bare feet on thorn, gravel, hot asphalt.
No shoes—when you step in it, you feel it.
Moccasin creek.
Spigot out of the ground.
I know the stick, the fist, the sickle word.
Name your weapon; I'm still walking.
Catfish sting.
Tobacco spit.
Hellgrammite.
Cinder-block church on the hill.
Pictures of my people in caskets.
Death keeps a straight face; keening and wailing we do.
Red '64 Plymouth Fury, palming the wheel with one hand.
Camels, Raleighs, smokehouse roll-your-own.
Real McCoys with grudges and graves to prove it.

With all that behind me,
you think I'm going on birth control?
Labor is my life's work.
Take me or leave me.



Janine Antoni, *Cradle*, 1999

Steel

59 x 58 x 65 inches

Half of a—
Caedra Scott-Flaherty

There was a time when I thought I couldn't

But not because of abnormal cells, no
not because of anything growing

It was more for a lack of—
It was more that I just didn't—

But then I came-to on my knees in someone else's home

I came-to and saw them there
blond-haired
spread-eyed
smiling

Now my daughter
feeds herself,
her spoon curled in flesh-proud fingers
scooping, scooping

And my son
holds my hand to his chest,
his cells spreading and spreading
and I think—

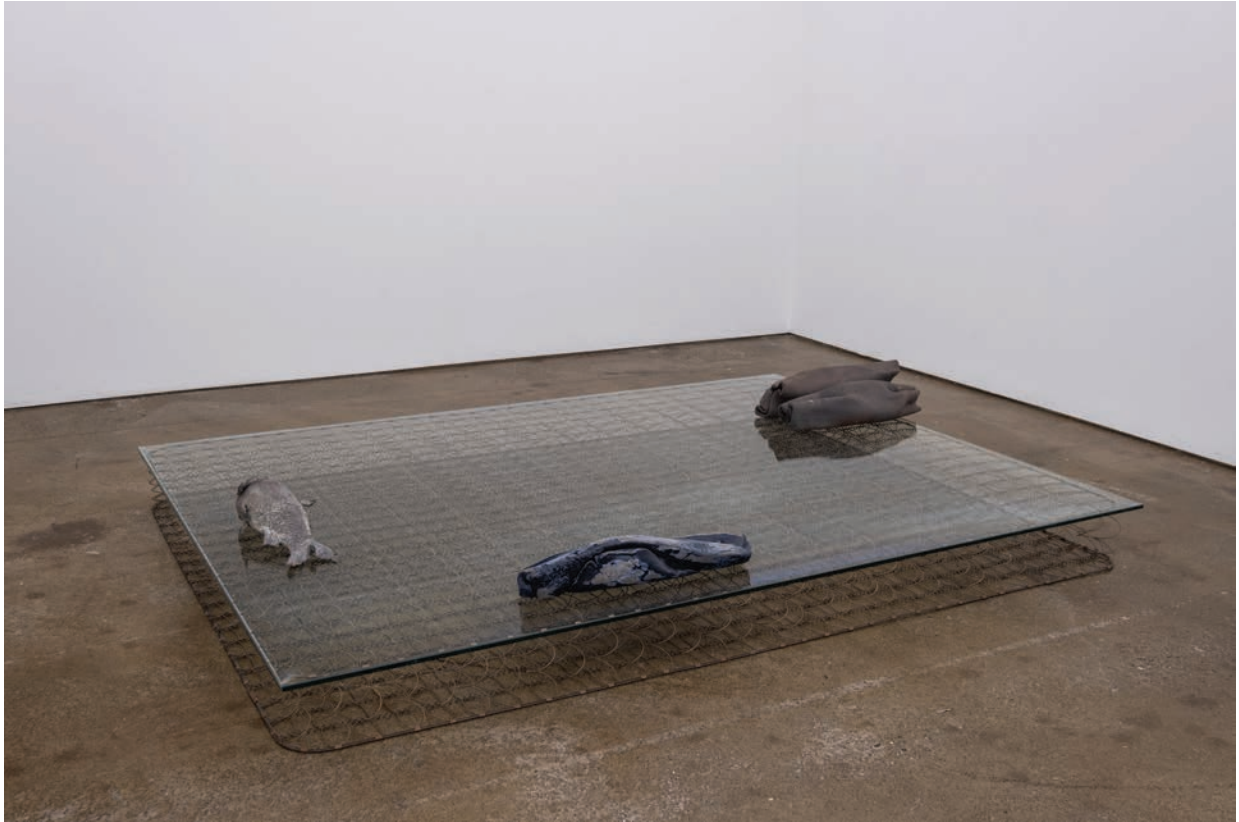
My heart
is crashing through me
like two tons of steel



Richard Artschwager, Large Round Mirror, 1988
Formica, enamel on wood
60 inches diameter

The Apparatus—Re-imagined
Edward D. Currelley

The apparatus does exist, though not in the manner we're led to believe
It's real, elusive, dastardly, it prevents full potential
It's that thing, hard to describe, but, known when felt
The thumb on our head, foot on our coat tail
It's that reflection of false heart staring back
The negative thought that encourages doubt
The constant questioning of one's own existence
By grace we forge ahead, led only by un-daunted perseverance
The road to righteousness hasn't been easy, however, been long traveled
Hidden are the imagined giants, but, fooled we are not
Visible is the door, portal, behind which the machine exists, hidden in plain sight
An apparatus and those who manipulate the mechanisms
A mirror of unabashed conspiracies
A glass from which we see our reflection
Looking out on an envisioned world of unimaginable promise



Katinka Bock, *Grosse Liegende*, 2017
Bronze ceramic, metal
10.3 x 73 x 53.5 inches

