

LAND OF THE
NOT LAND OF THE
HOME OF THE
NOT HOME OF

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Special thanks to Shelby Roberts and Allyson Unzicker for their contributions to this publication, and to the CTSA faculty for their support and guidance in regards to both our practices and our lives.

Dedicated to David Andrew Torres.

Foreword

2020 has, so far, been an unmitigated disaster. With lockdowns cutting us off from our meager studio space, each of us had to scramble to find new ways of making work that could adapt to our confinement and limited amenities; our practices went post-studio overnight. Each of us adapted in our own manners and all of us took everything we could get. We also became post-gallery artists overnight; we made this publication in lieu of the cancelled gallery show because we are, in fact, completely unstoppable. To lose our facilities was a blow, but it was one coming in due time regardless. Like all graduating seniors we were going to find ourselves scrambling to maintain a practice in contracted working spaces and with contracted time, we were merely ushered into this reality 3 months prematurely.

2020 has also been greater than any of our wildest dreams. It is hard to work in these conditions, and important to acknowledge that fact, but we do not want for new possibilities. When we emerge from lockdown it will be into a completely different art arena, with as many new opportunities to cause chaos as were closed off to us. We fear the worst outcomes, that art as an industry will only become more ossified, more archaic, more out of touch, but we could hardly be better equipped to make it into something better. We learned hands-on how to make art when you have no room to do so, how to disseminate art when no space can or will take you, that art can live outside the gallery, and that those galleries need us more than we need them.

Art that does nothing but sit on the wall and converse with other art is perfectly fine for someone else, but we gnash our teeth for a different kind of engagement. Our practices cannot be disentangled from our lives, from our struggles both personal and political. Today we write to you about our work; tomorrow we rush to the barricades and rejoin the ongoing protests against white supremacy - practice and performative utterance folding in on one another in a desperate call to will a new reality into being. We are hopeful, in this sense, for a new and wholly different future than we imagined at the start of this year, a future that never saw us coming.

X,

The Honors in Art Cohort at UCI



"I made this for you."

I get yelled at a lot in museums because I stand too close to the paintings. I want to touch them! So I will push it as far as I can, every time. Because how can you really get the full experience of any piece of physical art if you can't touch it, that's what I'd like to know. If you touch the work, you touch what the artist touched, and you understand a little more of what they were thinking, not thinking, doing, saying, dreaming, believing, fighting for. It is at once subtly and aggressively intimate. Through touch you transcend time and space, and for even the smallest sliver of a moment are connected with the artist through the object.

I always want to make things you can touch. I hope to make things you *want* to touch, hold, caress. Set it in your lap, drape it over your shoulders, smell it, lick it, press it against your cheek, pass it around the room. It doesn't need to make sense. It shouldn't make sense. Explore it. Giggle about it. Cry over it. Sing it a song. Dance with it.

Meticulously labored over—every application of medium, every stitch, every fingerprint; the culmination of these actions into these objects are my gifts to you. To have in your home. To have wherever you bloody please. To display and to love and to share and to tell your party guests, "Ooooh yes, this one is my favorite. Feel how wonderful that texture is. Look how it fits so perfectly in your palm/lap/around your neck/against your body. Look how it glows when you place it in the sun like this. Look how goofy it looks when you hold it like this. This one is super fun. This one is the kids' favorite. This one I love."

My work longs to be the ultimate shareable object. Shared from me to you, shared infinite times over with anyone and everyone that happens across it, receiving each beholder with the entirety of itself. An embrace between the maker and the object, the maker and the audience, the audience and the object—an embrace that eternally gives and receives.

Right now we find ourselves in a strange time where touching, let alone embracing, is strictly taboo—we have been asked to transition to a norm of constant and vigilant distance and sterilization. However, it is simultaneously a time where certain filth and grime, which had been swept under the rug for so long, have become undeniable and demand our attention, and where nothing could be more important than reaching out and embracing one another—to be as raw and as real as we can muster the courage to be, to trudge together through the muck, to cry, to hold hands, to sit with each other and share experiences and ideas and ourselves.

The time to make and to share is always Now, even if for the time being we cannot do so in the ways that feel most familiar. So although my objects and I cannot be physically with you at the moment, I hope these next handful of pages gets you in the spirit of intimacy and play and interactivity. I hope a part of you craves the objects you see. I hope it inspires something, anything.

Thank you for letting me share with you, it means the world to me. I will continue to keep making; I can only hope you keep coming back for more.





untitled, 2020
plaster, chicken
wire, hemp fiber







wear me, 2020
plaster, wire, tulle,
styrofoam beads







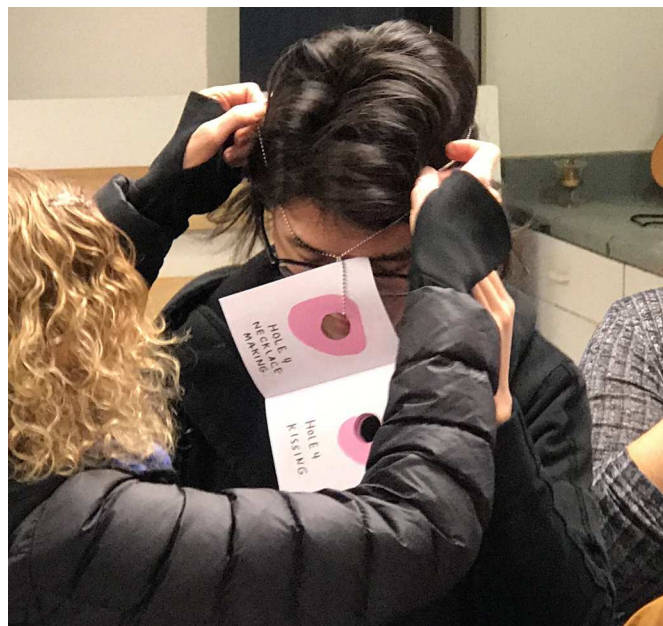
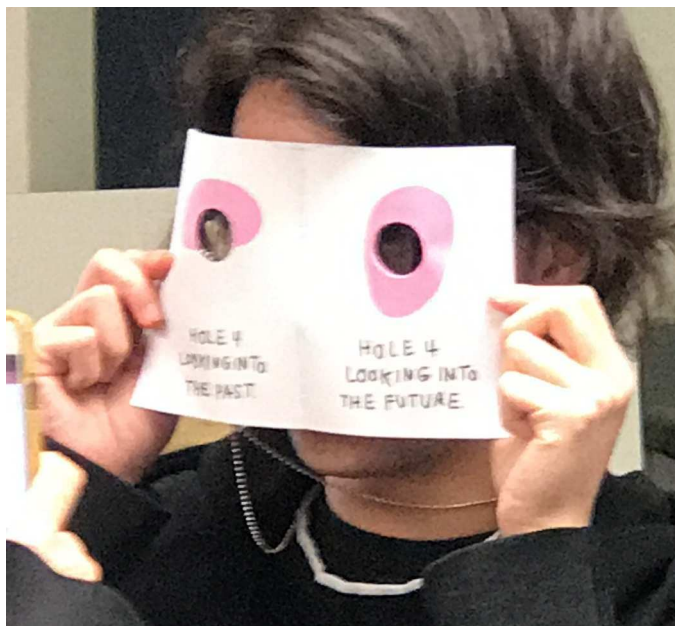




