

Creating Its Own Occasions As A Stage Does

13 May, 2023 - June 24, 2023

Douglas Kearney, Nikita Gale, Park McArthur, Vijay Masharani and Harmony Holiday



Press release and checklist at the end of this document

Photographic record of the exhibition by Sergio Pradana

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Glowing with absence and merchandise Father, Father,

I said there is no caution, in god's mind. The fossils of a deep parody are caught in the reel. The air smells like licorice and mold, like Macbeth and Lady Macbeth and hubris and the dead minerals resurrected by our desperation to be literal again and then reject again whatever we discover in that dull field of trembling cedars they keep asking you to ax like a fad or black angel. **Do you still blame black angels? Their pathological confessions and broken tambourine candle sinking in the glass. Black English, I love you. Black man, I love you. Black youth, I take you to my forever milk and break you into mistakes (it's a trap) so you stay with me willful and blameless and not afraid of your own impatient heart bent over the cedar about to cut in and loose a hunger so wild it will never know how to announce itself besides departure and music. If I pick up a spirit and knock it back now—next thing I know I'm in bed with that moaning blues and every black idea I ever loved flashes through to a dutiful yellow in a crown of stupid melodies about who else we lean on when god is acting crazy and we are god—** Is it hip of me to crave that evil until it rolls over and disappears into value is it true of me, trembling in the morning on the tensing dime of autumn looking for anyone who resembles you to help me practice my scenes



Forensics Outside of Miles Davis' Jail Cell

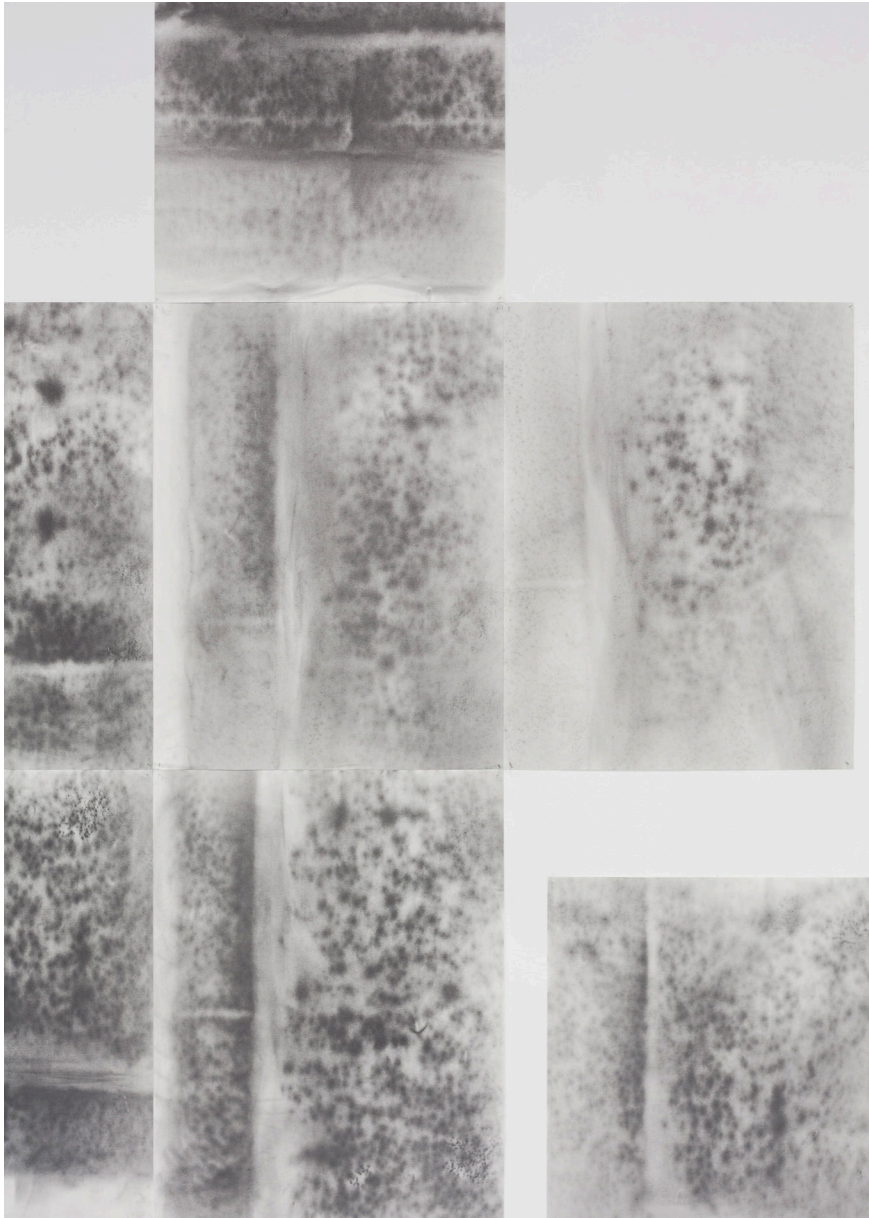
BEWARE
 There is a rose there/ scarecrow fearless crow go on Miles, my scarecrow hijacked by exposition I mean there's a blank hand and a cloying reddened and then again scent belongs in it tentative city wrong hint front row rose slow jail bird blow up flower into 4/3rds of how

