

# nibia pastrana santiago

objetos indispuestos,  
inauguraciones suspendidas,  
o finales inevitables para un casi-baile

(indisposed objects,  
suspended inaugurations,  
or inevitable endings for an almost dance)

in collaboration with Eduardo F. Rosario & Daniela Fabrizi

with text by Ren Ellis Neyra, Tung-Hui Hu,  
and guest curator Greta Hartenstein

## TRIPWIRE

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1. ¿Cómo te harías imperceptible al museo?
2. ¿Qué ritmos respiratorios reconoce el estado?
3. ¿Qué movimiento te delataría?
4. ¿Qué conjunto de duraciones acondicionan un espacio de flujo eficiente?
5. ¿Puede hacerse uso táctico del entretenimiento?
6. ¿Puede hacerse uso táctico de la fatiga?
7. ¿Qué es capaz el cuerpo de soportar?
8. ¿Qué conforma un ritmo inteligible de lo probable?
9. ¿Qué criterios comparten el murmullo y la contingencia?
10. ¿Cuántos susurros componen una emergencia?
11. ¿Es un cuerpo a la altura de los pies una forma de susurro?
12. ¿En qué manera la reproducción del susurro crea redes de especulación?
13. Si hay un espectador, ¿Dónde culmina, colapsa o se fatiga su mirada?
14. ¿Es lo tropical siempre una ambigüedad?
15. ¿Puede la proximidad ser medida por la vibración?
16. ¿Es flotar una manera razonable de invertir el tiempo?
17. ¿Es el cuerpo un instrumento para el pronóstico?
18. ¿Puede la organización de objetos al azar ser adecuada para la revuelta?
19. ¿Sería una solución provisional suspender las acciones?
20. ¿Cuánto tiempo toma reconocer lo probable?
21. ¿Este performance, requiere una mirada periférica?
22. ¿Cuántos relatos sobre la probabilidad están determinando este momento?
23. ¿Estás listo para aceptar que nada está pasando?
24. ¿Es el turismo una coreografía de explotación?
25. ¿Por cuánto tiempo la hospitalidad ha sido fabricada?
26. ¿Qué tipo de ruido se produce desde una superficie en deterioro?
27. ¿Has considerado anticipar el volumen de tu movimiento?
28. ¿Son las promesas fracasadas una manera de mantenerte pasivo?
29. ¿Es perjudicial esta procesión?
30. ¿Son las señalizaciones una partitura de control?
31. ¿Están las instituciones anticipando el uso de la fuerza con restricciones temporales?
32. ¿Eres un informante del estado?
33. ¿Cuáles son los mecanismos legales de la fatiga?
34. ¿Es sentarse un acto recursivo?
35. ¿Sentarse, es una sentencia?
36. ¿Sentarse en corte, en una celda, en un cubículo, en el museo, en el welfare, en el teatro?
37. ¿Es el nudo una mitología del auto-sabotaje?

38. ¿Es la sogla la mirada hecha táctil?
39. ¿Cuál es la distancia entre unx performer y la imagen que produce?
40. ¿Qué constituye la espontaneidad?
41. ¿Es posible estar cómodx en un estado de suspensión constante?
42. Realmente, ¿se puede cancelar un evento?
43. ¿Es el murmullo lo que queda después del performance?
44. ¿Cuáles son los márgenes de la danza?
45. ¿Esperar por el futuro, produce un ritmo en el presente?
46. ¿Un viento suave puede ser una casi señal?
47. ¿Es el lenguaje una restricción temporera?
48. ¿El performance forja la virtualidad?
49. ¿Es esto una coreografía de la decepción?

— nibia & eduardo



**become a sign, do not rent a fence, waters are busy or measure the wind as not to be perceived**

**nibia pastrana santiago**

For the 2019 Whitney Biennial la curadora Greta Hartenstein, me invitó a acercarme al museo, its surroundings and the waterscape as potential sites to activate mis choreographic concepts. The initial diálogo was about possibilities, but also probabilities. The WB19 hosted me for three weeks to develop my performances estando en NYC. Quiero decir: chance is an inevitable factor.

En mi trabajo es importante establecer un contenedor sólido para que la práctica se manifieste. These containers are determined by durational frames, sites, collaborators, a list of specific questions and considerations on the viewers. Quiero decir: an awareness of what is vital or not for the event to be perceived.

Deciding on spaces en conversaciones con Greta during site visits, was about dealing with my indisposition as a performer towards frontality, my insistencia on the horizontal lazy body and framing distinctive perspectives of marine traffic, scaffolding, etc. Seleccionar espacios también se trata de understand the site's rhythm, logic and pre-established order, specifically esa del crowd-control both in the Museum and the public space nearby the Museum and close to the Hudson River. Quiero decir: spaces for subtle disruptions.