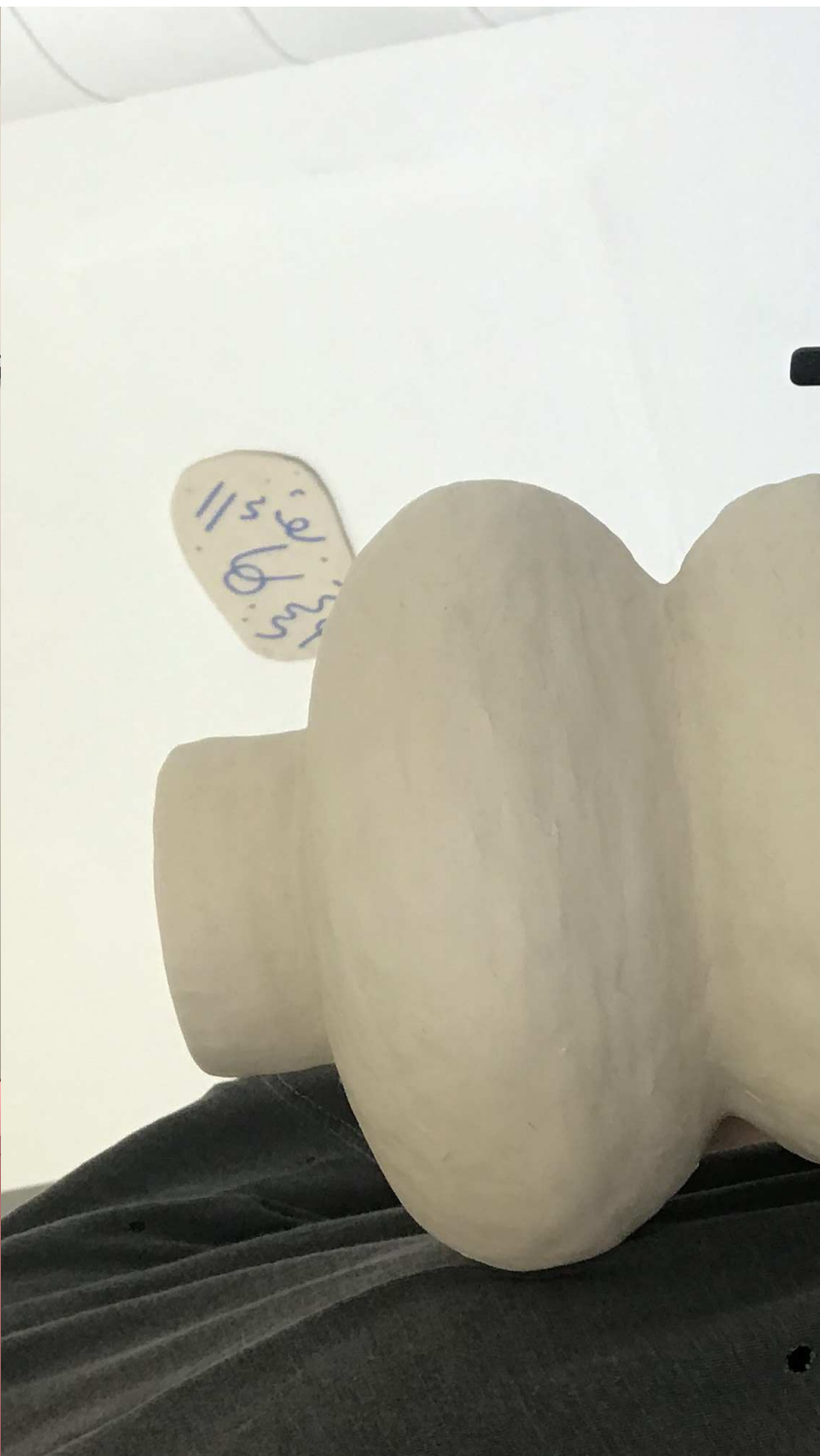






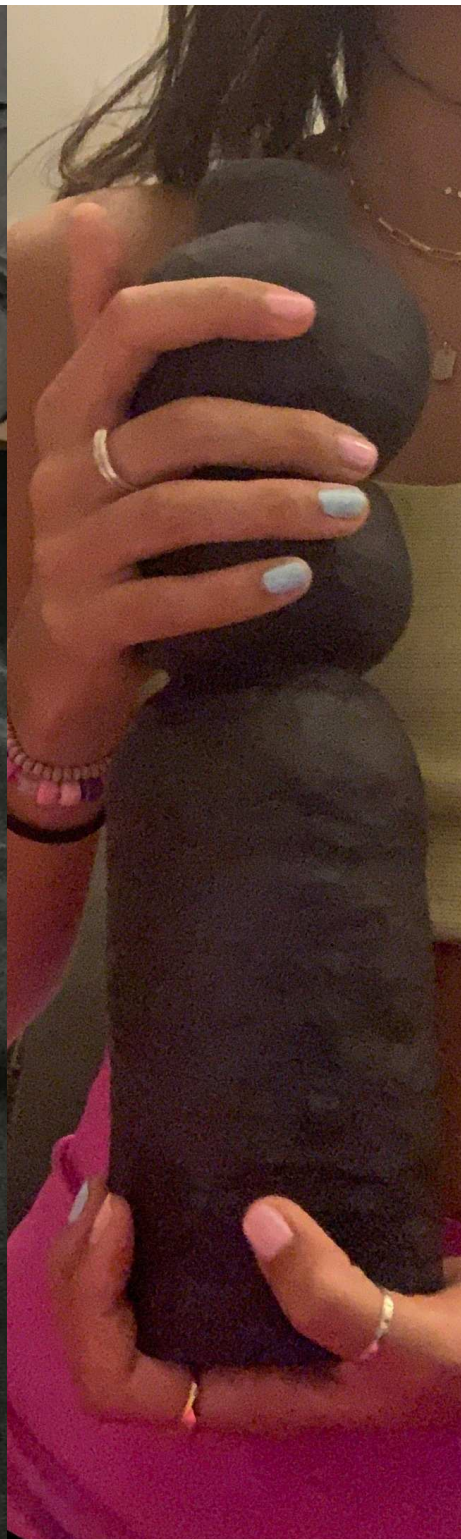








really good all the time, 2019
ceramic



Oh my goodness,
would you look at that,
an interactive page*!

Some ideas for using following interactive page include,
but are not limited to:

- use card to hire super rad, talented, passionate, groovy, witty & gritty, funky & spunky artist
- use card to mark the page in your book with that really lovely passage that you want to journal about later
- turn card into paper football for an intensely competitive round of finger football at the dinner table with your brother, mother, sister, father, lover, friend, acquaintance, stranger
- fold up card and use to wedge under that one wonky table leg at your favorite local restaurant
 - spit old, over-chewed gum into card to responsibly dispose of later
- turn card into hat for finger or worm or small snake
 - cut card into mustache for disguise
 - shred card into confetti
 - recycle card
 - smoke card
 - eat card

*Pro-tip: any page from any book/magazine/publication/etc. can become an interactive page if you try hard enough.

ARTIST 4 HIRE
JOANNA
KOO



joannakoo8@gmail.com

WHAT CAN
JOANNA KOO
DO FOR
YOU

ARTIST 4 HIRE
@_jokoo_

" 10/10"

- YOU, AFTER HIRING
ME

joanna
koo

jokoo =

ARTIST 4 HIRE
JOKOO

JOANNA KOO

IS



joanna



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joannakoo8@gmail.com



- EVERYONE

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📷 @--jokoo--





The thesis exhibition I was preparing for at the start of this year was to consist entirely of wall sculptures, pulled and stretched like hides or skins, made out of materials that would vary in rates of decomposition. They would begin as glistening, seductive forms that would shrivel on the wall, leaving tracks of their migration on the white paint in secretions, stains left behind them as they decayed. I was thinking particularly about the wildness of the body and its continuous change, its spiral towards disorder, the failure of cultural constructions of purity to thwart its inherent eroticism; brimming with those foul symptoms of living – sweat and excrement and viscera, plunging towards the ground in its drooping and sagging until its eventual and inevitable death.

I was particularly interested in this research through the lens of domesticity and equestrianism – using these realms to explore conditions of submission and control in regards to the body, the seductiveness of both the wild and the tamed, the desire for and alienation from the prescribed clean, the good, the suburban. I felt at once sovereign in my own flesh and submissive to the need to control it; a profound ambivalence towards these seemingly anti-erotic monuments that were images of wholesomeness and perversion – the debutante equestrian and the dominatrix, the home as a symbol of both safety and bondage.

Suddenly I was, of course, forced into this space of the home indefinitely. I was uncannily aware of my skin as a conductor of the unclean and its ability to bring into the home the danger and impurity of the outside. The home would become over these weeks a body itself, as I would become barnacled within it. The border of the walls were as the borders of my skin, protectors against external intrusions and yet a means by which to experience the external – a means by which to pass through, keeping the world at once absent and wholly present, just steps away and through the door.