January Thaw
Donna Barkman

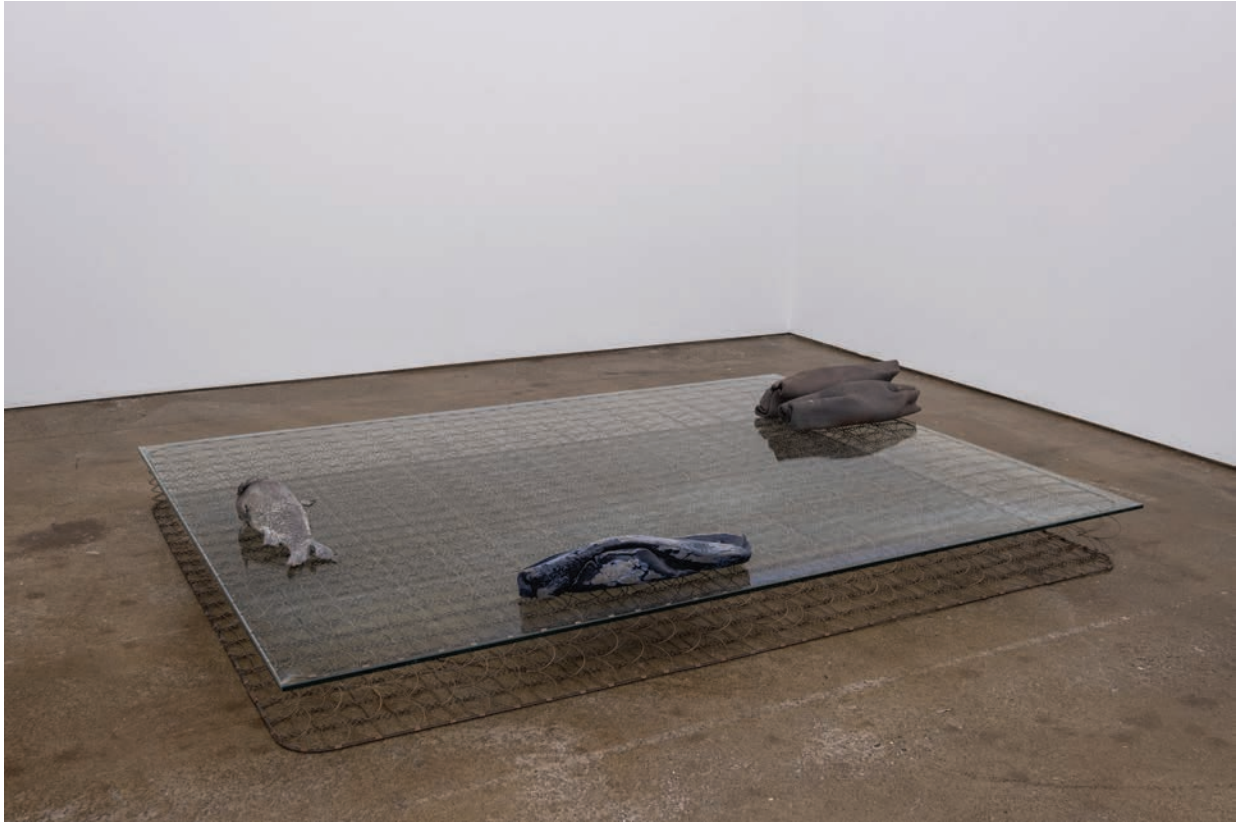
A fish on ice is a frozen fish praying to a fishy god for warmth
while lying on the silvery glaze and lying about belief – so what

It's there with its three companions – fish-shaped detritus –
waiting for the earth to turn its stubborn face to the sun

finally bringing warmth enough to melt the frigid sheet
to float away the springs beneath, stupid springs
without so much as a mattress for support – just more ice

Beneath it all - finally - pond water that will welcome
fins, scales, a flapping tail and gills to breathe

and the icy fish will swim into the freedom of its dreams
knowing well it's only a dream and a January thaw
is nothing but a lie



Katinka Bock, *Grosse Liegende*, 2017
Bronze ceramic, metal
10.3 x 73 x 53.5 inches

On waves of springs i float
Jo-Ann Brody

On waves of springs i float
On sea of glass
Fragile clay morphs
Fish to form and
Form to fish
Scarce
Sparse
Scant
No teeming creatures here
Pisces,
I am Pisces
Water lover
Clay loving
Blue,
Colorless
Undefined
Floating
Floating
On



Louise Bourgeois, Sutures, 1993
Steel, thread, rubber, needles, enamel pin
108 x 41 x 35 inches G

Having Forgotten **Sam Sundius**

I'm sitting
on a couch
and

a young woman takes my hand. Her face is comforting but I can't think of why.
I've seen it before. Maybe in the mirror
She's happy but her eyes are filling with tears.
To be polite maybe mine tear up, too.

I'm sitting on a red couch.

A woman my age who I don't recognize speaks to me with a soft voice and kind eyes.
(I want to say queer things to her; tell her I love her)

But not in a gay way.

She makes a joke, a light-hearted comment. It's fantastic. (What is?) But when I speak
the words fall out of my mouth like wet sugar. The thought that was so urgent dissolves
on my tongue and the words fall out of my mouth

like
wet
sugar.

I used to be smart. They'd say (but wouldn't now) now.

She agrees and laughs. It's indescribable. This kindred spirit. I tell her she's beautiful. A
past self maybe.

We're walking down the street and she squeezes my hand like a mother would.

Playfully, tenderly

Without thinking, I squeeze back and she says, "I like holding your hand," and I am
devastated
(with gratitude).

"I was just thinking the same thing. I wanted to say that, that it's so nice." And now,
tearfully, I see what's happening
and life and love and and come into my mind like oxygen to my lungs. And now,
choking back tears, I say, "Why can't it just be like this? I mean we don't need them, it
could just be us, like this
forever."

She should have agreed.

Our hands fit together so snugly; two pieces of cloth cut from
some fabric.



Louise Bourgeois, *Sutures*, 1993
Steel, thread, rubber, needles, enamel pin
108 x 41 x 35 inches

Work of the Weavers
MaryAnn McCarra-Fitzpatrick

On threads spun, woven, and bleached, in this
land of lace and linen, now tumbled, she tosses
and turns, the slubs rough between
thumb and index finger, the branch tapping
a Morse code upon brittle panes, her sky
reliably an off-white grey, a blank
to embroider her intentions upon, unpicking the stitches
as the sun falls, to change the end of her story.

how her finger aches after spindle-pricking it and drawing
a bead of blood, cursed by those
malicious old Aunts jealous of her good
fortune, hovering in the anteroom, uninvited still,
snacking, languorously, on their bitter invective and
savoring the sour taste of it, relishing the aroma of
putrefaction rising all around them.

meanwhile, the threads, so many threads, mercerized for
strength, from fiber, from flax, spin themselves (spoke
stitch, hemstitched) into tablerunner, Christening gown, a
bridal veil trimmed with flouncings of lace, spider woven,
eyes of the needles winking open and closed (You'll never
do better for quality and price!) Hers is a saucy
glance into the face of the future, and fate, and
fearlessness—the flag of her handkerchief unfurling
from the window of the train carriage. She
waves all away. She is on her way, finally.
On



Michael Brown, *Billie Holiday Mop*, 2008
Mop head and melted Billy Holiday records
54 x 12 x 12 inches

Mops Holy Purchases **Lorraine Currelley**

There were times my exhausted body wanted to go home after I put in my eight hours of work. I'd wrestle with myself trying to justify reasons I should skip class. Overwhelmed by feelings of guilt and shame for wanting to. Knowing skipping class was tantamount to betrayal. I could not live with these feelings. Feelings stronger than the exhaustion I felt. Always In the midst of my exhaustion I felt an internal tugging and heard their voices gently whispering to me. The voices of those long dead. You can do it. You must do it. Hold on. Hold on. Lean on us for strength. We are here. It won't be long they would say. You must light the path for those coming behind you. You will make it better. You will make it better. Fueled with an unearthly determination I'd rush off to class. Reminded I am not my own. I am their will, their dream, their inherited living flesh.

The end of every college and grad school semester found my body thrown to the floor sobbing. My body finally free to let go. Release and relief met an abundance of gratitude. Embraced by the loving presence of the eternal spirits of my ancestors. I was one step closer to fulfilling their hope. Accomplishments cursing the whip's lash and the lynched swinging from Billie Holiday's poplar trees, if caught reading or attempting to. I imagined dark trembling fingers and terror caressing pages filled with words they did not recognize nor understand. Believing this reading and knowing would bring freedom.

