

My contribution has a landscape orientation where the horizontal is the dominant dimension. Other contributions have a portrait orientation where the vertical is the dominant dimension.

To make this submission legible, I ask that you hold the object in your lap. The spine should run as your femur does. After you turn this page, rotate the book so that the front and back covers lay open across your thighs, the spine now cutting transversely. Alternatively, you may extend it out on a table before you. Either way, look at the open volume, the banks of the book block coming toward and away from you. Extend your arms alongside the book, align your elbows with the gutter or push the lower edge into the crook where your torso hinges and meets your hips. Here, the weight of the book should feel significant.

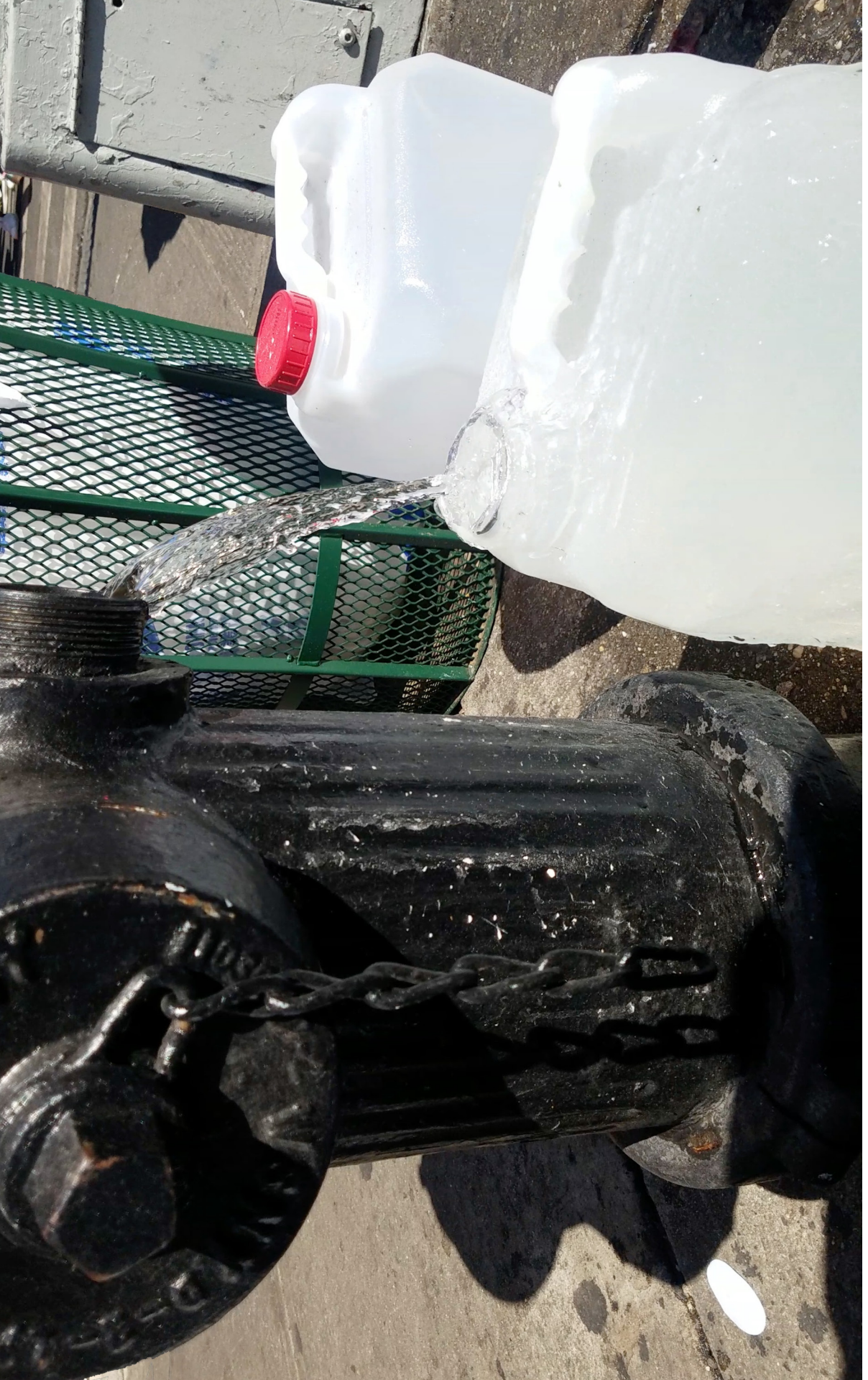
Lift the cover furthest from you and look at those images upright as though they were hung on a wall. Consider the images as they open and reveal themselves from those which they touch. As stills from a video, the images here operate as a caesura, sharply marking breaks in motion. Over these pages, in this landscape, a rhythm.







