

Entrails: The Guts of Jordan Strafer's Video Art Aesthetics
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Jordan Strafer's choreography of emotional spectacle is a sincere acknowledgement that the relational qualities that structure her identity as a white femme must be scooped up like kitty litter (some of which always sticks to the sides of the box) and reconfigured. However, Strafer's respect for art—specifically contemporary art that seeks to plot out and destabilize differences between self and other, human and animal, or the human through gender, sexuality, and intersecting histories of race and class—also means that she already knows that our attempts are unlikely to succeed in the triumphant achievement of that hope-filled reconfiguration. Still, the artist has committed herself to a seemingly stillborn avant-garde and through pained tears (and I mean lots and lots of crying) carries out an embattled examination of the residual traces of our failure to abort the crude cruel world. What results is a form of post-internet storytelling, often disorienting and campy, with a heartbreaking and cringe-y hilarity all her own.

Strafer's aesthetic strategies break into our institutions and socio-behavioral protocols through tight arrangements of emotional frequencies, often expressed through a cast of protagonist-avatars spilling out from her own persona—post-op plastic-dolls, miming or masked actors, Face-apped meta-celebrities. The work to date interweaves media and mediums ranging across techniques gathered from performance art; movies, T.V., and film; drawing and found poetry, home décor/craft, musical scores, and meme aesthetics—all testing out story-telling mechanisms for how we tell ourselves who we are. By experimenting with forms of doubling (simulation, scripts, smoothing over, bad fakes, incomplete tracing), Strafer undermines the popular structures of alienated fantasy to expose how abbreviation and redaction (hyperbole, white-out, ellipses) collide and collude to represent our post-net experience.

Put simply, our own shit sticks to whatever we're investigating and as we encounter and participate in installations across Strafer's growing oeuvre, we become not only unreliable witnesses for the truth of what is happening or what has happened to 'her,' but we also come to recognize how often we must also be unreliable witnesses for ourselves. This is an artist who can and does pull off antagonizing viewers through micro-agonies she constructs because attention to the inescapable messiness of culpability remains part of the story.

Strafer's art starts from the assumption that 'she' is not the person you are pretending she is either. Here are the opening lines of "(PEP) Process Entanglement Procedure" (2019):

"Members of the committee, co-Chair and co-Chair, my name is Jordan Strafer and I'm a Professor of Trades at the University. I was born in Miami, Florida. I am the youngest of the children. I had my early education in Dade County. I received a Bachelor's degree and a Master's degree. I graduated and proceeded. My father was a lawyer in that area. My mother was also a lawyer. My childhood was one of privilege represented by my parents. I was reared in an atmosphere..."

In her 1976 essay on video art, "Video: The Aesthetics of Narcissism," Rosalind Krauss considers how the medium of video has little to do with the emerging form's technological mechanics but instead argues that video art fundamentally has to do with considering the psychological situation of a self in a mirror:

"Mirror-reflection... implies the vanquishing of separateness. Its inherent movement is toward fusion. The self and its reflected image are of course literally separate. But the agency of reflection is a mode of appropriation, of illusionistically erasing the difference between subject and object. Facing mirrors on opposite walls squeeze out the real space between them."¹

Strafer appropriates the squeeze between subject and object by scripting scenes from the 'bad' informant of her memory. Fantastic metonymic avatars become runaways starring as themselves to heighten the emotional stakes of familiar situations (enjoying a cherry, testifying in court, being lonely in a room, or reading a celebrity style profile). Specifically, by squeezing at the pressure points of socio-structural arrangements—that demand for instance that children 'be good,' or adults become wealthy professionals, or that artists become walking divinities—Strafer gets messy with received protocols of innocence, truth-telling, and believability.

You've got to believe me: Jordan Strafer is a video artist. But this description has less to do with any medium specificity and more to do with her choreography of an emotional logic steeped in the awareness of the potential for violence to rip us apart through any apparatus, device, history, or memory. It a gutsiness without apology that calls us closer yet also need not reduce us to mere cynics because of the possibilities Strafer shows for intervening on what seems like an inevitably bleak future: So even if optimism is no longer an option, Strafer is still interested in showing her/your/our shit—as if to say: 'It's not all over yet.'