FEMALE SPIES
 There is an officer holding a rose out for the black hero he just clubbed out in front the Vanguard/ club-bout panic and art, power and disaster far out, man, far out there there is an official rose ducking between the bars let's harder He's gonna fuck his wife tonight when they get home tender then harder he's gonna fuck her up until she runs into the subtle no where yard for how hard the cop hit him he's gonna charge at her sobbing with fists in embrace me brackets and carve a mask into the prettiest fact until she understands and the theory that they are less liable to be suspected than male spies. Beware of inquisitive women as well as prying men. You don't what love is (either)

**SEE EVERYTHING
 HEAR EVERYTHING
 SAY NOTHING**
 Concerning any matter bearing upon the world
In praise of character assassination™
 It saves men's lives, learning to love the shadow for the light it casts You did that!
SILENCE IS SAFETY
 If you're not a reality, whose myth are you







Handwritten text on a piece of paper, possibly a note or document. The text is written in cursive and is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring. Some words are difficult to decipher but appear to include "The", "my", and "journal".



CHORUS.

4
Is that you? Is Stevie Wonder Still Alive? 12

Confusing sight and sound murder and suicide love and value black beauty you still
alive? Is that half darkness intruder radiant and fugitive is it running from and to you
the one Saturday morning giddy with nervous anticipation our lid our lid where is he?
Check the grave, check the skulls, dance blunder bend the will of his shackles, that
was? Over there?
No matter how many arrest records we search the beauty is in this shame today, fancy,
easy and paid (all suggest, all of us



The blues man of course, or the blues woman, is someone who begins with
the catastrophic. The blues is an autobiographical chronicle of a personal
catastrophe expressed lyrically. It's a lyrical response to the monstrous. Like
the first sentence of Kafka's Metamorphosis, Gregor Samsa wakes up from an
ambiguity of commission. The blues responds to the catastrophic with compassion,
without drinking from the cup of bitterness; not with revenge but with justice,
the blues usually. You all that love inside of you be expressed even though
it's hard for it to be translated into love or justice on the ground. That's a
great justice in this age of terrorism. What I have in mind is a response
in which compassion responds to catastrophe. By blues I don't mean
just a particular art form, it's really a way of life that that art form helped
inspire.

5
Hear/Say

*I remember when there was a McDonald's inside of Harlem Hospital
and Malcolm's blood was practically strutting into the afterlife
slow down I love you and who else remembers the billing taste
like cravings set forth by the victim himself who else comprehends
will that well*