In the anemic state of material accessibility during this time, I took what I had on me – expanding rubber, silicone, food from the back recesses of the pantry, domestic waste, Craigslist-found equestrian objects, roses, platters, the neighbor's mailbox – and I reimagined them as bodies, as actant and alive, as planned-obsolescent forms that would embody at once the condition of being a carnal, transient human and the uncanny reality of inhabiting a body during a world-wide pandemic.

What follows is the document of this endeavor.

Kelsey Kuykendall





*Browbands, Tack, and
Orange with Fig
Leaves*

Expanding Urethane on Carpet
Pad, Flocked





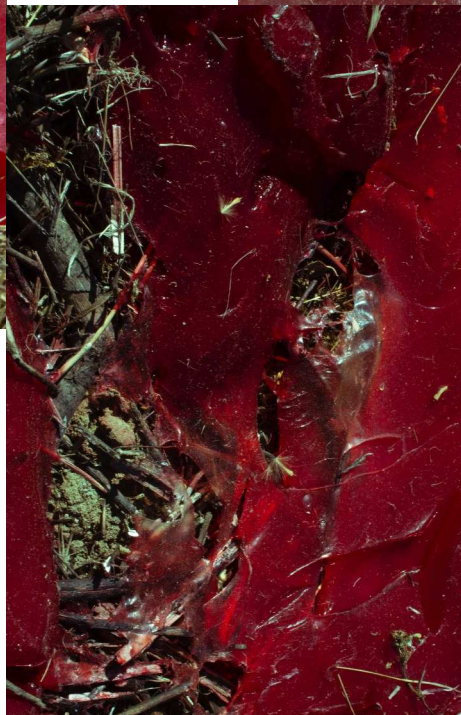
The Dermis

Protecting the outer edge of the household is the dermis – the walls, the insulation, the carpet padding, wallpaper, curtains, windows and blinds. To make a subject is to require a skin – a container in which to project the self, a tissue in which the household, in this case, takes residence. Fiberglass insulation was of particular interest to me in its noxious qualities, a stunning pink and cottony form that at once begged for touch and repelled it with unseen fibrous daggers. It would regulate the climate of the home, serving as protector, and was at once a toxic, even carcinogenic material, thrusting fibers into the space of the home and the lungs of its dwellers.

Those edges,
margins

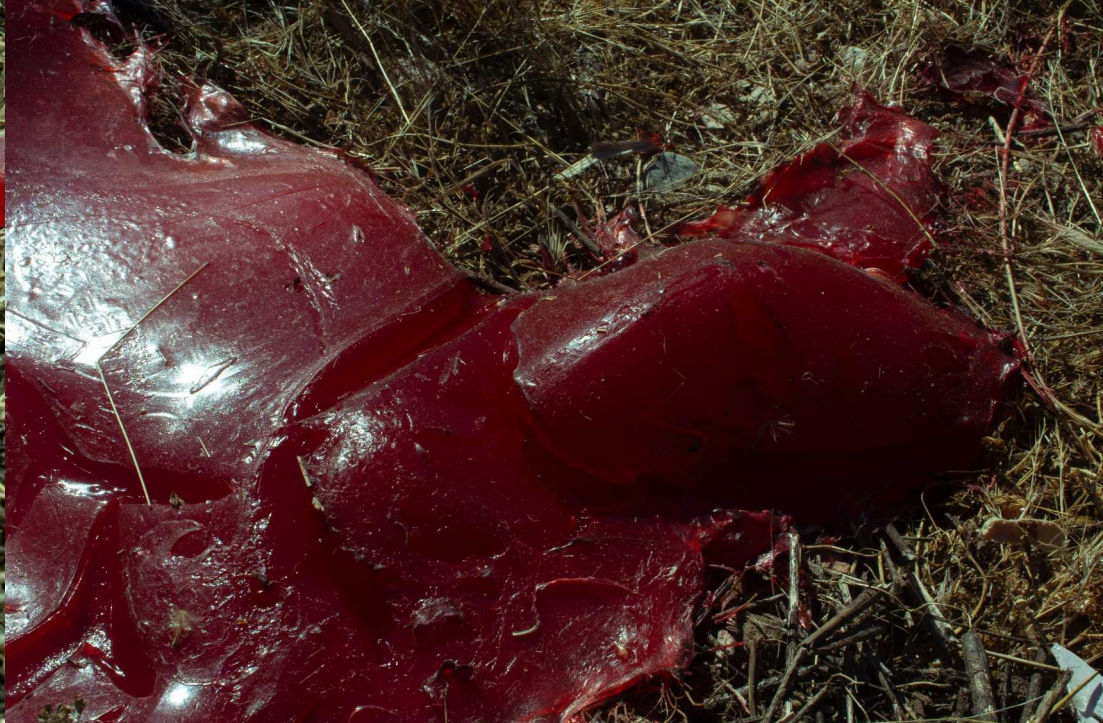
of the home, that keep out the cold and the heat and the light, that cushion the ground beneath our feet and block the wind, that protect us and at times poison us, touching the outer and inner at once, they are as membranes. To take these objects from their contexts was like presenting a hide, a flayed figure of the domestic space, resigned to the function of the art object and yet imbued with the characteristics of its previous function.





*Cranberry Aspic Saddle
in the Valley Down the Hill*

Gelatin Aspic



The Meal

The most attractive recipes are those that contain little nutritional value.

Stunningly synthetic
sculptural objects,
functioning firstly as things to be looked at and secondly as things to ingest. They slip between notions of American abundance and scarcity –

post-war ration-based compilations of provisional ingredients

and monuments to the fulsome spoils of suburbia.

Edible matter as aesthetic exercise is perhaps the most uncanny aspect of the suburban kitchen, positioning food in a quasi-performative space, masquerading as art object and failing to nourish in any substantial capacity. And then there is the entrance of gender to the space of the edible, that strange quality of aspirational femininity to the act of baking, a reveling in the submissiveness of the “good woman,” and the gratification of the beautiful food object that exists primarily to be looked at.

The food-object as art-object troubles the power structure of eating – of the human body as purely active and the edible body as purely inactive, submissive. The beautiful food object underlines and exacerbates the Nietzschean analysis of consumption as an interaction between bodies, an assimilation of edible matters into one another (humans are, after all, edible matter themselves), vital forces colliding and enveloping one another. If food is actant, then food that serves primarily as aesthetic is alive-er still, in all the suppleness and elegance of the human form.







*Urethane Roses on
Bed of Fiberglass
Insulation*

Expanding Urethane,
Insulation

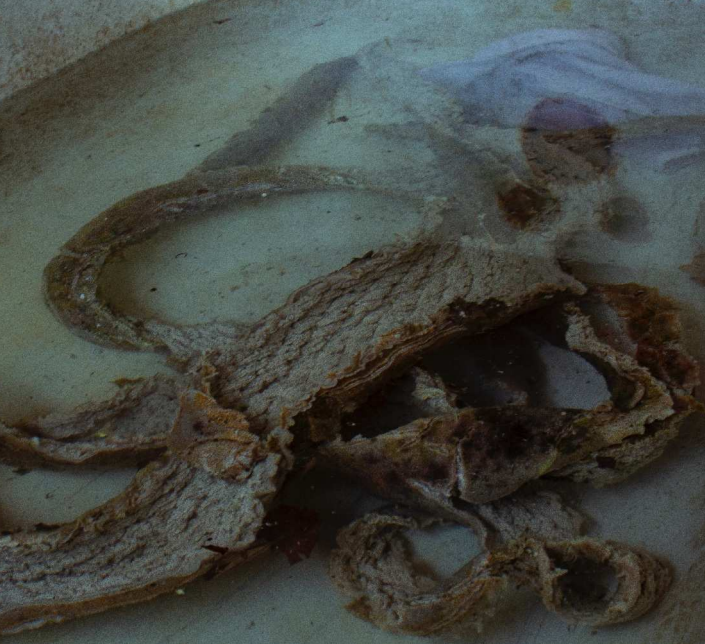




The Equine

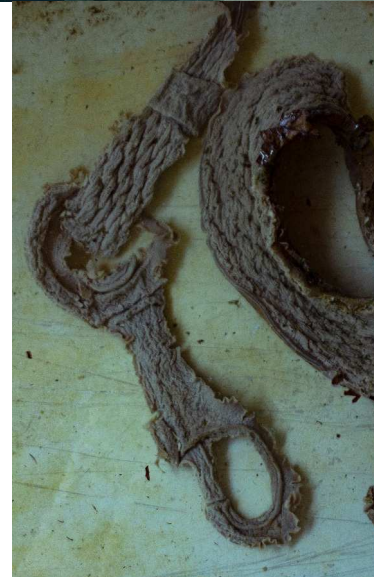
All equestrian equipment inherently implicates two bodies – a submissive body and an oppressive one, folded into one another by the objects their interaction requires: the saddle, the harnesses, stirrups, bridles, halters, reins, bits, harnesses, and breastplates – the tack. The vitality of these items, their eroticism, their inherent kinkiness imbue them with a life force; a speculative third body in the equestrian tableau. The aliveness of these things is troubled by their association with some other deadness – the sterility of the debutante equestrian, the strange wholesomeness of the sport, the manifestations of unbridled, violent wealth. I began to think of these implications as a metaphor for the attempted control over the body – over a wild, untamed, mustang body by an asphyxiating force attempting to render it “clean,” “sacred,” and “good.”

