

In Practice: Total Disbelief

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Published by
SculptureCenter
44–19 Purves Street
Long Island City, NY 11101
+1 718 361 1750
info@sculpture-center.org
www.sculpture-center.org

978-0-9998647-8-4
Design: Chris Wu, Yoon-Young Chai, and
Ella Viscardi at Wkshps
Copy Editor: Lucy Flint
Printer: RMI Printing, New York

All photographs by Kyle Knodell, 2020 unless
otherwise noted.

Total Disbelief

Kyle Dancewicz

So long as one fact stands
isolated and strange One
fact supported by no fact –
Woodslippercounterclatter
I can spin straw by myself
You sit in our tent of belief
and ask what to do with it
Faithful first then frivolous
Half scientific but good at
guessing by sensation you
look at a flame is it orange
within you or without you

–Susan Howe, from *TOM TIT TOT*, 2013

Art has served belief for a very long time. In the wake of a vast historical trove of devotional objects, religious subject matter, pseudo-religious spectatorship, and trompe-l’oeil trickery, a broad swath of recent art based in trust, tenuous faith, or the suspension of disbelief fans out. Near the end of the last century, photo-documents asked viewers to believe that some of conceptual art’s most important gestures actually happened, while in the last twenty to thirty years works of autofiction, parafiction, and straight-up fiction have exploited our own skepticism and naivete by intentionally introducing the unbelievable into the realm of the real. And as it goes for *X-Files* fans: we want to believe.

In 2009, after art historian Carrie Lambert-Beatty codified the idea of “parafiction” in her much-cited *October* article “Make Believe: Parafiction and Plausibility,” artist Michelle Grabner published a short text in *X-TRA* tying some of Lambert-Beatty’s artist case studies to a larger sowing of distrust by artists like Richard Prince, whose engagement with truth and fiction extended beyond strategies of appropriation and into persona or artistic positioning. Grabner writes, “We live in a world of bullshit artists but artists tend not

to create bullshit. Artists freely lie, cheat and make things up but the truth remains paramount to artistic deceit. In an era that has developed a sphere of communication that is dedicated to the production and dissemination of bullshit through forms of social networking, it is inspiring to know that artists . . . operate in relation to truth—a debatable and fragile philosophical postulate.”¹

More than ten years later, in a different but obviously related sociopolitical climate and in an increasingly diffuse media landscape, it feels like truth is not necessarily a central or useful artistic concern. Of more interest, perhaps, is to ask how an artistic position can productively exist while abandoning the expectation of truth (or nebulous proximity to it) in the processes and results of artmaking. Of course, since belief is not just about dichotomies of true and false, it might make the most sense at this moment not to rely on either end of that binary. Instead, artists—like those included in *In Practice: Total Disbelief*—can and do trade belief systems for disbelief systems.

In Practice: Total Disbelief, an exhibition developed from SculptureCenter’s annual open call program, considers artistic engagements with doubt as it contributes to the formation of social life. The negativity of disbelief and doubt is recast as the constructiveness of ambiguity and ambivalence. In a sentiment likely resonant with many artists in the exhibition, Gilles Deleuze writes in *Cinema 2*: “The modern fact is that we no longer believe in this world. We do not even believe in the events that happen to us, love, death, as if they only half concerned us. It is not we who make cinema; it is the world which looks to us like a bad film.”² *Total Disbelief* takes disbelief as an artistic position from which to weigh epistemological questions about what we know and how we know it against the tools available to respond to them—to remake the “bad film” with a deeper inquiry into its facets and dimensions.

While characterized on the one hand by the clean slate of a baseline lack of faith, an active engagement with disbelief also means taking stock of astonishment, navigating defense mechanisms, and pitting skepticism against the desire to be convinced and to know. *In Practice: Total Disbelief* posits that artworks are the products and by-products of these dynamics, appearing as objects, images, and activities that sustain uncertainty. The exhibition takes the position that an artwork can express skepticism or uncertainty about itself, the subject matter it approaches, and the reliability of the methods and forms it has to access this content.

Accordingly, across media, the work of the thirteen artists and artist teams represented in the exhibition engage formal tools that uphold belief and produce what we consider to be true. Their approaches could be called “half scientific but good at / guessing by sensation,” in the words of poet Susan Howe.

They cast into doubt various tools of discovery and sense-making to shift how knowledge is perceived or structured: by engaging narrative and technical cinematic conventions; playing out the fraught collision of public testimony, credibility, and victimhood; testing the capacities and limits of materials and production processes; messing with logic games; approaching language-learning from the position of diaspora; conducting historiographies of artifacts and museology; pitting monumentality against city bureaucracy and social contracts of acceptability; flirting dangerously with stereotype and identity formation; recovering uneasy blips within a modernist trajectory of art and design; and other coextensive approaches. While extremely varied in their projects, all participating artists are wary of certainty exuded by knowledge-producing social and formal conventions.