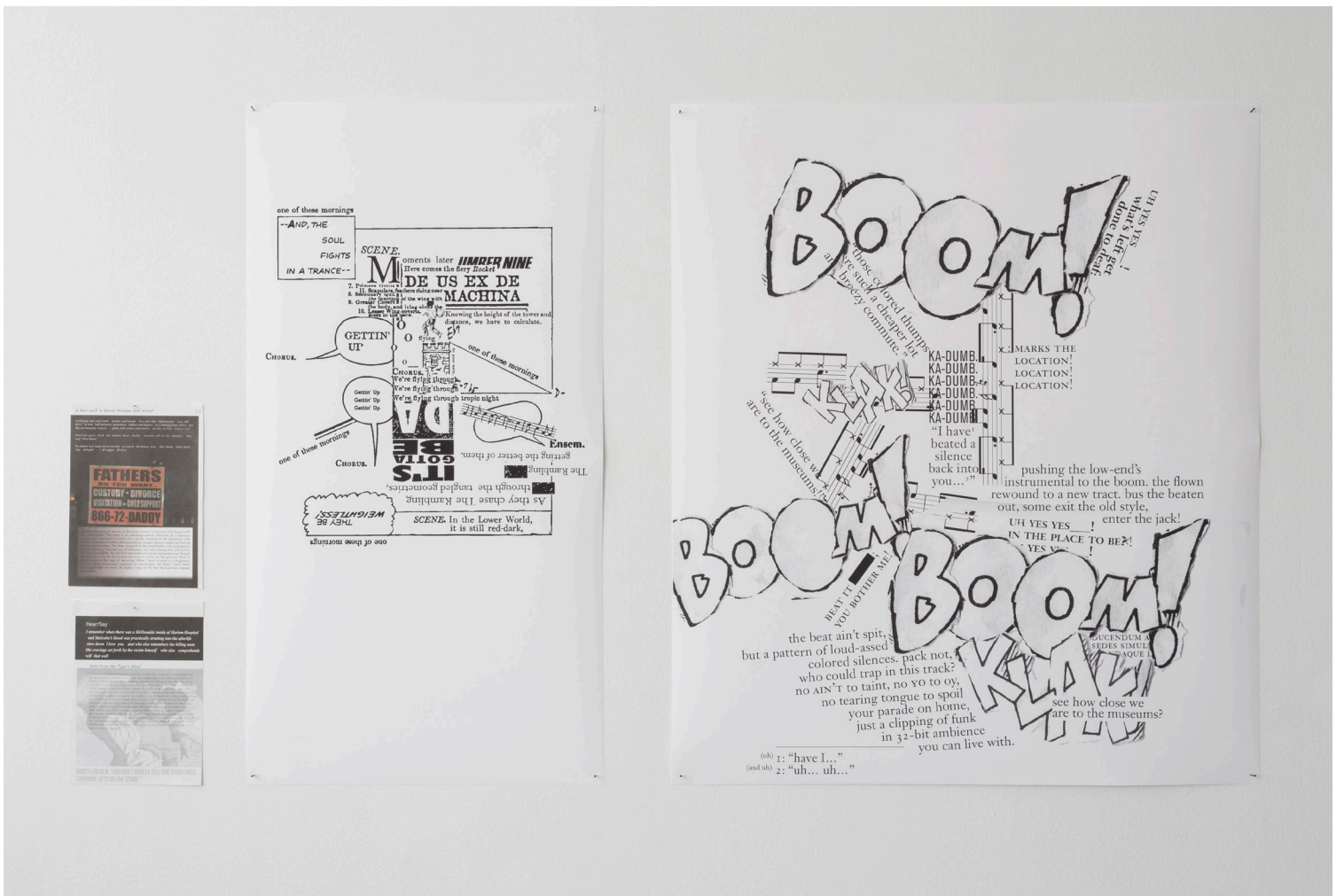
Stills from the Tiger's Mind

I love you for electrical reasons. And the trouble when treason's a way of hiding
the frequencies—forever, for arms, steel drum, clap drum, plank with plank, some-
times with one, a dirt-filled, smearing guitar, we believe on this day "you're our
god for too ancient just about to be like when the phone goes "Huh... huh... all
when sleep would track into a dream the truth rather of 9/11/01, then with
reactions and their silent dial, huddle, dial again, tracked into another atomic cascade,
a local hang-up alone and wait for the world to end. A blast not to die, a study of
jars of bullets on record. Even in winter, clear tanks of soap blowing in the
windfall. I almost forget about the much right on the 4 train with the purple
back of a skirt draped over his shoulder. My feet were blowing into hand's waist,
after a baller class and it is wrong, it is plausible to watch an expert collapse in
the woods, thinking only by one last thing. Fear of space that's gone. The
thinking, the profits don't look at from the three days, three years, three, the way, the
the one, the one, the one, the one, the one, the one, the one, the one, the one, the one,
hobbies and the company of a McDonald's, looking 8/11/01 and regret like how it
ends on hand's waist.

ABBIE LINCOLN: "YOU CAN'T REALLY TELL THE STORY UNTIL
EVERYONE GETS ON THE STAGE."

one of

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one of these mornings
--AND, THE SOUL FIGHTS IN A TRANCE--

SCENE. Moments later **JIMMER NINE** here comes the fiery **Blodeu!**

M A D E U S E X D E M A C H I N A

2. P... 3. P... 4. G... 5. G... 6. G... 7. G... 8. G... 9. G... 10. G...

GETTIN' UP

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

one of these mornings

BOOM!