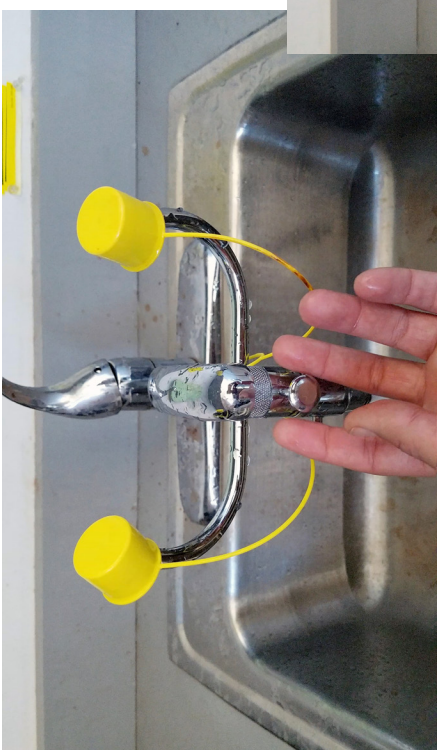
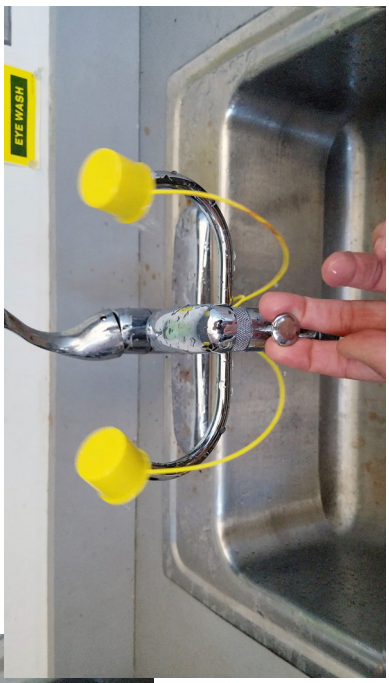
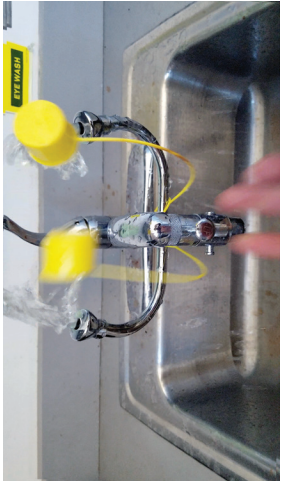