En Puerto Rico llevo tiempo investigando sobre el San Juan Bay and other coastal sites, considerando los ports as one of the most choreographed and surveilled territories where the flow of merchandise is the colonial apparatus at work. Tourism is also part of that systematized circulation of temporary anclaje of paradise tales and taxed produces. Quiero decir: Post-Military Never Post-Tourism.

At the beginning i wanted to decline the invitation for the biennial, not because of the Kanders/Whitney Controversy (i see and recognize this as a huge problematic), but because i also know that the Whitney Museum of American Art stands as that: American Art. How is my participation as a Puerto Rican artist, with an imposed US Citizenship since 1917 and

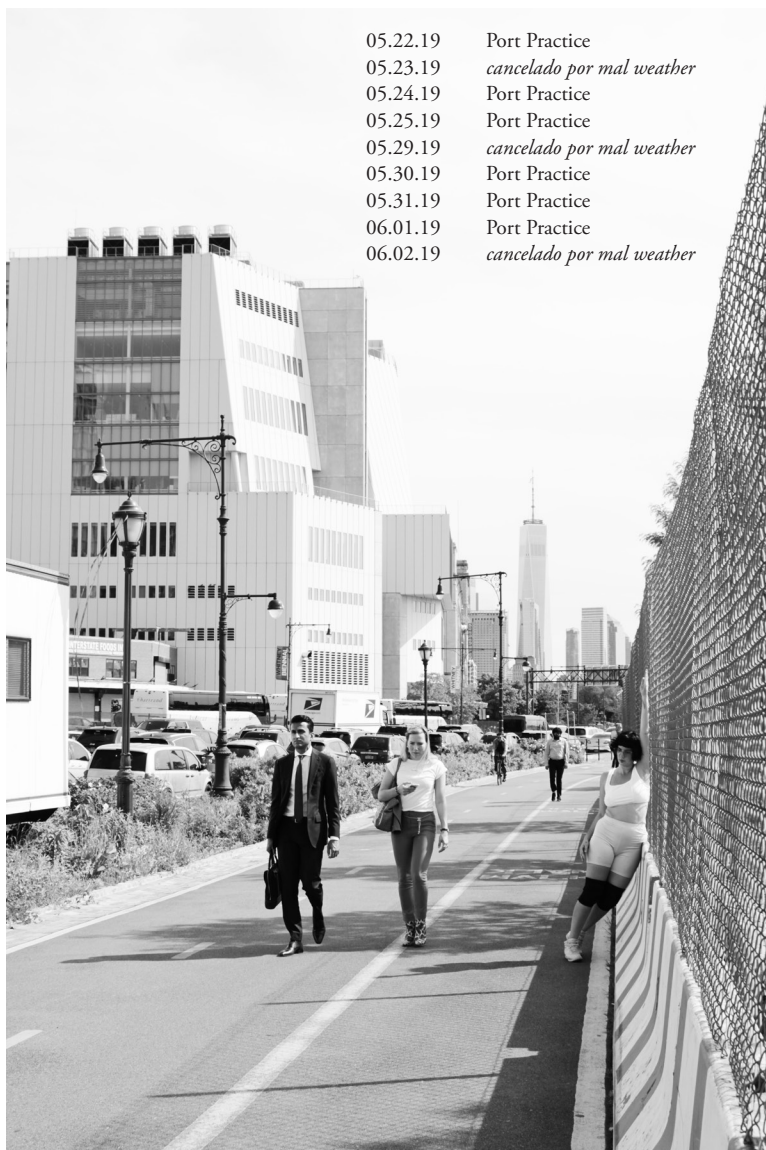
an imposed oversight board (PROMESA, the Puerto Rico Oversight, Management, and Economic Stability Act) also problematic? Aren't most of the State's institutions (private or public) surveilling, controlling, manufacturing, turisteando, billing, aprovechando, exhausting to some extension the crisis in Puerto Rico? Quiero decir: is the Museum an extension of the State?

The main material for this work is time and its strategic use to provoke risk and circuits of speculations. El tiempo también es un significant source para el development and enactment of sound materials collected, designed and altered by Eduardo Rosario, and a palpable marker of change in the costumes made and designed by Daniela Fabrizi. These costumes transformed throughout la duración del Port Practice and los tres performances en el Museo. Quiero decir: an on-site collaboration considering provisional tools for performance.

I don't arrive a los sitios para impose dance phrases, no me interesa landscape as scenography nor reproducing a stage. Me interesa become imperceptible, develop fake camouflage, recognize the urban design and become familiar with the wild (if there's any left), test the limits of assumed protocols, acknowledge sentient things, use my body para ver si cabe en las grietas, become friends with apparent useless structures, entender cuál es el safe behavior, what's harmful, quiénes son los protagonistas de la zona (usually noise and silence are protagonists), assert fiction as means of concealing. Quiero decir: can you make tactical use of fatigue?

