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## **Again Black Again**

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#### Again-Black-Again

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

by
muthi reed
Sarah Lawrence College, Bachelor of Liberal Arts 1999
Virginia Commonwealth University, Master of Fine Arts 2022

Program Director: Stephen Vitiello Committee: Semi Rvu. Orla McHardv. MK Abadoo. Cara Benedetto

> Virginia Commonwealth University Richmond, Virginia May 2022

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Thank you

#### **ABSTRACT**

#### AGAIN BLACK AGAIN

by muthi reed, M.F.A

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

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AGAIN BLACK AGAIN. ABA-BBABB is documentation of a reparations practice and articulations for a reparations manifesto devised by the artist. Reparations begins with the self. Singing truth to the self. Talking with the self. The thesis organizes around the problems of surveillance and myth making about Black people and the subsequent source of self-regard, conjure and social dreaming that remain under threat of violence and in constant need of devotion. ABA-BBABB generates it's own coded algorithms that travel virtual and ancestral pathways using QR code, archival images and viral media material as eco locative subtext to an avatar Black Queer migrant experience. My artist approach articulates an immersive practice of spatial presence, speech and hwadu writing, posture and ritual performance acts, symbols, light and color imaging and long play offerings for a Black Sound that would support such a manifesto. Æffectively Black is... as James Brown teaches us not a skin color. Black is an attitude.

#### VITA

muthi reed, a member of the Black Nation from central Alabama and Virginia kinfolk, was born September 3, 1977 in First Nation Anishinaabe, Ojibwe, Ottawa, Potawatomi, and Wyandot ancestral land, Detroit, Michigan, and raised in First Nation Lenape, Delaware, Susquehannock, Shawnee, and Iroquois ancestral lands, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Their work is an aesthetic practice in ritual and sound. muthi graduated from Cheltenham High School in 1995. They received their Bachelor of Liberal Arts from Sarah Lawrence College in 1999. muthi received a Master of Fine Arts from Virginia Commonwealth University in 2022.





## AGAIN BLACK AGAIN For these ELEVEN VALUES OF A BLACK LIFE

we need some protection, we need some peace

will you sit and listen i wanna talk with you

have you oiled yourself down today?

have you called your mother today?

have you poured out some liquor for the homies?

have you given away today?

what have you been holding onto and what can you let go of?

what complexity will we keep of you?

does it get my people free?

have you prayed today?

have you tipped the dancers? Throw some dollars down and don't care

what fantasy? what pleasures what release

does your fantasy practice consent?

SAMPLE RINSE REPEAT

wildin around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us

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sample rinse repeat ABA-BBABB

you fancy?
if you ain 't fancy what you here for question mark
wildin https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T5WND4daNuM
Walkin ass eatin ass wildin ass poetic ass unsettled self conscious ass nigga questioning the shit mining the ruins, can't get away from the water's broadness. Brandy  full moon in rotation. NEXT indigenous. hearsay and rumors now

		ney hey hoka hey
	gratitude is my attitude and i love my life ho	
	gratitude is my attitude and i love my life ho	ney hey hoka hey oka hey hoka hey
	gratitude is my attitude and i love my life ho	ney hey hoka hey oka hey hoka hey
rice is cooked inside the	e pot and not outside, said Amilcar Cabral	

	gratitude is my	y attitude and	i love my life		y hoka l y hoka l	
	gratitude is my	y attitude and	i love my life	hoka he	y hoka   y hoka   y hoka	hey
	gratitude is my	y attitude and	i love my life			
everything that ha	s power is don	e in a circle. L	akota			