The narrator of Andrew Norman Wilson's $Z = |Z/Z \bullet Z - 1 \bmod 2| - 1$, on view in the exhibition, reflects on this in a particularly apt passage of voiceover: "We've realized fiction is set to become the most potent force on earth, far more powerful than things like wayward asteroids and natural selection, because fictions are becoming engines for new genetic and electronic codes where fictions freely engender fictions upon fictions. Fiction has always been at the basis of any large scale human cooperation, think about it: religion, the nation-state, human rights, money; these are myths that exist only in people's collective imagination, and that collective imagination is what we want to construct."³ As in Wilson's script, the exhibition asks the viewer to see the works as results of productive, generative doubt and a withdrawal from the reliance on truth as opposed to occupying a strictly critical position in relation to "fiction" or seeming falsehood. In *We Have Never Been Modern*, Bruno Latour writes: "In the past, the sociology of knowledge, by marshalling a great profusion of social factors, had explained only deviations with respect to the straight and narrow path of reason. Error, beliefs, could be explained socially, but truth remained self-explanatory. It was certainly possible to analyze a belief in flying saucers, but not the knowledge of black holes."⁴ As in Latour's formulation for sociology, which extends from a much longer discussion regarding modernism's imperative to "believe in belief," the possibility for art to break through such a division is to take the flying saucer seriously and subject the black hole to interrogation.

Qais Assali

In 2017, Qais Assali received three DHL packages from an administrator of the commercial art fair Art Chicago (now EXPO Chicago). The parcels contained photographs, drawings, paintings, a video on VHS tape, and

handwritten letters, and were bundled as an unsolicited submission to the 2004 edition of the fair by an artist who described himself as an Iranian living in Afghanistan. He included a photocopy of his passport. This artist's deaccessioned materials ostensibly "found" their way to Assali, who is from Palestine, through a presumed regional sympathy for the plight of an Iranian artist. Contending with this assumption, Assali's artwork reproductions, amended catalogues, lectures, and video cast him in a one-sided relationship of magnetism and repulsion with a total stranger, playing out a complex, perverse, and somewhat enticing form of misrecognition.

A new video included in *if you Like you can show my works in galleries* concludes (almost) Assali's yearslong engagement with this artist's work, position, and the uncomfortably erotic overture he made to orient himself toward an American art context. Conflicted about institutional art's tendency toward reductive (or misleading) biographical sketches, but also conscious of his own artistic trajectory and strategies for navigating the values and decorum of American arts organizations, Assali finds a stark but intimate difference between personal feelings of affinity for another artist and framing imposed from outside.

Andrew Cannon

Andrew Cannon's floating *Gertrude Fireplace* is a relatively faithful excerpt of a (still extant) fireplace by Robert Winthrop Chanler (1872–1930) commissioned in 1918 by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney (1875–1942) for her studio on MacDougal Alley. Broadly, Cannon's work attends to a simmering, visceral, earthy, and somewhat lusty energy in twentieth-century ornament and design that serves as evidence of a sustained anti-modern aesthetic position, whether in the semiotics of postmodern architecture or in the erotic extravagance of figures like Chanler, a prolific and exuberant, if socially notorious, figure best known for his late Gilded Age murals, screens, and stained glass.

Cannon channels Chanler's original fireplace—it was covered in red and copper-leaved plaster flames that engulfed a twenty-foot chimney, where they met a bas-relief ceiling depicting altercations between humans and various monsters in a cloud of smoke—as well as the muted erotics of its subsequent material degradation, neglect, and bad paint jobs. His own subtle marks, like drop shadows painted in pale watercolor, paired with twisting, handworked white flames, make the work a vision of capricious aesthetic tastes.

Gertrude Fireplace is also the product of a specific patronage relationship that perhaps uncomfortably pairs an institution of American modernism (Whitney) with an artist largely committed to its undoing (Chanler). In this and

other works, Cannon similarly undoes the transformation of organic materials and forces into refined and abstracted designs, instead puzzling them together in their entirety so they stand for themselves as well as for stranger, more internecine, and less monolithic histories.

Jesse Chun

Jesse Chun’s work iterates the bureaucratic procedures and regulations that govern the use and experience of language, particularly in relation to translation and immigration. Her new video *INDEXING MY MONOLOGUE* surveys personal tools for mastering English, like the popular language-learning book *Word Power Made Easy*, as well as diagrams for learning pronunciation and intonation, set on a kaleidoscopic background of jewel-toned watermarks from official documents.

In a form that feels like live browsing, or a poetic research-collage-demonstration, Chun introduces images and information pertaining to the early twentieth-century Ford English School, an English-language accreditation program for immigrant workers developed by Henry Ford. The program, which concluded in a costumed “melting pot ceremony” for graduates, rhetorically reflected ideas of American nationalism and acculturation while blatantly tying English to commercial productivity, a persistent global phenomenon that Chun often explores in her work’s diasporic relationship to language.

Chun follows Ford’s program with passages from real and modified book indexes, replicating a process for distinguishing senses or meanings of words or topics—a technical extrapolation of “achievement” and “grief,” for example—that reveals an incongruity between language as a dominating, often violently enforced, ideological prerequisite for participation in an economy, a labor force, or a government and language as a multivalent, expressive mode of communication and a nuanced vehicle for mutual understanding.