Positioning these objects as bodies themselves turns this paradigm on its head - the means to control becomes the uncontrollable, teeming, engorging life form.

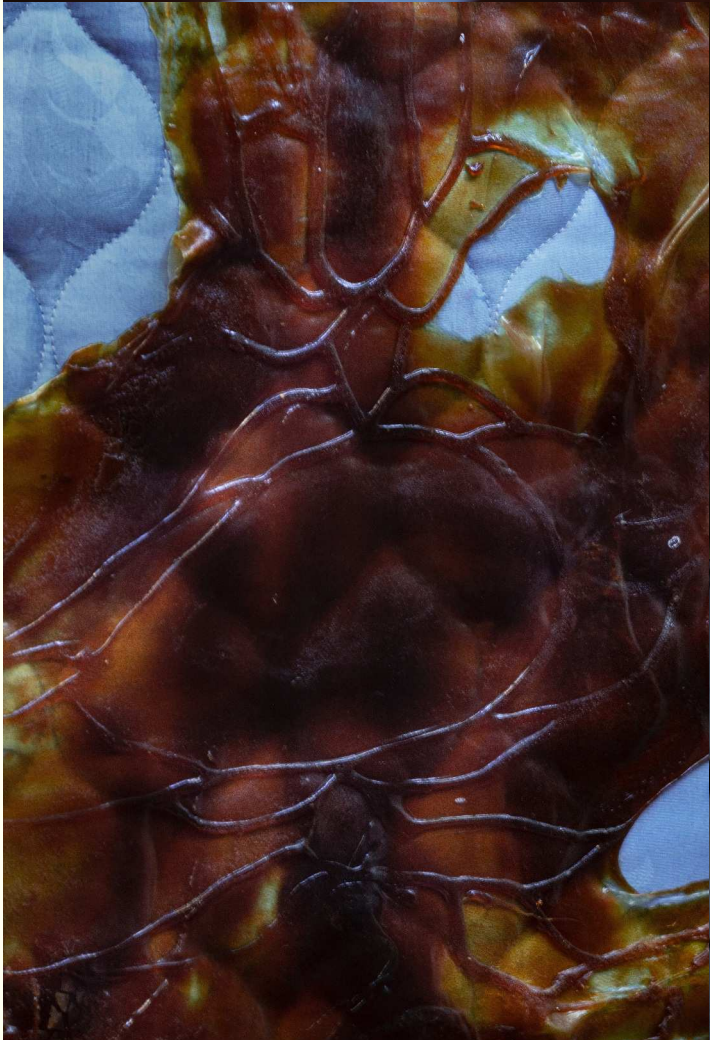


Equestrian Rope Engorging in Tub

Expanding Urethane, Various Tubs







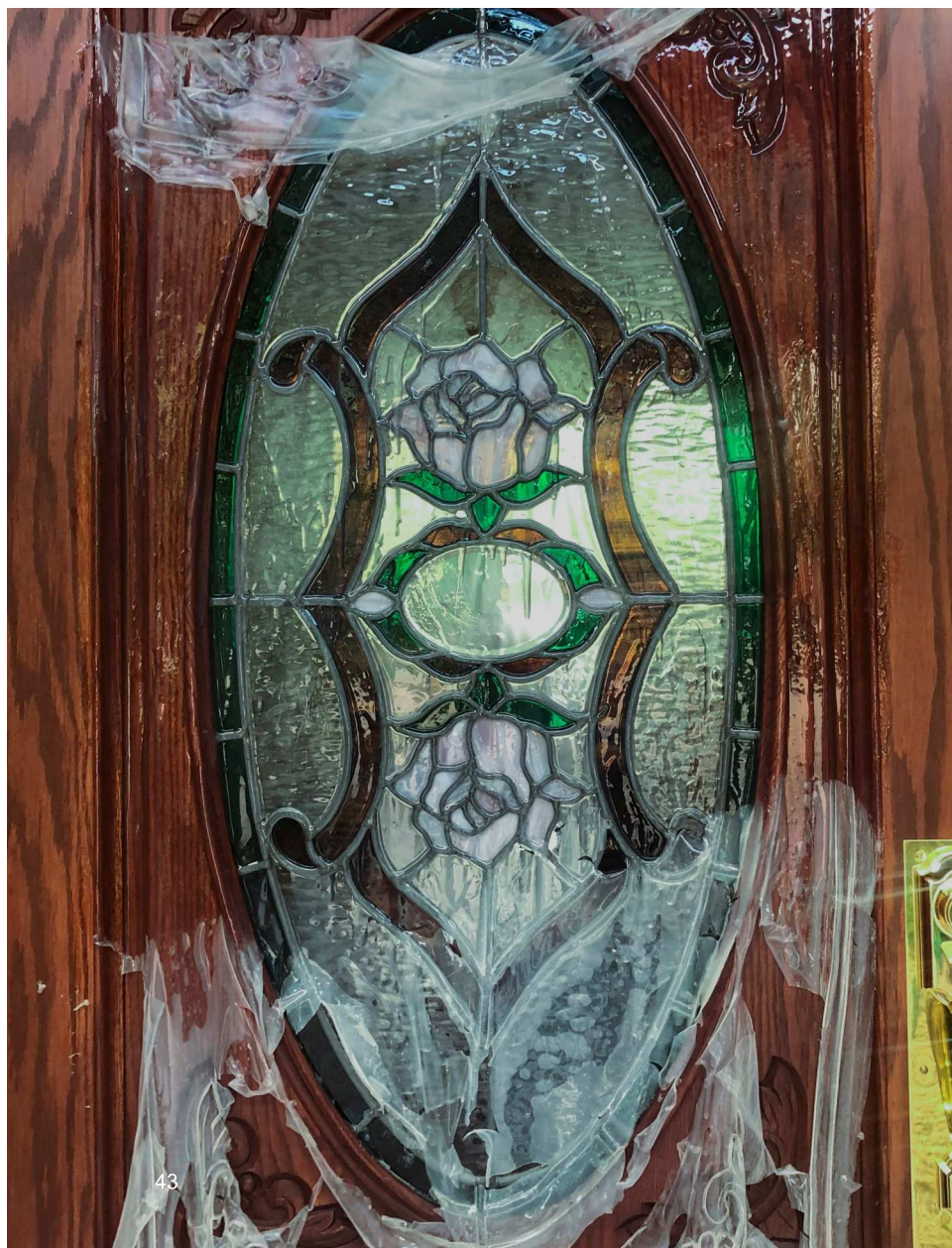
The Mold

The mold allows me to copy the objects as DNA.
The first copy is structurally unsound, allowing
for tearing and flattening of the original form.
The copies there after continually degrade with
each urethane caste, engorging in the backyard
pool

the backyard womb
warping and disintegrating each time. The
mother mold

the mother
deepens this degradation as I pour it over an
empty mold, removed from its object, limp and
flaccid. This process of failed copies makes for an
object that has been imbued with life only
through inaccuracies and ambiguity – it nods to
an object but is now its own form, prodded by
my intentional negligence but ultimately
maintaining the agency of a thing that has
determined its own shape.

In this sense, to include the mold in the final
form, in the background of the image, is the
ultimate perversion of the sculptural life cycle.