As a video artist Strafer works through a mode of tender dissimulation that invites viewers to grow together as less (or more?) shitty people than the ones she knows you are pretending to be. For example, the artist has half-jokingly described herself as playing the tyrannical director in the social experiments in which she tests the bounds of friendship in her all-volunteer cast and crew: ("CHERRY" (2016), "pa" (2017), "PEP (Process Entanglement Procedure2)." But against the post-shock aesthetic intended to amp up our capacity to withstand violence or the usually unconvincing director-as-godhead stance, Strafer links performance artists like Joan Jonas back to Antonin Artaud's 'theater of cruelty' in her collaborative practice, attempting to reawaken sensations that break us out of alienation—in this case, fantasies underwritten by corporate celebrity culture, 'fake-it-till-you-make-it' consumer capitalism, and nihilistic 'we're all going down anyway' attitudes. I came across a tracing on onion paper of words from a newspaper article. The tracing is included as a page of a book made in collaboration with a friend and fellow artist Rindon Johnson. The headline of the story traced out while pressing down on a bumpy surface reads:

'Prominent Lawyer in Fight for Gay Rights Dies After Setting Himself on Fire in Prospect Park'

Showing how crudeness and cruelty structure our lives—or rather the depths of energy that go into making life miserable for others (which makes fighting for gay rights or critique of the farming industry necessary)—is an emotional labor of love for Strafer. One definition of a great artist might be someone who understands how bad we truly are at mediating our own experience and out of sheer frustration tries to show how we might do a better job. Strafer skips the fixer-upper mode of operation and delves right into the frustration, over and over. But somewhere along the way the gag slips and absurdity breaks loose for the hell of it. Another definition of a great artist might be someone who is simply too good at understanding themselves among others, such that their art actually makes other people curious about where the world of the artist's creation ends and the 'truth' of biography begins.

Either way, I seem to keep returning to this artist to ask the following: How is it that 'your world' (which is really also to say 'our world') could show up like 'that'? Here is Strafer's press release for "No Bag" (2020):

"December 2, 2020 - January 31, 2021

Jordan Strafer will occupy PARTICIPANT AFTER DARK with 'No Bag3,' an interactive multi-media web-based artwork.

'For my school project I took a machete and destroyed everyone's backpacks. I gave an incoherent speech then gave out my phone number and promised to replace the backpacks.

After it happened, I couldn't believe I made that promise to return the backpacks.

They must have been expensive. Some may have been sentimental and irreplaceable.

Everyone would be heading home with all their books and no bag!

A fellow student tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I'm going to bang your cake in."

"Shit," I said, "What a stupid way to die."

I lay on the ground, with hands outstretched, ready for my punishment. "I love you," I said. "You've misunderstood me," they said.'

Is this unusual 'press release' Jordan Strafer's meta-art on the failures of education and politeness in the art world, or is her protagonist just plain mean? We need not decide because the horror of it all is what Strafer shows us—horror in its ubiquitous presence is constructed through her ambiguous attention to what 'ought' to shock. Because in the scenes offered up in the post-shock aesthetics of our networked worlds, where cringe is lingua franca, the punch line is that the torrent of violent imagery will continue to flow toward us without end. The point of the racist joke, sexist joke, lawyer joke, dumb blond joke, ad infinitum is not only to perpetuate stereotypes, but also to naturalize³ the countenance of violence or being violated at any possible moment.

The use of voiceover in "pa," a re-interpretation of David Lynch's "The Amputee" (1974), is one example of how Strafer, in previous works, interrupts the desensitization to violence. The most haunting feature of this work is not witnessing the process of someone being amputated, but instead it is the voice of a slow and bellowing yell from a person we never see on screen. While there

is also a voiceover in Lynch's version, Lynch remains the undisputed director of a fantasy of his own making—involving a female-gendered amputee who writes a letter while seeming to ignore the 'male-nurse' dressing her wounds. While this presentation of a 'male nurse' may have been notable gender play in 1974, it is barely noticeable as such today. Perhaps noting that there has been some cultural progress, the singular "pa" from the title becomes two male-gendered characters on screen. Still, the general anxiety of an on-screen amputation is wincingly palpable. We brace for more gore to come, but then Strafer dials it all the way up in an homage to camp's gross-out aesthetic: The 'nurses' hovering over their 'victim' in this outdoor scene of a college campus afternoon seem to have no clear relation to one another, to the bellowing voice coming from afar, or to the prone and bloody body they share the work of slicing up together. Thus, Strafer has no interest in identifying with the real 'victim,' and what matters instead is that there is someone, somewhere in time, who is actually being chopped up. The opening lines bellowed out in pa go something like this:

"IT WAS TWENTY SIXTEEN...UGHHHH... .. UUGHHHMM... UGHMM... ..AND BY THAT POINT IT WAS NOT A DEPRESSING TIME..."