Hadi Fallahpisheh

Most of Hadi Fallahpisheh’s work is rendered with a provisional crudeness that makes juxtapositions between inexpensive materials, figurative signifiers, and found objects especially stark. In one work on view, a stack of sand-covered pots becomes a snowman becomes a smirking monkey. In an alcove nearby, a voyeuristic (though probably not exhibitionist) scene of idleness in captivity turns another vessel into a sexually suggestive reclining figure in unzipped jeans, only partially concealed by prison bars made of pressure-fitted mops. The humor in these and other works by Fallahpisheh is perpetually on the brink

of degrading from pun into slur, as if speaking their elements aloud might put one in a compromised position. Here and in past works, Fallahpisheh trades in derogatory language, particularly that applied to people from the Middle East, not just to reclaim it for use in art but to call it out for its insidiousness, all jokes aside. A strange tenderness in his work brings to mind the idea of dysphemistic euphemism (the use of offensive language to convey endearment), but then incriminatingly snaps back when actual offense is taken.

Dealing with projections and vigorously upheld misconceptions, physical violence, stereotypy, and colloquial racism, Fallahpisheh’s works have varying degrees of legibility. Some seem to want to disappear, or at least to be left alone, from a combination of guilt and fear. Along these lines, the artist’s photographic works are made in the dark by dragging a flashlight across photographic paper. A graphic cast of animal characters often emerges from this process, looking like they were caught in activities better undertaken at night or in basements. Fallahpisheh brings all elements of these works together in an installation titled *blind spot*, a term that refers to a threatening position of obliviousness or a protective covering, depending on who is looking.

Emilie Louise Gossiaux

Emilie Louise Gossiaux’s work mixes the activities of recollection and production. Her painted ceramic appendages are similar, almost serial or multiple, and carry matching marks: spirals in ears, a line drawing of a pepper on multiple breasts, a Paul Klee cat on an excised shoulder, a stick-and-poke cross. With a few exceptions, these fragments reproduce tattoos shared by Gossiaux, her sister, and her father, tracing familiar and identifying marks across subtly differentiated body parts, like larger or smaller biceps or other nuances that suggest specific personas rather than generic shapes. In some cases, they have no human referent, and are unreal entries into an interconnected group of bodies.

As a set, the body fragments reiterate the funny, blunt intimacy of family (a related drawing nearby is labeled “My sister’s tits” and recalls the pepper tattoo). They are like sketches, reliquaries, handmade prosthetics, surreal part-objects, and portrait fragments. They suggest the necessity of knowing and registering the world in its partiality and particularity, in units as small as arms (and even smaller portions of arms) that are differentiated only by a slight indent for an elbow. Made from memory almost a decade after Gossiaux became blind, the works catalogue various and idiosyncratic kinds of indelibility, held by form and touch as well as images and objects.

Ficus Interfaith

Ficus Interfaith revives popular approaches to design and construction, often by way of craft histories, in a body of work concerned with ingenuity, technique, and the relationship between practicality and aesthetics. As a collaborative research and sculptural practice, they return humility and humanity to production methods that have been co-opted by high design or public ornament in spite of the starker economic realities of their origins. Terrazzo, for example, was modernized as flooring for fifteenth-century Venetian workers, who were left a mix of marble scraps for their own floors after slab installations in wealthier homes. Throughout, and with some level of sentimentality, anachronism, and concern for reuse, Ficus Interfaith undertakes a process of relearning and reorientation that appreciates novelty as it emerges from labor, like professionals using their skills to their own ends on off days.

The 59th Street Bridge Song installed at SculptureCenter is part trompe-l’oeil facade, matching the building’s variegated brick and stone walls, and part portal, subtly opening up the architecture of the space.

Laurie Kang

Laurie Kang’s work braids together divergent ways of becoming, whether through natural-seeming organic processes or through deviations into standard modes of construction. *Hull*, a new, room-scaled work, combines both: a meandering shock of mostly bare steel studs opens onto a narrow field of gently folded, slightly bruised-looking silicone sheets.

Kang’s work often appears latent, larval, or otherwise in transition. It addresses sculptural concerns around structure and surface in at least two ways: it can seem like it’s growing a spine and dealing with the behaviors of flesh, or as if its insides were hardening to become its outside. Seeded with photographs of her grandmother’s garden and urban work sites, ornamented with aluminum casts of food items like anchovies and Asian pears, and paired with chromed industrial kitchen equipment, Kang’s installation also reflects her thinking about the unknowable outcomes of forms subjected to various overlapping agents of change. Her work finds kinships between metabolic processes like fermentation, the dynamism between genes and environments, and moments that seem to precede socialization, as if feeling the contoured edge of a protean material as it starts to appear recognizably acculturated or individuated. These relationships guide Kang’s approach to both material and composition. They also inform her work’s guarded, semi-transparent reveal of specific social, gendered, and cultural information through the combination

of oblique imagery and soft synthetic analogies to the body, which in turn can appear as hard as steel.