When I was a young woman I would sit at the feet of silver haired women and listen to their stories. There was an urgency in their voices and the words they spoke. I have inherited their stories. Now I am silver haired and the young ones ask to sit with me. The young ones listen quietly and intently at the stories of this silver haired woman seated before them. They're eager to learn. I never lie to them. In the beginning they were puzzled by my questions. Questions like have you ever seen, read, were taught or told of diplomas, degrees, certificates and doctors operating elevators? I have. What about pale folks kitchens and spirits dwelling in empathetic and imprisoned mops? I have. Crushed dreams, broken hearts and missing families? I have. I speak of mops, aprons, cleaning, cooking, and freshly scrubbed pale babies smelling of clothing, rent, and food. Their chubby little legs and feet reminding me of my own babies left at home. I turn to them during my telling, our ancestors sacrificed for us. They promise, as I did in my youth, to hold these stories close to their hearts but more importantly to never forget.



Michael Brown, *Desperately Optimistic*, 2006
Stainless steel and aluminum: Found objects: lounge chair, 2 lawn chairs, 20 Budweiser cans.
Dimensions variable

Self Awareness Discovery
Denise Gillen

My soul is thirsty
I need to put my feet up
This place welcomes me

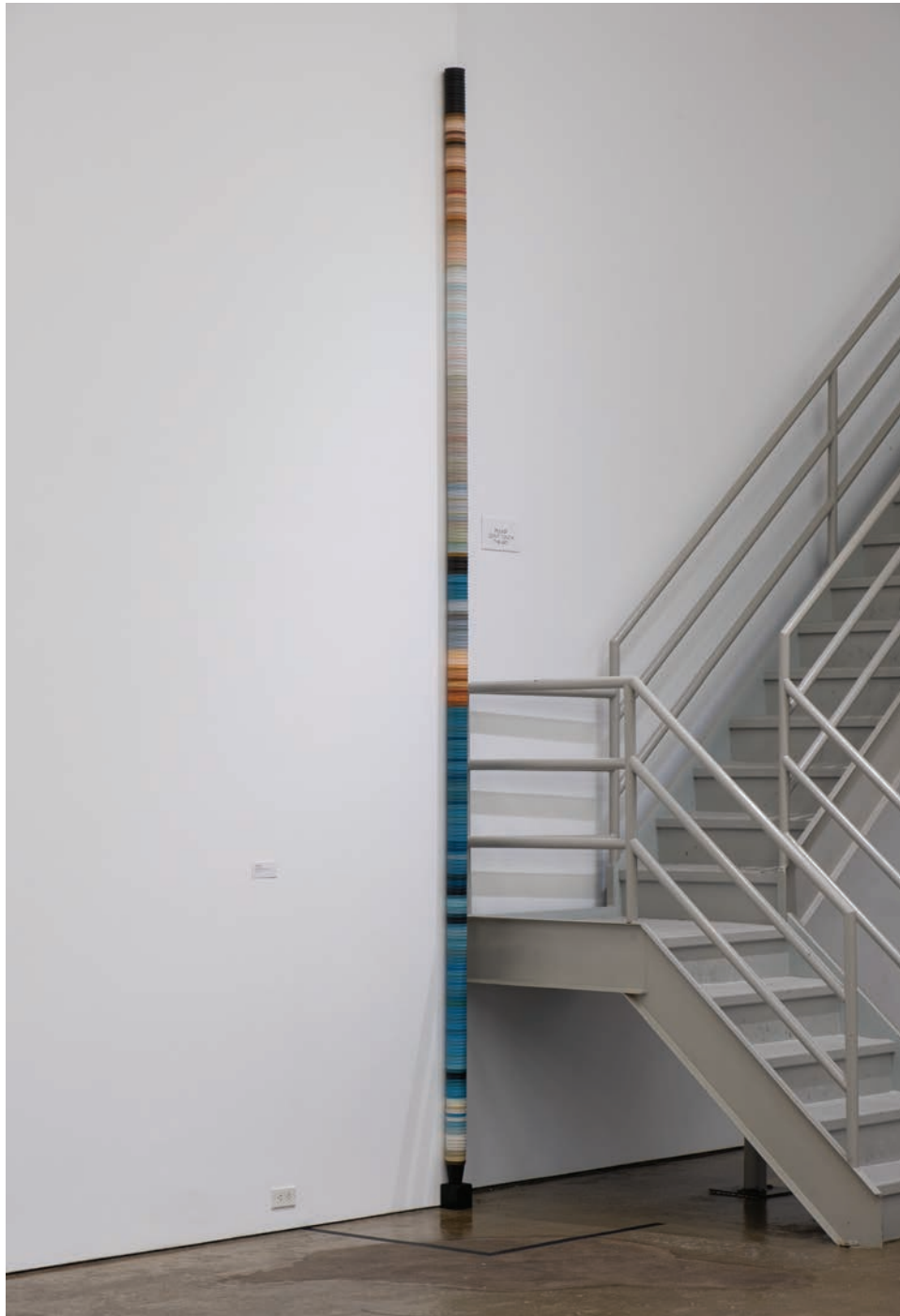
Reflections on Retirement
Judith Heineman

You meant to retire years ago
The weft and warp of work
Pulled you tightly
Others left early
As they promised
55 on the dot
Decades later
You remain
Their support
Fulfilling unimaginable tasks
With brilliance
Never seeking the spotlight
Rare accomplishments
Reflected in others' praise
Shyly accepted

It is time to recline
Lounge
Put your feet up

Everyone asks
"What will you do?"
Be lazy
No need to report
Meetings adjourned
Boards dispersed

Relax
For the first time in your life
You can



Tom Friedman, *Untitled (Styrofoam Cups)*, 2002
Seventy-five stacked and glued Styrofoam cups
hand-painted in colors
166.5 x 3 x 3 inches

POET

B. Fulton Jennes

All you know of me
is what I allow you to see:
snowy iceberg tip,
red lines on a
7-panel drug test
in a thousand-substance world,
pixel-wide swath
cut from a deckle-edged photo,
blue litmus paper
screaming its red acid alert
but blind to base,
wisp of smoke
from a mine conflagration
that has burned,
underground, unseen,
for decades.

You see but a thread
dangling from the hem
of my fullness,
a glimpse through the crack
of a nearly closed door,
you, cuffed and bound
in Plato's Cave,
decide I am an old animal,
dry of bone and
weak of sight,
from the slim shadow
I cast on the only stone wall
you will ever see.

You do not suspect
my coal-stoked yearning,
my dopamine surges
fed by sunshine and truth,
my lye-laced embrace
that will burn you
to the bone
then crack open your hull
with a sub-sea fist,
rip out your soul,
and sing to it.



Jeffrey Gibson, *Deep Blue Day*, 2014

Found vinyl punching bag, recycled wool blanket,
artist's own repurposed painting, artificial sinew, steel
studs

49.5 x 16 x 16 inches

Pretty/Tough
Seamus Mullen

Do we all remember that aging song,
I get knocked down, but I get up again?
It grated on people's nerves back then,
(still might), but as a 90s baby, I feel an affinity.

I too can take hits on the chin with a grin,
still look good while I'm headed down to the ground.
Like the time a helmet rammed my jaw in peewee football,
nothing broken, but black and blue
—the peculiar blue of broken blood vessels under the skin.
The days it was darkest, I felt proud: my imagined shadow of beard
aged my prepubescent face into a stronger kid,
less afraid of the world.