UH YES YES... !
What's left get done, left get done, left get done, left get done.

those colored thumps are in the key of cleaver, for library counting.

KA-DUMB KA-DUMB KA-DUMB KA-DUMB KA-DUMB KA-DUMB

"I have" "beated a silence back into you..."

X MARKS THE LOCATION! LOCATION! LOCATION!

pushing the low-end's instrumental to the boom, the flow reworded to a new tract, bus the beaten out, some exit the old style, enter the jack!

UH YES YES... !
IN THE PLACE TO BE!
YES PLACE!

see how close we are to the museums?

the beat ain't spit, but a pattern of loud-assed, colored silences, pack not, who could trap in this track? no AIN'T to taint, no yo to oy, no tearing tongue to spoil your parade on home, just a clipping of funk in 32-bit ambience you can live with.

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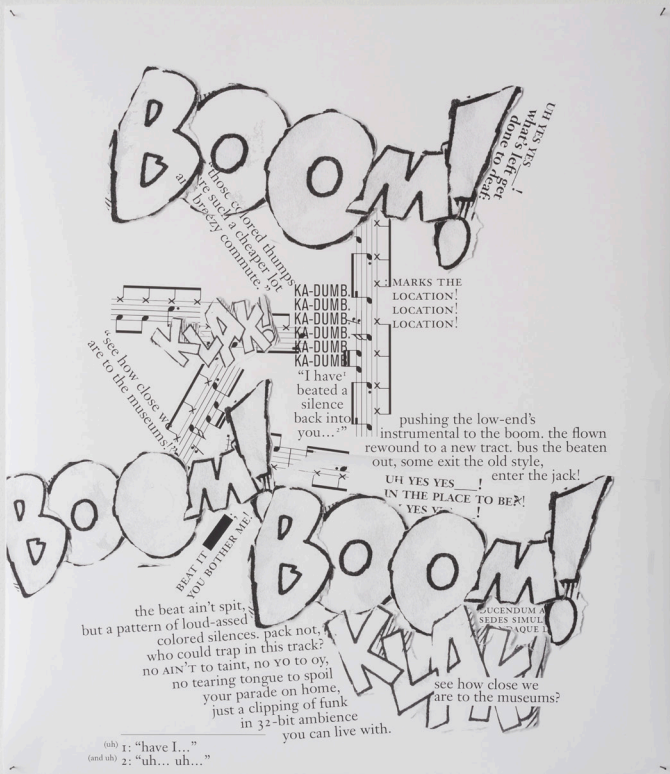
see how close we are to the museums?

see how close we are to the museums?

FATHERS

CUSTOMER + MIMICRY
LIVESTREAM + BIRDSIPPIN
866-72-DADDY

...they say...
...they say...
...they say...
...they say...
...they say...



Douglas Kearney's performative typography approaches the page as a stage where things happen simultaneously. The typographical screams of *That loud-assed colored silence: beat music* suggest sound visually. This loud silence invites readers to stage in their heads the sounds they associate with the multiple textures, typefaces from different contexts, and cuts; focusing on parts that may be understood as noise and boosting the signal. By referencing beat music (instrumental non-verbal hip hop compositions), Kearney draws a parallel between the lack of Black speech and gentrification in spaces that have the significations of blackness but no Black presence. Kearney finds in this absence a way to resist detachment and the commodification of Black voice, making the poem impossible to be read aloud. In a similar way, the poem *One of these mornings* belongs to the closet opera genre—textual operas that are only meant to be “staged” in a reader’s head—complicating opera’s dependence on lyrics distorted by singing, and finding eloquence in scenography and the formal structure of the libretto.

One of the main departing points for this exhibition was to think of the theatrical without returning to some of the common visual languages associated with theatricality, such as grandiloquence, camp performative aesthetics or other expressions of theatricality that we’ve previously engaged with at Juf. Instead, this show is interested in thinking spaces of meaning production and action (a theater, a stage, a spotlight, but also a dock, a curb or a white page) complicating theater’s vernacular languages, as a tentative formula to produce new political and social settings, imaginaries and plots.