What I have rendered as transliterated groaning sounds can hardly be expressed in writing. We are put under a new kind of spell (both at a remove from, but also freshly squeezed out of the emotional registers at work in Lynch). These groans groan against what could only be a scream falling on deaf ears from any 'damsel-in-distress.' Instead, by way of its comparative difference with the real urgency of lives in need of dire rescue in all manner of situations, this echoing, guttural groan yawning out across pa—booming out like an Abrahamic G-d over a public announcement system (P.A.)—necessarily compels us to seek out a new source of urgency in 'her' voice.

'Whose voice is that? Certainly, that commanding voice we hear is not also the voice of the character who's lying prone getting their legs chopped off right now. Is it right now or is it 2016 again? And look, now there's a syringe! The 'nurses' are amputating one another and one of them has turned into Lynch's letter writer?!? That blood isn't even trying to look real. Who is the 'Pa4' named in the title? Who's your Daddy little girl? Who is the real pa? Who is that booming over the P.A.?'

At a runtime of six minutes and forty-five seconds, pa contains no backstory explaining the action. We see only the action of several badly faked real-time amputations and a voice going on about how things weren't depressing and then they were again. The voice slides around Lynch's script, but any narrative that might be threaded together between what is seen and what can be heard is frustrated. For a beat, screen-wide neon-green graphics spelling TEARGAS, MACE, DOGS comes peeling across a black screen. This is followed by a return to the initial outdoor scene but now only one of 'nurses' reclines in a peaceful repose as a recording of marching band music plays triumphantly in the background. All of these provocations could be horrifying, but only insofar as they are built up from our own associations with them, not from what appears on screen. Instead, "pa" is an experience of disorientation. Through the excess of displacements and doublings, a strange humor begins to ease the pensive confusion—but only slightly. By the end, all we know for sure is that someone isn't being believed and that someone who once loved the beach no longer does.

As we were preparing for a studio visit a few months ago I received an audio file titled "Truth," which Jordan tells me in its accompanying email is her Artist Statement, but... "it needs to be updated." Sure ok, whatever, it doesn't matter. But the open secret of this aside is: 'Don't believe me.' So I play the .mp3 file and hear: "Jordan Strafer." This is followed by the reciting of digits that may or may not be the Social Security number of an artist who claims elsewhere that she was born in Miami, Florida in 1991.

The voice of 'Truth' continues:

"I'm not going to tell you what I think because what I think is irrelevant. This is about me, but I don't really want it to be about me."

Next, I feel a tickling sensation rising at the back of my neck because as I continue to listen it sounds as if the person speaking might be someone attempting to impersonate the artist. With Strafer, what seemingly begins as a shared shrug over an out-of-date 'artist statement,' quickly became a meta-query over truth in a hilarious moment of (mis)recognition, happening in the midst of a soliloquy on the importance of self-expression and how fucking awful the world is.

Strafer challenges herself as an artist to show aspects of her truth through a double act of egotism and graciousness—as if she is telling us: "Don't worry, I'll go first, I know this is hard." The allure of watching her videos comes from her exploration of the feelings of frustration over getting at the truth, but these explorations are organized through seductions happening in her intentional conflation of the narcissistic and the confessional. The artist's protagonist-avatars are Strafer's favorite voyeurs. By employing an artifice of cool administration that actually elicits wet hot tears, the artist looks over her own shoulder. But this kind of deep play means cultivating a meta-ego that has learned to calibrate techniques of appearing and withdrawing, although never altogether—like both a kitty and a soldier.

In "PEP (Process Entanglement Procedure)," by distancing herself from her own likeness through the use of penetrating close-ups of a crying doll with oversized tears, we hear a voice narrating a story that puts Strafer's identity in quotation marks. How do we decide who is tyrannical and where exactly the tyrannical is happening? How do we stay safe by either mitigating violence or, at times, magnifying the potential for violence depending on how our identities are structured/read? These questions happening through Strafer's re-staging of life and reinterpretation of earlier artworks have nothing do with suspending violence to reveal a better world, but rather bring our attention to the ways in which we are always being prepared to countenance violence according to the protocols of relationally organized identities. Where do the rules of appropriate behavior come from or how do 'good' people or 'nice white girls' come to be recognizable as 'innocents' deserving of protection? How is violence enacted in order to justify racialized misogyny both against those supposed 'innocents,' but also in their defense?