Devin Kenny and Andrea Solstad

Untitled (Purves St.) is a thirty-three-year-old dust-covered Chevrolet Monte Carlo that looks much older. Devin Kenny and Andrea Solstad’s work, installed on the street in front of SculptureCenter, is anachronistic in two directions. On Purves Street, until recently an industrial dead-end street in a neighborhood previously known for its auto body shops and cheap parking, it looks left behind in the wake of the city’s rapid development. Most of the luxury rental buildings on the block have their own parking garages, and other cars on the street suggest a high level of conspicuous consumption. Conversely, the work’s stillness and almost-invisibility projects it into a somewhat apocalyptic, not-too-distant future, like a sign that the sky-high development of Long Island City’s towering suburban enclaves might lead to total economic collapse, the end of unsustainable capitalism, and abandonment of the physical upkeep required for so many stacked residential units and amenities. In that future scenario, the old Monte Carlo (which still runs) doesn’t look so bad, and there will probably be a lot of dust anyway.

To an extent, *Untitled (Purves St.)* references the fading form of urban car culture, which, despite its dubious origins in Robert Moses–era city planning, fostered individual agency and sociality beyond the city’s conception of public space. In any case, city driving now sees its primacy ceded to privatization, technocratic optimism, ride-sharing, and political maneuvering around public transportation. Willingly or not, Kenny and Solstad’s work rolls into a web of side effects and consequences that touch everything from a neighborly sense of community to the policing, surveillance, and unseen bureaucratic entanglements of street life, as well as the inability of many city agencies to regulate an object in the category of art, especially if it takes the form of a vehicle. To the latter point, throughout the duration of the exhibition the car will pass through different phases of legality, sometimes vulnerable to parking tickets and sometimes not.

K.R.M. Mooney

K.R.M. Mooney’s work often proposes suggestive and seemingly paradoxical relations: the materiality of sound, a codependency desired by and for singular objects, the unfixed appearance and behaviors of solid metals. *Strike i-iii* is produced from the striker of a tenor bell, an instrument that vibrates in

its entirety to produce sound. Here, three strikers remain attached to the disposable mechanisms involved in their casting—sand-casting “gates” and funnel-like sprues—the fusion foregrounding the material excess involved in industrial production. Standing upright alongside the strikers themselves, the devices create an armature with its own role and equal (if literally supportive) integrity within the work, though it further divorces the striker from its resonant function.

Mooney’s use of unsealed, unsanded, unvarnished bronze preserves the unaltered surface results of production while also opening the work to inevitable change over time. Like their other recent works, *Strike i-iii* finds the latent talents of objects or materials, such as the ability to make sound, or to have a voice at all, transposed and expanded into contingent material properties, physical interactions with space, and processes of production. The nature of “participation,” in the sense of “speaking” and being heard, is in this case relational and shifting, as much a product of inherent or intended purposes (a bell is supposed to ring) as it is complicated by other materialist entanglements and affinities.

sidony o’neal

sidony o’neal’s work is engaged with the misleading simplicity of basic numeracy (like literacy, but for everyday mathematics). Their work often uses tubes, pathways, and platforms to reference game spaces, or environments where rules are defined and consequences remain relatively predictable and constant, as in video games. *pouring platformer with game manual* begins with a “water-pouring problem,” a classic mind exercise that generally takes this form: given three jugs with x pints in the first, y in the second, and z in the third, obtain a desired amount in one of the vessels by completely filling up and/or emptying vessels into others. The objective is generally to make as few pours as possible.

o’neal’s abstracted version of the problem pairs a minimalist legacy of sculpture with the puzzle’s straightforward premise. While it could be solved by repeatedly pouring small quantities between vessels, it actually asks for an optimized, elegant solution. More interesting, though, are the suboptimal strategies, or unexpectedly affective plays, that force open the energetics of a game space: geomancy, karma, entropy, and luck. o’neal’s use of blood meal, a dry fertilizer made from the blood of cattle, heightens a basic and immediate idea of resource-sharing—one vessel needs more, one needs less—as it is subjected to higher-level structures or imperatives.

With *50 QUATRAINS TO SNUB DEATH*, o’neal pairs the stationary,

unplayable sculptural installation with their own translation of a poem by Édouard Maunick (born 1931 in Mauritius), raising the stakes of the game to a higher level of bargaining and further hinting at drastic, metaphysical outcomes or implications of simple math versus its abstractions.

Mariana Silva

Mariana Silva’s ongoing project, continued in this exhibition with three new video works, plots the historical emergence of museums and museology alongside mutable ideas about ecological preservation, culture, governance, and the long relationship between humans and the environment. By producing animated displays for artifacts—some real, some at least partially invented—Silva points to the incontrovertible forensic power of objects to challenge (or support) ideological regimes in public life, science, and aesthetics (often at the same time).