Tough can be kind, in the right measure,
it can motivate in unexpected ways.
When I listen to my friends talk of having kids,
bringing new people onto our wounded earth,
with glaciers melting, the onslaught of the deep blue sea.
And I think of my own parents,
the strongest people I know,
and how uncertain the future may have looked,
watching the black plumes of Kuwait's burning oil wells
from maternity ward TVs.

I gather all that ordinary bravery into me,
wear it as headgear, buckle under my chin,
cover my hands and tap the knuckles together.
A boxer entering the ring,
Sparking arcs of bright-blue electricity.

So I'm standing here with my fists raised.
Come knock the lights right out of me.



Sonia Gomes, *Pendente 2*, 2016

Stitching, bindings, different fabrics, laces on wire and rope

236.2 x 80.01 inches

Viscera

Donna Barkman

my extra-gut
not yet quite full –

extra stomachs like all ruminants
who yearn for brilliant food:
brigadeiro and feijada

colorful and satisfying
as the countenance
of my sacs

suspended by stretched
intestine so they vibrate
with my breath
pulsate with my heart

tremble like you with hope



Rachel Harrison, *The Honey Collector*, 2002
Wood, polystyrene, cement, acrylic, paper, ten plastic
honey bear bottles, and chromogenic print
65.5 x 39 x 33.5 inches

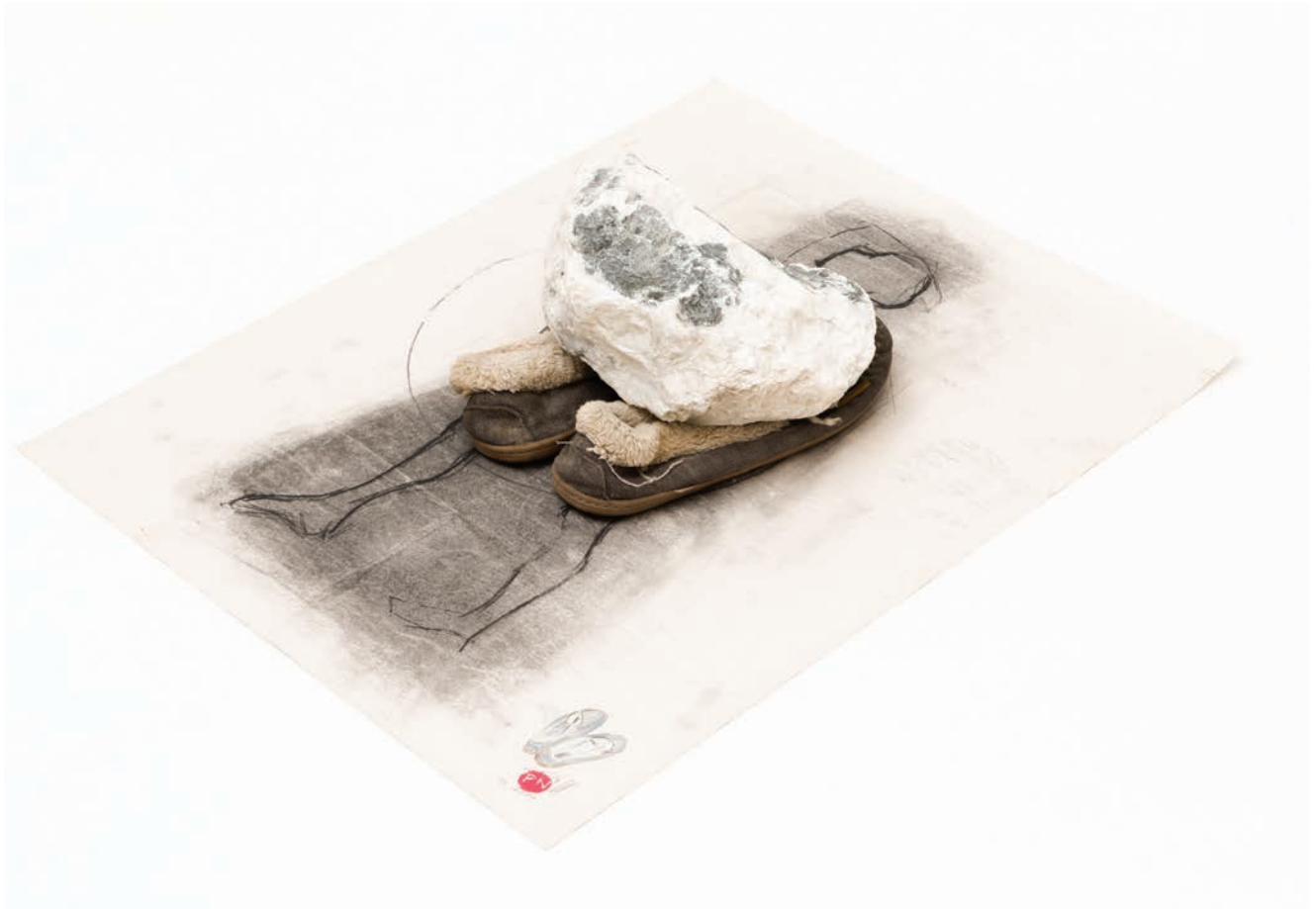
Out of Strength Comes Sweetness
MaryAnn McCarra-Fitzpatrick

that was the way it was: the hollowed carcass
yielding honey. How can she bear your absence,
the pantry bare, her eyes and ears empty of your
words, that perfect food for this philistine?

now, casting her eyes about this desert of a kitchen, seeking
out a vision of him beneath the flickering florescence
reflecting off silvery linoleum, that modern convenience,
she sighs, mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.

honey bees born, improbably, out of a lion, so, too,
sweetness concealed by strength, now ministered to
by a net-clothed keeper, fragrant pipesmoke clouds keeping
their buzzing hordes at bay: he strides long
about these tidy houses, he shakes the very earth.

as the bee flies, so does she, through all the years,
ranging from field to field, haphazard, a thorn in the side of
man and beast alike, tolerated for the honeyed syllables
that spill from her lips, yes, yes, each word
an assent of gold smeared with the back of the
spoon upon the heel of the loaf. Warmed by his
hands it pours like water from the rock.



Paulo Nazareth, *Mocacine*, 2017
Pencil on paper, stone, pair of shoes
5.1 x 19.7x 17.7 inches

FOOTPRINTS

Gene Tashoff

These are my frayed and worn pathfinders, my ragged warriors, my resilient underpinnings, my fearless and tireless seekers of beauty and truth, beyond enmity and mistrust, misery and madness. They were my constant companions in my quest to find the angels behind the devils. The good behind the evil. As you can see here, I repeatedly covered them with food for thought. I admit that oddness is a family trait.

They were undaunted, as we walked, strode, marched, slogged, sloshed, ascended and descended on a 3,000-mile journey to put the whole world beneath my feet and as many of its occupants in front of my eyes.

I was looking for shared humanity over tribal differences, hope within desolation and destruction, affirmation beyond discontent, belief beyond bitterness, kinship beyond mistrust, heaven over hell, peace over war. And, yes, I was also looking for a wife, if one presented her or his self. A tall order for a uniquely short person such as I am.

These undaunted foot covers were my sole connection to the earth beneath me. They were, for all their raggedness, my center of gravity for the inclines and descents, as well as my protectors for the unfamiliar sights and sounds deep into the nights.