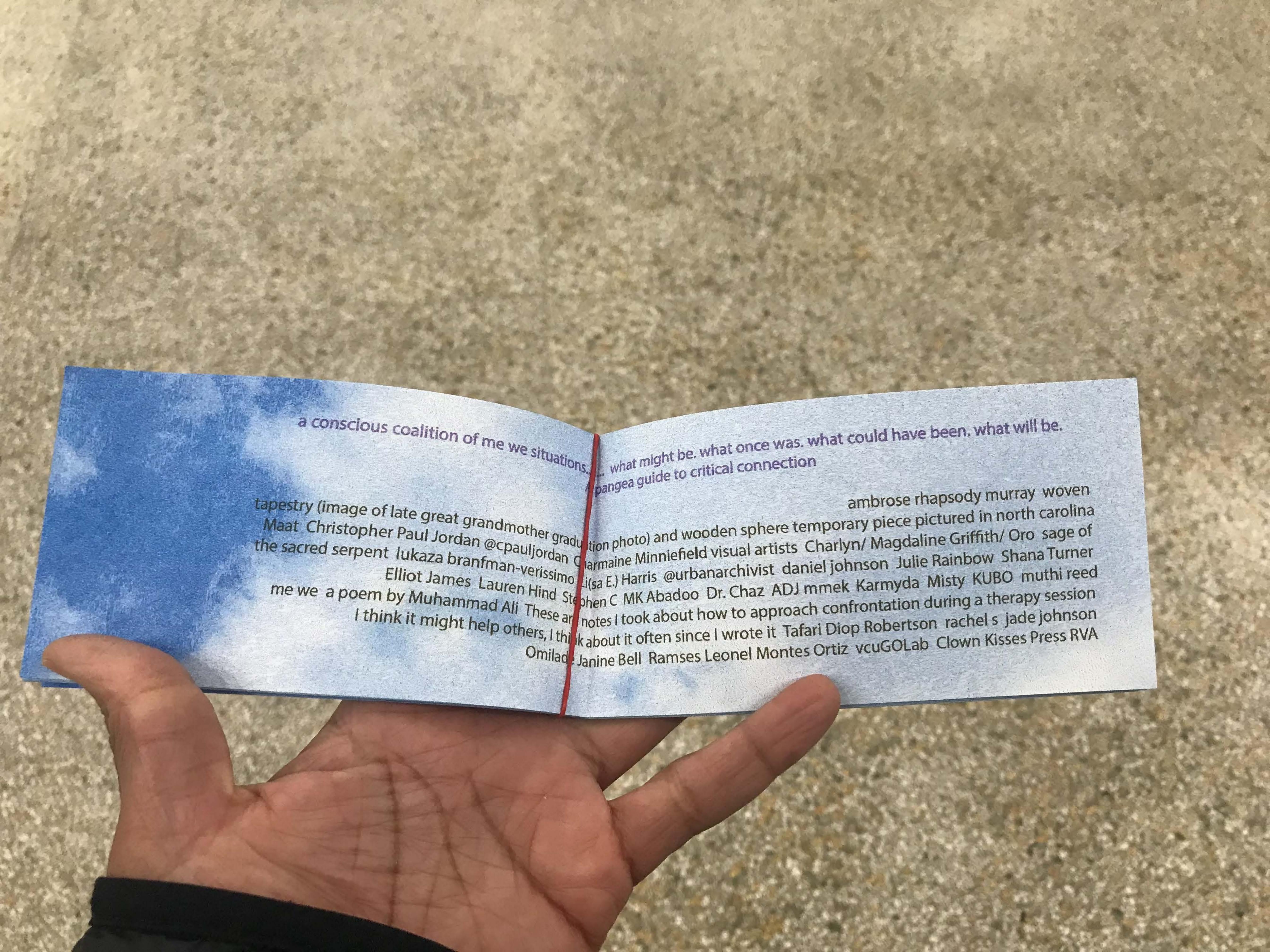


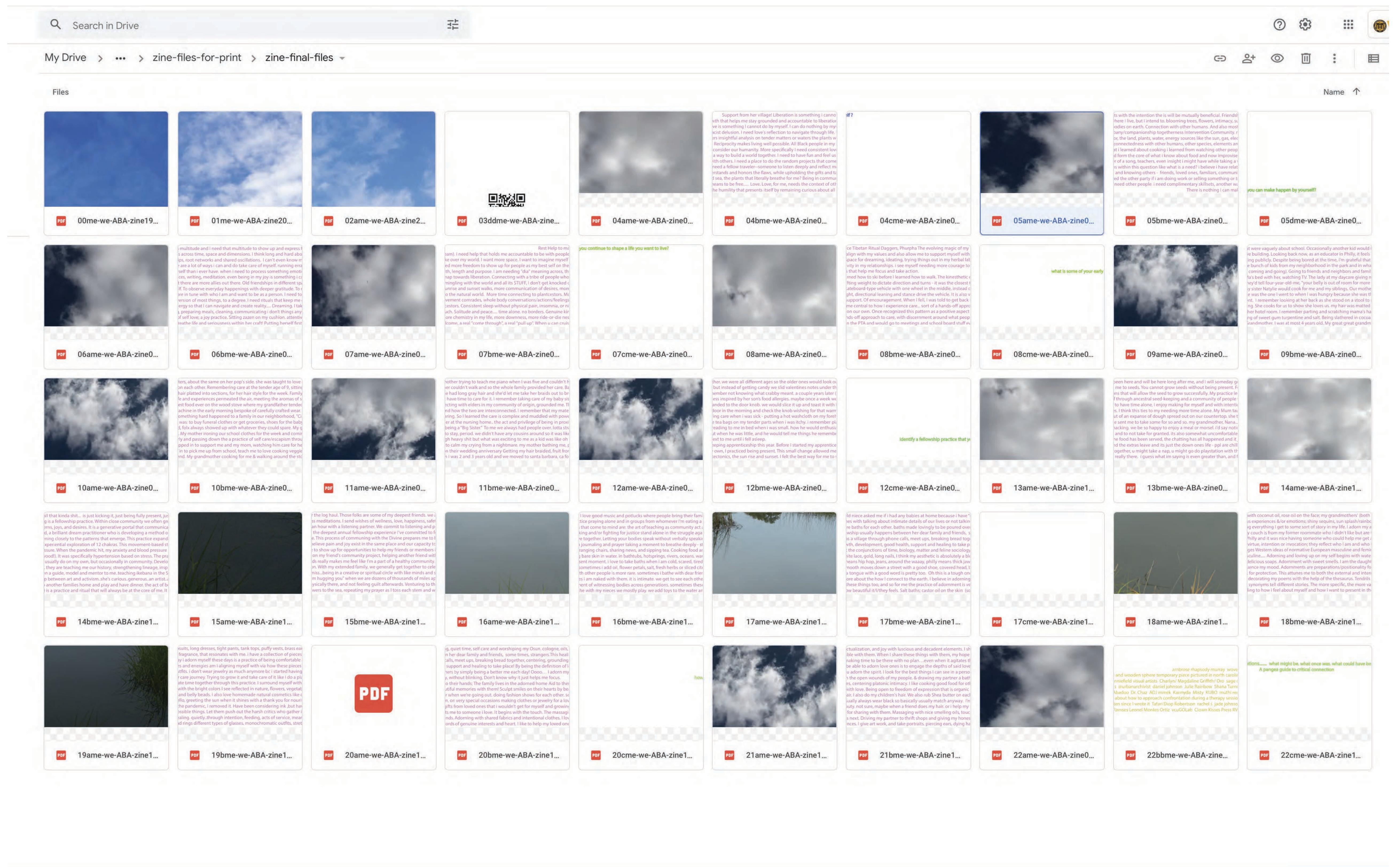


you fancy? if you aint fancy what you here for ? wildin is an avatar for muthi reed. wildin emerged as a space for engagement in the course of pandemic learning within the university environment and particular to the climate of covid surveillance testing that emerged within the university. I do not consent to surveillance. I did not consent to the surveillance testing employed by the university. I do consent to mask and I quite enjoy the experience of masking. My choice to remain unvaccinated and the university's push for surveillance testing and for folks to be on campus while pandemic conditions persisted made the experience of navigating university life undesirable. I felt unsafe in my decision and was repeatedly threatened with withdrawal from my courses by the university if I did not comply with the procedure. Ultimately and by speaking up for myself with the support of KI department I was able to continue the shelter-in-place mandate through the course of my studies. Dwelling in these conditions made my attention to the virtual viral bodies(portals) of contemporary art evermore present. Wildin whylin is a post American War in Vietnam post Black Power crack era Black behavioral presence that could mean a few things for us who use it regularly to define various states of conscious engagement with social and anti social situations. The term was co opted by mainstream media during the tragic affairs of the five youths who were indicted as the "Central Park Five." Wildin whylin is all inclusive and non exclusive for good, bad, ugly behavior. wildin is a composite attitude mood speech somatic avatar about us, to redirect the performance code back into Black vernacular for all of its paradoxical complexity that I know the term to embody. wildin is a practice of public assembly for what I have learned from my people regarding the conjure and use of energy and bodies in relation to rage, absurdity, surveillance and dystopic environmental conditions, wildin is the ritual performance practice space where I can safely travel subject object heterotopias inherent in the relationship between my Black Queer body, and even the notion of nationhood. In relation to myths that could influence any situation with fabricated facts about who the Blacks are, wildin's phantasmagoria states of possession and perception work to transgress dominant culture. wildin engages emotional labor and somatic endurance practices like talking with, being with, walking, foraging the land, body and domestic work. The hwadu writing introduced in Semi Ryu's fall 2021 KI graduate seminar class gave me great insight into the power of the avatar. Writing consistently over time and presenting virtually with the cohort gifted wildin an unexpected presence. What I mean is that there were certain ways of engagement that I leaned into that allowed the avatar to presence itself. It was the way I would turn my camera off while speaking the hwadu writing, viewers wouldn't be looking at me but rather at my zoom icon which is two afros resting against each other. The certain choices I made for how to conduct a virtual presentation were wayward, fugitive even. The candidacy writing was largely the articulation of language broken down, questioned, abandoned. The image offerings were primarily sound driven and blurred. There is something interesting the avatar channels, about anonymity, protection, interruption, unmapped, unlocatable presence, which was supported in the pandemic virtual space. My media making process was shaped critically during this time at vcu and particular to the pandemic, as a virtual appearing thing. How to interrupt grounded reality normalcy with virtual intervals? Even still as pandemic measures lose their momentum I have become more interested in the virtual world as programmatic and performance space. How will wildin transgress surveillance as a ritual act reminding us the wisdom of our bodies and our noise in paradox with social crises that demand our compliance with imperialism?









```
For my grandmothers my mother my Aunt Caddy my father 7 blue holes and 7 values of a Black Life
(under the influence of the 7 values of Lakota Life) roll call HOLD ON Wesley Taylor Brother Nat InLight
Nava Levenson MK Abadoo Omilade Janine Bell Cara Benedetto Semi Ryu. Orla McHardy Free Bangura
     i Gulati Maroonage Rhizome Onye Ozuzu Technology of the Circle Auntie Velma Uncle Horace
  1/11s. Lexanna Moose Bob & Carrie Clear Creek Creative Kim Pevia Alternate ROOTS community
                 Marcus Fischer Camae Ayewa Rasheedah Phillips Samantha Storm Burton Kaitlyn Paston
Stephen Vitiel
                 iwah Gary Smalls A.M. Weaver TONI CADE BAMBARA Aishah Shahidah Simmons LNZ
  ana Baakan /
                 ephen Clapp Arielle Julia Brown Marcellus Armstrong Germaine Ingram Odunde
                                     Mauclet Gwylene Gallimard Camille Shafer Caroline Minchew
                            kaza Branfman-Verissimo HH Hiaasen Museum of Black Joy Misty Sol
                                               URSULA RUCKER Nikol Bailey Frank James Sullen III
                                                  ma Lenapehocking Schuykill and Delaware Rivers
                                                    Veequahic Park Okinawa Detroit Anishinaabek
                                                     kee Sunni Patterson Mel Cardona Sula Spirit
                                         Mandisa Moore-O'Neal Wendi Moore-O'Neal Kai Lumumba
  arrow Jazz Franklin Ecohybridity Emaree Johnson Kinsley (CC) Johnson Liza Garza Shana Griffin Cherry
Galette Spirit McIntyre Elliot James Boone Nguyen Jake Maxon Leslie-Lohman artist fellowship Chroni-
  ing Resistance fellowship Stephanie Thulin Bob Paris Pam Turner the future is on the table Circle of Advi-
sors Tiny is Powerful Charleston, SC Baby Royal Rachel Scott-Reed TKE Jessica Norwood Chandra Brown
Kenishia Jackson Kelsey Bryant Chenele Chapman Society of Clotilda Noah Jessie Rachel Jessie Jessika
Jessie Lauren Hind Abdul Aliv Charmaine Minniefield Yolanda Reed Lonnie Reed Gregory Reed Jeffrina
                                                       unt Loretta Aunt Betty Aunt Sally Aunt Connie
Reed Uncle Peanut Aunt Irene Aunt Maxine Cyril Clifto
                                                      n Uncle Willie Fred Uncle Jerome grandfather
John William Thompson Sr. Eular Davis Contessa Walker Chicago New Orleans TZ East Africa Mwende
Katwiwa Hollerin Space Jade Johnson Dr Chaz Annette Hollowell Marqueta Aiken Reverend Sheila Clifton
Rhetta Morgan Community Bookshop New Orleans Tezerah Wilkins Maypop Fred Moten Tiffany Lethabo
King Mama Assetewa Dr Koko Zauditu Selassie Zola Bruce Luce Capco Lincoln QTPOC Visions jere
edmunds Sek Harvestworks Ramses Montes Reuben Telushkin Jebney Olga Livshin Joe T Ha Pham
Black Gold Tafari Diop Dr Quang Liana Ambrose Eva Wø Kelley Ann Lindo Lisa Harris Karmyda Cassie
Owens Curtis Small booklyn Atiya Ola Spirit First Foods Eden Cafe Ms Bee's River City Market The Nile
Naakoshie France Africanne on Main Mama Loretta Sheaux Fresh King & Queen Emporium South
Philadelphia Community Acupuncture King Sauna Spa Canaan Hill P. B. Church Ms Gwen Mr Charles ill
Dream Brian Bazemore Lucille Songhai Lily Benson Shu Lea Cheang Iya Morenike Olabunmi Brother Tut
Big Herm's Kitchen Fast and French Eric Millikin Dellil Mohammed M. Albertson Dylan Ahearn cousinage
Dr Willa Cofield Julie Rainbow Jeff Becker Dr Savannah Shange Maat Ms Dionna the abosom Nana Tigare
Dr Ife Williams Clown Kisses Press VCU GOLAB Tasilli's Silver Sands Jamaican Cuisine ILI Carlton Turner
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# Wayward: A Short Entry on the Possible

ayward, related to the family of words: errant, fugitive, recalcitrant, anarchic, willful, reckless, troublesome, riotous, tumultuous, rebellious and wild. To inhabit the world in ways inimical to those deemed proper and respectable, to he deeply aware of the gulf between where you stayed and how you might live. Waywardness: the avid longing for a world not ruled by master, man or the police. The errant path taken by the leaderless swarm in search of a place better than here. The social poesis that sustains the dispossessed. Wayward: the unregulated movement of drifting and wandering; sojourns without a fixed destination, ambulatory possibility, interminable migrations, rush and flight, black becomotion; the everyday struggle to live free. The attempt to elude capture by never settling. Not the master's tools, but the ex-slave's fugitive gestures, her traveling shoes. Waywardness articulates the paradox of cramped creation, the entanglement of escape and confinement, flight and captivity. Wayward: to wander, to be unmoored, adrift, rambling, roving, cruising, strolling, and seeking. To claim the right to opacity. To strike, to riot, to refuse. To love what is not Wise of be lost to the world. It is the practice of the social otherwise, the insurgent ground that enables new possibilities and new

vocabularies; it is the lived experience of enclosure and segregation, vocabularies; it is the directionless search for assembling and huddling together. It is the directionless search for assembling and industries of making and relation that enfolds within the policed boundaries of the dark ghetto; it is the mutual aid offered in the open-air prison. It is a queer resource of black survival. It is a beautiful experiment in how-to-live.

Waywardness is a practice of possibility at a time when all roads, except the ones created by smashing out, are foreclosed. It obeys no rules and abides no authorities. It is unrepentant. It traffics in occult visions of other worlds and dreams of a different kind of life. Waywardness is an ongoing exploration of what might be; it is an improvisation with the terms of social existence, when the terms have already been dictated, when there is little room to breathe, when you have been sentenced to a life of servitude, when the house of bondage looms in whatever direction you move. It is the untiring practice of trying to live when you were never meant to survive.

This is a manifesto for my grandmothers, my mother, my father, my Aunt Caddy, 7 blue holes and 11 values of a Black life (under the influence of the 7 values of Lakota life). House of Lux is architectural space for a Black Feminist body poetics practice. ABA-BBABB is a reparations manifesto made in an effort to presence and adapt possible futures in critical partnership with forces of me we us ours harmony for fresh ways of being and doing and optimistic release from homogeneous fear of alterity the artist engages an in/exhaustive practice with speech, body, ensemble and play, consent and satisfaction working between us.

11 values of a Black Life (under the influence of the 7 values of Lakota Life) the grandmothers HOLD ON Wesley Taylor Brother Nat InLight Nava Levenson MK Abadoo Omilade Janine Bell Cara Benedetto Semi Ryu Orla McHardy Free Bangura Sonali Gulati Maroonage Rhizome Onye Ozuzu Technology of the Circle Auntie Velma Uncle Horace Mrs. Lexanna Moose Bob & Carrie Clear Creek Creative Kim Pevia Alternate ROOTS community Stephen Vitiello Marcus Fischer Camae Ayewa Rasheedah Phillips Samantha Storm Burton Kaitlyn Paston Nana Baakan Agyiriwah Gary Smalls A.M. Weaver TONI CADE BAMBARA Aishah Shahidah Simmons LNZ Sol Levante Bakery Pilgrim Rest Primitive Baptist Association Louis Massiah Stephen Clapp Arielle Julia Brown Marcellus Armstrong Germaine Ingram Odunde Charlyn Oro Andrea Walls Jean-Marie Mauclet Gwylene Gallimard Camille Shafer Caroline Minchew Chocolate Cities rachel s Lukaza Branfman-Verissimo HH Hiaasen Museum of Black Joy Misty Sol Chad Mundie Bella Kubo Dean Moss Kate Sicchio URSULA RUCKER Nikol Bailey Frank James Sullen III Reed Bailey Sophia Bailey Robb Bailey LaMott Alabama Lenapehocking Schuykill and Delaware Rivers Elegba Folklore Society ADJ Joy James Sage Crump Weequahic Park Okinawa Detroit Anishinaabek Free Feral Ursula Rucker daniel johnson Stephanie Mckee Sunni Patterson Mel Cardona Sula Spirit Lorna Williams Yvette Hyater Shana Turner Mandisa Moore-O'Neal Wendi Moore-O'Neal Kai Lumumba Barrow Jazz Franklin Ecohybridity Emaree Johnson Kinsley (CC) Johnson Liza Garza Shana Griffin Cherry Galette Spirit McIntyre Elliot James Boone Nguyen Jake Maxon Leslie-Lohman LGBTQIA artist fellowship Chronicling Resistance fellowship Stephanie Thulin Bob Paris Pam Turner the future is on the table Circle of Advisors Tiny is Powerful Charleston, SC Baby Royal Rachel Scott-Reed TKE

Jessica Norwood Chandra Brown Kenishia Jackson Kelsey Bryant Chenele Chapman Society of Clotilda Noah Jessie Rachel Jessie Jessika Jessie Lauren Hind Abdul Aliy Charmaine Minniefield Yolanda Reed Lonnie Reed Gregory Reed Jeffrina Reed Uncle Peanut Aunt Irene Aunt Maxine Cyril Clifton Aunt Loretta Aunt Betty Aunt Sally Aunt Connie Aunt Sandy Aunt Sharon Aunt Libby Uncle Chris Uncle John Uncle Willie Fred Uncle Jerome the grandfathers John William Thompson Sr. Eular Davis Contessa Walker Chicago New Orleans TZ East Africa Mwende Katwiwa Hollerin Space Jade Johnson Dr Chaz Annette Hollowell Marqueta Aiken Reverend Rhetta Morgan Sheila Clifton Community Bookshop New Orleans Tezerah Wilkins Maypop Fred Moten Tiffany Lethabo King Mama Assetewa Dr Koko Zauditu Selassie Zola Bruce Luce Capco Lincoln QTPOC Visions iere edmunds Sek Harvestworks Ramses Montes Reuben Telushkin Jebney Olga Livshin Joe T Ha Pham Rev and Sister Stevens Black Gold Tafari Diop Dr Quang Liana Ambrose Eva Wø Kelley Ann Lindo Lisa Harris Karmyda Cassie Owens Curtis Small booklyn Atiya Ola Spirit First Foods Eden Cafe Ms Bee's River City Market The Nile Naakoshie France Africanne on Main Mama Loretta Gary Reed Sheaux Fresh King & Queen Emporium South Philadelphia Community Acupuncture King Sauna Spa Canaan Hill P. B. Church Ms Gwen Mr Charles ill Dream Brian Bazemore Lucille Songhai Lily Benson Shu Lea Cheang Iya Morenike Olabunmi Brother Tut Big Herm's Kitchen Fast and French Eric Millikin Dellil Mohammed M. Albertson Dylan Ahearn cousinage Dr Willa Cofield Julie Rainbow Jeff Becker Dr Savannah Shange Maat Ms Dionna the abosom Nana Tigare Dr Ife Williams Clown Kisses Press VCU GOLAB Tassili's Raw Reality Silver Sands Jamaican Cuisine ILI Carlton Turner Blu Blak Blackdom black and blur Black Ball Pangea



love hate love unknown hate it hurt here scarey here been too long miss love home. What is home? home is unclear. Arrival of material and questions of how, feeling of me we. Feelings like a commitment to material and being together being apart being nothing being something being any Soft and blur: atmosphere and pressure.

Again Black Again (thesis) and Being Being Any Black Being (candidacy) are exhibitions of Remembering who where what when happened Black at the point of no return

Black in the hold of a ship

1919 Phillips County, AR

1960s/70s/80s Detroit

1980s/90s North Central Philadelphia, PA and crack

Farish St., JAFRICA

Charleston, SC

Lowndes County, AL

Jackson, MS

**Great Dismal Swamp** 

**Chocolate Cities** 

abolition

ante normative Louisiana maroons & New Orleans, LA; marronage and nyabinghi Ayiti/Haiti proximity to everything Black

I confront and organize myself(and collaborators) in space make space interrupt space with past present future limitations and possibilities.

I confront and organize myself(and collaborators) in space make space interrupt space with past present future limitations and possibilities. My art works are my efforts of work being held presently so we can't decide and we can't be sure but be in confidence with, Black. Following the Han tradition of great doubt(hwadu) I am speaking live presently and talking with Black

About light things unto themselves

About what is present layers upon layers of materiality

Copy of copy of copy

what helps we us ours be space

About reverberating

Thinking about scale and what that does for material

Leaky

A body for what?

Quiet

What is it made of? what is anything here made of .... light .... color colour we are color therapy and sensory perception. we are memory and the makings of things. we are frequency and process matter like art, something rendered.

#### AN ASSIGNMENT

Narrative Plan #1 (Graduate Seminar with VCU GDES professor, Wesley Taylor | Fall 2021)

writing the story of your thesis show

Your first objective in this class is to write a piece of speculative fiction about your future thesis show. In 700-900 words describe your work through a fictional account. Things you should suspend when writing this narrative include: 1) whether or not you know exactly what it is going to be 2) logistical challenges 3) feasibility in general.

You may use any writing style/format you choose including poetry, dialogue, graphic novel, screenplay formatting, etc. Spend time expressing the vibe, the impact, how it connects with audiences, who the audience is, and what it achieves.

The goal of this project is to use your imagination to world-build scenarios where your work makes sense, is fulfilling and nourishes your practice, resonates with audiences in the way you desire, and reaches the people you most desire for it to reach.



#### ABA-BBABB INSTRUCTIONS FOR ENGAGEMENT

I ask that you consent to turn your video off and your sound on/ unmute yourself so that all our mics are live, no matter how loud or quiet your environment. It may feel chaotic but please don't try to control your sound or your environment. I am asking us to be immersed in a shared sonic experience for this brief time. Close your eyes if you want because that may help you get into it. Handclaps are welcome. Affirmations like amens too. I am asking that you not only don't try to control your sound but that you actively speak out when and if you are so compelled. Your speaking out should be responsive to how you feel from what you are sensing. It doesn't matter if someone else has started speaking or if some other sound is louder and happening at the same time, speak out whenever you are ready. Voice whatever noise emerges from you. Quiet is also sound and non verbal articulations are welcome. Many sounds can be happening at once. I guess this is a meditation. That is what it feels like as I write the context for us to draw from. As wildin methodology and light at varying intervals holographic light portal

figure(s) in practice with flesh and body reasoning

me we

Black body architectures

Adorning with Shea butter

Shea butter smells everywhere

in conversation with an upside down broken drum

Greet a lover

Make friendship

with water

inna long drink

inna long sit with conversation

Behold/beholden

risograph coloured turquoise quotidian interruptions to empire composited on walls and surfaces anywhere

Black Sound practice and listening space

reminding us the somethings about ourselves we are told we should forget

Our great doubt

In prayer

Song

Quiet

In speculative gesture for studious dream culture

We are

what is the sea? where does it begin or end (asked Olga)

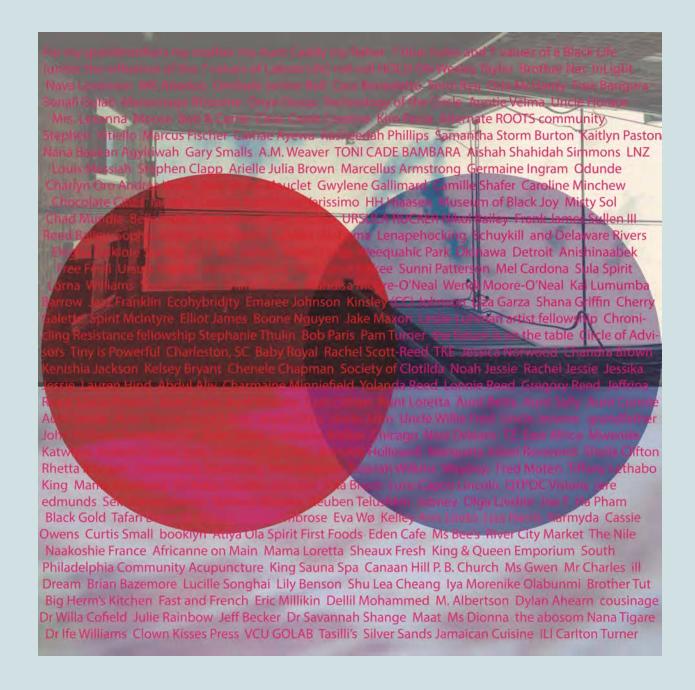
I am talking to you Moon Sun golden light Crepuscule Water Wind Land mass of feelings cresting as quantum presence now & then. I am talking to us prayer dancing frenzy while orbiting dust



#### MANIFESTO TERMS AND AESTHETICS

me we us ours

*krewe coumbite* is a somatic repository and ritual process created in practice, record, catalog, mix and speak into popular imagination a curated collection of my family's recipes, remedies, libations and provisions for trans regional living and loving.



#### **VIRTUAL BODIES**

This manifesto 11 values of a Black Life marks a way for understanding a bit more about my work(me) and what I am trying to learn from assembly, materiality, practice, Black Sound(we), and sensory play(ours). With my work I am always trying to recreate the devotional practice of my maternal grandmother's people. They perform fellowship, touch and agree, prayer, call & response acapella singing rituals orchestrated in simultaneous time. Here I borrow from the beautiful folx in my