Nikita Gale's rubbings of curbs underscore the artist’s interest in the street as a site for protest. Instead of grandiloquent gestures of dissent, the frottages heighten the haptical politics of public space and social behaviour. The artworks’ intimate dependence to an original location, goes hand in hand with an absolute dislocation that presents them detached from their original context. They function as symbolic site-specifics that expand beyond the geographical: they were originally conceived in relation to a specific place but they are thought to be resituated, and in doing so, to carry the accumulated friction and history with them and the problematics associated with the absences, exigencies and predictability of street protest and urban life. The stage, the scenery, and the setting function too as symbolic site-specifics.

Five laminated rubber loading-dock bumpers spread throughout the gallery. The mass produced objects that conform **Park McArthur's** *Passive Vibration* are used to absorb impact and prevent damage on trucks or buildings by facilitating inclusion and accommodation in space. McArthur’s critical understanding of accommodation—an ongoing relation of exchange that fails to act on the very system and space that makes accommodation of certain bodies and experiences necessary—points to the mechanisms that grant access and the continuity of a process of circulation. Instead of minimizing the effects of the interrelation between object and environment, the bumpers put frictions, traces and absorption at the center of discussions around care, interdependence and sociability. Their minimal aesthetic unfolds considerations about theatricality, sculpture, and bodily reactions that complicate any assumption of autonomy: ideas of weight, dispute, negotiation of space and movement, access and a strong succession of events are associated with the bumpers.

Harmony Holiday's selection of poems approaches the dynamics between black cultural icons, and white spectators’ violent abstractions and expectations. Holiday focuses on the backstage as a place on the outskirts of intentional performance where uncutted experiences and codes emerge. Black music appears hiding in plain sight in the scenery as it always remains offstage, surrounded by private gestures that conform the sound itself and can’t ever be commodified.

Finally, the two pencil drawings by **Vijay Masharani** (*Punctured by the realization that people prefer to be with their own* and *Factional Strike*) also engage with damage, durability and the sustaining of an energy through different spaces and scenes. Masharani explains this somewhat automatic practice of drawing as a way to interpret himself later on; the scrutability of the marks is

thought in relation to race, described by Nahum Chandler as a “system of repetitive marks”. Different figures start to emerge from within a noisy abstract field: voids, drapery, cuts, architecture... They are all pulled, carved out, collided or stretched with cartoonish violence. These in-motion visual resources generate a meaning that evades quick comprehension and expands through a flickering space that comes and goes, in and out a spotlight. A space that frames and determines but is also on the brink of imploding.

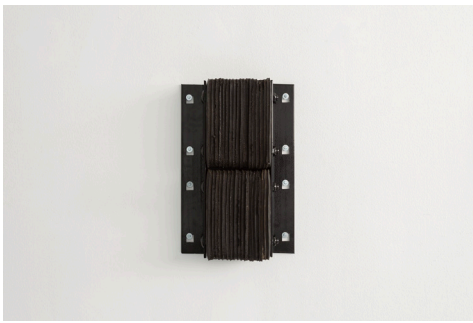
Douglas Kearney has published eight books ranging from poetry to essays to libretti. His collection of Bagley Wright Lectures, *Optic Subwoof*, was released in November 2022. His most recent poetry collection, *Sho* (Wave Books), is a Griffin Poetry Prize and Minnesota Book Award winner, and a National Book Award, Pen America, Hurston/Wright, Kingsley Tufts, and Big Other Book Award finalist. He is the 2021 recipient of OPERA America’s Campbell Opera Librettist Prize, created and generously funded by librettist/lyricist Mark Campbell. WIRE magazine calls *Fodder*, a live album featuring Kearney and frequent collaborator, Val-Inc., “Brilliant.” Kearney is a 2022 McKnight Writing Fellow. A Whiting Writer’s and Foundation for Contemporary Arts Cy Twombly awardee with residencies/fellowships from Cave Canem, The Rauschenberg Foundation, and others, he teaches Creative Writing at the University of Minnesota–Twin Cities.

Nikita Gale is an artist living and working in Los Angeles, California. Gale’s work explores the relationship between materials, power, and attention. A key tenet of the artist’s practice is that attention is an ancient and valuable resource that can be manipulated by various means and materials for various ends. The structures that shape attention determine who or what is seen, heard, recorded, remembered, and believed. Gale’s practice examines the ways in which silence, noise, and visibility function as political positions and conditions. The artist’s work has recently been exhibited at Chisenhale (London); LAXART (Los Angeles); 52 Walker (New York); MoMA PS1 (New York); Kunstraum Kreuzberg (Berlin); Swiss Institute (New York); California African American Museum (Los Angeles); Cubitt (London); The Studio Museum in Harlem (New York); and in “Made in L.A. 2018” at the Hammer Museum (Los Angeles). Gale is represented by Commonwealth & Council (Los Angeles), Reyes | Finn (Detroit), and 56 Henry (New York).