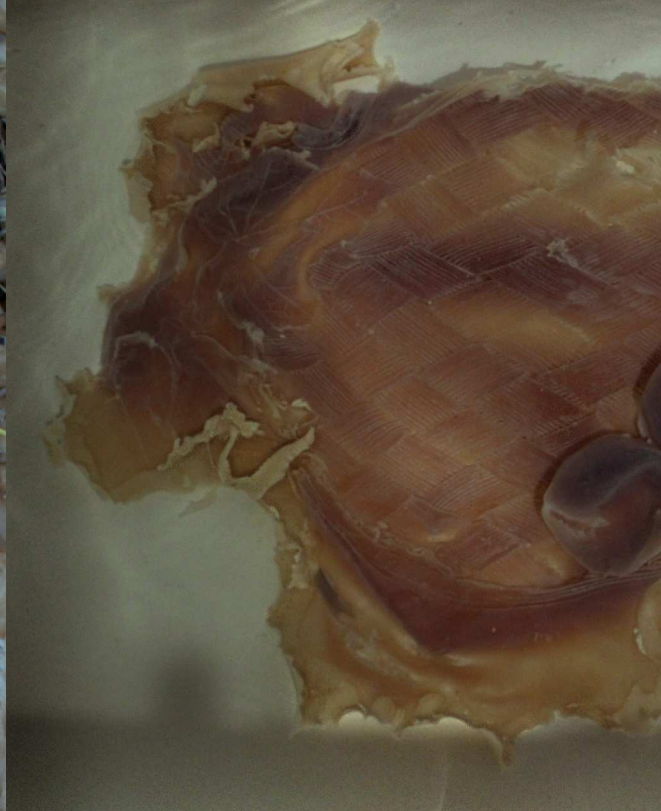


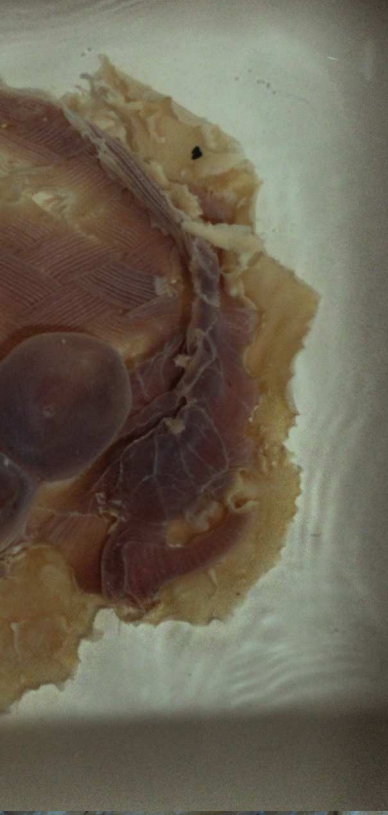


*Molasses Soft Tack Candy Door Stretched Over Mattress
and Shattered*

Molasses Soft Tack Candy, Twin Mattress

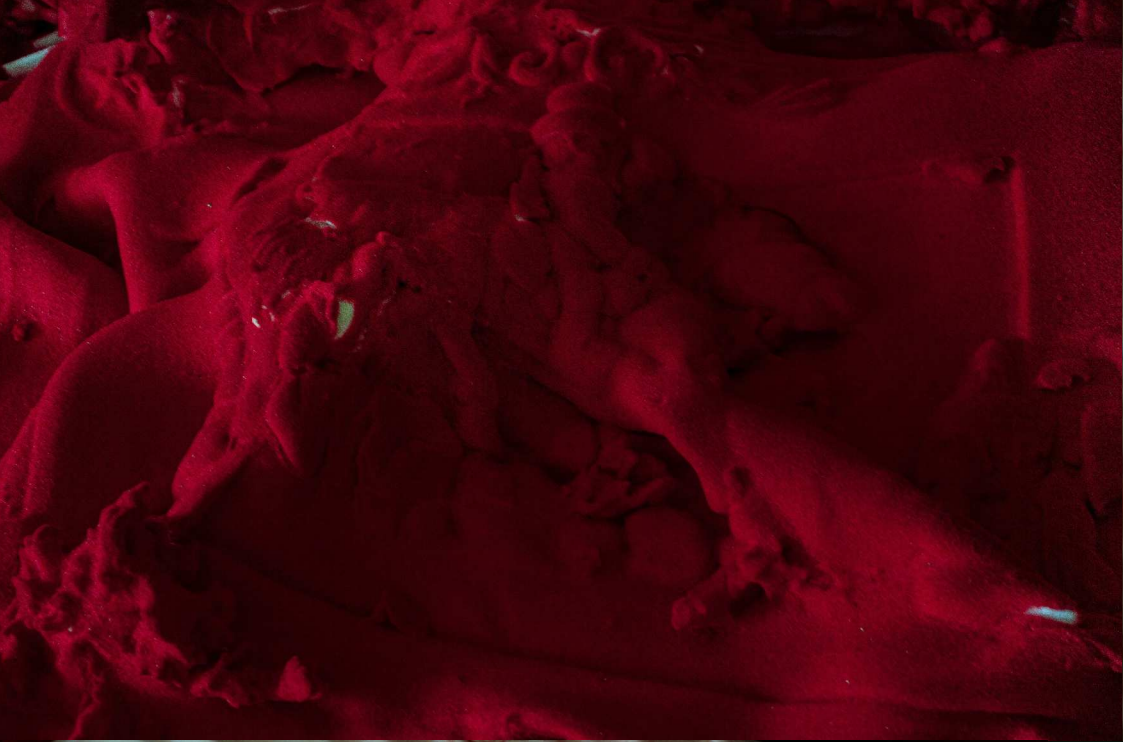






*Rum Raisin Rubber Louisiana Bavarian Wedding Platter
Containing Two Rotting Oranges with Creme Anglaise,
Photographed Post-Dissolution of Marriage*

Expanding Urethane, Rum, Raisins, Creme Anglaise





The Orifice

If the home was a body then all manners by which objects pass through and from the home were orifices – the mailbox, the doors, the drains, the chimney. As the orifice underlines the body's inherent vulnerability of being turned inside out – the dangers of the outside entering the inner world and the wretchedness of the inner world being secreted out – the orifice of the home represents the danger of the outside world seeping in, infecting and polluting, and the risks of the inner world being subjected to the outside through its apertures. Just as with the orifice on the body, the orifice of the home was suddenly surrounded by rituals – rituals by which to recover the sovereignty of the self,

scrubbing hands that have touched the outside world, spraying packages that have been touched by others, wiping doorknobs and handles that have collected unclean touches and unclean fingers and unclean hands.

Objects that represented our connection to the outside world and our freedom from the subjugation of the household were also the sites of danger – the conduits by which microbes might be brought into the pure and clean and bordered home, the locus of both aversion from disorder and desire for agency. This positioned these objects in a confused, unexpected, and ultimately erotic space.

*Flocked Rubber
Mailbox from
Down the Street,
Copied Thrice*

Urethane, Velvet
Flocking Powder



The Corpse

The sculptures would each become a corpse – an ultimate abject object, protuberant and grotesque, a thing that has acquired agency and thus is forced to experience demise. To gaze upon the grave of an object is to be surprised by its unexpected productiveness, the fertile where one would expect the barren. To create a supple, glistening object that will die and shrivel up is to revel in the aliveness of the corpse,
 its burping
 and seizing
 and determined anti-ethereality,
contrasting the conventional view of the corpse as stillness and absence, as inhabiting the metaphysical space.



GABRI

TELLA

SALLIN

AFRDO

"And so I come to isolation

Etymologically, isolation comes from "insula," which means island

I-so-la-tion, isolation, which literally means to be islanded"

—Taiye Selasi in Moses Sumney's "and so I come to isolation"

Consider what you've been doing during quarantine - have you been reading, listening to music, watching TV shows or movies, playing video games? Who is responsible for putting that content out for your pleasure? And why are those content creators the ones constantly struggling for funding? The same ones being dismissed because they fall under the category of artist, which capitalist society has deemed to be not a "real" job?

It's been extremely hard to make work during quarantine and I've been having continued discussions with other artists about what it means to create during this time. Now, more than ever, we've felt the pressure to be productive. There is this expectation that we should be producing more work than before under the guise that we have more free time and there's nothing else to do. Admittedly, there are those who have risen to meet the challenge head on, and I applaud them for that, but I myself have watched structure slip away in nearly every aspect of my life.