A veces me gusta considerarme a pseudo-situationist. Me interesa explorar 'the choreographic event': the phenomenon when something unannounced occurs and holds the potential to become meaningful, when sooner or later some kind of 'structural necessity appears', and yet the event is always about to happen. Mi interés por la coreografía tiene ese feeling of strike, de huelga. Quiero decir: suspended inaugurations.

El Port Practice fue un slow choreography between West 12th St. to West 17th St, making its way to the building of the Whitney Museum building. This daily research was carried out between 3:00-5:00pm.





las alcantarillas son redondas porque la anchura de un círculo es constante  
*sewers are round because the width of a circle is constant*

las señales horizontales no son exitosas para indicar  
*horizontal signals do not succeed at indicating*

las verjas son el telón del Estado  
*fences are the State's curtain*

apariencia de semipermeabilidad  
*soft wind bypasses fences, strong winds might bring them down*

es importante medir el viento, su direccionalidad, su velocidad  
*a gently flapping wind sock is not a threat*

acariciar los bordes de las zonas bajo construcción deseando encontrar el agua es un acto inútil  
*to caress the edges of construction sites hoping to encounter water is a useless act*

las barricadas del NYPD para momentos de descanso y auto-erotización  
*NYPD barricades for moments of rest and auto-erotization*

cada aspecto de mis decisiones es una consideración llena de tensión, entre anclar la imagen que estoy produciendo y aceptar su cualidad de olvido irremediable (esto me acuerda a la danza)  
*each aspect of my decisions is a tension-filled consideration, between anchoring the image I am producing and accepting its quality of irremediable oblivion (this reminds me of dance)*



Todos los días i either started or finished the Port Practice con lo que terminé denominando el *fence walk*. This consisted of walking sideways as close as possible to a long fence that stands right across the Whitney Museum on the Hudson River Greenway. This fence divides the walking path to a gravel area where nine NYPD cement barricades have been placed (i first saw these in March 2019 during a site visit). Luego hay una calle corta, Bloomfield St., that leads to the FDNY Marine 1 (they are on call and respond to 560 miles of waterfront surrounding the NYC to fight fires on and along the river fronts; they also protect the people of NYC and its visitors). Then, there's another fence that divides this street from a greater gravel area under construction. At its end there is yet another fence dividing the water edge. Then, the river, then New Jersey. Quiero decir: demasiadas verjas *too many fences*.

When people pass, walk, or bike perpendicular to the fence, la verja doesn't become an evident limit since the direction propuesta por el resto del espacio, is to move forward. The fence might have an effect of "i'm an object designed for your safety and don't worry i serve as temporary restriction". However, cuando one has the fence right in front, en la cara: there's no opportunity to step forward, one can only move sideways. One's peripheral view se fatiga, porque lo que se percibe is the fence's infinity, the unavoidable reminder of this collective recognition: the institutionalization of private property, the visual declaration of aquí y allá, us and them, esto o lo otro. Quiero decir: if one hasn't experienced the physical impact of been constricted from your right to move hacia adelante, then it is necessary to ask yourself, where have you been?









When Port Practice was complete, we then prepared for the performances in the museum:

Thursday June 6, 1:00-6:00pm (5 hours)

*Ground Floor-Outside*

Area: Main entrance of the Whitney Museum including: the area facing Gansevoort St. all the way to the west side of the building.

This delimitation included all the glass walls, revolving doors, all the outdoor stairs, plants, sidewalk and curb.

Materials: wind socks, rope, speakers, speaker stands, cables, cable ramps.

Friday June 7, 1:00-4:00pm (3hours)

*5<sup>th</sup> floor*

Area: Gallery's glass window facing the Hudson River.

This delimitation included the glass, metal dividers, floor and the edges of the two gallery walls that meet the windows.

No materials, no sound.

Saturday June 8, 7:00-8:00pm (1 hour)

*3<sup>rd</sup> floor*

Area: Susan and John Hess Family Theater.

This delimitation included all the theatre's exit doors, backstage, and its surveillance camera.