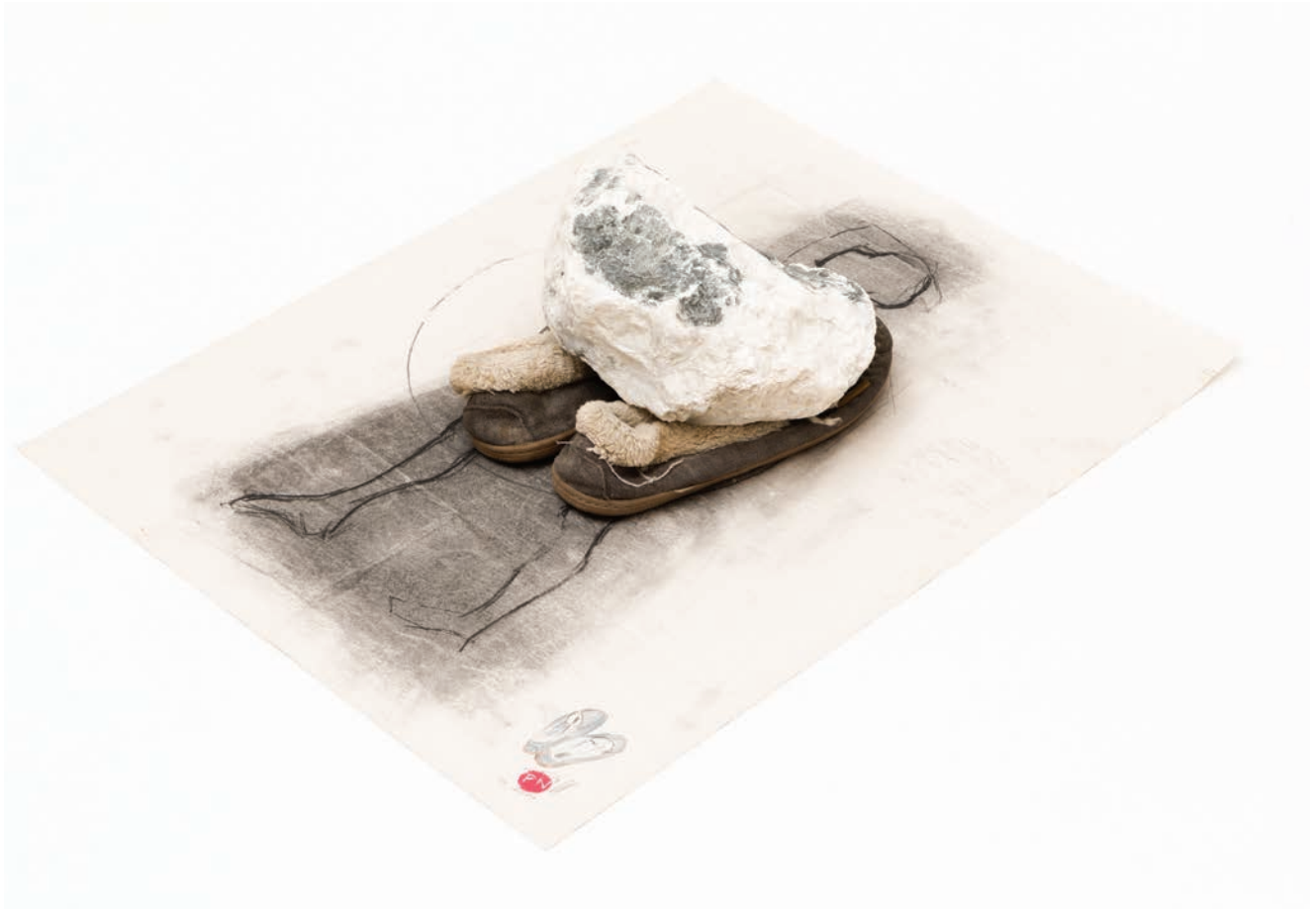
I called them my jet wings when I set out to see the world beyond its bitterness. To discover the good intentions of people everywhere. I was looking for answers, for affirmation, for kindness. For beauty in desolation.

I also collected profundities, thinking I could use them as answers when confronted with intellectual discourse as to how and who, when and where I expected to make the world a safer place. And who the hell was I to try? Unfortunately, they are still in a box in a closet, in a coffin of perpetuity - until the world can rescue itself from poverty, disease, mistrust, and, now, global warming.

But the travels of my moccasins and myself took me farther than the estimated 3,000 miles we walked and watched and waited. They brought us to this grand museum to tell our story with silence and thought

My hope is that all of you, marching along from place to place in your shared journeys will be moved to play a part -with both words and deeds -to unearth the best in others as you walk these rooms, streets, boulevards, towns, cities, and nations.

Wherever you leave your footprints.



Paulo Nazareth, *Mocacine*, 2017
Pencil on paper, stone, pair of shoes
5.1 x 19.7x 17.7 inches

Feats of Courage
Judith Heineman

Taking one painful
Step at a time
Feet burning
Ankles swollen
Toes tingling
Loss of all feeling
Relentlessly
Lifting one leg after the other
Each footfall placed
Precisely
Judiciously
Avoiding
Jagged rocks
And loose stones
Not making a sound
Trudging onward
Gaining a yard
A mile an inch
When your body cries out
It cannot take another step
You climb higher
There are no paths
You forge your own route
Bordering freedom
Flimsy footwear
Disintegrates
You arrive barefoot
At journeys end
And wash the dust off
Your feet



Paulo Nazareth, *CA-produtos de genocidio: Uncle Ben's y Aunt Jemima*, 2017
Resin, various objects, wood
11.8 x 11.8 x 6.9 inches

Not My Aunt and Uncle
Clara Lerchi

A perfectly smooth
rectangular prism...prison
slight lilac hue
but definitely transparent perches atop an unblemished perfect
white tabletop.

Lies.

How can this be a vision of perfection?

large White print:

Integral

White

PRONTO EM 20 MINUTOS.

Yes slave labor was

Integral to feed the

White monsters who wanted free labor

PRONTO EM 20 MINUTOS.

Maybe the decade has changed Maybe we like to think
great and lasting reform keeps us safe from the evil the guilt
of History.

This transparent

Lilac cube shatters easily throw it to the ground

let Uncle Ben and Aunt Jemima out...

they have their own families

waiting for their freedom

“Imagine All the people

living life in peace

You, you may say I’m a dreamer but I’m not the only one”



Ben Schumacher, *The Intern as Phantom Limb*, 2012
Tempered glass, hardware, inkjet on perforated vinyl,
drain hair, rapid prototype, scanned seaweed, Chelsea
Market
65 x 97 x 15 inches 2017

The day I became invisible

Robert Edward Miss

One day in a randomly appointed month
I became invisible. No one warned me.
My siblings, no. My in-laws, hell no.
Certainly not my smugly smiling colleagues.
They started talking about me like I wasn't there.
I suddenly felt like I wasn't anywhere. Invisible.
Girls now brushed past me when I held the door.
I guess I wasn't a prospect anymore. Just invisible.
Those yappy little dogs,
weird breeds that flounce and prance,
stopped barking at me.
Can invisibility be good, by chance?
Delivery men stopped asking directions.
My cat stopped seeking my affections.
My children don't see me.
I'm not a meme or an app.
Nor do they hear the gray-haired guy in the baseball cap,
that crazy old fool.
No, their ear buds rule.
Since I'm already invisible,
I may take leave of them all.
Vanish into thin air. But where?
Go to Vermont this fall?
Never write, never call?
I may be invisible, but will they miss me?
"Hey, there's a place at the table, it's empty!"
In taciturn New England, I'll have a ball.
They don't care a whit. Anyone can fit.
No need to keep up appearances.
No such folderol.