At the same time, it's been an exciting journey discovering the new possibilities for creating and distributing / displaying art. I have been wanting to delve into making cyanotypes for quite some time now, and strangely enough quarantine proved to be the best opportunity to do so. Without access to the school's darkroom and printing lab among other things, cyanotypes became the solution for being able to produce work at home. These chemicals, my printer, and sunlight became my best friends.

I am humbled time and time again, reminded that the world continues on even as I scramble to finish my undergraduate career. Seeing how quickly some have thrown stay-at-home orders and masks out the window is concerning and frustrating to say the least, and to pair it with the continued state sanctioned violence against Black people and the failures of those in power to protect the most vulnerable in our society has pushed me to take a step back and adjust my priorities. Continuing to educate myself and others has taken precedence along with regular check-ins with both family and friends.

Angela Davis' belief that "progressive art can assist people to learn what's at work in the society in which they live" is something I will always carry with me. Let there be an urgency to create.



Still taken from *Weaving A Story*, 2020
Experimental film

Wear A Mask, 2020

Cyanotype from digital negative contact print

Appropriated photo, "graffiti"-ed over in paint



Celia Yap Banago was a Filipina immigrant nurse who died of COVID-19 after contracting it from a patient she was treating. She was a part of National United Nurses and had raised concerns about the lack of personal protection equipment (PPE) at the hospital she worked. The United States has a long history of "importing" Filipino nurses, often exploiting this critical workforce, and now COVID-19 is taking an outsized toll on them.

Wear A Mask, 2020

Cyanotype from digital negative contact print
Appropriated photo, "graffiti"-ed over in paint



Edward Crawford was a Ferguson Black Lives Matter protester who is pictured here, returning a tear gas canister fired by police. This iconic photo went on to win a Pulitzer Prize, but Crawford was found dead in an apparent suicide three years later. He's not the only Black man from those protests who suspiciously died after their photos were circulated in the news: Deandre Joshua, Darren Seals, MarShawn McCarrel, Dayne Jones, and Bassem Masri - say their names.



LIES

Due to ~~COVID-19~~

**All City Beaches and their
adjacent Parks are closed.**

According to Government Code Section 8665 and LBMC Section 2.16.060, any person who violates the provisions of this sign is guilty of a misdemeanor and is subject to citation, arrest, a fine of \$1,000 and/or imprisonment for up to 6 months.

For more information, please visit the City of Laguna Beach website at: www.lagunabeachcity.org



LES

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LAG

STAY



Cyanotype from digital negative contact print, 2020
Left: original 35mm film scan







From *Boardwalks at the Jersey Shore (Winter)*, 2019
Medium format film



From *Boardwalks at the Jersey Shore (Winter)*, 2019
Medium format film



From *Boardwalks at the Jersey Shore (Winter)*, 2019
Medium format film



From *Boardwalks at the Jersey Shore (Winter)*, 2019
Medium format film



From *for you, my heart and soul*, 2019
Medium format film (Darkroom edited)

DON'T MAKE OTHERS
SUFFER FOR YOUR
PERSONAL

WANTED



From *for you, my heart and soul*, 2019
Medium format film, in-camera double exposure (Darkroom edited)



From *for you, my heart and soul*, 2019
Medium format film (Darkroom edited)



From *for you, my heart and soul*, 2019
Medium format film, in-camera double exposure (Darkroom edited)



From *for you, my heart and soul*, 2019
Medium format film (Darkroom edited)

HE WAS AWARE
THAT HE WAS
STILL
A
CHILD

From *for you, my heart and soul*, 2019
Medium format film, in-camera double exposure (Darkroom edited)



Thinking of You (Flowers for my Mother), 2020
Flowers pressed to cyanotype treated paper

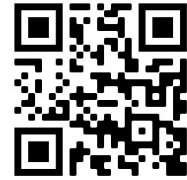


Ryan Wang



Ryan is an artist who works with video, film and photography. His work explores human inner struggle and entanglements such as oppression and childhood trauma. He employs the use of video cameras to tell captivating stories and express emotion, alongside poignant visual aesthetics and compelling narration.

Light in the Mist, 2020
Single Channel Video
13 min.



Trailer

Light In The Mist, directed and photographed by Ryan Wang, provides a rare glimpse into a place called “Her Farm” run by a couple at the top of Mountain Manhku in rural Nepal. The farm provides a safe haven for struggling women and children to live, work and thrive. The documentary seeks to reveal the inner struggle of trauma and the healing power of community. *Light In The Mist* captures the emotional depth of its subjects by allowing the passage of time to reflect a moving narrative of hardship, courage and hope.

Environmental Landscape

Allegories



“I have cried a lot”



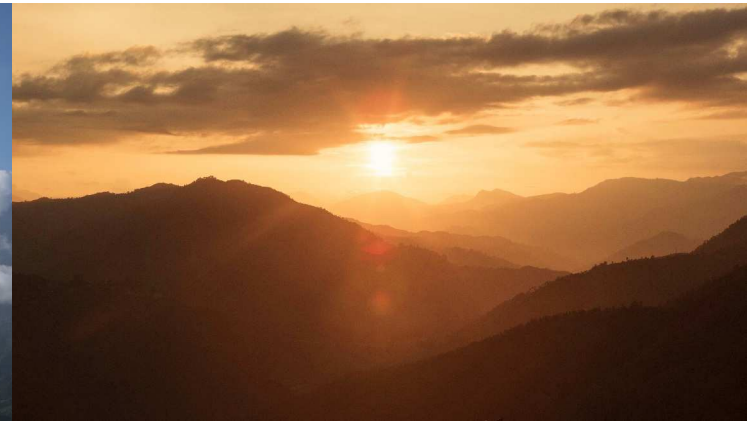
“But in my heart”



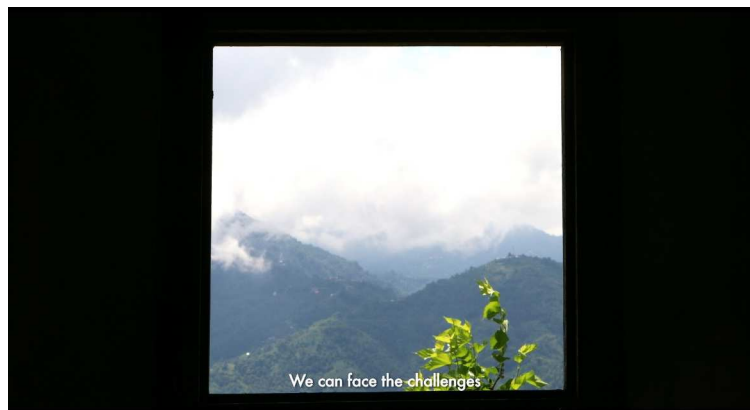
“Very much”



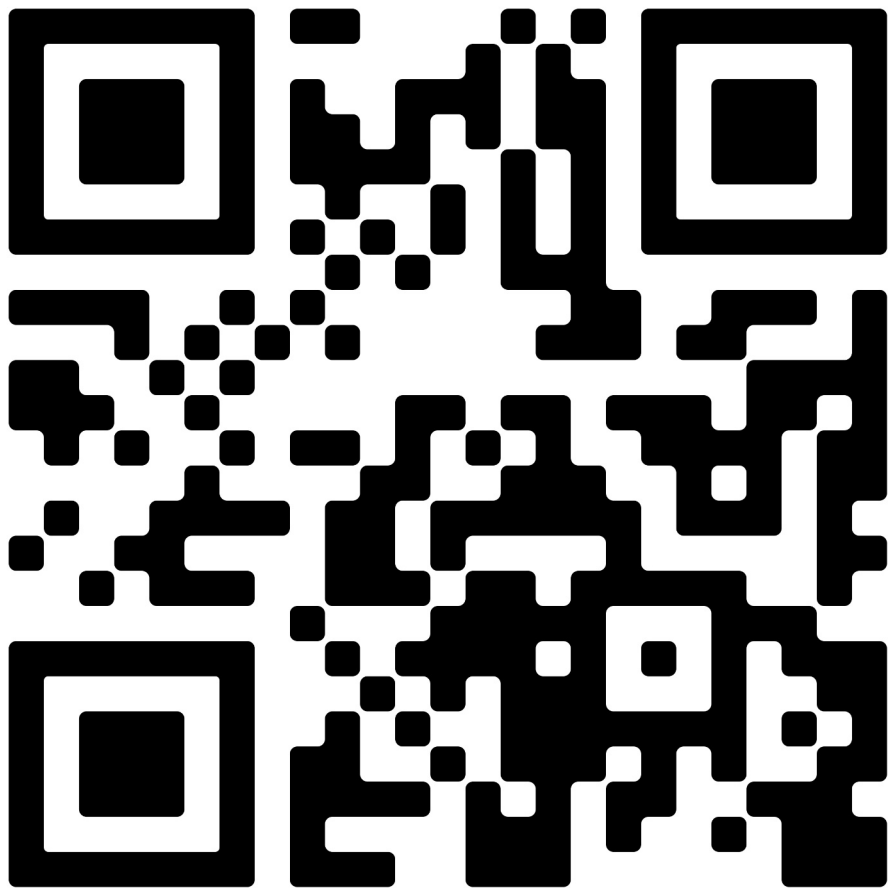
"Aunt makes me strong"