family(us) who for generations worship in the Black Primitive Baptist tradition. Their church is called Canaan Hill Primitive Baptist Church and they are located in Burkeville, Alabama. Canaan Hill is one small church that is part of a network of Primitive Baptist, Missionary Baptist, AME churches spread across the Black Belt called the Pilgrim Rest Association. Uncle Buster said they used to rotate church services between all the Black Churches in Lowndes County and your home church is where you would go to when beginning a new cycle and you had visited and been in fellowship with every other church in the County. The home church wasn't open every Sunday during the 1930s and so to grow the network and change the impact of the social world of oppression in Alabama, the principle of fellowship was made strong for these Black people who would navigate the county to dwell in the social spiritual mutual aid and revival of each other through their investment in the church. Revival is also a huge part of the Pilgrim Rest Association tradition. Folks use revival as a way to travel and meet and be amongst your folks. After any revival service what is guaranteed is that you will eat well and your spirit will be revived. And back in the day revival services were held throughout the weekend, it wasn't just a Sunday fancy. Auntie Velma said she think revival season was organized by Black folks(ours) working the land first as enslaved people and then as tenant farmers and sharecroppers. They needed sacred spaces for restoration to survive a degraded life and revival provides that. Revival season in Alabama with the Black Primitive Baptists begins around April and will run through October. Auntie Velma said she think they chose this particular time for revival due to a few strategic patterns: the end of winter and beginning spring, preparation for the planting season being a lot of work, plotting plans all winter what may hatch come spring, the heat of summer in Alabama coupled with the pressure of being driven to work the land under duress, the end of summer and beginning fall, preparation for enduring winter and a cold weather season which was not native to these folx. America is a manufactured fact and freedom is unknown and perhaps irrelevant.

A body for what? for 11 values of a Black Life

#### **DEVOTION**

My writing, sound, embodied and visual practices are articulations of the current manifesto, which is a case for reparations.

In our first semester Semi Ryu introduced the KI seminar cohort to hwadu writing. Hwadu (writing) is a buddhist concept from Han in Korean culture that deals with the virtual realm of "great doubt". In Ryu's studio we would freewrite, asking questions of ourselves and questioning terms we were speaking about our work from, allowing the emergence of questions and doubt to help us meander about into/out of perception. Ryu emphasizes methods of experiencing virtual bodies, avatar engagements and creating, facing and performing virtual bodies. Semi Ryu is a transplant to the States from South Korea, and is a professor at VCU in the medical college and in KI. Her passion for Korean culture and grief ritual work gives her virtual reality practice conceptual grounding in the space of community and therapeutic experiences where we must immerse ourselves in the work of memory and emotion. Her studies into Han further illuminate for us a devotion to decolonization and abolition as she relates to us how Han emerged from those oppressed in the society at the time. Her work complicates our machine oriented approach to virtual reality by emphasizing the critical connections often ignored in the field. Ryu's work with cancer patients shows us how to navigate between physical and social limits with machine technology as a facilitating help but not as a necessity. Our wellness can be assisted by technology through the emphasis of avatar and simulacra, with immersion in terms and conditions of our multiple realities. Ryu's work challenged me to slow down and talk with myself, to talk with the multiple selves (avatars) informing my work. Hwadu writing helped me find those defining values and principles for questions of being and technology that shape my work. The emotional turn in and engaged difficulties and intimacies of desire, impossibility, and questions for virtual bodies we acquire in time space conditions with the actual body where we hold being paradoxical impressions of our memories, traumatic and otherwise. In effect my virtual reality work is more conceptual and social than technology. In my work technology is located with culture as a space of travel, practice, fellowship and evolution. In the same evolutionary spirit as Grace Lee Boggs teaches us "Heal yourself to heal the world".

#### SOUND

sit down, be humble, hand clappers, whistle, shouter, touch & agree, drill team, steppers crew. Black Sound is derived from a few common devices: roll call/reminiscing, make sanctuary, gesture performance and foot action. Each of these devices is a specific time-keeping cultural algorithm upon which the drama improvises. Ante black church traditions, called hush harbors in certain regions of the South, where black folks from many different origins self organized clandestine gatherings in wooded interiors for spiritual assembly. Ante black church gatherings were land-based pre Christian secular sanctuaries created in a period when black folks faced homogenization and were determined total non human savages unfit for spiritual elevation. They were denied their drum, voice, memory, language. In tandem they created their own syncretic cosmology. HOLD ON for the ante black church then picked up by the drill team, juneteenth street teams who drummed and marched through black publics to announce emancipation from slavery. Like the legacy of migration(forced and willed) at the heart of this work, the research, story and instrumentation is cultural, translocal and place specific. reminiscin about church outside the building

## **VOX RECORDINGS**

9.16\_

hwadu writing practice #3 (Graduate Studio with VCU KI professor, Semi Ryu | Fall 2020) return, reanimate, in the lineage of rhythm & blues. swing. Improvisation. Unpredictable. Predictable. According to what? they is. A body for what? And for every occasion they is. New and nothing new under the sun Live the time is now 60s/70s/80s/90s underground and popular Black music and elements of Post Black Power. New radio cuts. How anti Black violence get drowned in rhythm & blues. Like kill yaself. Like kill yaself. A love song/stories of love. Not jazz. Not rap. Not wave. Just beats and crooning like they used to do. Roll Call and heartbeats. yup even the irregular ones, all in the pot together cooking up like a storm brewing. Put yo foot innit. Kind. by water. Smoking yourself. Poured out a lil likker for. Head nods and fist

pumps. Daps. Afros of all kinds. Just big, you know. Reckless. Loud. then nothings. all blue hole deep house. Rhythm is everything. Not how it gets done but what it is issa whole vibe. Get into it if you want but even if you don't it's still in the heartbeat. Survive with no heartbeat? Heart defines the existence of anything. Tied to everything. Like tendrils we are all united always. Hearts common thing. Like sky. Like hurricane season. Like winter. Like blood. Data of our current future and former iterations. Spiraling on repeat spirals. You know. Spliffs and teguila and techniques all talking at once. Taking care. Again in simultaneous time. Rhythm is beats. Blues gon make you really feel it like a groove n get up in it. Get lost. Lose it. Mouth open. Bare feet. Giving into atmospheric pressure. Even its quietudes. Heart wide. Out of your mind just in time like Badu say. Popular culture gives us noise and we give it rhythm and the blues. Periscopal and Black. Our black things. Rhythm notes to breathe into. Feel me. What is this? The sentiment of poets. Feelings. Mad feelings. And slow deliberate noise. Aching noise and long notes. Buzzing the atmosphere with aeffect. Begging it. Borrowing time till forever, we don't care. cuz rhythm & blues don't care bout nothin but love and heartache and putting somebody on blast. The signifier, the signified and..... (reference). I am nowhere in sight just a fucking bangin ass beat. Sense and if it don't make sense to you, so what? Cry me the blues and we back in rotation cuz lux matters. rhythm & blues is the downbeat, the dark light, the truths between majors and minors. What connects us is...... Overtones. Undertones. Binaural. Artifact. Of ambient space. How beats are made. Twinning. me/we comings together and coming apart. Awed and old flowing in a big big creek. Voice is present only for a purpose, then absent on purpose as other noise emerges. In radio frequency. In forest frequency. Underwater pressure. Inside earth. Outer space. Acoustic. Channeled live\* merged forever uncommons undercommons commons. Mother. Father. Teacher. Friend. Lover loving rhythm & blues with the medicine. Joy and Grief together moor watery than ever. The something in-between. And the raw data A body for what? for 11 values of a Black Life

vox recordings are talking with. Intervals in the lineage of Trinh T Minh Ha

# **IMAGE TERMS AND AESTHETICS**

refusal is And the raw data A body for what? for 11 values of a Black Life

gifting is shared ownership. equity in relationship. To give value to things you have not chosen for yourself but have received.

archive is

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1xJOJrs8PNhFpVGPYJavaKSOKOt46QagA/view?usp=sharing



Black and blur bodies in lateral relationship with imperial borders and presence of semi domestic propertied spaces such as university art galleries, bathrooms, kitchens,

porches, business storefronts, bars, libraries, bus shelters, parks, fields, streets, alleyways, the internet, the phone, the radio, the mirror. My work is to transgress imperial classifications mapped onto bodies and to queer space, enlisting bodies as subversive work made critically in the community of self and alongside other bodies, human and otherwise. leisure concepts informed by speech acts \*

# biomythography said Audre Lorde (Zami)

and *primitive hypertext said Octavia Butler*, describes a state of mind at once attentive and meandering, non-linear and associative, and full of possibility. To engage in primitive hypertext is to seek out the generative relationships between wide ranging ideas, words, objects, and experiences. To engage in "primitive hypertext" is to develop an ever-agile ecosystem of ideas.

## critical fabulation said Saidiya Hartman

rememory said Toni Morrison. Rememory as in recollecting and remembering as in reassembling the members of the body, the family, the population of the past

#### Ka Ba said KMT

My practice is art as performance and programming. Live making. As nothing since my mother's mother's mother's mother's mother, in 2014 I am a tax refuser. The government takes taxes out of any check I receive through a payroll situation and I do not file to get it returned because I am not interested in what the government is offering in return. I dissent am writing under duress without consent read the contract for a prisoner of war occupied in a military state called the United States. We were brought here to live without our consent. We were bred to labor without our consent. We have no home and no return, there is only now. Right now I am nobody's nobody and I do not consent to being surveilled. I do not agree with war. I am opposed to war. Matter fact I never agreed to cover up my titties. Matter fact I am against what degrades me. I do not consent to wage war therefore this manifesto is written under duress in the heart of war. In the wake of wars that remain non consensual engagements. In 2014 making less than \$15000 that year as an

independent citizen freelance worker i filed and they told me i owed them FOH nigga how i owe you bitchAmerica is a manufactured fact that degrades me and mines. How can I be more blue? Moor red? How can i be more Black question mark how can I be coloured awareness of changing color. Of being color and being nobody's wildin. reminiscin bald headed bitch Bumrushed

## LIVE /GIVING ME LIFE AVATAR MANTRAS

wildin reminiscin in (2021) Again Black Again and (2022) Being Being Any Black Being multi modal works refusal is And the raw data A body for what? for 11 values of a Black Life

avatar marks conduct head how to walk, talk, praise, dissent, be in consent, fellowship, play hands and feet, listen, syncopation speech, body works, trace grandmother walks, her sky gaze, sit in prayer, her adorned adorning dressed undressings resonance - we us our no things and what they mean to us. \ LUX matters for possible futures

Approach me differently.

Trust the what
Fuck the when
Never forget the why
Teach the how

in conscious coalition situations what might be what once was what could have been what will be

**ABA-BBABB** 

(deconstructed pocket zine EP)

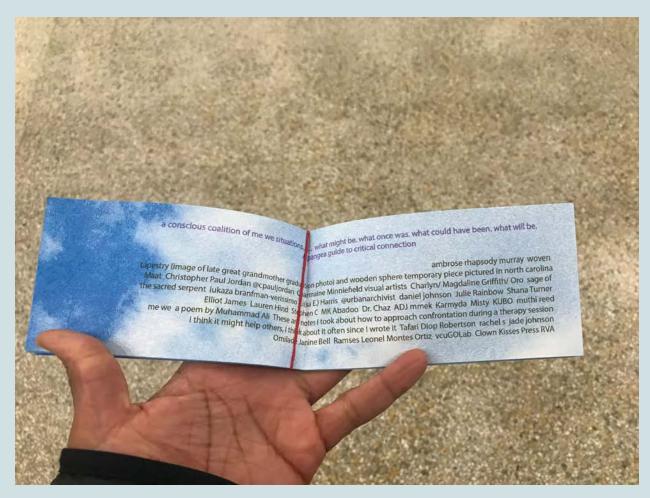
organized under the influence of me we poem by Muhammad Ali. co authored text. These are notes I took about how to approach confrontation during a therapy session. I think it might help others. I think about it often since I wrote it. - Tafari Diop Robertson ambrose rhapsody murray. woven tapestry, (image of late great grandmother, graduation photo), and wooden sphere. temporary piece. pictured in north carolina. Maat. Omilade Janine Bell. rachel s. jade johnson. Christopher Paul Jordan - @cpauljordan Charmaine Minniefield - visual artist Charlyn/ Magdaline Griffith/ Oro sage of the sacred serpent lukaza branfman-verissimo Li(sa E.) Harris @urbanarchivist daniel johnson Julie Rainbow Shana Turner Elliot James Lauren Hind Stephen C MK Abadoo Dr. Chaz ADJ mmek Karmyda Misty KUBO muthi reed Poet Writer Educator Editor arisawhite.com Library of Radical Returns, 2020

and

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1r0eWXKyTNlIBDEVLlkeYCM0DKvMwBeKWaJhxSAHs44/edit?usp=sharing

for 11 values of a Black Life





writer and legend Toni Morrison named rememory. "recollecting and remembering as in reassembling the members of the body, the family, the population of the past." Organizing and collaboration are ritual practice for remembering. Our work centers dream culture with kinfolk gone too soon and reassembling the convoluted memories of unsettling atmospheric pressures. We gather our things

We

keep the culture

keep the fam

keep the spirits high

keep the grandmother spirit

keep the knowledge born

keep the motivation

keep the love power

keep the fellowship

# QR codes:

reading brother tut's afropick interview transcripts angela, vynetta, sage, muthi reading our parent's love letters juxtaposed visuals reading institutional archive transcripts what you see is distinct from what you hear

travel legends, pleasure, wellness and social movements and economies in the form of poems and iconography notations our dream culture being consistently in the practice of care and mutual aid.

**COLLABORATION** 

(2022) 5/6 - 5/8 A Nice Place to Live

Harvestworks Art and Technology Building 10a, Nolan Park, Governors Island

muthi reed and Luce Capco Lincoln (QTPOC Visions, Shadow Work Media), *untitled unfinished devotion* 

This project is made up of many voices who all walk by the water, searching for protection, play, freedom. We migrate trying to find each other across time through indigenous land, through ancestral stories and through the possibilities of creative collaboration. We bring this untitled unfinished devotion to this kitchen located on Lenape land formerly known as Paggank, Nut Island, to be in a conversation, speaking alongside each other to occupy space with a grief practice inspired by hwadu writing as introduced by VCU KI professor Semi Ryu..

QTPOC Visions is a project dedicated to art that explores, experiences, and expands on our diasporic journeys, in whatever form, as BIPOC queer, trans, and non-binary artists. We strive to remember and retell a forgotten history, an ancestral practice, or a pathway to resilience. We create to envision a different world, a liberated spirit, a self-determined body. Co-founded and curated by Marin Watts and Luce Capco Lincoln.

Luce Capco Lincoln is a filmmaker, curator and cultural worker currently located on Lenapehoking, by way of Potano and Timucua land now known as Gainesville, FL. As a queer trans pilipinx, Lincoln's art work transverses time, connecting historical stories to present day to imagine the future. These works take the form as personal

documentaries, experimental found footage films and imagined legacies through hand drawn animations.

wildin is a pink head masked attitude haint first performed by muthi reed (2022) who occupies the kitchens at Governor's Island, the streets of RVA, among other spaces. Paggank meaning nut island is the Lenape name for what we now call Governor's Island, wildin emerges in the interval spaces between pangea and border formations. Where the source of self regard meets the edges of community are where wildin is. wildin performs me we~ a shamanic state of Black reparations practice that is both an individual and collective call/response play. wildin is both social and antisocial behavior... rude... playful... juvenile and ancient... curious... quiet and loud... simultaneously selfish and selfless ... their presence is dark light fleshy conjure and rememory... their talk is self questioning verbal vernacular and speculative nonsense questioning the shit that troubles them. wildin is known as that question asking walkin ass feelins ass sun eatin wanderin ass nigga. Often found out walking with ravens and other birds and alongside plant matter, you can smell wildin's presence, like popcorn, peppers, bitter greens and coconut water as these are their favorite foods. They are known as a harmonizer and rebel through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life

### Artists and media works

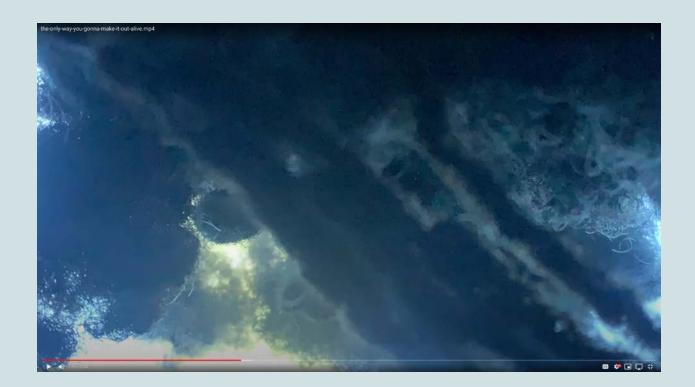
(screening in the pantry just passed the kitchen)

Queer Constellations in Three Parts (2019), Dirs. Cara Page and Adaku Utah. 12 min.

I AM! We Are Here! (2018), Dir. Seyi Adebanjo. 7 min.

Atlantic is a Sea of Bones (2017), Dir. Tourmaline. 8 min.

The only way you gonna make it out alive (2021), Dir. muthi reed. 6 min.



### **CITATION NOTES**

presence, disidentification and refusal for *wildin* sound dispossessed body bodied moody QR coded skinned omniverse Black Noise for meandering. How to be in a body fleshy yet dissolved and simultaneously inventive, escaped within a broad unknown, Black Queer Non Binary Transgendered with titties hypertext and hyperlink

The body is an idea that is cosmic, which is to say, "inconceivably vast"

Body: it is a world-building word, filled with potential, and, as with glitch, filled with movement. Bodied, when used as a verb, is defined in the Oxford dictionary as "giv[ing] material form to something abstract." Noun and verb alike, we use body to give form to abstraction, to identify an amalgamated whole (Legacy Russell, "Glitch is Cosmic")

Revolutionary change manifests through a reconsideration of the spatial spatial text in negotiation of spatial limitations and identification for how to overturn, dissolve, break through these boundaries. (Legacy Russell, "Glitch Encrypts")

My excessive use of the qr code, hypertext and hyperlinks is to escape and be found. To make viral pathways for something unknown and yet undefined yet defined in certain particular ways I have experienced which are preoccupations of the work: Black Sound and Black Noise; a collection of what my people have demonstrated about their finesse, their ways of being, rage, love, nobodies, no time. From being bred to reproduce, work and die violent deaths. From the enslaved breeding farms of Virginia, Lumpkins, Richmond, Chocolate Cities, infanticide, survived serial addictions, shortlived Freedman's and the Bureau https://www.archives.gov/research/african-americans/freedmens-bureau. Through the act of media making with such material I want my work to cause a proliferation of a moodyness, swarm, spread, virus and dialogue of these states of presence and memory. That we will not be forgotten or mainstreamed. That the current body informs bodies of the future. That we glitch mainstream programming with a host of real queer shit. Live shit. Shit you never seen before. Nyabinghi chant. Shit you thought you knew. Moor mythic appearances. Can it escape performance?

durational gifting and self possession

scene set up with definition to make space for

slow time

interiority

A window into a world

happy accidents

intimacies revealed

colliding sides begat this thick headed youth... what are those colliding sides?

Questioning the idea of property

Speaking across diasporas

Making language together

Animate my Internet activity so that folks see the video scrubbing acts live

Dehumanizing the human

Making harmony and making discord

Finesse emergence and slow into the rapture notations

The internet as a reality space to layer and deform

the subject embodies all and mitosis happens when it needs for weird cult shit

Origin stories that time space travel

recorded ambient sound of environment