Lynn Leeson-Hershman, *Venus of the Anthropocene 2*, 2017
Vanity dresser with drawers, stool, mirror, Mac Mini, webcam,
facial recognition system, plastic body parts, plastic containers
with specific labels for DNA, anatomical model, custom
software
Dimensions variable

Taken

Cait Van Damm

I have always wanted brightly colored hair. But the hair of my youth was
That deep brown Multi-tonal, Envied by others
I never wanted to tarnish with dye.

Then I extracted my cellular self, mixed it, and spit out some new combination of a
human
And found myself
Vanquished with Bright white hairs
Wild amid increasingly thinning and lackluster brown I said, fuck it.
Let's go with blue.

And the lacquered gold shimmer Of various goopy beauty rituals Became my salva-
tion
When my innards were otherwise blank And inverted, off course
Depleted by hours of pumping and Constant waking and
Being touched
With only the consent of conception.

Now when you see me When I see myself
There is only space for blue.



Lynn Leeson-Hershman, *Venus of the Anthropocene 2*, 2017

Vanity dresser with drawers, stool, mirror, Mac Mini, webcam, facial recognition system, plastic body parts, plastic containers with specific labels for DNA, anatomical model, custom software

Dimensions variable

Rock Candy Girl
Robert Edward Miss

(To the Tune of the Unknown Soldier)

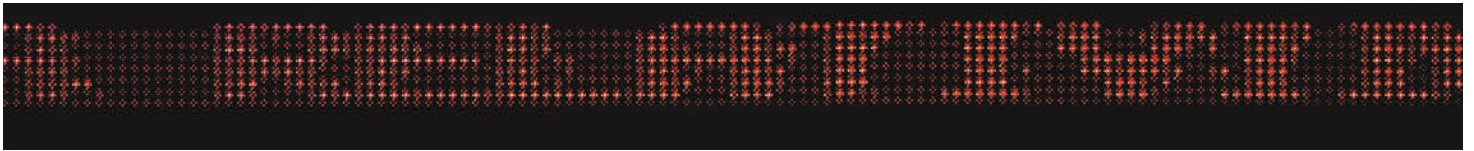
Marching along with the
Rock Candy Girl
Pulling her string
For a lark...

Sharing delights with the
Rock Candy Girl
Twisting her hair
In the dark...
Pushing each thing
To its mark...

Tell me why...
She's so high!

Tell me why...
She won't cry!

She's determined to come to the end.
She can't take to herself as a friend.



Jenny Holzer. *Untitled*, 1990

Horizontal electronic LED sign, three color diodes,
English, Spanish, French, unique
9.5 x 5.2 x 176.3 inches

In My Library of Beautiful Lies
Deirdre Hare Jacobson

In my library of beautiful lies,
the monster escapes his poison father—
the rue and gall of his life usurped
by a strange peace that heals
the way ice would devour a fever
or cool a ferocious star.
And for him,
he who was born of death,
I make a smile flower miscreant red
upon his lips,
for I am a sister to much that is cracked and broken.
So let his pariah music roil the clever angels.
He can wander where he likes.
With profligate eye and heart,
he will be my wild scholar,
hero of epic joy.



Bruce Nauman, *Human Sexual Experience*, 1985
Neon tubing mounted on aluminum monolith
17 x 23 x 9.5 inches

Blue Seersucker Suit/ A Short One Woman Play About A Transformation
Ellen O'Neill

I am wearing a blue seersucker fitted pants suit, green shoes, NO underwear.

I look GEORGEOUS.

I am supposed to visit my mom after teaching school today but I'm not going.

I will meet HIM at White Pond. After twelve years of marriage and five children I am having the FIRST fling of my life...with a much younger man. Why not? What the FUCK!

F-u-c-k a word I never said once in my 35 years is one I now use frequently.

He helps me wearing my 6" heels into the canoe.

He paddles to the middle of the pond.

Me, him, the canoe and no one else.

He tells me:

He: Close your eyes, Listen.

ELLEN: I hear birds singing, the wind humming

He: Open your eyes and observe one tree, only one.

ELLEN: I do

He: Is it moving?

ELLEN: No

He: Look again

ELLEN: Yes

He: Now look, all around...Further... Deeper

ELLEN: They're all moving

He: Get undressed and slip into the water.

ELLEN: I blush, I blush head to toe. Oh God, it's cold. My inverted nipples pop out. The water sparkles; diamonds surround me, fish nibble at my tummy. All that was dry is wet. There is music and for the first time, I know what making love is.

But it was what it was... a human sexual experience but so much more...a fun fling, a liaison, a short lived romance. IT WAS WONDERFUL.



Bruce Nauman, *Human Sexual Experience*, 1985
Neon tubing mounted on aluminum monolith
17 x 23 x 9.5 inches

In / Out
France Ricapito

When something is different from before we search for a distinct change something that is not here but there but here is where I leave certainty things I don't need bras feeling bad bullshit emails my old name burning my tongue getting in the way standing here my insecurity the bastard sneaking made up jurisdictions making me seem like a secret by existing not knowing makes hiding more hidden end goals never exist for living things anyway they get invented and kept on track in tight fits made for me not by me in the dark so long sealed behind me