“CHERRY” shows a character who we learn is a documentary war journalist sharing footage of war (which we hear but can’t see). We witness the character using their previous work to advertise their consulting services to a potential client. The client has sought out the journalist-consultant to support proof of their legitimacy in a claim for court-awarded damages:

Speaker 1: “You must have an ability to compartmentalize.”

Speaker 2: “You have to, I mean think about what I’m gonna do with you, I do this fairly often. If I didn’t have an ability to compartmentalize, I’d probably jump off the nearest bridge.”

This dialogue is from the middle of a discussion on the nature of selling ‘truth’ in media that then rides atop the filmed tensions of two bodies that palpably express both ambiguous mutual desire and a recognizable fear that women experience when in enclosed spaces with men. But the even more terrifying acknowledgement we are forced to reckon with is the nearness of the truth, that it is impossible to verify an entirely objective account of any witness’s narrative of events. And it is this emotional quagmire, which straddles the irrefutable truth of gendered violence that curator Kyle Dancewicz brilliantly describes as Strafer’s “unresolved dimensions of misogyny, humiliation and dark humor [which] instead prove to be collectively enabled, refined, and replicated in the civic structures meant to remedy them.”²

But why make such dangerous provocations toward anti-innocence? As I write this, the murder of Black trans women continues to go underreported, Trumpers are planning U.S. Civil War 2.0, ethno-supremacist ideologies and their accompanying bespoke or cookie-cutter forms of violence are rife around the globe, mental wellness is at an all-time low, and our ways of life are still contributing to the destruction of our earth-habitat. Still, innocence-as-ideology is playing a role in mechanizing and organizing violence by neglect, as well as the ongoing justifications of state-sanctioned killing (think of the ‘law and order’ rhetoric that ‘brought back’ the death penalty in the United States or of the uneven access to medical care and nutrition).

Innocence-as-ideology seems to be the ineluctable essence of the logic protecting systems of injustice. What Strafer expresses is that what is called for—problematizing her own identity posited as innocent, problematizing her position to innocence, and reflecting on what it means to interpret innocence and its functional counterparts: guilt, evil, badness, etc. For example, what can it mean to say or think that “Trump is bad for the country” when we know that of the eligible voters who identify as white women, over fifty-percent voted for Trump twice? Strafer’s art asks her audience to consider: Which forms of innocence do you have access to? Which forms of innocence are you hiding behind and what forms of violence does it serve?

We are educated into the sphere of our emotional lives and its affective mapping only relationally. This process happens from bonds, of whatever kind, with our earliest caretakers and friends as well as through the loops of increasingly more complex algorithmic indexing of our data. This indexing of information and identities, searchable online, is a reflection of its designers’ source code—capturing their fantasies and fears—now constantly and unevenly integrating with our own. In Dr. Safiya Noble’s research on how search engines reinforce bias, she writes:

“...Google exercises considerable discursive and hegemonic control over identity at the group and cultural levels, and it also has considerable control over personal identity and what can circulate in perpetuity...Searches on keywords about minoritized, marginalized, and oppressed groups can yield all kinds of information that may or may not be credible or true, but they surface in a broader culture of implicit bias that already exists against minority groups... [And, further down]... the prioritization and circulation of misrepresentative and even derogatory information about people who are oppressed and maligned in the larger body politic of a nation... is an incredible site of profit for media platforms.”³

If the contested protocols of our digitally networked nodes are always working to maintain white supremacist patriarchal-colonial-fin-tech global capitalism, what might it mean to give up on the truth of innocence, especially given the uneven and violent ramifications for those with different lived experiences? Is giving up on innocence a way to legitimize yet even more violence, similar to the ways direct acts of violence by white supremacists have been emboldened in Trump’s post-truth era?

Strafer is concerned with the possibilities of these ramifications and in her provocations toward anti-innocence, she moves tentatively and in ways that allow viewers to evaluate her ongoing variety of aesthetic decisions employed to undermine notions of innocence and believability. Through the use of para-fiction and a particularly revealing social experiment, viewers are encouraged to examine how innocence and truth are always up to no good in our emotional lives.