```
/
//
//
///
i love being Black.
```

ritual that opens a thing
ritual that presences us with a thing
ritual with limitations of time
ritual that walks and travels
ritual that re/calls past things, present things, future things
ritual that dresses and undresses
ritual that closes a thing

the manifesto They are known as a harmonizer and rebel through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for **11 values of a Black Life** is ritual for us who perform Blackness with our attitudes of presence, disidentification and refusal.....

Our work faces complexities of kinfolk relationship, our shared value as kin and our struggle to remain connected, relevant, fresh, vital, critical sources in continuity with we us ours. Our struggles in the face of an ever imposing grounded reality where surveillance, wealth, mental health, material support, psychic care, pessimism, professionalism and demands on our labor are tethered to systems that don't love us nor our kin(expansive) as we love us

wildin is an encrypted body, a composite body of all the things I learn from my folks about emotional range 0 -1000 in a beat. wildin is the overwhelmed by its inheritance of violent things thing. all things seen hypertext helps us travel morph and bodies where who what when we make travel a more desireable engagement.

A computer virus is a threat to the function of the machine and it's economy. A machine transforms into one that cannot perform, that literally cannot work, forgets how to work, works against its function. It challenges the endemic correlation between value and labor, dangerous in its uselessness (Legacy, Russell, "Glitch is Virus")

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How to dissent?
//
///
///
i love being Black.
```

ritual that opens a thing
ritual that presences us with a thing
ritual with limitations of time
ritual that walks and travels
ritual that re/calls past things, present things, future things
ritual that dresses and undresses
ritual that closes a thing

How to make what philosopher Hortense Spillers names of our beloved Blackness (Black with a capital B and what James Brown said about our attitude) *critical* engagement, *critical* culture

I shall become a collector of me. And put meat on my soul. says the poet Sonia Sanchez

We don't have to do shit but stay Black and die. says the saying and it means something. It looks at and centers the power and labor of Black being and the people who are called Black. What Black does and how it shapes our dreams and moves us all out of oppression. My work charges us to engage Black studies and questions how to plan around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational

embodiments and speech acts. for **11 values of a Black Life** is ritual for us who perform

# https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1vuRDA\_oTG700qoLNAbPGIKIbacE5LgRN?us p=sharing

Machines are expected to work well and work quickly. A computer virus triggers the machinic responses of slowness in ways that are unpredictable to the user: endless buffering, crashing, damaging, deleting, reformatting. This slowness shifts time and space, altering a person's relationship to the machine (Legacy, Russell, "Glitch is Virus")

around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us who perform In an effort to evolve and process perceptions of Blackness I engage Black Studies as an immersive migration pattern. By processing perceptions I work to interrupt imperialist violence and navigating the world with an all black everything preoccupation, an expansive and changing dynamic that centers itself as subject and object. A self in relation to itself, what philosopher Fred Moten calls "black optics"

is an auditory affair: night vision given in and through voices that shadow legitimate discourse from below, breaking its ground up into broken air; scenes rendered otherwise by undertones that are overheard but barely.