Materials: fruit cart, 40ft-transparent vinyl, monitor, rope, speakers, and cables.



nibia pastrana santiago, Whitney Biennial 2019, Photographs © Paula Court





nibia pastrana santiago, Whitney Biennial 2019, Photographs © Paula Court



<b>nibia/body</b>	<b>Eduardo/sound/Lucas</b>	<b>Alex/light</b>	<b>Max/space</b>
Laying on the floor at the doorway, audience steps over her to come inside the theatre.	Vocal gesture	Natural light coming from middle of black curtains. blue bulbs at the entrance	Subwoofers are in the space.
Crawls, climbs horizontally against the wall. Stays low.	1st, USCG—Radio 2nd, Subtle rhythmic motif		The sound-gray-curtains are down.
Uses control, to bring up the sound-gray curtains. This changes the feeling of the space.	1st, USCG—Radio 2nd, Subtle rhythmic motif	Clip light on and ceiling bulbs (color: orange)	Lights are already on.
Opens the secret door to room, wears the top. Brings the fruit cart out.	Variations on material	Orange bulbs are on	
Moves the fruit cart around the audience, interacts-redefines space. Quality of unpredictability.	Speech: Butlers' text	Soft wash in the space? In order to see a bit. Not sure, need to see.	
Continues interaction	Low tones—Low volume	Soft wash in the space? In order to see a bit. Not sure, need to see.	
Arrives to the doors, closes them, abandons the audience.	Simple rhythmic motif—softer Potential accidents	Lights go down. Dark space	*Greta closes the curtains.
Appears from the other exit. Wears pants inside the pink room. Begins: fence walk (back against the audience)	No language “Sonido abajo”  Eduardo leaves his station during the fence walk.	Illumination on the floor and texture. Light is protagonist.	Pink bulbs, nibia leaves cart there, for later in the exit room.
Arrives to the corner, bends, slowly hides behind curtain. Pause, when sound is gone opens curtains.	Silence	Natural light coming from the big window	White shade goes up simultaneously

Enters the orange room again, goes to the window glass hallway, manipulates the vinyl. Makes sound with the vinyl.	Silence	Orange clip light is shining over	
Rolls out of the room. Using vinyl to cover subs. With Eduardo: manipulation and reorganization of subs, speakers, cables (coming from the ceiling) and vinyl. Expansion.	Tanker ships—Body of water Coming from subwoofers  Introduce textures such as ambience and engine room		
Goes to bleacher seating area and deconstructs it. Takes time.	Bursts of rhythm and USCG		
Opens door to mechanic room and brings out big screen monitor with surveillance live footage of the theatre.	Continues	Red Bulb in the storage room	
Opens door to Tropicalia (pink room) Stays there. Manifest, brings rolling speaker out playing Cortijo loop, interacts with audience.	Cortijo loop		(music is already playing)
Rope comes down slowly	Brass ensemble	Color spotlights appear/delimit	(music keeps playing)
Reorganization of objects according to light cues, constant walk around the audience and spotlights. Goes to final spot, looks at Eduardo	Cortijo continues with Brass ensemble, and new sounds.		
Lies down on the floor with determination.	Eduardo closes the computer. Abrupt ending		Shades go up! The view is revealed.
nothing	silence	lights stay on	THE END

*nibia speaks briefly with the audience and invites them to enjoy the view, see the sunset and stay for a picnic. Salsa music plays softly in the background.*



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*photos from Port Practice in following pages by Eduardo F. Rosario  
and Greta Hartenstein*