-- The avatar-protagonist, as a para-fictive device, tests a variety of cultural markers of innocence and believability through distortion of various image-based and verbal cues. Linguistic affect and non-verbal signaling in Strafer’s video soundtracks are arranged to complement tight frames heightening anticipation; masked or doll’s faces are interlaced with collaged photo-stock or Face-apped images that dramatize in ways that leave viewers room to judge overlapping investigations of emotional registers. (See Cindy Sherman’s “Doll Clothes,” 1975 and American Artist’s “Sandy Speaks,” 2016).

-- The survey as a social experiment tests the limits of plausibility of social practice and the bounds of art as participatory or relational vis-à-vis the seduction of personality tests which have made untold levels of surveillance possible (see Jon Rafman’s “You the World and I,” 2010 and Lynn Hershman Leeson’s “Shadow Stalker,” 2019).

The homepage of Strafer’s latest project, “No Bag,” an interactive, multi-media, web-based work, with its kitschy design is comforting: “It’s all the ways I’ve been living, it’s what I have at home. Here’s the stuff I’ve been looking at around my apartment.” Although familiar to the home décor of Strafer’s childhood community in Miami, Florida, the appearance of these objects as a web index in 2020 also references the less anxious and campier atmosphere of an earlier web. Since the late 1990s and early 2000s, adolescents who initially encountered that version of the web on personal computers have been reared into young adults by profit-driven, algorithmically integrated consciousness in online environments. Jordan and I discussed how

these environs, which have not only become more anxiety producing compared to when we were teenagers, but have also attempted to replicate and now totally replace living AFK for everyone, in every part of life, everywhere.

Has corporate design along with the institutional recognition of some arenas of 'net art,' as environments designed to be experienced on/for the net, also reduced users to a failed simulation? Is the language of 'taking the L' truly the everyday parlance of a world in which we are expected never to experience more than whatever or whomever is available for manipulation via digitally networked communication? The allusion to our LCD screens by way of the digital presentation of the surfaces of glass vases (pronounced VAH-ses), paper weights, and the silver spoon serving as the indexical presence of "No Bag" hint at the ways in which it was initially necessary to present images of analog objects (floppy disks, covered-wagons), to offer physical familiarity within digital 'space.' Alternatively, closer to expressing the temporality felt through her experience of sheltering-in-place, the clickable pictures of No Bag's visual index are Strafer's home-style, open invitations, specifically for an audience of those at home alone noticing their relative vulnerability and desiring company.

Once we are at home, layers of emotional complexity may be explored beneath the index. What would it mean to do the hard work of dumping out and reflecting on all of our inherited objects including the interconnected fantasies, fears, privileges, and prejudices we hold? Behind the image of the silver spoon (that is dumped out with the rest of the proverbial shit on the table), the protagonist-avatar Judy Smolak shows up to test out how truth functions in structuring our aspirations, driven both by celebrity culture and surveillance.

Inspired as much by the Calvin Klein publicist-turned-princess Carolyn Jeanne Bessette-Kennedy (1966-1999) as the video artist Alex Bag's campy guerilla aesthetic (see "The Van," 2001), the character Judith Ula Smolak interrogates the networked screen of Strafer's own looking glass. While Bag's sleazy gallery owner symbolizes the ambiguous or even unmistakable danger of a stereotypical impresario's likelihood of predatory behavior in exchange for art world fame, Judy Smolak is the star of all stars—a Celebrity with a capital 'C.' In this case having it all means being a wealthy, bisexual, possibly childbearing, leftist, freelance philosopher who also dies (like a true contemporary cultural aristocrat) in a tragic plane crash.

This protagonist-avatar carries out a too near-dissimulation yet also enough fantasy (including death ideation) to focus in on the loop between the artist and an anonymously aspirational objectified presence. But why couldn't we dream of a life such as this? Recall, the endless personality tests and surveys for finding 'true' love from the late 1990s and early 2000s that have now morphed into multi-million dollar industries. Did the Myers-Briggs personality test replace the Dear Abby column? What can we do, if from the innocuous to the injurious, the only seemingly more objective data-driven world is constantly betraying our hope for justice?