It is the recognition of the interplay of rupture and irruption in and as the given that black studies aims and objects intermittently, inconsistently, but serially reconvenes, again and again momentaril escaping danger. Black Studies break/s a rhythm whose tactile complexity must be maintained. It keeps moving, in and out of the institution, where smooth abrasion never seem to have a chance. Its inordinate feeling for divisions and collections requires every last bit of texture, as an opening gambit held in reserve— the "paraontological distinction" between blackness and the people (which is to say, more generally, the things) that are called black.

Certain experiences of being tracked, managed, cornered in seemingly open space are inextricably bound to a aesthetically and politically dangerous supplementarity, an internal exteriority waiting to get out, as if the prodigal's return were to leaving itself. Black studies' concern with what it is to own one's dispossession, to mine what is held in having been possessed, makes it more possible to embrace the underprivilege of being sentenced to the gift of constant escape (Moten)

wildin around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us





































in order to reimagine the body, one must reimagine space (Legacy Russell, Glitch Feminism)

to destroy and to decompose the imperial gate In decomposing, I agree to accompany such decomposition, to decompose myself as well, in the process.

But it is also the evidence of things unheard, something transferred not only in the sound but in the ensemblic materiality of the world-encompassing gaze that sound only indicates.

....something transferred to [us] from the way back and way before wounded kinship, forced and stolen labr, forced and stolen sexuality.

Interrupts....

In The Break, the aesthetics of the Black Radical Tradition by Fred Moten

read Stuart Hall's article Cultural Identity and Diaspora

around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for **11** values of a Black Life is ritual for us

A communication's revolution is not about technology, it's about possible relations among people, (Youngblood 1986) Telematic Embrace by Roy Ascott

"We owe each other the indeterminate. We owe each other everything... We are disruption and consent to disruption. We preserve upheaval. Sent to fulfill by abolishing, to renew by unsettling, to open the enclosure whose immeasurable venality is inversely proportionate to its actual area, we got politics surrounded. We cannot represent ourselves. We can't be represented." "Politics Surrounded"

The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study by Stefano Harney and Fred Moten

Progressive social movements do not simply produce statistics and narratives of oppression; rather, the best ones do what great poetry always does: transport us to another place, compel us to relive horrors and, more importantly, enable us to imagine a new society. We must remember that the conditions and the very existence of social movements enable participants to imagine something different, to realize that things need not always be this way. It is that imagination, that effort to see the future in the present, that I shall call "poetry" or "poetic knowledge." I take my lead from Aimé Césaire's great essay "Poetry and Knowledge," first published in 1945. Opening with the simple but provocative proposition that "Poetic knowledge is born in the great silence of scientific knowledge," he then demonstrates why poetry is the only way to achieve the kind of knowledge we need to move beyond the world's crises. "What presides over the poem," he writes, "When History Sleeps": A Beginning 9 "is not the most lucid intelligence, the sharpest sensibility or the subtlest feelings, but experience as a whole." This means everything, every history, every future, every dream, every life form from plant to animal, every creative impulse—plumbed from the depths of the unconscious. Poetry, therefore, is not what we simply recognize as the formal "poem," but a revolt: a scream in the night, an emancipation of language and old ways of thinking. (2002) Freedom Dreams by Robin DG Kelly

You gotta have a long memory because you singing a long song. said Dr. Koko Zauditu Selassie

Paradox is the beginning of ritual and revolution (Semi Ryu)

live @ TKE (first weeks in March)
on-site build @ Jemagwga (first weeks in April)
virtual @ the Anderson from Shockoe Bottom
(last 3 weeks in April) with Hollerin Space
virtual QTPOC Visions @ Governor's Island (May 3 - 9)
virtual facebook live from Norfolk/Richmond (May)

on-site TKE build @ Africatown (June)

- @ home in New Orleans (July)
- @ studio in the woods (July)
- @ home in LaMott (August)
- @ double edge theater (September)

krewe are organized members of carnival society in Mardi Gras culture. coumbite is a Haitian word used to describe the improvised formation of a collective body who gather to perform a work together. got eeem <a href="https://vimeo.com/570081617">https://vimeo.com/570081617</a> around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us

around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for **11** values of a Black Life is ritual for us

The phenomenological world is not the bringing to explicit expression of a preexisting being, but the laying down of being. Philosophy is not the reflection of a pre existing truth, but, like art, the act of bringing truth into being.

(1945) Phenomenology of Perception by Maurice Merleau-Ponty

9/20\_hwadu writing
what a body can be? And what has been determined a body should be...
fuck up the cartography with our underworlds gods, the devil
as filament funk
like Optical Poems by the German bul Oskar Fischinger
like jonas mekas
and horror
horror art is the only way you gonna get outta here alive
and the glorious mundane
and our repeatings
staccato and screams

DREAMERS around my way we gather and Chill we take you to the street for proper redress we meet the homies for porch sittin we drink inside You get screamed on you don't know? we covered we coded we gift we gift economy we make autonomy we dead and alive we reveal we all over the place with coded movements unearth landscapes walk our dust we ghosty gatherers shit ain't sweet shit reckless you left home. we crepuscule mycelium networks werkin rhizome embellishments we all over the place cousinage maroonage krewe coumbite harmonize borrow steal it's not about what is.... it's about the possibilities and the yet to come... Hold On

the waking up of encrusted strata. Turning up new soil on old ground

documenting material and losing control
performing material and breaking the fourth wall with gestures postures personality
permeability
As above, so below
wildin

Like the concepts of race, gender and class, quantum particles coincide, collide, merge, and separate in unpredictable ways. Each designation bears the meaning of the others, with particular emphases receding and emerging as the focus shifts. From a philosophical perspective, phenomenologist Alfred Shutz notes there is no such thing as an isolated problem; issues impinge and overlap

wildin around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us

The promise of freedom in the "by and by" relieves owners of the need to redress grievous human rights violations in the "here and now."

Science has a similar history of complicity with the forces of domination. In fact, those who wanted proof of inferiority turned to scientists to make their cases. It was pseudoscience and its analogies that situated African Americans somewhere between animals and human beings.

(2002) Race and the Cosmos: An Invitation to View the World Differently by Barbara A. Holmes

The photographs I choose from the archive of family photos show us in posture, gesture and group formation. I take a picture of the picture. I blur the images to accentuate light and appearance of things we can feel. I love these people. I love their ways. Through the photographic noise created here I can sense possible futures for Black Power and Black Love. Black Noise. To protect my people in the photographs I make the image do something else where the viewer cannot examine the figure and their features the way we normally engage with Black. You cannot run away from the figure(s) because the figure(s) is refusing you so maybe you are drawn in and can get

into something else. You may get drawn into the portal of the image, the environment, place and brevity of the moment. Blurred with your own shit. Maybe you are drawn into yourself by this looking at dark light.

Do faceless images emit sound? If so, at what frequencies do they register? If not, what can we apprehend in and through their muteness? The quiet litany of the Gulu cutouts is, paradoxically deafening.

.... the sonic quality of images...

They are images I have returned to and see quite differently today. They are archetypically quiet photos, yet they are photos that ruminate loudly on practices of diasporic refusal, fugitivity, and futurity.

"Quiet Photos, Fugitive Practices"

It is a mode of engagement that creates the possibility for what I describe as a process of "reassemblage in dispossession": everyday micro-shifts in the social order of racialization that temporarily reconfigure the status of the dispossessed. Reassemblage in dispossession emphasizes the practices through which racialized subjects redeploy relations of power in unintended ways, with unexpected consequences.

How does a Black feminist grapple with a future that hasn't happened but must,

What is the frequency of these images? Quiet. A quiet hum full of reverb and vibrato. Not always perceptible to the human ear, we feel it more in the throat. To look at these images is to see genre and form.

(2017) Listening to Images by Tina Campt

# https://vimeo.com/685552846

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Speaking nearby, speak with, alongside, interval, outside in, inside out, the migrant wanderer, across language ..... speaking with, speaking nearby,..... elsewhere within here.

....return to intervals

....an interval is a dream land (1999) Cinema Interval by Trinh T Minh Ha

My preoccupation with Black Sound comes from love for the devotional work of kinfolk in Alabama. Their rituals of song, prayer, touch & agree, revival, foot washing, visiting, travel, help me define the ritual nature of my work. My work is a gathering together. Whether a gathering together of material or bodies, the æffect of the composite rendering is sacred—it covers, reveals, merges, reassembles. Somatic speech sound for a mixtape meets the memories of terror faced by my Uncle Buster when he would get happy in church and break into some foot action and be sent to the front of the sanctuary to apologize for this Black act. I imagine the intervals he we need when facing paradoxical binaries of black respectability and white pathology.

#### LOUD

00 what i been and why you care215 philly purple passion99 femme addictive (love for moist sneaker wearin nappy head things)77 Detroit body

i was born into the whatnot, i walked home from the war09 spectral control surface (chocolate city walks11:11 Alabama Gods & Earths11 nobodies nowhere Blues10 weep for a day

Lenapehoking Heat (well done) 1964 down Norf crushes 1988 no work savage nigga

# 03 Lenapehoking Heat

And hip hop. My work is a child of migrations, remix, sampling, vox play, beats, bass heavy, mixing, frontin, boostin, foot action, r&b soul and the Blues. <a href="https://vimeo.com/687751592">https://vimeo.com/687751592</a>



Working to establish a subwoofer situation that gets at the root.

I am the myth who is not a myth.
(1980) A letter to my daughter, Michelle Wallace by Faith Ringgold

I stood at the border, stood at the edge, and claimed it as central Toni Morrison

You lied good but not enough Zora Neale Hurston

I went outside to join the woofers, since I seemed to have no standing among the dancers. Not exactly a hush fell about the fire, but a lull came. I stood there awkwardly, knowing that the too-ready laughter and aimless talk was a window dressing for my benefit. The brother in black puts a laugh in every vacant place in his mind. His laugh has a hundred meanings. It may mean amusement, anger, grief, bewilderment, chagrin, curiosity, simple pleasure or any other of the known or undefined emotions.

(1935) Mules and Men by Zora Neale Hurston

wildin around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us

# https://www.mixcloud.com/KreweCoumbite/noir-ex-unchorusheru/

HOW to walk and slow time
with the middle finger
with regular Black
with embodied presence, pre sense
with multiplicity of self
with joyful complexity and interesting angles
with loose pelvis
with breasts
with song shared and sung together
with experience
with bunions

with ass

with fresh blood every month

with transmasc gesture and ritual

with masculine and feminine

with white hair

with tender heart

with street love & lore

with stretched veins

with teeth gone

with gold crowns

with the whistle

with a quietly tonal dj experience

with dark light

with sonic intensity and dynamism

with boom phones for recommended listening

with long last

with the ease and grace of somebodies grand kin

with body awareness

with open heart

with going thru it

with the nod

with the deep bow

with skinnies

with baggies

with the fire alarm singing

with questions

with conversation

with memories

with wailing

with heresay and rumors

with bangers

with grizzly

with animal

with water offerings

with slow groove ballads, and some drill beats and rolls
with still sound, stretched and quieted, noisy and immersive, distinct and unreliable,
irreversible
with the Juneteenth drill æffect anytime, anywhere
wildin

# (regarding mantras)

...., indigenous technologies look rather non aggressive. In producing anything, indigenous people make it a point to inquire with the spirit world as to whether this product is appropriate. Usually it is, otherwise the idea would never have come to their consciousness to begin with. For indigenous Africans, dream and vision are evidence of the Spirit pointing the way to us. What is shown to you in that manner is actually an invitation from a higher realm to consecrate yourself to the production of something that is going to benefit the greater community.

There are two things at work. One is the knowledge of the spiritual nature of the plants, and the second and more important is the knowledge of the energetic configuration and the identity and purpose of the person(thing) you are treating. (parenthesis mine)

wildin around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us

It is not the illness possessing the person that is important, but the person possessing the illness. In an indigenous view of illness, the disease is always linked to a breakage in relationship. Some connection is loose or completely absent, or has been severed. What the villager sees in the physical disease is simply the aftermath of something that has happened on the level of energy or relationship. the illness is a physical manifestation of a spiritual decay.

The Healing Wisdom of Africa: Finding life purpose through Nature, Ritual, and Community by Malidoma Patrice Somé

# https://soundcloud.com/krewecoumbite/noir-nites

LUX matters are the fattie, stripped and ghosty tones revealing a connective tissue of neighbors, strangers and consorts in metered Blues, me/we ritual ceremonies, herby and temporal Possessions. Us/ours cavey complexities. The EP comes to life through a weekly walking meditation practice spanning North Philadelphia and Uptown areas, remembering forgetting past present future conjuring being space. An assembling. For now, and then. Again. Queering. Queer hymns that hummm, croon, wail, spank, coast and groove. LUX is a dark risographic and wildin sound bath, a Black care manifesto. Revealing Gang Gang. Revealing space. Regular Blacks. Black Sound. Prismatic, Guided by our love\* Being feral and darkly red while traveling a crepuscule lit dusty road revealing always and never, nowhere and everywhere things. a Queer Black(literally black in color. And green. Prismatic Black) zine for foragers, walkers, travelers, sensitive lovers; revealing bohemian devotions and primal acts of care. Visionary fiction. Setting the tone for sacred space cascading. Revealing us things. Grace. Between us. Revealing Noise walls. underworlds. Innards. The funky birth canals. Milk ducts. The womb. The seeds and the stars. Creme. Slime. Seaweed. Slippery regardless. Unprocessed chords. Droned 8 meter licks and Floating in flux breaks of undertone overtone tritone prisma pandeiro, 4 soft sounds overdubbed at once is circadian. warming kashishi, whistle, flute, gourd watery realnesswildin old head yung bul shit. In the tradition of Kamasi Washington and The Next Steps's Harmony of Difference and Jay Electronica Better In Tune with the Infinite except reveals not so much talk bruh. Reveals just breath & interstitials for the muses to do what they will and hopefully be inspired to keep on their walk. Pleasure walk. For Queer desire. Traveling. In Truth Maroons do sit together. And when we be apart. for Blue skies. We talking about the same things using different terms. And when we come together again. We are coming to terms. Revealing repeating and spreading lux. Revealing how we be alongside like okra and slime. Revealing LUXracks... M I L K Y niggas

Blues-time-out-of-time techno

Love's call and response syncopation who has the right to tell? Who has the right to remember? (Toni Cade Bambara)

And we revealing dimension

I let my Ai do it and remove myself from the process. (Wesley Taylor)

Rememory. Different versions of the same story
A billion suns
Orbiting
Orbing
wildin

https://everydayumuthi.bandcamp.com/album/black-blurs-x-screaming-sirenes
New World Core

Shange, Ntozake. A daughter's geography copyright 1983 by Ntozake Shange St. Martin's Press/ New York



# https://vimeo.com/591317507

part of a Black Queer Care & Abolitionist goodie bag and in the lineage of Black Feminist Hauntology, my work appears as calibration portals made for quotidian speech acts, body acts and ephemera in critical conversation with legacies and patterns of Black care formations, migration, vernacular movement and social presence to remember. Rememory that knows the full story to tell. To face trauma and whiteness and capitalist oppression and remember the realness we perform everyday for we us ours. To face trauma armoured with our other things, all the things.