"We can face the challenges"



"Don't cry for past"



Light in the Mist, 2020

Directed by Ryan Wang

13 min.



still from a performance of NEUROTERRORISM, 2019



LILY WELLING





ROTPILE, first stage, 2019



12 12

ARCHITECTURE IS A TOMB. LANDSCAPE IS A WASTELAND. Our horizons and free movement are curtailed by the wall; our sorry shelters cannot even keep prying eyes at bay.

TAKE IT BACK, WE DO NOT WANT THIS HERE. None of us remember asking for all these vile fiberboard houses, so please get them out of our sight!

OH THIS TOWN IS BIG ENOUGH. Suburbia is the infrastructure of exclusion. We want you all here even if we have to kill the HOA to get it.

AND THAT MEANS EVERYONE. The criminals, prostitutes, junkies, and crazies are us or are our friends; we are not at all sorry to say that there will soon be no cop hotline to call for their removal.

WE OWN NOTHING AND WANT NOTHING. Suburbia was built on the land the bourgeoisie could not extract and obfuscated with the promise of ownership for the collaborationists amongst the proles; we do not intend to take that land, we intend to free it.

BENEATH THE HOUSES SITS THE BEACH. The fools buried our freedom right under our noses, right within our reach. All that is left to do is act on it.

For all the astroturfed protests and breathless tweets about Venice canals we could almost believe that economies both global and local are under threat. Yet even as millions of us are forced on and off unemployment insurance there was only a brief sputter to the incomes of capitalists; even as unprecedented changes to our work-life situations empty our roadways and reverse regional trends in air pollution, global carbon emissions hardly blipped. These are the hairline cracks that threaten the stability of the popular green-capital myth that our consumptive machine can be maintained without disastrous climate change if only enough of us kept our lights off long enough and paid the four dollar premium on the eco-friendly clothing line at H&M. But neither a power plant, a factory, or a mass industrial-consumer economy can scale to such granular individual demand; the powers that be select an output and dial the machine in to match, burning up oil to meet demand projections and trend forecasts that still end every fashion season with piles of new clothing, sustainably marketed or otherwise, slashed to pieces and dumpstered. Most people recognize this dilemma in broad strokes even if they cannot articulate the full extent of it, or are too wedded to accumulation to accept it, but most of us are also hopelessly entwined in the system, dependent on its distributive infrastructure whether we buy or shoplift our groceries. A radical paradigm for a truly liveable future clearly cannot be found in market solutions. It requires a fundamental restructuring of our social lives; it demands that the suburbs be destroyed.

Suburbia is not a social order that has been content to stay put. As it grew out of a market form that demanded the endless construction of new developments even after the supply of empty homes blew past the supply of houseless people, it never could; it must someday come to be everything. Suburbia is far more sophisticated in 2020 than it was 1946, having now infected the very city centers it was made for white people to flee from. That generation's children still share the myths of lawless streets filled with masturbators and discarded needles even as their own children attend the aggressively mediocre gentrifier cafes and novelty shops that displaced actual residents. The line between a renewed urban downtown and a mall blurs faster and further; historic districts become barely distinguishable from the shopping mall, and even less authentic. Entire global cities become carbon copies in which you can find the same Chipotle Brutalist architecture and decor. How many choices do you have for craft brew pubs, how many do you need, and how many of them have identical

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wood slab bar tops with identical live edges, identical pipe furniture, and identically cheeky product names? How many of them have signed distribution deals with Anheuser-Busch? How much more of this can you take? The commercial incursion of the suburb into the city and the material incursion of sprawl into rural space exposes the nature of Suburbia as a slow, smouldering pandemic. This is not a figurative statement; perhaps displacement has a longer incubation than Covid-19, but either of them can drown you in your own lung tissue. If anything, it is Suburbia that will have a higher body count. It was here before Covid, will linger after Covid, and is an apparatus which demands millions of miles driven in commute and terawatt upon terawatt burned climate controlling fiberboard houses. The fear we have for Covid is not misplaced, but it outstrips our apprehension of air pollution as a threat even as it is implicated by the World Health Organization in millions of deaths annually. The alternative platforms which supplement this energy appetite are hardly less violent. Uranium production for nuclear power kills many times over, first polluting indigenous land during extraction before doing it again in disposal and botched cleanup operations. It kills again when depleted uranium is alloyed into ballistic weapons for oil wars, and still again when discarded munitions poison the lands of Afghanistan, Iraq, and other regions victimized by petro-colonialism. Other alternatives carry their own environmental compromises; the conflict materials that prefigure our phones and our electric cars come from extractive apparatuses that are as dirty and violent as the petroleum industry. There is no potential for a material synthesis between Suburbia and a sustainable society, we simply have the choice between keeping the tract homes or the temperature.

The ecological toll of Suburbia is reason enough to obliterate it, yet its runoff toxifies our social spheres too. We know our neighbors well; we have not spoken at length in years. This did not arise out of conflict or intrigue, but out of material formations of our social lives. Our real circles and the meaningful relationships that are cultivated within them have moved elsewhere, to the job site, the school campus, or the social media platform. The day to day administration of our communities is handled elsewhere, in the distribution centers of our grocery and retail chains or in the town hall, built several population booms ago and always scheduled during evening service industry shifts. Our social lives are not intrinsically less rich for all of this, but they are disentangled from our physical world through systems of mediation such that people here must see each other through their

doorbell cameras as much as they do with their own eyes. And this isolation is a privilege! To hole yourself in a tract citadel with instant delivery mechanisms for porn and media, telecommuting to work while expecting the precariat pizza peons to keep you fed is also an invitation for them to steal the plants off your porch and a testament to who it is with the real jobs. In this manner, Suburbia reproduces itself, ensuring a social order in which white collar shirts stuffed with unbaked dough perpetuate themselves in the industries of punching meaningless numbers into unnecessary spreadsheets, controlling who gets into schools, prisons, or assistance programs, often with more spreadsheets, or simply making more wretched media to throw atop the pile of shit we are already too busy working to live to watch or play.

But entropy spares nothing. An organism is at its most vulnerable to cell mutation and damage at the moment of cell reproduction, and it is precisely at its own sites of reproductions that Suburbia can be attacked most effectively. We submit that there are quite enough houses already, that the construction of new houses in this current paradigm is little more than a ponzi scheme for developers, and that such construction is a fruitless extraction of the ecosystems in which we live and the mental and physical health those ecosystems could have supported. We appreciate all the free art and supplies for the revolution that are readily available thanks to the construction and real estate industries—the piles of bricks, the unattended dumpsters, the free corrugated plastic and paper—but we like the fields even more. Thankfully the disruption and sabotage of construction is a storied radical tradition, and one better espoused by the veterans of such movements. Sadly, industry can make excavators faster than we can destroy them. To really stop the encroach of Suburbia on our friend the wild demands a systemic attack on its primary supply chain which supplants the real estate agent and the developer and even the making of earthmovers and the mining of iron ore and drilling of oil that makes and fuels them. To destroy Suburbia we must destroy the Suburbanites themselves. No slings or shotguns will be necessary, as it is possible to enact protracted psychic warfare against Home Owner's Associations without bloodshed. The American Radio Relay League will even pay you to erect the exact sort of radio antenna that will lower the property value of everyone in the neighborhood. Erect enough of them that there will soon be no neighborhood in which the terminally boring can find fit to live. And when we finally put the cops on the run you can even broadcast your very own pirate radio.