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DO NOT leave child unattended
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product. Over-inflation may
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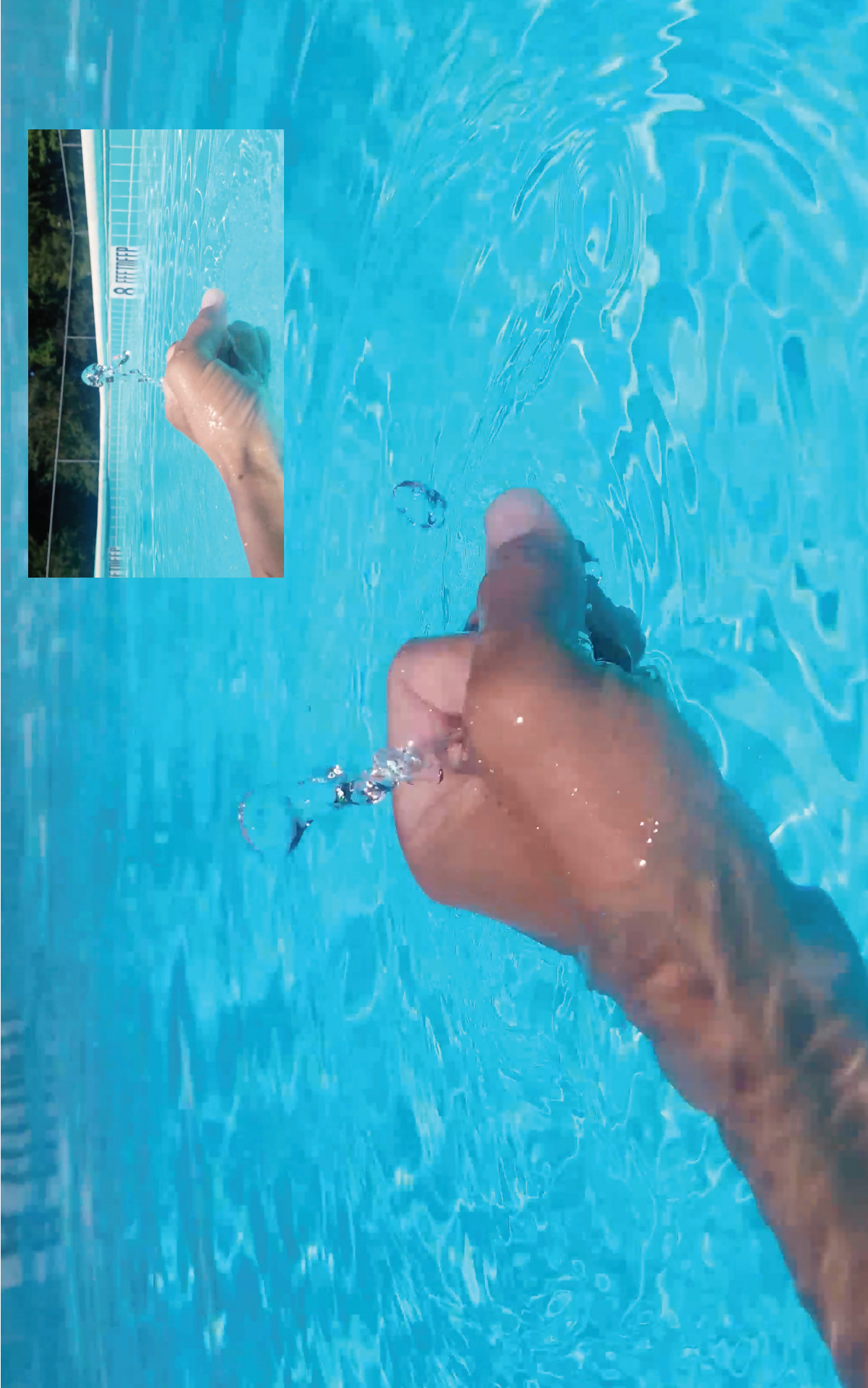
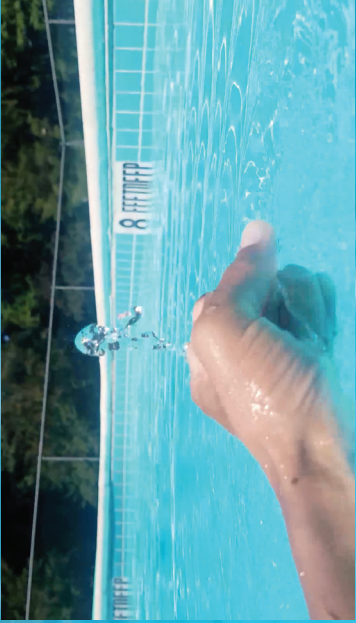