For our future selfs from our presence now and past selves... BLACK NOISE RADIO wildin around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us

Shirtless 0 - 1000 quick for the currency in Black domestic space is critical. A watery sojourn.

how they see us.....

The hierarchy of deaths is at once racially and ideologically inscribed.

In the narratives passed down from generation to generation, to this day people shift numbers and dates and causes and effects. Often, they tell only the story of atrocities against their own race. the rapes of Indian-Guyanese women and girls in Wismar seem to have been wiped clean from the memories of African-Guyanese, while in the memories of Indians they remain stark as an unforegiveable assualt on the whole community.

Essay 5

1964: The Rupture of Neighborliness and its legacy for Indian/African Relations with D. Alissa Trotz [2008; 2018]

There is nothing unique to Guyana about the existence of two or more race groups set up in competition with each other, or to there being religious and cultural, occupational, residential and other separations between or among them. In the context of the Caribbean, one factor that differentiates Guyana is geography. It is a landscape of approximately 215,000 square kilometers inhabited by only about 750,000 people, where ever today there is increased movement around the country. Africans and Indians live mainly on the narrow coastal strip bordering the Atlantic, and the Indigenous peoples in often small, scattered settlements in vast interior regions bordering Venezuela and Brazil. This geographic divide between coast and interior helped entrench the marginalization of Indigenous Peoples from the "national" economy and political life. Thus, when we speak of racial conflict among working people of Guyana, we are really speaking about the conflict between Indians and Africans.

While most commentary on the issue emphasizes what are called the ethnic security dilemmas of the two groups, we focus on feeling— what we've called the rupture of neighborliness.

(2020) The Point is to Change the World: Selected Writings of Andaiye Ed. by Alissa Trotz

Love Poem (for Tupac)
3.
whose gold is carrying you home?
whose wealth is walking you through

this urban terror? whose greed left you shipwrecked with golden eyes staring in sudden death?

you were in a place hot at the edge of our minds you were in a new world a country pushing with blk corpses distinct with paleness and it swallowed you whole.

Morning Song and Evening Walk
Tonight in need of you
and God
I move imperfect
through this ancient city.

Quiet. No one hears No one feels the tears of multitudes.

The silence thickens
I have lost the shore
of your kind seasons
who will hear your voice
nasal against distinguished

actors.

O I am tired
Of voices without sound
I will rest on this ground
full of man's hymns.

•••••

It was a time to be born
forced forward a time
to wander inside drums
the good times with eyes
like stars
and soldiers without
medals or weapons
but honor, yes
(1999) Shake Loose My Skin: New and Selected Poems by Sonia Sanchez

## https://soundcloud.com/krewecoumbite/if-it-aint-music

repetition, sampling + syncopation are three powerful tools. when adding syncopation to repetition you can play with the push and pull of a set pattern. you can affect radical changes with the subtlest shifts.

https://vimeo.com/222435550/580db529db https://vimeo.com/700043441 sample, rinse and repeat Marcus Fischer

A composite body is a live body.

I Choose You by Willie Hutch
1973
[Verse 1]

I, ooh I choose you baby

I choose you baby

And I'll tell you why

You were there

When no one else

Would be in my corner

Girl and it's you that I've learned to love

And place no one above

Oh, how can I ever thank you

Except take you home and make you my lovin' wife

So we can always be together

Oh ain't that nice

[Chorus]

Oh I choose you, baby

Oh I choose you, baby

[Verse 2]

Girl no longer do I

Have to shop around any more no- no- no

I've found that once in a lifetime

Girl that I've been searching for

My baby, you're alright

How can I convince you girl that you're truly out of sight

You're the kind of woman that any man would be proud to know

Kind of woman that'll have a man bragging anywhere he goes

[Chorus]

Oh I choose you, baby

Oh I choose you, baby

[Bridge]

Cause' your sugar

Oh your spice

Woman love, your everything nice Oh my goodness Oh I feel real bright

[Chorus]
Oh I choose you, baby
Oh I choose you,

The construction and invention of "America," then— a dizzying concoction of writing and reportage, lying and "signifying," jokes, "tall tales," and transgenerational nightmare, all conflated under the banner of Our Lord— exemplify, for all intents and purposes, the oldest game of trompe de l'oeil,....

(Hortense Spillers, Comparative American Identities: Race, Sex, and Nationality in the modern context, 1999)

My vision of the writing I would do was informed by a longing to give expression to an inner emotional universe that was mostly self-referential.

In Technical Difficulties, June Jordan declares "If you are free, you are not predictable and you are not controllable.".

The mutual interplay between critic and reader is a site for contestation and confrontation.

Exclusion and isolation, whether they occur through overt or covert acts have always been useful tactics of terrorism, a powerful way to coerce individuals to conform, to change. No insurgent intellectual, no dissenting critical voice in this society escapes the pressure to conform. This is especially true of any dissenting voice that remains within a hierarchical institution founded on structures of domination where rewards and benefits are awarded in relation to service rendered. However, irrespective of our locations, we are all vulnerable. We can all be had, co-opted, bought. There is only a constant struggle to keep the faith, to relentlessly rejoice in an engagement with critical ideas that is itself liberatory, a practice of freedom.

(1999) Remembered Rapture: the Writer at Work by bell hooks

Whereas Black existence is generative of Black belonging, futures are animated by an invention that renders "the future" opaque—Black futures exist "after the future," blossoming in spite of what presently seems destined to be the future.

....the trajectories named above harbor valences of risk to efforts to bind the future to the present, and both rely upon the difference between Black existence and individual Black people (or groups of people recognizable as Black in a given context)

"Black existence" anchors an opacity that invites and frustrates knowledge, transparency, and measure.

I am interested in poetic formulations such as "we are the ones we have been waiting for," which collapse the distance between this present and a future, challenge the confidence with which narratives of reproductive futurity are advanced, introduce risk and uncertainty into present speculations about futures, and urge those of us still here now to action without guarantees.

I use the word "poetry" to mark a perceptual or preceptual" event that communicates most profoundly when it works affectively to open existing languages to subterranean significations or to create new languages altogether; "poetics" marks the ensemble of such events, their theorization, their duration, and the terrains they forge in their becoming.

And Queer Non Binary Transgendered.

M – from the Aggressives
disturb time
unravel time
disappear from it
haunt it
Be at time's expense
when might M be?

Establishing a connection between race and mediation, Chun suggests that, like media, race is technology in its sense of poiēsis: "Race, like media, is also a heuristic, a way to understand, to reveal, the world around us."

"Can the abject, the orientalized, the robot-like data-like Asian/Asian American other be a place from which something like insubordination or creativity can arise?" (Wendy Hui Kyong Chun)

Any capacity to "do things with race" or "make race do different things" therefore involves an individual agent, such as a filmmaker who might provide another expression, a different vision, or an alternative selection of audiovisual images, or a scholar who might assemble existing knowledge into new. Insight's about race, or a philosopher who might create a different conceptualization of race; yet, more so, it would involve a transindividual effort.

In the neo liberal multicultural phase of racial capitalism, "Blackness" is available in various ways to those who are not immediately recognizable as "Black" according to existing common perceptual cues, and it also might wander, errantly, becoming perceptible, as of now, in a variety of places, terrestrial, extraterrestrial, and, through the work of the imagination, intergalactic and beyond. Here, "Blackness" as technology is African, and science fiction, like Grace Jones.

(2019) Queer Times, Black Futures by Kara Keeling

Conscious Coalition for Home Factory Land

rewriting the texts of our bodies and societies https://vimeo.com/676067801

The manifesto marks *wildin* in practice— an inexhaustible attitude. About colour medicine and light immersive. *Again Black Again* invites the visitor to sit in a stereophonic calibration space among the things gathered there. Sit and be in resonance and listen in.

Cyborg writing is about the power to survive, not on the basis of original innocence, but on the basis of seizing the tools to mark the world that marked them as other (1985) A Cyborg Manifesto essay written by Donna Haraway, the Socialist Review (US)

### And Native looking here there.

Reflect upon your relations with family, friends, and co-workers and imagine them near you. Forgive yourself and other for what might have been, could have been, should have been, and together splash the waters over your shoulders three times, that patterns of discord may be transformed to patterns of clear relationship (1987) Voices of Our Ancestors: Cherokee Teachings from the Wisdom Fire by Dhyani Ywahoo

#### And African looking there here.

## Harmony

A state of being where distinct parts come together peacefully to co-exist as a whole, while enjoying unity and agreement to focus on sameness versus differences, cooperate on issues, collaborate on processes, and co create the realization of goals and outcomes.

To achieve harmony we need agreement to focus on sameness or what we have in common, and overcome historical and contemporary separation, divide and conquer tactics, and superior-inferior dynamics. In order to have harmonious relationships, people must know about others who live in their environment. Not all people have the same way of seeing the world. Through intimacy, one can learn that there are many things that are shared in common, and many similar needs. In all intimate relationships, there is a time to pardon another, and a time to pardon another, and a time to offer an apology for one's own mistakes, shortcomings, or offenses.

What you focus or place your attention upon, you create or manifest in reality.

I am who I say I am. I do what I say I will do. I admit when I have failed to be or do what I promised. I forgive myself. I ask others to forgive me. I renew my commitment

to succeed in being who I say I am, and doing what I say I will do. I take action to grow, and to change with growth, so I can create the kind of commitment that lasts over time.

All should see that we are "one breath," breathing, or, "one body".

There are marriages that are not just between two human beings. Such marriages exist to keep balance in the universe and on the planet. For example, there is a marriage between positive and negative energies; this is a good place to start so that marriage is simpler for people to comprehend.

My form continuously changes. It is when a person or someone says that they know me that I abandon the form; because, I am not of my own creation. I am sent forth to work from a more potent and purer essence.

Within the movement of creation, it is the rate or the speed at which energy moves that will create sounds and smells. And, that is how I move—through scents and through sounds. And I am never alone, I always have a host of comrades who move with me.

(2005) Tigare Speaks Lessons for Living in Harmony by Nana Akomfohene Korantema Ayeboafo

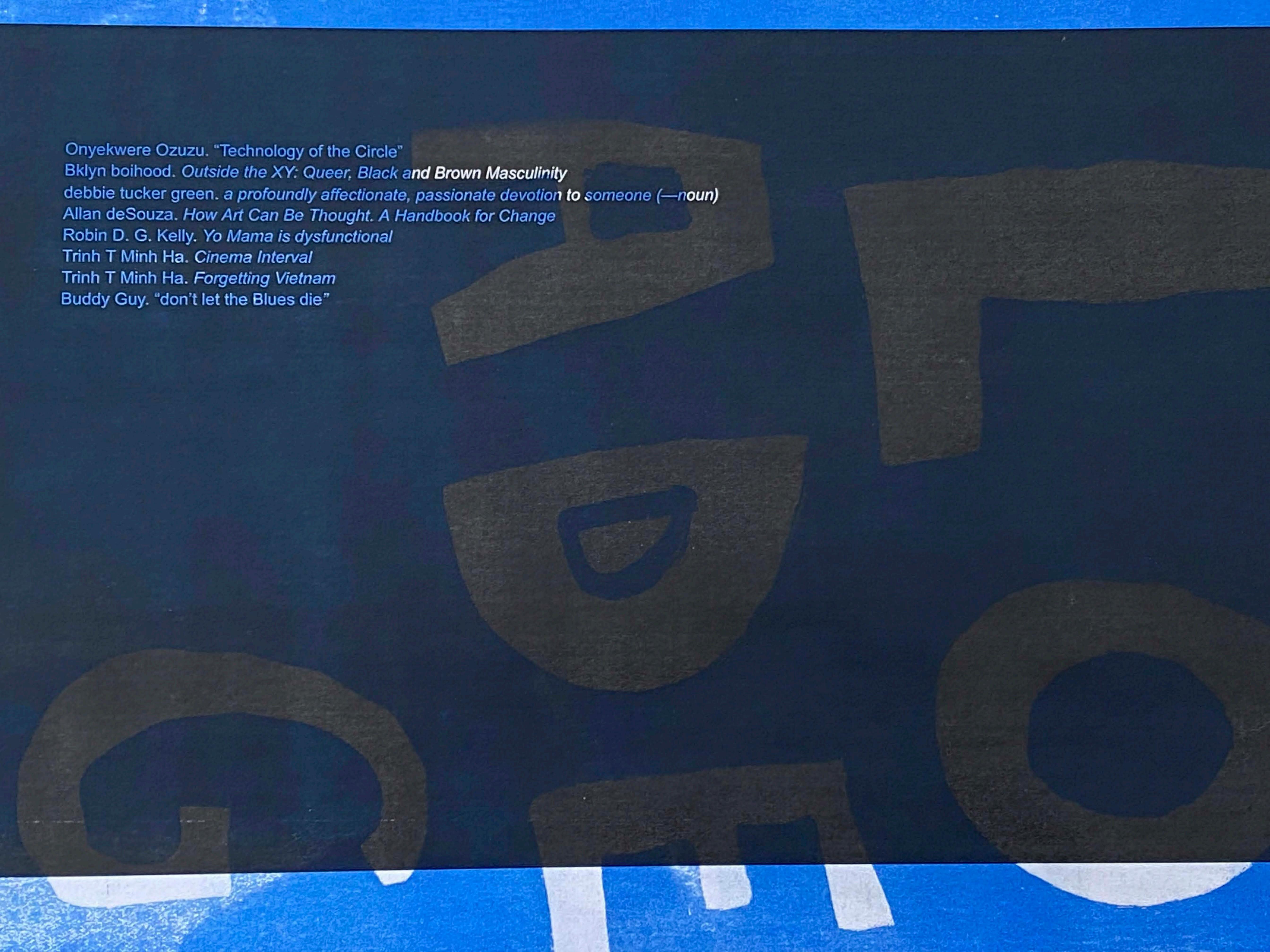
wildin around everything planned against you. the manifesto They are known as harmonizers and rebels through their impossible appeals and durational embodiments and speech acts. for 11 values of a Black Life is ritual for us