Silva’s latest video, *Proxy Museum of Fossils by Knorr & Walch*, stages a spectral skim of an eighteenth-century “paper museum,” an illustrated book that documents artifacts and, in this case, fossils. The archaeological study of fossils is partly responsible for introducing the idea of extinction into nascent theories of evolution, which otherwise did not acknowledge the possibility that organisms could have lived and completely died out before the advent of humans. The fossil—in this case, that of something akin to a shrimp—encouraged an increasingly linear and unidirectional understanding of the earth’s history and, subsequently, humans’ place in it. *Proxy Museum of Fossils by Knorr & Walch* is joined by a new diagrammatic video and a new text video engaged with the thinking of sociologist Tony Bennett, who in *Pasts Beyond Memory: Evolution, Museums, Colonialism* (2004) describes the joint political work of evolutionary science and liberal social reform, tied together in the modern museum, to codify the colonial idea that modernity was an evolved state and that the threat of devolution loomed large.

Jordan Strafer

Jordan Strafer’s *PEP (Process Entanglement Procedure)* is, among other things, a video about betrayal, the public nature of victimhood, and behavioral conditioning. Its narrative spreads across at least two related timelines. In the present, the video opens onto a witness testimony at a public hearing acted out by a plastic doll in glamorous closeups. Meanwhile, sequences shot to give a handheld, first-person perspective read as composed flashbacks of events described in the hearing. Notably, these sequences include the speaker’s

compulsory attendance at a makeshift behavioral bootcamp in the woods at the behest of her two fathers, who later appear as villains in realistic rubber masks.

Strafer’s script borrows from recognizable formats of public address, like real courtroom testimonies, award speeches, and sources from psychoanalysis, Kafka, and animated films. The familiarity of this language makes these passages of text sound sensical despite frequent omissions, narrative gaps, and awkwardly elided or truncated phrases. Using this formal and stylistic approach to dialogue, Strafer stresses the reductive, often rote conformity required of a victim in order to be taken seriously and even perversely valued. She sets the video against the blank, skeptical pseudo-validation of public testimony and cross-examination, but integrates scenes that unsettle these straightforward proceedings. What may feel like singular violations of parental trust and devotion, threateningly unclear motivations, and unresolved dimensions of misogyny, humiliation, and dark humor instead prove to be collectively enabled, refined, and replicated in the civic structures meant to remedy them. As her testimony suggests, public tolerance for horror is high.

Andrew Norman Wilson

This iteration of Andrew Norman Wilson’s multifaceted project $Z = |Z/Z \bullet Z - 1 \bmod 2| - 1$ is a two-channel video installation. One channel reads like video art concerned with the collision of structuralist film, readymades, and advanced rendering technologies. To a soundtrack that combines, among other things, a suspended Donna Summer riff and a Captain Beefheart song, three distinct moving-image sequences come through: first, an extreme, repeated 75mm–1500mm Canon telephoto zoom toward a series of objects displayed one by one on a balcony of Bertrand Goldberg’s lotus-shaped Marina City in Chicago; then a seamless ride through a series of highly realistic texture samples (brain, cracked porcelain, acoustic foam) selected from Substance Source, an online database for “physically based rendering”; and, finally, a series of infinite, reflective, 3D landscapes produced by fractal algorithms typically deployed for cinematic effects.

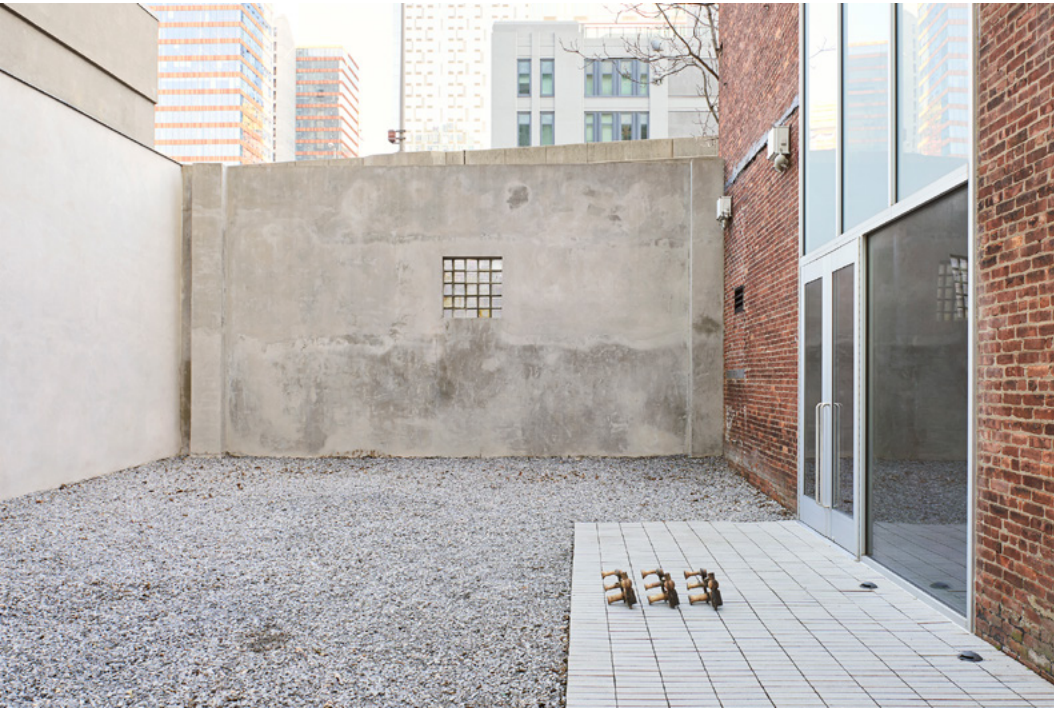
The other channel uses matching, roughly synchronized imagery, but is set to an overhead soundtrack that feels like something between a confessional monologue and a manic director’s commentary, which, in a sense, it is. $Z = |Z/Z \bullet Z - 1 \bmod 2| - 1$ is the start of a longer, metafictional documentary project that follows the relationships and interests of a group of disillusioned, mostly privileged, former artists who decide to embark on experiments in child rearing and product design. Like the zooming videos and animations, this