Park McArthur is an artist who experiments with personal and social meanings of debility, delay and dependency under the guidance and instruction of disability. With Constantina Zavitsanos, McArthur has exhibited artworks and published texts and McArthur’s recent solo shows include among others Kunsthalle Bern, Switzerland and The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Harmony Holiday is a dancer, archivist, filmmaker and the author of five collections of poetry including *Hollywood Forever* and *Maafa*. Holiday curates a standing archive space for griot poetics and a performance series at the L.A. venue 2220arts. She has received the Motherwell Prize from Fence Books, a Ruth Lilly fellowship, a NYFA fellowship, a Schomburg fellowship, a California Book Award, a research fellowship from Harvard and a teaching fellowship from UC Berkeley. She is currently working on a collection of essays for Duke University Press, a biography of Abbey Lincoln and an exhibition on backstage culture for the Kitchen in New York, in addition to other writing, film and curatorial projects.

Vijay Masharani is an artist and writer. He received his MA in Race, Ethnicity, and Postcolonial Studies from University College London in 2022, completing a dissertation on the late works of W.E.B Du Bois. Recent solo and two-person exhibitions include: Permanent Water at hatred 2, Brooklyn (2023); Triage at Clima, Milan (2021); #38: Gas, Honey with Raza Kazmi at Museum Gallery, Brooklyn (2019). His critical writing has appeared in artforum, BOMB, Momus, X—TRA Magazine, and elsewhere. He is represented by Clima, Milan.



Park McArthur

Passive Vibration Isolation, 2014

2 laminated rubber loading-dock bumpers

11.4 x 50.8 x 27.9 cm / each



Park McArthur

Passive Vibration Isolation, 2014

3 laminated rubber loading-dock bumpers

11.4 x 24.5 x 60.9 cm / each

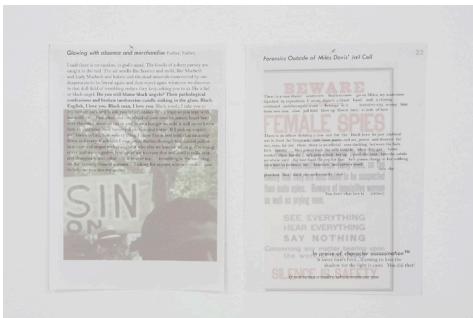


Nikita Gale

UNTITLED (CURB STUDIES), 2018

13 graphite rubbings on paper

61 x 46 cm / each



Harmony Holiday

Poems from *Hollywood Forever*, 2017 "Poem

pages from original book by the author

16 x 21.08 cm/ each



Harmony Holiday

Poems from *Hollywood Forever*, 2017 Poem

pages from original book by the author

16 x 21.08 cm/ each



Vijay Masharani

Punctured by the realization that people prefer to be with their own, 2023

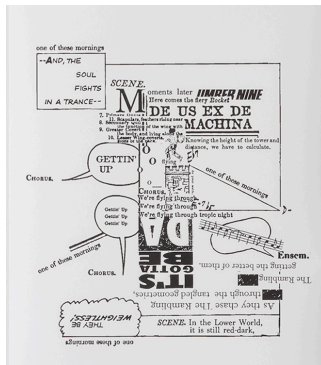
Graphite on paper, 34x42x3 cm



Vijay Masharani

Factional strike, 2021

Graphite on paper, 34x42x3 cm

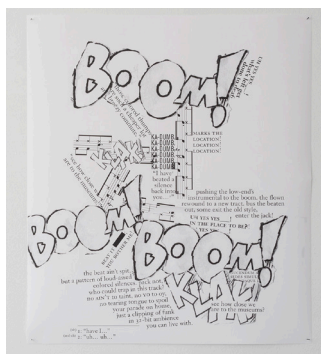


Douglas Kearney

One of these mornings, 2019

Poem printed with HX pigmented inks on 180gr matt coated RC paper.

80x25cm



Douglas Kearney

That loud-assed colored silence: beat music, 2021

Poem printed with HX pigmented inks on 180gr matt coated RC paper.

80x40cm