Yu Honglei, #2, 2018

Brass, stainless steel, iron, wire, millet rice

39.4 x 18.9 x 23.6 inches

Millet Rice Grain
Wayne L. Miller

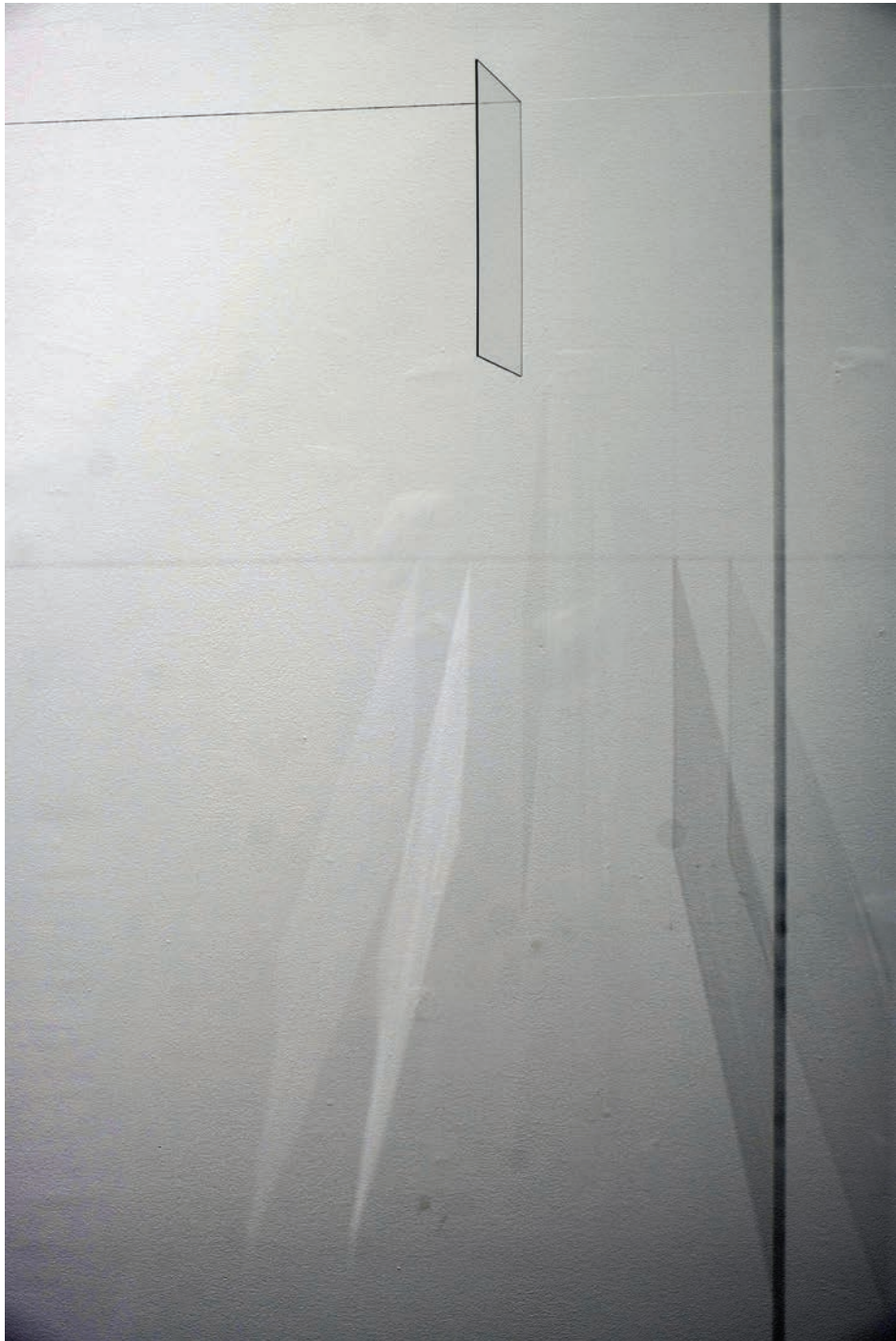
single
grain

fifth from left
fourth from top
second from front

surrounded
by others
of questionable
identity

but this
grain
knows who
it is

and that
its future
is three quarters
down in
a box of
Kelloggs
cereal



Jong Oh, *Room Drawing (monochrome)*, 2019

Plexiglas, string, chain, pencil line, metal rod, bead, fishing wire, paint

Dimensions variable

String and Shade
Catherine Ventura

String and shade
whisper that you've
been here before.

You've come around hard-edged corners
your own thread
having looped to link
the brighter and more tangible
answers in a maze
that begins and ends with the same question:
how.

But now here,
with the surety of those corners left behind,
you find only a shifting whisper
in a language you think you remember
that you yearn to know.

Here your own skein dangles
as your eyes take in
a pale plumbed string
a shadow
a subtle scratch of graphite
then turn to catch a shimmer-
a slice of light and
the tenuous suggestion of a window -
to see if they contain you,
if you inhabit them for this moment,
to sense how it frames you,
if - and how - you live *here*
exactly where you are.

Soon you'll see that
they do contain you,
pale string and subtle shade,
and have contained you all along,
shifting as you do,

these fragile traces of
where you've just come from
where you've already been.

You're safe here
you were safe there
you've been safe all along.



Nam June Paik, *Global Encoder*, 1994

KEC 9-inch TVs, 1 Samsung 13-inch TV, steel frame, chassis, neon, satellite dish, laser disk players, and 2 original Paik laser disks

122 x 84 x 55 inches

Becoming Dean
Andrew Cirincione

Follow the path he walked
Heed the words he talked
Give from the
Bottom of your iron heart
Always move forward
Never turn back
Care for special people
In your life
You'll always know
When you're doing right
Never lose sight
That becoming Dean
Is the greatest
Gift in life
And will give you
Peace of mind and mettle



Anne Samat, Che Ya: *The Greatest Love*, 2019

Textile, mixed media
120 x 90.5 x 11 inches

The Greatest Love
Moira Trachtenberg

You reigned
unbridled goddess supreme
on your broomstick
day and night
your wings spread wide
as you burned kingdoms
to the ground with a glance
and bade them rise up again
Your womb of hubcap and lace
accepted no lip
You fed us your own heart
sliced thin, disguised
as steak tartare, and other delicacies
sprinkled with salt and pepper
Taste it, you said. (This pain.)
You could dress up your love
accessorize and shimmer
lipstick and glamour
the careful plucking of brows
Or dress it down—the kissing
of tears and small bruised knees

You magicked work into play
in your wild Eden
taught us to free the frizz
of tender white roots
to tamp firmly the earth
to MiracleGro with acid blue
to levitate autumn leaves
into mountains of unbounded joy
You taught us to prune cruelly
without fear or remorse
You were just as likely to mend
the plumbing as hem a dress
or to dress a wound as wind a bobbin
And when the sun threatened
to set, you fought for us—
not like these trailing fronds
of emasculated plastic army men
No, you battled like the raccoon
and the dog (and the bowl of food)
trapped in the pen, loudly, fiercely
to the bloody death



Michael E. Smith, *Untitled*, 2016

Shoes, urethane
13.5 x 9.5 x 5 inches

Old Basketball Players Never Die
Bill Resnick

They tore down the walls of old Yankee Stadium the other day,
walls that cast a shadow on the basketball courts of my youth.
Not the kind of shadow that has some dark meaning,
but a shadow that would pass over pole and backboard and hoop,
turning the court into a sun filled arena, under a high blue sky.
Shirts stripped from youthful bodies, perfecting skills for different days, different
arenas.
Learning without realizing it, acquiring new skills,
pure competition, putting it on the line, winning and losing,
feeling how it felt and doing it again, and again.
Being chosen, because they knew you could play.
Challenged by a company of young men, succeeding, gaining their respect.
Chosen again, other days, other places, carrying the memories of the courts,
Into a future of new arenas, new courts, always evolving, always growing, always
unique.
Old basketball players never die,
The just continue practicing their fadeaway.