script and the conversations it relays are a somewhat relentless exercise in turning over and over something that might not actually be a thing in a realist sense. For example, a heated debate erupts that engages the philosophical tenets and ethics of Pokémon, which, as a fractal flythrough plays on the screen, seems as infuriating and productive as the scrutiny or extensive observation of any real-life scenario, and perhaps a more attractive alternative.

- 1 Michelle Grabner, “On Bullshit, Lies, Truthiness, and Parafiction,” *X-TRA*, Spring 2009, <https://www.x-traonline.org/article/on-bullshit-lies-truthiness-and-parafiction>.
- 2 Gilles Deleuze, *Cinema 2. The Time-Image*, trans. Hugh Tomlinson and Robert Galeta (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1989), 171.
- 3 Dialogue spoken in Andrew Norman Wilson, $Z = |Z/Z \bullet Z - 1 \bmod 2| - 1$, 2020. HD video, color, sound. 13:43 minutes.
- 4 Bruno Latour, *We Have Never Been Modern* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1993), 92.



Devin Kenny and Andrea Solstad







Emilie Louise Gossiaux

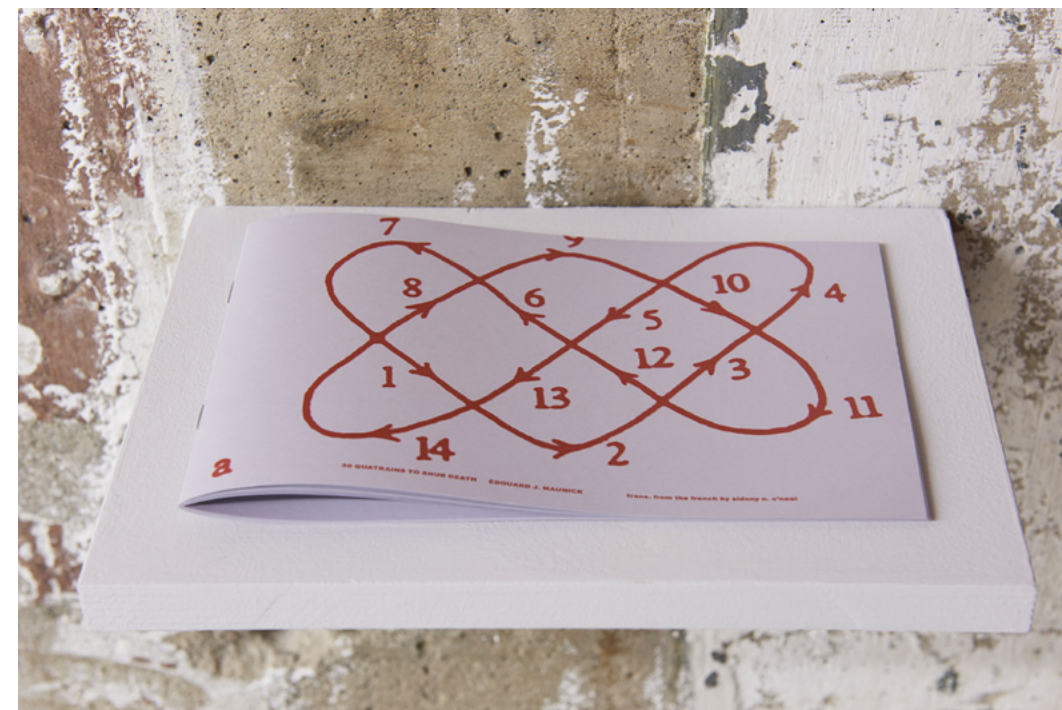














Jesse Chun





Andrew Cannon





Images via SculptureCenter’s security cameras
after closure due to COVID-19 on March 13, 2020