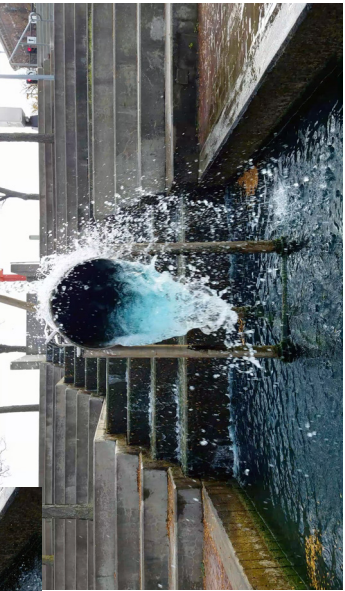


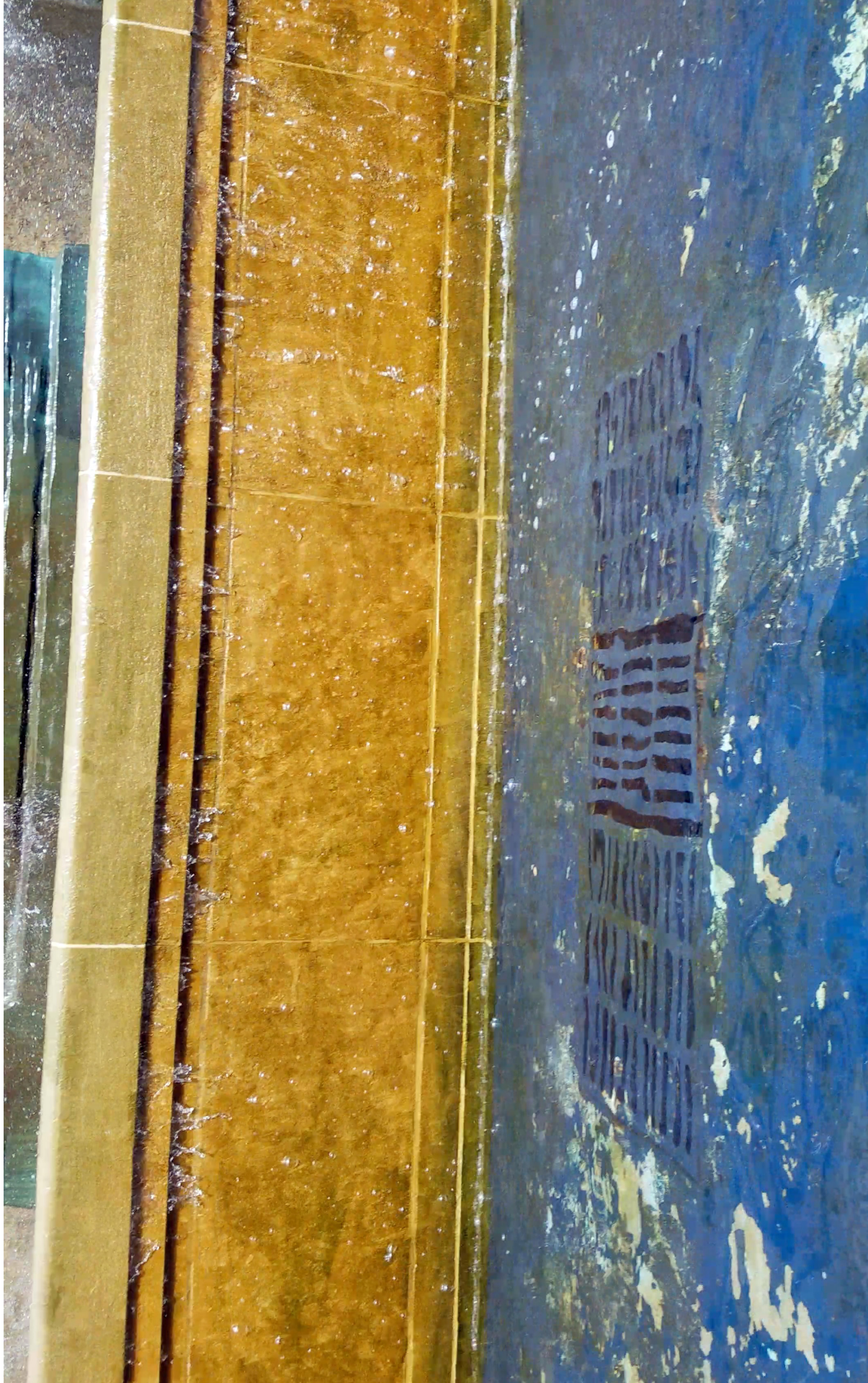












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I have a deep and abiding interest in the portrait format, such that the work I have taken up this year focuses on the very concept of the portrait as both holder and method for likeness, wherein the representation of an individual's material or psychic conditions does not depend only on corporeal form. I want to assert a more flexible definition of portraiture in contemporary sculpture, one that concedes that representation corresponds to the likeness of a subject, but contends that this likeness does not begin or end with a reflective image; rather, the idea of that thing may be accounted for experientially.