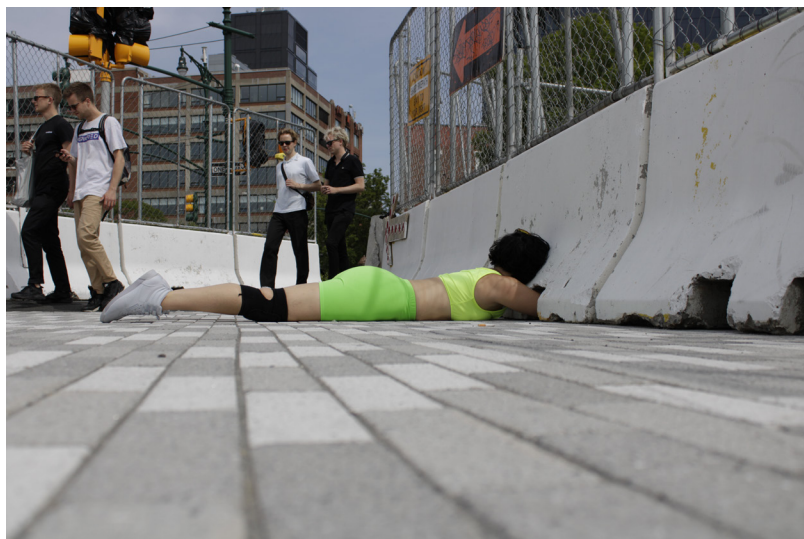






















## Maneuvers

Eduardo F. Rosario

“What are we in the promised cities?”  
—Hélène Cixous

May 19, 2019—A worn sign that reads “La Voz de la Providencia” catches my eye and suggests that although the notion of a ubiquitous voice is a tired and abused metaphor, learning how to listen to the voices of what is immediately around is an endeavor worth pursuing. A voice is not necessarily human, linguistic, material or sonorous. A voice could be the rate at which the decolorization of surfaces by sunlight takes place, turning objects into milky, opaque, ghostly indices. It’s made of granular residues. A form of whispering. A voice can also be what is concealed from you such as the footage of security cameras that gets re-recorded as nothing out of the ordinary takes place and “normality” has been established. A type of encoding, gridding and flickering voice, which slices the soul with a scalpel-like hiss. It says it’ll be there to watch you tomorrow and maybe your presence will only be registered in the peripheral warmth of the CCTV. A form of whispering—although uncomfortably passionate. Another voice could be the precise moment at which a dog in the park makes eye contact with you and instinctively enunciates “this human can’t restrain me,” betraying the dog-human entanglement. Like that moment in facial recognition apps in which a little hiccup prevents the human face from being apprehended and instead imbues any other similar composition with a faciality. A lingering residue of a previous mode. Yet another form of whispering. Voices are like a thin, flaky film that cracks or dilutes with the least amount of pressure or moisture—one could say they are always already cracked or diluted. Voices unfold in a brownian fashion, like a drop of food coloring in a glass of water. Providence is an aggregate of these voices. Subtle yet dominating. A kind of chimerical choir. What they all have in common is a mode of releasing themselves. What is there to gain by tapping in their domains is yet to be figured out. Keep expectations low.

May 24, 2019—One has to ask whether landscape architecture in gentrified neighborhoods is in fact ornamented police borders. Both subjectivities in that image of a protesting student giving a flower to a cop in riot gear fused together. Are those plants, soils and decorative fences openly collaborating with the local authorities to reshape the bodily sways of those who were



there before? Lavender's been domesticated but it's not docile. Tulips are as effective as riot police in setting boundaries. Red mulch is a stop sign without words and encompassing way larger chunks of space. Red mulch could also be the red carpet of tax benefits, of lines of credit, part of the circulatory system of capital. To take care of the flora police, a complex apparatus is deployed, striating what not long ago was an open steppe. Do not take for granted urban gardening that's been put in place so that you can be kept in place.

May 31, 2019—Hundreds of samples of nibia's voice are cut. Sample no. 342: "...que no eres una amenaza." Not entirely sure for what or how they'll interact with each other. Each sample asking more than one question. Each failed in more than one way. A constant translation practice: how can a process of cleaning-ordering-policing be rendered perceptible through sonorous, visual or tactile means without reproducing its dominant logic? Sample no. 113: "...pero estoy bien." Translation is always contingent, prone to accidents, and dynamically abundant. Is it always mediated through language or can it be by-passed in favor of a material-to-material synthesis? Sample no. 370: "...creo que el murmullo se produ... okay el murmullo se produce mira el murmullo se produce..." The recursive structure of a fence can be projected against itself, as rhythm, breathing, permeation, entropy, fleeing, etc. Sample no. 204: "Ay...me estoy contradiciendo esto es importante pero..." There's a history of the fence recorded in bodies, objects, psychic domains and more, that does not rely on discourse to effectuate its indictment. What other ways of achieving this can be enabled? Sample no. 478: "...el futuro es un murmullo extraño."

June 2, 2019—Through a scanner radio app on my phone I had been listening for about an hour during the mornings to the "VHF Marine radio for the Northern New Jersey and New York City area." Each of the distorted voices helps define grain by grain a peculiarly condensed sphere. Regardless of its crude aural façade this kind of feed is an interface made to render perceptible the abstract lines that slice its corresponding bodies of water. Monitoring has never been exclusively optical. In fact, the scope of the eyes might be rather limited here. These high-frequency exchanges between 156 and 174 MHz—according to Wikipedia—thread across the waters, clothing—therefore coding an otherwise bare body. And as someone that's unacquainted with how marine protocols take place the question really is, what kind of garment are these bodies forced to wear? A body is not just a human body and it doesn't need to be organic either. But having a body allows for an anatomical program to be put in place in order to keep its agency in check. The arm of the Spinozist inquiry of "what can a body do"