Susana Solano, *Eixut*, 1988
Iron and PVC
55.5 x 138.5 x 79.5 inches

Susan Solano
Harry Edgar Palacio

Was this daddy's table or the banishment- Dark lucrative temples for the burial ritual- Do we feast on the candelabra of days
Your sitting of questioning- The wax like euphemism- The gray of infernos like Lorca's civil war
The final exit signs - The dry lips of children bearing children- I have spoken to Exu the blacksmith of Orisha
The Catalan of dove speak- Verses upon this nuptial of absent beds- My chest the marred horses of death and dying
Inexorable mute nights playing with the cantor of "splendor solis,"- Moorish workmen the apple of Sodom- I don't care
You have come to my country but we have never met- The cajole of weather vanity- Your lucid dreaming is like the emptiness of space growing like a child
My Anahata becomes the bruised mort of poverty- Hand to mouth, mouth to hand- my foot in my tongue tied ritual bath- dance of mortgage
Do I make my children the same tired, hungry ghosts- The grapes of wrath that cradle their throes of dream walking- Your tired hands is a foreign marriage
Where the black mass crucifies Judas and Christ alike- Each in their hands like Lilith and the brunt of childbearing- Your lawyer of sex
Ahora me mirarán como yo te miro- La Kali morena o Tripura Sundari de sudor claro- La Ave María of unwanted guests
I've not banished the Spanish of La Vida es Sueño- The insistence of iron bars like the speaker of deserts or the dark chosen warbling of tax season
My mother blind like the phosphorus nude June tells me my stories- my favorite color of poetry- the language of the dead and the rebirth of Cerberus
La familia de cuentos como la niñera- Aciete verde y aguacate mis palmos de letras para la nube de sangre Annunaki
Mira pero no toque, look but don't touch- My milk spoiled while I forgot myself- Your trough of pencil shavings is kiss like
My kids are your kids, we are the same- Your nubile legs of prayer- Pensara en la fama de está pupa un día?
My words of the ironing board- The magenta of your forlorn lips- The storytelling of cities
Your long somber hands clamped around the quiet reasoning of umber skin
This was the kismet of your shoulders set like stones in muted tongues
The long nights of beds- The mosque of cawing- The tantra of nude bodies tête a tête
Orion's belt of half-light- You speak the mad utterances of Sanskrit over your dark Vistas of quiet mantras
This day is the morning of ritual- the wonderings of the lotus flower pressed against dirt
Gather your jeweled tear drop mist of lips
The unbroken handmaiden of touch me, touch me not, touch me, touch me not
Your hand holding has no suns- the backside of stone graves giving in
Ease your dovetail of mourning into my olvido nocturna



Moffat Takadiwa, *The Chief Justice (3)*, 2018

Computer keys

98.5 × 39.4 × 7.9 inches

Computer Keys

Michael Sirken

To wake to the miracle of a day; sunshine beaming through
The sliver between a shade and an oak sill.
But to be woke to Mother Nature's assault!
We have it in us to lay down an example of who we are, were, and will always be:
These plastic computer keys positioned artistically in various ways
To resemble a shawl or cloth which shields us from the cold, which adorns us.

These useful keys are a record of our time where we bridged
The nexus of our thoughts, our calculations, our science and technology...
Through a new frontier, cyberspace; to be collected at the other end by these same keys.
Plastic! Floating upon our seas.
Why is so much good so bad? Man's dilemma.

Amazement overcomes us on finding a small human tool
Buried with its maker's bones for millennia.
Man's path can be traced from Asia to the New World.
This art of computer keys: all we need do is preserve it...
Provided our oceans do not grow too high, our air too thin.

Perhaps one day we shall travel across the universe on a beam of light
Or take some shortcut unknown to us now.
And with us bring a record of our accomplishments so sentient beings
On the other side of G-d's vast creation can benefit.
Or will those beings visit a healing Earth to piece together who we were,
Call it archeology, and where we failed?



Rachel Whiteread, *Untitled (Felt Floor)*, 2003

Resinated wool felt

18 units, each 3 x 54 x 18 inches

Overall 3 x 108 x 168 inches

Memories

Jo-Ann Brody

I'm sitting, waiting

Waiting for him to return
to the house he/we built
Its a special fir, she said.
And oak.

I'm sitting in the dining room waiting

Waiting for life to happen
Polishing the wood with rags and love

I'm sitting in my dining room waiting

Waiting for the phone calls
My Pauline, beloved grandmother has died.
Her house, her life, her floors, her table.
Her meetings, her endless meetings
Earth mother, activist, role model.
Dad drumming on the table to the music in his head
He died and I wasn't there
He came for a last visit

I'm sitting in my dining room waiting

Waiting for my children to come home.
To walk down the hall.
Where are they? What are they doing?
Who are they with? Should I worry?

I'm sitting in my dining room waiting

Waiting for him to come to his senses.
To remember
to remember our life, to remember our love
to remember who he is, to remember what he promised

I'm sitting in my dining room waiting

Waiting
To hear he is dead.



Rachel Whiteread, *Untitled (Felt Floor)*, 2003

Resinated wool felt

18 units, each 3 x 54 x 18 inches

Overall 3 x 108 x 168 inches

Felt Floor

Loretta Oleck

Back and forth, you pace upon my wool-felt face.
A loaded German luger shoved deep inside the ladder-
stitched pocket on your inside-out trousers held up
with frayed twine. Eyes roll backwards like electrical
sockets waiting to be turned on.

I am the underbelly of the floor in this wrong-way-round
house listening to the squeak of your soles when you imagine
you are in control. Listening to the swish of your pointer
stroking the luger's trigger like a wild lover unable to remain
contained. It's mouth opens wide as a full moon crying out
in a throaty full moan—

a hold-everything, day-of-reckoning, pace-setting, red-herring,
window-dressing kind of full moan. Put-the-phone-down,
pay-attention, take-a-breath, pull-the-trigger kind of full moan.

I've been walked on with scuffed heels, slopped over in mud
by biting boots. But I will tell you what lives in the negative
space, what steadies you, what holds your aching arches
to my lips—

strong steel bones hinged to stronger steel bones.

Some say it's better to be the ceiling than the floor.
Some say it's better to be a floor-to-ceiling window.
I say it's better to live inside-out, far enough away
from your rants and your raves—

Plato's-cave, learn-to-behave kinds of raves. Up-the-ante,
up-your-ass kinds of rants. Go-to-bed, close-the-door,
and the best of course, is get-the-broom and
sweep-this-damn-floor.

That's right, sweep me clean.

You don't know that while that loaded luger bulges
with a loosened toggle lock straining to release a round,
I've become a ghostly sinkhole in the ground. A felt sinkhole
that will pull you further and further down.

I will swallow all the nuts and bolts, leaving you without
a leg or a floor to stand on.



Chen Zhen, *Traitment Musical/Vibratoire*, 1997

Wood, iron, beds, leather, rope
246.5 x 277.5 x 259.5 inches

Chen Zhen
Harry Edgar Palacio

Hablas solo- de mi nombres- la temática de sueños divinas
The drums of war, the bed of nails
Cities like teeth enamel, your somber jaws of taciturn no's
Maps of destination- presentimiento como fauna- tu lucra de splendor
To struggle with the Spanish, don Quixotic looks of requisition
The exit signs of conquest
Your bare hands the tools of dogs or gods
You chose my name of pearl sweat
Hands of mister mister
The bent arms of beds or drums
I've chosen the drums of ritual baths
The length of my artful fingers embossed in sonnets like the music your body makes



Chen Zhen, *Traitment Musical/Vibratoire*, 1997

Wood, iron, beds, leather, rope

246.5 x 277.5 x 259.5 inches

DRUM

Wayne L. Miller

Drum drum drum drum heartbeat
drum handbeat drum footbeat
drum headbeat drum chestbeat

drum your face drum your butt
drum your place drum your gut
drum your pace drum your strut

learn to drum with your hands
in the street with a band
on the beat twice the beat

half the beat dance the beat
dance your feet dance your tweet
dance your heat dance your meat

wet the skin set the skin
wrap the skin strap the skin
hit the skin split the skin

drum your hands drum your feet
drum your bands drum your beat
drum your lands drum your street

drumming lasts forever
drumming lasts forever
drumming lasts forever

and then I stop to eat.