My contribution is oriented as landscape so that it and this book may be experienced as a site—a space to gaze across and examine closely the banal elements of municipalities and access points of buried infrastructure and critical delivery systems. And while I speak of portraiture, self-portraiture even, the fountain as a form and ever-present installation of release, of provisions given and pirated, has become the omphalos of my image capture such that the gushes and trickles have, in their collective absurdity, come to index my inconsolability and rage about power and subjugation.

WATER FEATURES.

The origin of the fountain as a focal point, of the flaccid members appearing devoid of virility yet operating as a latent sexualized threat in the work, originates with a series of photographs that depict scenes of single men urinating in broad daylight, taken while living in Negril, Jamaica as I was working on an earlier project, *Building a Wall Through My Father*. Preoccupied with questions of labor and value as they pertained to my retired brick mason father and to the performance of father/daughter relations in general, I witnessed daily this public display of intimate bodily functions, and began to experience them as a provocation and posed demonstration of power.

The peculiarity of my attention and photographic seizure of these figures complicates the visual matrix of this universal, but typically private, biological process, particularly as it spills into the public realm and underscores the fallacies of publics and privates. Is it possible to invade

one's privacy in public?

Anticipation, priming, and release all exist in the confusion of the corporeal and the sexual. Art historically, cherubs, putti, angels, i.e. *Manneken Pis*, are part of a lineage that mingles urine, holy water, blessings, diddling, innocence, and permissibility—a largely gendered and masculinist succession.

A Rembrandt engraving from 1631, *Plassende Man and Plassende Boerenvrouw*, names a sovereign “pissing man” and a possessed “pissing farmer’s wife.” The “man” figure is erect while the “wife” is presented squat, crouching. These figures’ forms and naming conventions reinforce a cis-heteronormative biological essentialism, with “woman” confined to a defenseless posture. Later, Gauguin’s 1892 *Te Poipoi* sites the squatting, micturating “exotic” woman as an image overlaid with voyeurism and white supremacy. I refuse the effrontery of these forms and the implicit performance they offhandedly demand.

Patriarchal authority informs most social formations and leads me to think about ways to illustrate how this gendered power reinforces all orders of relation. One way a kind of power has appeared in my work is through public interfaces with intimacy. Two works specifically, *fountain/shake the stick* and *clothesline/back fence talk*, index the refusal of a subject to consummate intimate encounters with unknown others through the simple act of maintaining physical distance.

Counterintuitively tied to a psychological desire for closeness, the refusal of proximity between the parties in these works sets up the conditional and dependent relationships I am most interested in, similar to the frictive qualities of the aforementioned father/daughter relationship. As a pair, these sculptures hold different but related positions to agency and passivity: *fountain/shake the stick* requires activation but is allowed periods of dormancy while *clothesline/back-fence talk* operates from a position of constancy, always wet, damp, dripping. The first asserts itself powerfully, as a forceful standing reserve, while in the latter subjugation becomes a necessary depletion.

The emotional range and self-possession of Barbara McCullough’s *Water Ritual #1: An Urban Rite of Purification*, 1979, and David Hammons’ *Pissed Off*, 1981 are instructive. Here I am most interested in their ability to use piss as a mark, a claim on an ancient or lost world in McCullough, and an indictment on high art and culture in Hammons. The act and action of

peeing moves them towards domination and certain visibility, although temporary: it is theirs in these moments.

Writers, in speaking of story structure, often talk about writing towards an ending. It directs your route and saves you from writing all over the place. I wonder what ending I'm writing towards. Sculpture is not a story alone, but a process of knowledge-production found in the making of dimensional objects outside the pursuit of an end and in the embrace of uncertain routes along the way.

A last note about water. In Kevin Young's poetry collection *Blue Laws*, 2016, in a section subtitled *Homage to Phillis Wheatley*, a poem ends after a line break with this:

At Sea which owns no country.

What an incredible rejection by that which carries us by vessel from stolen land to stolen land, that water, The Sea even, as an entity with its salty ability to dissolve more than any other liquid continually refuses and maintains its flows through all of us, moving energies but not itself.