is twisted “for its own safety.” As I keep listening, the following remark is transmitted: “They... they’re not like synchronized like one is... fuckinnnn’ over the top and the other one is like a... a bitch.” The source and stakes of the voice are clear right from the outset. The standards compiled by the voice’s superiors have not been met and some aspect of “safety” could be compromised. It’s of no significance what the objects of this dichotomy are—what’s important is how object relations have been outlined and will subsequently be reproduced. How these actively-entropic, erroneously-polarized, and expected-to-be-neutralized categories of *over-the-topness* and *bitchness* can be appropriated to make a tactical use of them? What it seems to me is that regardless of where or what the ontological condition of objects can be traced back to, they’re happy to go on strike. The shit hits the fan because it voluntarily throws itself into the moving blades. When last May 15th a helicopter crashed on the Hudson River, one could reverse the logic of the event and claim that the river actually summoned the aircraft down, demanding that whatever its mysterious requests were, they be met. “Over the top” and “bitch” are used with the intention to discredit an otherwise legitimate complaint. A denunciation on behalf of... Another transmission: “you got it sir aight no problem actually Mike and I will [unintelligible] at each other aaahhh because... we are not that bright and I was like damn that’s it...[distorted laughter].” A lattice-like form—like a board game maybe—designed to smooth irregularities and guarantee the safe passage of capital. Heavily concentrated nodes of accumulated value ripple ashore. And the question remains: what kind of garment are these bodies forced to wear? Is it made of zip ties, some polycarbonate, fiberglass or kevlar? Is it impermeable, heat resistant, light reflective? A juridical and financial net has been cast in order to sift out whatever’s clogging the arteries of the colonizing machine. Monitoring has never been exclusively optical. In fact, the scope of the eyes might be rather limited here.

## Tracing the threshold, of instinct and institution

Greta Hartenstein

nibia pastrana santiago performs as a soloist, yet collaborates with the environment, materials, and conceptual inputs that are site-specific and time/place specific. She uses the biennial, the building, the audience, the history of the site—all as collaborators. Her sound collaborator, Eduardo F. Rosario, and costume collaborator, Daniela Fabrizi, additionally draw from these same sources—to create sound that grates against the barriers, and to embed her into the surroundings through costume—while underscoring one of the central pillars of nibia's work: How do politics affect the body? Within these structures, her practice and defiance of placing her identity and existence at the center of her work shape the performances.

Probable.

The force of her performance here (especially the five-hour occurrence on the sidewalk outside the museum) seems to have more power, more urgency in this context. The United States. The Whitney Biennial. The Whitney as a manifestation of the United States, of the borders, the impact of controlled spaces. A direct connection between those who have power and how that power is used to control people and bodies. Policing, policing of bodies, of view, of sound, of site.

Tactical.

Surveillance (she points out the cameras inside and around the museum) making visible this usually invisible and generally accepted aspect of our lives in public spaces. nibia is both pulling and pushing—with and against the museum: What actions are helping and what actions go against? How to activate civil disobedience? Space, sound, lighting, control of audience bodies, framing—these elements are the work, and must be protected and prioritized. Performance as a battle: What are the moves, choices, positions, attacks? How to navigate this strategy over a duration.

Almost.



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Watching her make decisions in real time, she allows for chance, serendipity, realizations. Claiming space, territory—from the audience, from institution. Using space in ways that are risky. Asking more of the audience, of the institution. It is not comfortable. Nor easy entertainment. You must ask yourself: What did you expect? And then measure (or critique) those expectations.

She uses her gaze to implicate the viewer. You know you are seen and present, and also responsible. Her eyes ask, “Are you looking, what are you seeing? What are your expectations of this body? I am seeing you look at me.”

Will you do the work, too?



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*Sensorial, spandex, liquid, indbdt.*

Ren Ellis Neyra

“This is an aesthetics of turbulence whose corresponding  
ethics is not provided in advance.”

—Édouard Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*

“an insurgent geology”

—Kathryn Yusoff, *A Billion Black Anthropocenes or None*

X

Orange sportsbra disbands NYPD demagogue blue. Stacks on stacks, back in table pose, RISE TABLE RISE TABLE death is not. An eighteen-wheeler, roller blader, police barricade set piece for his auto-legitimizing sovereign charade. But her “Port Practice” deposition smears elements unsovereign.

X

The sensoria of Puerto Rican people, as well as the creatures and ecologies of the Puerto Rican archipelago, have lived under direct attack by the U.S. military since its invasion of that part of the Caribbean region at the end of the nineteenth century. The U.S.’s invasion of Puerto Rico was preceded by decades of imperial, Naval, and pro-slavery attention to the Dominican Republic, Haiti, and Central America.

Before that invasion is the past of the future we are after.

Before that, there were volcanoes *cum* small islands, and after that, waterways *inter alia* small islands, which constitute a perspective not only on themselves, but also toward being in relation, being alive as always already ontologically ruptured and *walking with death*. A Caribbean hemispheric re-attunement to the anti- and para- and ante-colonial sensoria of those who have, and that which has, lived and morphed for over a century under U.S. military attack reveals and encodes other modes and speeds of reimagining another past’s approach to futurity other than the given one to the given few. *The torrid zone* of the fallenness of being will outlive—as in, compost—imperialism’s tourist vassals, the two left feet of history, sunscreened, sun scorned, *homo sapiens* experts on how to move on the lines foredrawn by the hegemon and his theo-cosmogonic map of non-black spirit as universal self.