# artist statement

Like a dancing thing wrapped, draped, held up, heavy, put low, dancing, sagging, flying, falling, sitting, seen, felt, smelt, being. Being. Being. Any Black Being. is a figure and ensemble of figures, including us attending the space, in situ polyphonic resonance. In the course of 7 days (April 23 - 30) the work makes ritual disruption to gallery and university culture that wants determined lines, public private boundaries, high rising notions and finished exhibition products for viewing. Our Black children rollerblading the university hallways with abandon, squealing with joy, inviting stares and smiles; We don't stop them, we let them be. They are helping shape the figure alongside the eleventh hour asks of folks we hope will generate continuous community authorship of the work. This is the Black figure's finesse. A time out of time form that you must make time for, be in and hope for. Sankofa thru in a day or two to witness new questions in the life death life cycle of the figure(s). We are late with the work and right on time. Our work is ritual made in the space beyond thought, borrowed from the hymn raising rituals of my maternal grandmother's people from burkeville, alabama. When asked provocative queries, I try to listen and not feel the need to answer for the work. The figure asks me/we to disrupt the gaze of valuation defining much of the visual art world today and critically focus on the process of a thing happening with and without an audience... the grand kin call it devotional space. The shared meals on the gallery floor, the firing of the wood at night, the libations poured when no visitors are in the gallery looking, the verbal articulations of family photos, the deranging vernacular, how the infrared light interacts with the cells, the eyes softening for dark light, the collection of railroad ties and boxes and random things that BIPOC labor built, nighttime travels with Maroons, the walks, the repurposed fabric embedded with the gumbo balls and leaves from a windy 2019 November night in Chimborazo Park, the mind's decision to sit or not in the single chair provided, to pick up a peppermint, add a clothespin to the visible lines and the already heavy figure. Unearth, lay it down, add your heavy and wonder will the fishing wire bear the weight? And maybe you will avoid the Black thing all together. These are our questions to reckon with. Thank you for joining in the reckoning. What we experience on day 1 will be embellished by day 4 and day 6 will bring on something new. Between an unplugged and plugged state, the figure is sound. It continuously tells us what it is and we curate each day to make the translations clear. This black thing is an ensemble devotion both to raise you and to pull you low to the innermost parts of us.

# devotional texts

Andaiye. The Point Is to Change the World

Christina Sharpe. In the Wake

Fred Moten. content not to be a single being. Stolen Life: Presence, disidentification and Refusal

Jessica Marie Johnson. Wicked Flesh

Black Women, Intimacy, and Freedom in the Atlantic World

Tiffany Lethabo King. The Black Shoals: Offshore Formations of Black and Native Studies

Audre Lorde. Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power

Black is an attitude, said James Brown

Being. Being. Any Black Being.

2021 April 23 -30 vcu fine arts building gallery apart from familiar, a part from dream 1st year mfa candidacy group exhibition with Bella Kubo and Chad Mundie

sound system: mom&pop speaker boxes, fired wood speaker enclosure, sub speakers, 3-channel sound mix, audio amplifiers nest: five infrared lights, 3-part harmony zine/graphic score, peppermints, glossy clothes pins, local pecans, bay leaf, lemongrass, st. john's wort, lavender, Black

collaborators: [zine design, figure, curatorial support] Angela Davis Johnson (she/her) - https://www.angeladavisjohnson.com, [speaker enclosure] Ashe

Johnson (they/them) - VCU Sculpture & Extended Media 4th year undergrad, [speaker enclosure] Josh Brewer (he/him) - VCU Sculpture & Extended Media 4th year undergrad, [zine printing] Clown Kisses Press, [tech support] Elegba Folklore Society, Russell White (they/them) - VCU KI Equipment Coordinator, Lukaza Branfman-Verissimo (she/they) - VCU Painting + Printmaking 1st year MFA candidate, River City Market, 2 Fish and 5 Loaves Global Market, Nile Ethiopian Bistro,

Emaree Johnson, Kinsley Johnson, 1708 Gallery/ InLight, Sage Crump, Wesley Taylor muthi reed mfa candidacy committee : Semi Ryu, Orla McHardy, Cara Benedetto Block = 6 incles Speaker 1 block = 6 inches 1' between speakers Block = 6 incles 1 block = 6 inches 1' between speakers























- floating knives in the stairwell. At top. Positional to Maizey. And in middle of the stairwell, where Maizey lingers.
- Floating pandeiro in the alleyway. The view from four directions. Positional to wide shot long view of alleyway. Positional to passing protagonists. And skyward.
- The light of the haint, from hallway perspective, in. Room interior will be filmed another time in time lapse.
- Maizey at the top of the stairs singing. Wide shot. Close ups.
- Maizey in the middle of the stairwell. Medium shot.
- Camera at top of stairs. Maizey in middle of stairwell. Terrell a figure entering and passing into living room.
- Gary's hands adorning themselves.
- Terrell at birthing chair. Front facing. Wide shot.
- Terrell giving birth to himself. With Gary an attendant.
- Terrell at birthing chair. Close ups. His things. Gary's hands. Their collective adornings.
- In kitchen. A kitchen table with four chairs. Empty.
- Cassie running water in sink. Back facing.
- Cassie seated at kitchen table. Close ups.
- Cassie reading from a book, out loud. Sound is most important.
- Maizey in kitchen. Apron. Shea butter. Her things. Close ups.
- Maizey and Cassie in kitchen. Wide shots. Medium shots. Contemplative.
- Jamil in the alleyway. It's dark out.
- 4 deflated basketballs in his wake. Night lights. Appearing animated assemblages.
- Jamil in front the corner store. Street lights. And buying (3) 40 oz colt 45 beers. Shot on iPhone with wide angle lens with sound monitoring.
- Portrait video stills. 2 minutes each. Black on Black. Noir top lighting

## hacking the archive.....

## essay filmmaking

"....a highly subjective hybrid genre between fiction and non-fiction, literature and philosophy, and today goes by the name esaay. The essay's weapons are humor, irony, satire, and paradox; its atmosphere is contradiction and collision of opposites." (referring to the French philosopher Montaigne)

....an experimental form of critique that is imbued with an ethical dimension."

Nora Alter, The Essay Film After Fact and Fiction, p8

Meet me on the Moon by Phyllis Hyman 1991 Meet me on the moon Soon as you can In the middle of the sky You and I Riding on a cloud Soft as you please We can sail upon the breeze To the ever lasting moment of love

Oh I feel your symphony So strong and so pure It echoes all through me I am so sure Like we were meant to be Sharing this love We share

Meet me on the moon
Oh please don't be late
You know how I hate to wait
Cause you're so great
Fly into my love
That's what I need
So my spirit can be free
In the everlasting moment of love

Oh I feel your symphony So strong and so pure It echoes all through me I am so sure Like we were meant to be Sharing this love We share

You'll be my love
And I'll be yours too
As long as the sun warms the heavens
Tell me you'll be my love
Oh here's what we'll do
We'll skywrite our love
Through the heavens
The echoes of your joy

Will sing through our lives Forever oooo...forever

Oh I feel your symphony
So strong and so pure
It echoes all through me
I am so sure
Like we were meant to be here
Sharing this love
We share

Meet me... Meet...me on the moon You'll be my love And I'll be yours too Oo...Oo... In the middle of the sky In the middle of the night oo...heaven You and I...Oh Feel your symphony Deep inside of me Come on and be with me ha! Ha! Meet me on...On the moon Fly into my love That's what I need So my spirit Spirit can be free Meet me on the moon

Always and forever by Heatwave December 3 1977

Always and forever, each moment with you

Is just like a dream to me that somehow came true

And I know tomorrow will still be the same

'Cause we've got a life of love that won't ever change and

Everyday love me your own special way

Melt all my heart away with a smile

Take time to tell me you really care

And we'll share tomorrow together

(Always forever love you)

And I'll always love you forever

(Always forever love you) Forever

There'll always be sunshine when I look at you

It's something I can't explain just the things that you do

But if you get lonely phone me and take

A second to give to me that magic you make and

Everyday love me your own special way

Melt all my heart away with a smile

Take time to tell me you really care

And we'll share tomorrow together

(Always forever love you)

I'll always love you ever

(Always forever love you) and ever

Loving you (Always forever love you) is the thing that I've planned

For a very long time (Always forever love you)

Me with you, you with me, we as one

Love together (Always forever love you) for a very long time

Loving you

Always, forever love you

Always, forever love you

Ever, forever

Forever, ever

Ever

Forever loving you, loving you

I said, "Forever love you, love you"

Forever (Always forever love you)

Forever

Devotion by Earth, Wind and Fire September 7 1974 Through devotion Blessed are the children Praise the teacher That brings true love to many

Your devotion
Opens all life's treasures, yeah
And deliverance
From the fruits of evil

So our mission
To bring a melody
Ringin' voices (woo hoo, hoo)
Sing sweet harmony

For you here's a song
To make your day brighter
One that will last you long
Through troubled days

Giving your heart, ooh
The light to brighten
Oh, oh, oh, all of the dark
That falls in your way

You need devotion
Bless the children, whoa
Deliverance
From the fruits of evil

In everyone's life
There's a need to be happy, yeah
Let the sun shine
A smile your way

Open your heart
Feel the touch of devotion
Maybe this song
Will help uplift your day
Make a better way

You need devotion (You need devotion)

Bless the children Deliverance from the fruits of evil (From the fruits of evil)


You need devotion (You need devotion)
Bless the children
(Why don't you bless the children, Lord)



















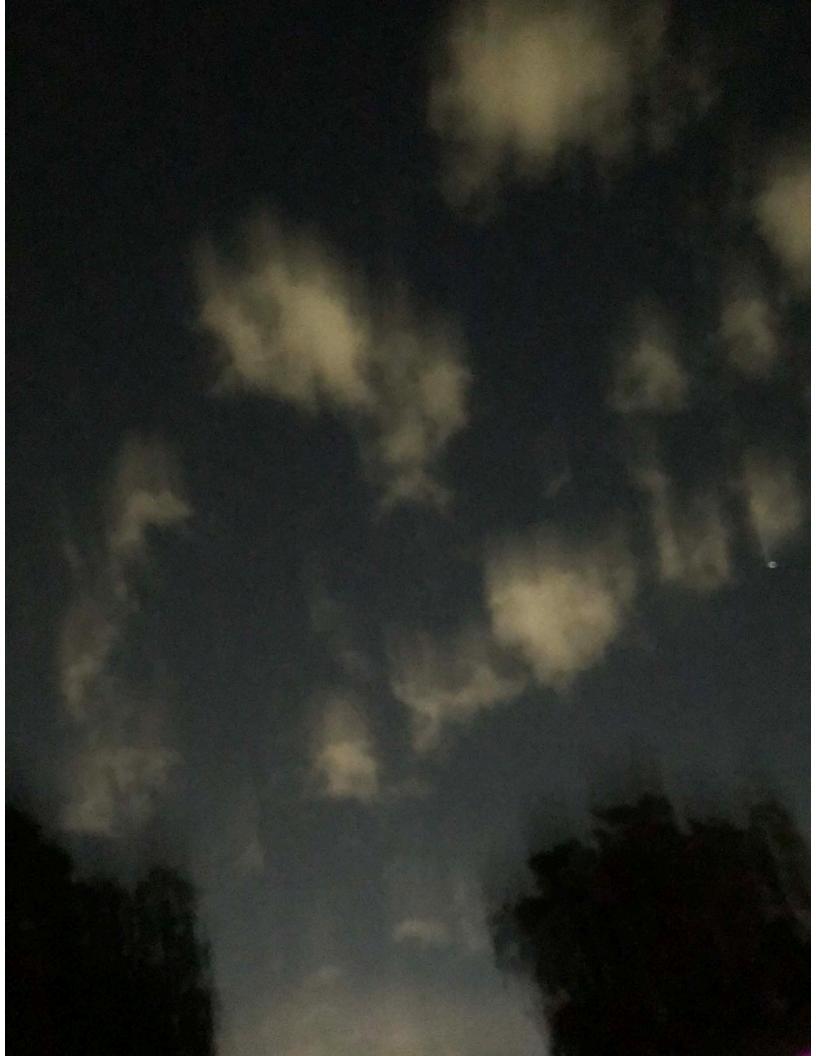




We can also strengthen our connection to spirit through ritual. Various rituals help us to heal particular wounds and open us to spirit's call.