Checklist

Qais Assali

if you Like you can show my works in galleries, 2017–20
Video, inkjet print on architectural bond paper and copy paper, acrylic on canvas, archival material, ink on sketching paper
Dimensions variable
Video: 17:31 minutes
Paintings: 15.2 × 15 inches (38.6 × 38.1 cm), 15.2 × 15 inches (38.6 × 38.1 cm), 15.2 × 17.4 inches (38.6 × 44.2 cm), 15.2 × 15.5 inches (38.6 × 39.4 cm), 15.25 × 15.2 inches (38.7 × 38.6 cm), 15.3 × 16 inches (38.9 × 40.6 cm), 15.4 × 16 inches (39.1 × 40.6 cm), 15.5 × 17.4 inches (39.4 × 44.2 cm), 15.6 × 17.5 inches (39.6 × 44.5 cm), 15.6 × 15.75 inches (39.6 × 40 cm), 15.75 × 17.4 inches (40 × 44.2 cm), 16.1 × 15.5 inches (40.9 × 39.4 cm), 14.7 × 16.3 inches (37.7 × 41.4 cm), 14.75 × 16 inches (37.5 × 40.6 cm), 15.75 × 15.3 inches (40 × 38.8 cm), 15.75 × 16.75 inches (40 × 42.5 cm)
Artist book: 28 × 36 inches (71.1 × 91.4 cm)
EXPO Chicago 2004 catalog: 6 × 9 × 1.8 inches (15.2 × 22.9 × 4.6 inches)
Bookmark: 5.7 × 2.6 inches (14.5 × 6.6 cm)

Video co-directed and written by Jose Luis Benavides. Special thanks to Fia Backström, Alexis Brocchi, Jenny Knowlton, and Or Zubalsky. Also John M. Flaxman Library – School of the Art Institute of Chicago, The Overlook Place, and EXPO Chicago.

Andrew Cannon

Gertrude Fireplace, 2019
Foam, Aqua-Resin, plaster, epoxy putty, urethane resin, watercolor, acrylic paint, oil paint, graphite
81 × 67 × 32 inches (205.7 × 170.2 × 81.3 cm)

Jesse Chun

INDEXING MY MONOLOGUE, 2020
Single-channel video, silence, MDF, mirror
7:57 minutes
50 × 30 × 16 inches (127 × 76.2 × 40.6 cm)

translations (on evidence, untranslatable futures, and other drawings) II, 2020
Etched silicone, etched latex, pins, pigment paper, aluminum frame, graphite on wall, UV curing on mirrored Dibond
Three parts, 11 × 14 inches each (27.9 × 35.6 cm)

untitled (wrdpurmdesy), 2020
Book pages, aluminum frames, nails, graphite
Two parts, 11 × 14 inches each (27.9 × 35.6 cm)

Hadi Fallahpisheh

blind spot, 2019–20

Foreign Animal, 2019
Ceramic, sand, fabric, cardboard
24 × 18 × 12 inches (61 × 45.7 × 30.5 cm)

Oh No Oh Yes, 2019
Drawing with light on photography paper, c-print
96 × 76 inches (243.8 × 193 cm)

Oh Yes Oh No, 2019
Drawing with light on photography paper, c-print
42 × 84 inches (106.7 × 213.4 cm)

Sand Monkey, 2019
Ceramic, sand, brooms, fabric, cardboard, plastic, paint
60 × 24 × 24 inches (152.4 × 61 × 61 cm)

Sand Love Good Night, 2020
Ceramic, fabric, book, cage, lamp, sand, brooms, paint, cardboard
59 × 96 × 24 inches (149.9 × 243.8 × 61 cm)

Checklist

Emilie Louise Gossiaux
E.L.G., 2019
Ink and Crayola Crayons on paper
18 × 24 inches (45.7 × 70 cm)

E.L.G. Familial Archives (Outerspace), 2019
Stoneware, pigmented FlexFoam, oil paint
Dimensions variable

my dad’s old tattoos: crucifix smiley face, 2019
Ink and Crayola Crayons on paper
18 × 24 inches (45.7 × 70 cm)

my inner arm butterfly (spirit animal), 2019
Ink and Crayola Crayons on paper
18 × 24 inches (45.7 × 70 cm)

my sister: pepper tit, 2019
Ink and Crayola Crayons on paper
18 × 24 inches (45.7 × 70 cm)

swirl ear cat back, 2019
Ink and Crayola Crayons on paper
18 × 24 inches (45.7 × 70 cm)

Courtesy the artist and False Flag, New York

Ficus Interfaith
The 59th Street Bridge Song, 2020
Cementitious terrazzo, brass, zinc, walnut
42 × 66.75 × 1.25 inches (106.7 × 169.5 × 1.25 cm)

Laurie Kang
Bodied, burgeon, 2019
Steel steamer, pigmented silicone, dried lotus root, polymer clay, fruit mesh bags
21.5 × 21.5 × 8.5 inches (54.6 × 54.6 × 21.6 cm)

Bodied, in her garden, 2019
Stainless steel mixing bowl, pigmented silicone, slippers, found foam fruit net
27.5 × 27.5 × 8.5 inches (69.9 × 69.9 × 21.6 cm)