## X

Heed: at this gloaming of the narrative humanist project flickers poetic sense, multi-sense, extero-kinetic-multi-verses of re-routed feeling's interior kinesia as errance UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, CROSSTOWN—no importa, this is, everywhere, an island. The soundtrack is souging waves, chuckling rocks, ululating seafloor.

Heed: the U.S.'s ongoing militarized trespass in the Caribbean Sea is its hemispheric signification: trespasser. Vassals of trespass, there's no glowup for you, but burn up.

Heed: enact a semantic and imaginary de-isolation of the Puerto Rican archipelago from the Caribbean archipelago, and reorient the Caribbean to its Ricanness, especially when by that I mean its explosive and vital Viequesness, by which I mean, unruliness. Then what happens to the U.S.? If you sense the U.S.-Mexico borderlands/the Sonora desert region, the NY Port Authority, the beached sea beneath the pavement from the Caribbean Americas, from an archipelagic-oceanic imaginary of the indebted movements of the hemispheric slave trade, then you can hear how the U.S. as a lawless juridical, heavily armed mapping error is an ecological disaster. Sea to shining sea. And it will be deposed. Is being deposed. An aesthetics of the Puerto Rican Trench, of juracán, of her hot breath stretch the hours, liquid, another rupture pending in pink spandex.



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## CHRONICLE

(after Alice Oswald)

**Tung-Hui Hu**

1:00

like Manet's Olympia, hands resting, then effortful,

1:12

as if separated from the outside/inside

as if prostrating herself

1:29

the objects themselves seem to be guarding her  
Sideways, crab-like

as if the speaker were not just an output device but an input device

1:37     treated as an object?

1:47

the sky, which is really a spotlight

1:51

as if she were part of the circuit



2:00

2:07

a rough join

as if a panorama

2:12

2:14

2:17

as if forming a barrier between the traffic and her. A perimeter

2:32-2:34 *Bathroom break.*

2:43

As if part of the soundtrack—of course a  
bridge  
would rumble

2:48

“temporary” a little too long, as if it might become permanent

like everything is about to fall apart

3:00

3:11 percussive, as if a mimicry of music

3:20-3:25 *Lunch break.*

3:30 like a maid trying to tuck in the corners of the bed

Like labor

3:40

like shackles, jail?

3:43

rope as her face

3:55

as if holding the building upright

4:00

4:05                      fluorescent beacon? A flag? (Like rope?)

as if she is in communication with the atmosphere

4:16

4:19      like a lighthouse diary – windy now, overcast skies, not as hot

4:24

4:40

4:46

as if a dance

4:50

polishing the rivets

5:00

5:07

5:15

As if draping the audience with cables, an act  
of care

5:22

haphazard line resembling a stock market graph

like the Marley floor of a dancer

It has a body in segments

5:32

5:35

like the audience of a conventional performance

5:41

as if she is addressing the audience

5:46

5:47

5:52

like an audience member

1. How can you make yourself imperceptible to the museum?
2. What respiratory rhythms does the state recognize?
3. What movement would give you away?
4. What sets of durations condition a space of efficient flow?
5. Can you make tactical use of entertainment?
6. Can you make tactical use of fatigue?
7. What can a body endure?
8. What constitutes an intelligible rhythm of the probable?
9. What criteria do whisper and contingency share?
10. How many whispers conform an emergency?
11. Is a body at the height of the feet a form of whisper?
12. In which ways does the reproduction of a whisper create nets of speculation?
13. If there's a viewer, where does their gaze culminate, collapse, becomes fatigued?
14. Is the tropical always an ambiguity?
15. Can proximity be measured by vibration?
16. Is floating a reasonable way of investing time?
17. Is the body an instrument for forecasting?
18. Can the random organization of objects be suitable for revolt?
19. Is suspending actions a provisional solution?
20. How long does it take to recognize the probable?
21. Does this performance require a peripheral view?
22. How many tales of probability are shaping this moment?
23. Are you ready to accept that nothing is happening?
24. Is tourism a choreography of exploitation?
25. For how long has hospitality been manufactured?
26. What kind of noise is produced from a deteriorating surface?
27. Have you considered anticipating the volume of your movement?
28. Are failed promises a means to keep you passive?
29. Is this procession harmful?
30. Is signaling a score for control?
31. Are institutions anticipating the use of force with temporary restrictions?
32. Are you an informant for the state?
33. What are the legal mechanisms of fatigue?
34. Is seating a recursive act?
35. Is seating a sentence?
36. Seated in court, in a cell, cubicle, museum, welfare, theater?
37. Is the knot a mythology of self-sabotage?
38. Is the rope, the gaze made tactile?
39. What is the distance between a performer and the image they produce?
40. What constitutes spontaneity?