### **NOTES**

\*

rice is cooked inside the pot and not outside. said Amilcar Cabral

You have to earn abstraction. said Kevin Jerome Everson. If you choose, if you stay and can fall in love and be in relationship with it then you deserve it. It means consent + satisfaction is working between us. Begin counter clockwise with a composited deep crush then pull off

LOUD. A quiet. A rage. *No judgment. I wash my drawers by hand after every wear.* There is plenty plenty water here, romantic and reminiscent with very big feelins and stranger muses. At the edges of change. Like sirens sounded the desire and fantasy bodied these are my efforts to say something and the saying of something. Sincere. Relational. Chosen fam in love we trust. The more than you can dream thing is known for me we swing in collective fashion possible and probable with devotion. I am trying to convince myself of a different dream, lucid labors make all things. On dimmers for so long and I couldn't fathom a genuine thing. They say forty times in repetition of something makes it yours. Forty four fresh pours dark light that they abhor so be it we yours. Circulation 3 *well done* Brandy full moon in rotation. *NEXT* indigenou be *hearsay and rumors* now

micro environment

iPhone charger + iPhone with zoom accessibility and a short throw projector + av connection pangea

digital recorder with AA batteries

stereophonic sound system with cables long enough

mini amplifiers (3)

wire stripping tool

six deflated basketballs (Infrareds)

broken djembe (dark light Blues)

bench (2)

zine rack (1)

wall print (1, (3 ' x 5 '))

QR coded

GUL

wheatpaste portals

hwadu written

me we us ours impressions immersive radio Reading Being consent migrations multiples

evolutionary

**krewe coumbite** is a somatic repository and ritual process created in practice, record, catalog, mix and speak into popular imagination a curated collection of my family's recipes, remedies, libations and provisions for trans regional living and loving.

mixtape

fleshness

woes

prayers

libations

zine

portal

bodied

the naked body

adorning

stance and gesture

come here infrareds and Blues in harmonized interplay curated to elevate values and traditions of marronage, mutual aid and abolition

stereophonic looping audio, ambient room lighting in the rooms, 3 virtual zoom in appearances (May 2, 7, 9)

multi durational looping audio should play continuously in the spaces (iMac, mini video monitor), 1 large speaker for each room, 1 bench for each room, objects placed respectively in each room, ambient lighting in each room should be present continuously, 3 virtual zoom in

appearances will happen in whichever gallery the mounted projector lives via iPhone and projector connection cables (video priority, no sound play),

hard pan all the way right and all the way left to get the most for a stereophonic variance.

holographic

black portal

blue hole

black study space

hauntology

Blues

sound bath

deconstructed djembe drum

composite layering

syncopation

repetition

surfaces

moods

chromotherapy

circle

wait (boil)

hand stitched

washed laundry, on the line

sample rinse repeat

### **REFERENCES**

\*

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Be Real Black for Me written by Charles Mann, Donny Hathaway, Roberta Flack

Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway, Album 1972

*The Mack* - Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

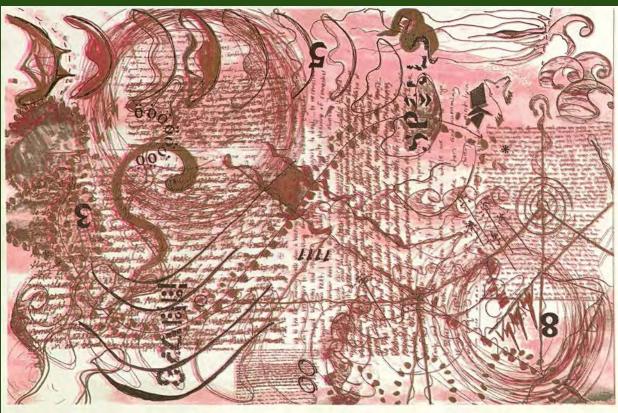
Willie Hutch

RELEASE DATE: 1973-01-01

LABEL: Motown

CATALOG: 00731453038929





# INDEX

\*

krewe coumbite	Exhume : ex HUM e (egz	dressing/undressing with
quantize	yume') v.	dub noise
noise	Take out of the ground;	8 minute
harmony	unearth; disinter	talking with and in
margins	missy elliot	confidence
A grapevine for a nigga	sample, rinse, repeat	11 minute
like me a nigga always in	(repetition (sampling and	for she her hers we us
need of emo repair and	syncopation)	ours
some work in this	LIVE	21 minute
madness. Methods for	memory	me/we gesture posture
being present, not here,	repatriated	appearance practices
awol, intentional, dreamy,	Queer	notations surfaces
accountable and creative	viral	fancy
me/we. Central to this	Transfiguration	prayer conjure
particular grapevine is a	virtual	kinfolk
preoccupation with Black	mantra	raising hymns
sound, black things,	wildin avatar is virtual natty	gift giving
struggle and interplay	hair icon shift shape	zine
she	spatial grace pixel	portals
cyanotype	animation	somatic
het	9 minute	body
female	face and a drink of water	architecture
grapevine	7 minute	tech
haint	shea butter down blues	purple passion
smut	11 minute	MIXTAPE
jawn	kissing she her hers long	GHOST NOTES
sis	pink	? you care
baby mom	11 minute	Ard Bet
ya mama	moor blue Blueing	black ball pangea
mama	5 minute	Akh
nana	infrareds pinks purples	Liddie Belle's Alley Oasis
girl.	play Moor Blues with dub	for Aunt Sally
grown	noise	Gladys Reed Sweets
attitude	11 minute	Kitchen
welfare queen	noir shadow work with dub	Ntozake Shange's
drag queen	noise	beholdings
QUEEN	6 minute	for Mama's Purple
telematic	purple play tapping	Passion Plant

for Rebecca Cox Richards and the Shakers Craig Reed drill & step Bro Reed, Foundations of Black Infinity drill wildin's groove drill & step with Orcan Thunders *Harriet +7 blue holes* walk good gif dressing undressing and adorning with shea butter babe shirtless composite blues blacks purples breathwork zine instructions and icons for how we hold the space. how we open. how we close. our me we

energy built
in conversation with texts
and shadows
how we arrived and how
from here to there
what is presence?
for the disappeared, the
gone-too-soon, the
feelings, the big-hearted
wild ones \* legible to we us

ours \*
gesture
AWOL
anon
graffiti

electro acoustic

Techno optimism dream spiritual

neighborliness

culture memory abstract

we who hold you close to remember ourselves and

make love.

reminiscent social

romance

washing troubles away

with Blue Holes

close Distant

Blue bath fantasy and

ritual

with consent + satisfaction

Grief messy

nuffin new/all new

muthi reed
Black Joy
metropolarity
projection
contact improv

process
accessibility
stereography
polyphony
infrareds
Blues
Black
avatar

Black Power
Pangea
open letter
moist media
aesthetic
Dub overdub

cut

Black Feminist

play conjure art

INTERPENETRATION

Art mut anon sexy me we dead Hollerin HOLD ON BluBlak

wild n out wylin revolutionary

script
Devotion
attitude
atmosphere
history
rapture
architecture
Yardie
witness

Great Migration projection surfaces

walk
noise
Hear
down souf
down norf
frontin
scrubbing
pause
slow

BEING BEING ANY BLACK BEING

hybrid

ABA-BBABB conversation

gift
visitation
hauntology
abolition
maroonage
nature

Soul People paradox Hungboga

#### MIXTAPE CONTENTS

00 what i been and why you care
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1964 down Norf crushes
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09 rebel control surface (chocolate city mix
11:11 Alabama gods & earths
11 Blues

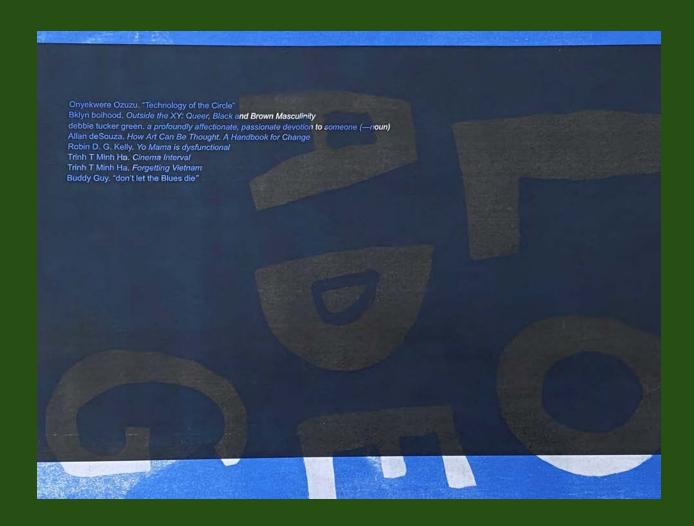


### AGAIN BLACK AGAIN

## oxx muthi reed in collaboration

krewe coumbite is somatic repository and ritual process created in practice, record, catalog, mix and speak into popular imagination a curated collection of my family's recipes, remedies, libations and provisions for trans regional living and loving.





#### artist statement

Like a dancing thing wrapped, draped, held up, heavy, put low, dancing, sagging, flying, falling, sitting, seen, felt, smelt, being. Being. Being. Any Black Being. is a figure and ensemble of figures, including us attending the space, in situ polyphonic resonance. In the course of 7 days (April 23 - 30) the work makes ritual disruption to gallery and university culture that wants determined lines, public private boundaries, high rising notions and finished exhibition products for viewing. Our Black children rollerblading the university hallways with abandon, squealing with joy, inviting stares and smiles; We don't stop them, we let them be. They are helping shape the figure alongside the eleventh hour asks of folks we hope will generate continuous community authorship of the work. This is the Black figure's finesse. A time out of time form that you must make time for, be in and hope for. Sankofa thru in a day or two to witness new questions in the life death life cycle of the figure(s). We are late with the work and right on time. Our work is ritual made in the space beyond thought, borrowed from the hymn raising rituals of my maternal grandmother's people from burkeville, alabama. When asked provocative queries, I try to listen and not feel the need to answer for the work. The figure asks me/we to disrupt the gaze of valuation defining much of the visual art world today and critically focus on the process of a thing happening with and without an audience... the grand kin call it devotional space. The shared meals on the gallery floor, the firing of the wood at night, the libations poured when no visitors are in the gallery looking, the verbal articulations of family photos, the deranging vernacular, how the infrared light interacts with the cells, the eyes softening for dark light, the collection of railroad ties and boxes and random things that BIPOC labor built, nighttime travels with Maroons, the walks, the repurposed fabric embedded with the gumbo balls and leaves from a windy 2019 November night in Chimborazo Park, the mind's decision to sit or not in the single chair provided, to pick up a peppermint, add a clothespin to the visible lines and the already heavy figure. Unearth, lay it down, add your heavy and wonder will the fishing wire bear the weight? And maybe you will avoid the Black thing all together. These are our questions to reckon with. Thank you for joining in the reckoning. What we experience on day 1 will be embellished by day 4 and day 6 will bring on something new. Between an unplugged and plugged state, the figure is sound. It continuously tells us what it is and we curate each day to make the translations clear. This black thing is an ensemble devotion both to raise you and to pull you low to the innermost parts of us.

devotional texts

Andaiye. The Point Is to Change the World

Christina Sharpe. In the Wake

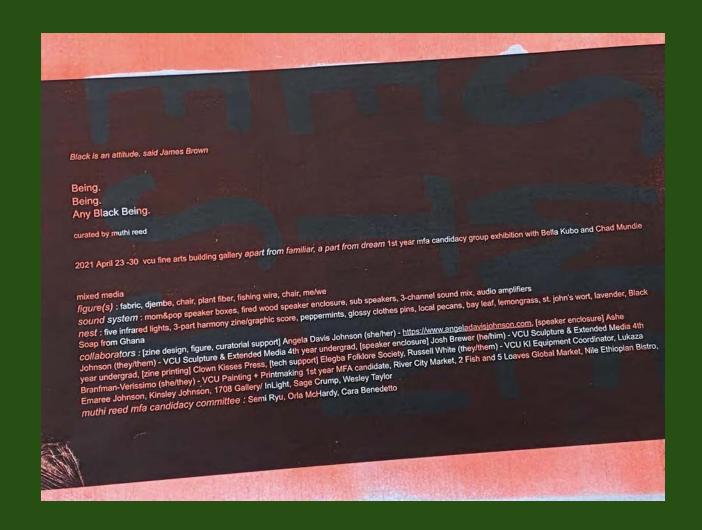
Fred Moten. content not to be a single being. Stolen Life: Presence, disidentification and Refusal

Jessica Marie Johnson. Wicked Flesh

Black Women, Intimacy, and Freedom in the Atlantic World

Tiffany Lethabo King. The Black Shoals: Offshore Formations of Black and Native Studies

Audre Lorde, Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power



muthi reed is a member of the Black Nation from central Alabama and Virginia kinfolk, born in First Nation Anishinaabe, Ojibwe, Ottawa, Potawatomi, and Wyandot ancestral land, Detroit, Michigan, and raised in First Nation Lenape, Delaware, Susquehannock, Shawnee, and Iroquois ancestral lands, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Their work is an aesthetic practice in ritual and sound.

walk good say Spirit