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We jest, as there can be no individual answers to systemic questions, and there are only so many ARRL grants available. The ideal anti-Suburbanization tactics must be scalable and with a low buy-in for us the broke classes, and the developers in all their hubris made it very easy for us. Not only are the houses of Suburbia, at any price point, built of fiberboard and foam, but the absolute fools had the temerity to do all of this building on dirt. As if we would not notice, as if a shovel is not pleasantly affordable, as if the tactic of burying unwanted buildings was not already pioneered by Robert Smithson. Like all vanguard attacks his was provisional and incomplete, and he did not even finish burying a single building. We seek to despecialize and democratize the tactic, and many of us are both abled enough for the task and would prefer digging dirt to our actual jobs.

In fact, for all its desire to rid itself of nature Suburbia is still made out of the stuff. Its nacelles are rich with timber, lousy with green matter, and heavy with great soil, especially in the planters, parks, and gardens of the city and wealthy residents alike. We cannot ignore the extractive apparatus that brought it all here, but we can appreciate the convenience by which global capitalism has filled Suburbia with the materials we need to rehabilitate it. Timber, buried long enough, becomes soil; a tract house, forgotten long enough, may disappear back into its ecosystem. But nature as it is in Suburbia is mediated, and rolling acres of invasive grass dotted with a few shade trees is an ersatz good compared to the real thing; even an abandoned lot is closer to our goal than a well-manicured park and so we will bury them too. We reject the mediation of natural space, the distinction between home space and a sorry facsimile of the outdoors that we must drive to for want of sidewalks. We want to step out of the door and into a verdant landscape, and we will scrap your car and rip up the roads to get what we want. Yet we are not advocating a program of primitivization; we have friends in wheelchairs and walkers and note that there are no access ramps in the forest. Our social form steals from the neolithic past, but it steals the wind turbines and wifi and accessibility and anything else we want too. We envision a revival of the proto-urban megasite. Such sites had a core population permanently settled that would swell with temporary nomadic encampment for periods of weeks, months, or years. This social permeability in the groundwork for a fractal form of autonomy and solidarity, one that is intelligible at all levels of social arrangement, from the regional to communal to individual. Where we find ourselves trapped in the

Suburban form, locked into whatever living arrangement we can afford, we will finally be able to move freely and still find a place to sleep at the end of the day. We want to take the neolithic shelter form too, and the attitude towards permanency that was a piece of it. Proto-citizens had no outsize love of their buildings and they knocked them down when they ceased to be functional to build new ones right on top. We recognize every domicile as a squat, a shelter arrangement intrinsically limited by time. But where now the police end squats prematurely, we will simply embrace entropy and plow under the old to germinate something new. So too do we embrace neolithic materials, sustainable and local by their very nature, and celebrate contemporary manifestations such as superadobe and rammed earth. Such manifestations allow these neolithic forms to be sufficient for our demography, where Gabrielino-Tongva land alone has several times the human population of Earth at the beginning of history.

Here we feel compelled to assure you that we are not only chasing our fancies and have grown our own food; RAZE is a project seeded directly within these experiences. Our school books taught us much about famines that happened in socialist regimes or the so-called third world, but self-incriminated with their silence on who it is who withholds that food, much less the famine happening right in front of us. Food was free until someone fenced it in and land was rich before someone depleted it, we simply wish to tear that fence down and bury it until the timber rots and replenishes the dirt. This is the promise of a society with true abundance, where none of our friends go hungry as bread rots on the shelves of supermarkets. It is also the promise of true self-sufficiency, of which both the nuclear family and atomized, precarious homesteaders are a pale mockery. We are never freer to pursue our whims than when we have our friends who have our backs.

Such a lifestyle is in reach. We echo the words of countless radicals before us; the conditions can be built now, and the manner in which we revolt will also become the manner in which we run a society. You do not need to wait for RAZE to be a reality; you can tear down your own house right now, and then get to work on your neighbor's. Make the dull plea to be the change you wish to see mean something, and make them regret ever telling that to you.

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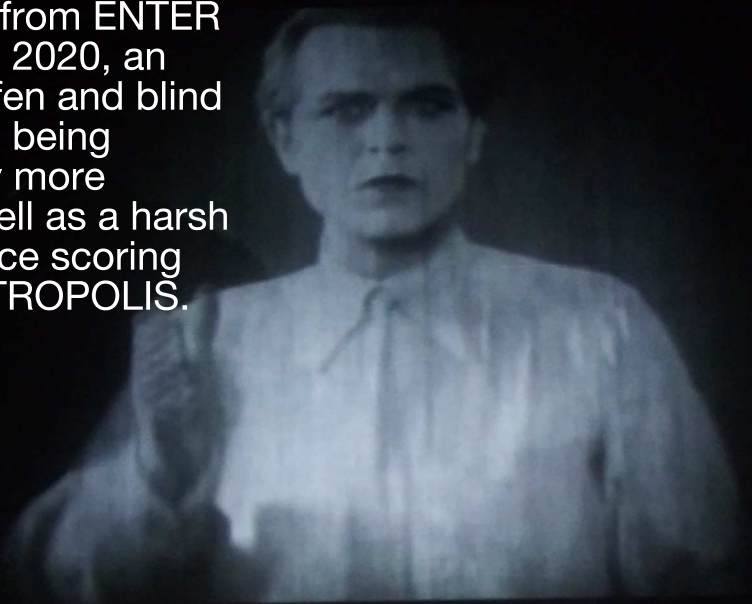




ENTER PAIN MACHINE

JANUARY 31 7PM
XMPL
CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER

flier and images from ENTER
PAIN MACHINE, 2020, an
invitation to deafen and blind
yourself to avoid being
subjected to any more
advertising as well as a harsh
noise performance scoring
Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS.



OH IT'S BIG ENOUGH, 2020,
assembled within ENTER PAIN
MACHINE





I CAME AND TOOK IT, 2019



subassembly within PALIMPSEST,
2019

CATALYST
www.catalystgallery.org



PALIMPSEST assembly, 2019



NO ONE WILL KNOW MAN FROM
MY MACHINE, assembled with
PALIMPSEST, 2019

PALIMPSEST

LILY WELLING



11.19 - 11.21

RECEPTION 11.21 6:30 PM

CATALYST GALLERY ACT 2223

A PALIMPSEST is a document whose original text has been effaced and overwritten and can be an act of recycling or an act of appropriation and suppression, as the medieval Church did with countless pagan texts. The practice was akin to book burning for a time when even heretical materials were too valuable to destroy, but the spirit of these palimpsests persists in the acts of intellectual and cultural larcenies that constitute the bleeding edge of capitalist rehabilitation. In the twenty years since the 1999 Seattle WTO protests private ownership has taken our public spaces while civic governments and blueshirt cops have conspired to make public demonstrations as difficult and useless as possible. While this has taken place the aesthetics of protesting were used to sell Pepsi, Democrats collaborated with Republicans to expand the police state while calling themselves the resistance, and Netflix sold media representation before cancelling shows whose crews threatened to unionize. But the jacking is mutual. As surely as Alpha Industries will sell you an embarrassing fake of a Sharpie'd M65 someone will tear skate stops off the railings to smash the storefront windows. The polyvinyl sheet, military uniform, and flag palimpsests around you are just as good at being art or anti-capitalist propaganda as they would have been at covering institutions under construction, clothing the goons of the war machine, or flying over bucket-wheel excavators, and their siblings are lying around unsupervised in abundance. No one needs to deal with the capitalist selling his own noose when there are plenty of good cinder blocks around back.

We wrote this statement in 2019, before a new wave of public demonstrations in honor of George Floyd, Rayshard Brooks, Dominique "Rem'mie" Fels, Riah Milton, Tony McDade, and other Black victims of white supremacist violence, and before those demonstrations began to influence nontrivial reform. Nevertheless, we endorse the broad strokes of this statement, and it remains to be seen what will happen with calls for police reform once they really collide with the carceral establishment. We like to be cautiously optimistic, but we rarely find ourselves disappointed by politicians.

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