Similar to the ways 'bad' jokes index fear/consumption of the Other were integrated into meme construction, Strafer's use of the survey captures how our identities became information made up of everything we care about from lifestyle preferences to opinions on suicide. We became 'prosumers' of

fantasies on career success and spiritual holism, nutrition and relationship #goals, as well as anonymous participants in a never-ending data-mining project on discussions as important as end of life decisions. After choosing to participate or not, the results of Strafer's questionnaires in "No Bag" are available as numbers or percentage-based pie charts. Answers to the context-free questions seem to be based on the way the phrase works in popular discourse. According to the tallied results of participants (as of this writing): It's ok to opt out and poke the bear, but you really shouldn't beat a dead horse.

We now eagerly agree to surveil one another by fiat of opinion in cooperation with the corporate-owned big-tech cloud toward the further collapse of any distinction between private and public life. In our networked clicks, psychic life happens through anxious algorithmic entanglements that Strafer considers together with the way that fantasy plays a role in helping us to cope. By constructing situations that delve into frustrations over how to even invoke the horror of ever present misogyny and/or how to imagine our radical political emancipation, Strafer's style of reflection on self-implication follows the unforgettable sensations conjured by the performance art of Tracy Emin, the cycloramas of Kara Walker. But in the re-staging of a psychological strife that is always vaguely present (as hinted at by the Blair Witch-esque "Nightthump" loop) yet immediately recognizable even from the experiences of people we don't know, Strafer also attends to moments of acknowledgement in popular culture that something is very wrong.

Can we imagine women aspiring to become freelance philosophers in the way that they learn to aspire toward marrying into the Kennedy family or finding freedom by living vicariously through their daughters? (After encountering "No Bag," I couldn't help but think of Tennessee Williams's own memory-play "The Glass Menagerie"). What does it mean to be successful or a 'good' narcissist (against those who are more actively read or demonized and/or praised for being malignant narcissists)? How does innocence-as-ideology fuel the post-net edgelord cult of the singular genius? Alternatively, who can sit at home and make videos of their lifestyle, i.e. or what are the conditions that make it possible to be meaningfully alone? Strafer's practices vis-à-vis her protagonist-avatars are absolutely not street actions (c.f. Adrian Piper's "Mythic Being," 1973-75) or the Instagram star Crackhead Barney @crackheadbarneyisback). Even Martine Syms's protagonist-avatar 'Mythic Being,' an AI bot (see "Shame Space," 2019)—points to the ways in which women, but especially Black women, are always expected to offer emotional support to anyone and everyone (including but not limited to the sensitive white female artist contesting the sphere of 'innocence').

From surrealist theater and the rejection of the gallery by Land artists, or between the excitement for the dance between humans and machines of minimalist sculptors, to the 'happenings,' performance art, and indexical systems developed in war and for profit, emerged the video artist. The recording capabilities of portable video cameras became a place of refuge and experimentation for artists like Jonas and Hershman Leeson. If the mastery of a medium is not fulfilled by a capacity to merely surpass what has come before or to break others by force (as cycles of trauma perpetuating violence through families, clans, and corporations has shown), it is perhaps in finding new

ways of bringing ourselves into recognition of the situations of everyday horror we're already moving within. Strafer constructs situations that pull the rug out from under her avatars, protagonists whom she allows to explore feelings that can arise from horrors not so neatly tucked into the mundane. Her fascination with the overlooked cruelty of everyday life actually exceeds the excess of cringe-for-tinge-sake as that post-internet signifier of infinite privilege and exploitation. We're going to have to actually deal with the emotional provocations she offers, as we too are implicated in them.

By coping through imagination, witnessing one's own incredulity, embracing the contradictory construction of memoir, and through the celebrations of a kitsch that stares hard right back into the horror, Strafer considers the violence grounding systems already disciplining our fantasies or fueling our fear of repercussions for back-talking in the first place. It is in the necessity of her imagination, given her conditions/our conditions as she feels them, that makes Strafer's emotional provocations seem even scarier than if she were simply to give up. Here, holding open possibilities means living with others and approaching violence on the terms of whatever failures our species seems to produce in overwhelming abundance, rather than making art into a site of nihilistic excess.

Notes:

- Rosalind Krauss, "October" Vol.1 (Spring 1976): 56-57.
- Kyle Dancewicz, "In Practice: Total Disbelief," Sculpture Center, Long Island City, NY, January 16 - March 23, 2020.
- Safiya Umoja Noble, "Algorithms of Oppression: How Search Engines Reinforce Racism," New York: New York University Press, 2018, 123-124.