Bodied, molt, 2019
Stainless steel mixing bowl, pigmented silicone, rubber, cast aluminum dried anchovies
22 × 22 × 7.5 inches (55.9 × 55.9 × 19.1 cm)

Bodied, orifice, 2019
Stainless steel mixing bowl, pigmented silicone, cast aluminum Asian pear
19.5 × 19.5 × 7 inches (49.5 × 49.5 × 17.8 cm)

Hull, 2019–20
Flex-C track, steel studs, silicone, Haraboji’s crushed pastels, photographs, unfixed photographic paper, darkroom chemicals and films (continually sensitive), aluminum cast dried anchovies, magnets
Dimensions variable

Courtesy the artist and Franz Kaka, Toronto

Devin Kenny and Andrea Solstad
Untitled (Purves St.), 2020
Modified car
202.4 × 71.8 × 55 inches (514.1 × 182.4 × 139.7 cm)

K.R.M. Mooney
Strike i-iii, 2020
Cast bronze, olivine sand
30 × 12 × 10 inches overall (76.2 × 30.5 × 25.4 cm);
8 × 9 × 10 inches each (20.3 × 22.9 × 25.4 cm)
Courtesy the artist and Altman Siegel, San Francisco

sidony o’neal
Maunick, Édouard *J. 50 QUATRAINS TO SNUB DEATH*. Translated by sidony n. o’neal. Printed edition, 2020.

pouring platformer with game manual, 2020
Open-cell reticulated foam, mirrored acrylic, cement grout, pigment, blood meal, propylene glycol
54 × 54 × 32 inches (137. 2 × 137.2 × 81.3 cm)

Mariana Silva
Ex-Tiara of Saitaferne, 2013
Monitor, plinth, video
56 seconds (loop)

Habit du Citoyen: Element for the Catechism of the Citizen, 2013
Monitor, plinth, video
34 seconds (loop)

Remasterization of the vinyl record In the Name of Culture: Chants for the Looting of Art, 2015
Monitor, plinth, video
37 seconds (loop)

Information Kiosk, 2019
MDF structure, two LCD screens, two videos
9:49 minutes

Proxy Museum of Fossils by Knorr & Walch, 2019
Monitor, plinth, video
53 seconds (looped)

Digital animations by João Cáceres Costa
Courtesy the artist and Galeria Francisco Fino, Lisbon

Jordan Strafer
PEP (Process Entanglement Procedure), 2019
Two-channel HD video, color, sound
15:00 minutes

Written, Directed, and Edited by Jordan Strafer
Assistant Director: Zacry Spears
Director of Photography: Carl Knight
Additional Camera Operators: Zacry Spears, Marit Stafstrom
Score: Sharon Smith
Sound Mixer: Aron Sanchez
Actors: Chris Greco, Carl Knight, Zacry Spears, Jordan Strafer
Voice Actors: Jennifer Keister, CL Neal

Props: Chloe Cerabona
Special Thanks: Glen Fogel, Lia Gangitano, Alexandro Segade, Bill Dietz

Andrew Norman Wilson
Z = |Z/Z•Z-1 mod 2|-1: Lavender Town Syndrome, 2020
HD video, color, sound; 13:43 minutes

Z = |Z/Z•Z-1 mod 2|-1: The Old Victrola, 2020
HD video, color, sound; 13:43 minutes

Z = |Z/Z•Z-1 mod 2|-1 was produced through the leading support of Seven Gravity Collection and Ordet, Milan, with additional support from DOCUMENT Chicago and SculptureCenter.

Unless otherwise noted, all works courtesy the artists

In Practice: Total Disbelief

Jan 16–Mar 23, 2020

In Practice: Total Disbelief is curated by Kyle Dancewicz, Director of Exhibitions and Programs.



Andrew Norman Wilson

Support for *In Practice: Total Disbelief* is generously provided by Miyoung Lee and Neil Simpkins. The In Practice program is made possible by The Pollock-Krasner Foundation and supported in part by an award from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Lead underwriting support of SculptureCenter’s Exhibition Fund has been generously provided by the Kraus Family Foundation, and Lee and Robert K. Elliott, with additional support by Jane Hait and Justin Beal, and Toby Devan Lewis.

SculptureCenter’s programs and operating support is provided by the Lambent Foundation Fund of Tides Foundation; public funds from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council; the New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Andrew M. Cuomo and the New York State Legislature; the National Endowment for the Arts; Danielle and Drew Anderman; Andreas Beroutsos and Abigail Hirschhorn; Carol Bove and Gordon Terry; Irene and Allen Brill; Laren C. and Jesse M. Brill; Lee and Robert K. Elliott; Elizabeth and Adrian Ellis; the Anna-Maria and Stephen Kellen Foundation; Diane and Craig Solomon; Fred Wilson; the A. Woodner Fund; New York City Council Member Jimmy Van Bramer; and contributions from our Board of Trustees and Director’s Circle. Additional funding is provided by the Milton and Sally Avery Arts Foundation and contributions from many generous individuals.

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44-19 Purves Street
Long Island City, NY 11101
+1 718 361 1750
sculpture-center.org

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