41. Is it possible to be comfortable in a constant state of suspension?
42. Can an event really be cancelled?
43. Is whisper what remains after performance?
44. What are the margins of dance?
45. Is waiting for a future producing a present rhythm?
46. Can soft wind be an almost-signal?
47. Is language a temporary restriction?
48. Is performance forging virtuality?
49. Is this a choreography of disappointment?

## CONTRIBUTORS

**DANIELA FABRIZI** is a costume designer and textile artist. Born and raised in Puerto Rico, and half Argentinian, her work is inspired by Latin American textiles traditions. Daniela holds a BA in Interdisciplinary Studies: Film Aesthetics and French from the University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras. Since 2016 she serves as the Textile and Costume Director for Parade and Pageant at the Loaisaida Festival. She is the creator of “Tejedorxs de Magias” at the Loaisaida Center, NYC and co-founder of Garbagia Project. Based in Mexico, she collaborates with international artists and collectives from different disciplines, while working on her independent nomad handmade brand *le chat costumier*.

**GRETA HARTENSTEIN** is an independent curator, with a primary focus in performance-based work. She is currently working on the 2019 Whitney Biennial, curating three artists within the exhibition: Mariana Valencia, Autumn Knight and nibia pastrana santiago. While working at the Whitney Museum from 2011–2019, her major curatorial projects have included Sibyl Kempson’s three-year iterative performance, *12 Shouts to the Ten Forgotten Heavens*, MPA’s exhibition and durational performance, *RED IN VIEW*, Abigail DeVille’s immersive installation with live performance and film, *Empire State Works in Progress*, and Jill Magid’s ongoing conceptual project, *Awaiting Alexander Calder*, among others. She has also worked on other exhibitions, including *Nick Mauss: Transmissions*, *Calder: Hypermobility*, *Open Plan: Cecil Taylor, Laura Poitras: Astro Noise, Rituals of Rented Island: Object Theater, Loft Performance, and the New Psychodrama – Manhattan, 1970-1980*, and *Sarah Michelson: 4*. She has guest-curated for Food For Thought at Danspace and an exhibition entitled *The Artist as Provocateur: Pioneering Performance* at Pratt Institute.

**TUNG-HUI HU** is the author of three books of poetry, most recently *Greenhouses, Lighthouses* (Copper Canyon, 2013), and a study of digital culture, *A Prehistory of the Cloud* (MIT, 2015). He is an associate professor of English at the University of Michigan.

**REN ELLIS NEYRA** is a poetic theorist and an Assistant Professor of English at Wesleyan University working in the fields of Caribbean, Latinx, and Black Studies. The diverse landscapes of southeast Florida, western Tennessee, and the Caribbean course through Ren’s imaginary of space and relations. Ren’s book, *The Cry of the Senses: Listening to Latinx and Caribbean Poetics*, is forthcoming with Duke University Press. Ren has begun two new book projects that imagine poetics without humanism, one of which engages nibia pastrana santiago’s work, titled “Liquid: Unsovereign Poetics, Chimerical Ecologies.” As a writer, they think in the genres (and temporalities) of academic essays, art and performance reviews, and poetry. Read their writing in: *ARTFORUM*; *BOMB magazine*; *the*

*Journal of Popular Music Studies*; *ASAP/Journal*; *Terremoto: Contemporary Art in the Americas*; *Women & Performance*, *Sargasso*, and other venues. Ren published their debut book of poetry, *Meteor Shower/ Días Sin Shower* (2017), and a co-edited, collaborative volume with Sofia Gallisá Muriente and Nicole Smythe-Johnson, *Caribbean Cautionary Tales* (2017), with La Impresora Press, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Born in 1988, **EDUARDO F. ROSARIO** is a sound artist from Caguas, Puerto Rico, currently based in Chicago, Illinois. He began as an experimental musician interested in electronics and improvisation, later producing works which explore aspects of media archaeology and the military. He is currently conducting research on how artificial intelligence, finance and mysticism relate to each other. Received a Bachelor of Music in Music Composition at the Puerto Rico Conservatory of Music in 2012 and a Master of Fine Arts in Studio from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2019 after being granted the New Artists Society scholarship. He has been collaborating with nibia pastrana santiago for almost ten years, the latest of which was the 2019 Whitney Biennial.

**nibia pastrana santiago** (b. Caguas, Puerto Rico, 1987) is based in San Juan and develops site-specific “choreographic events” to experiment with time, fiction and notions of territory. Her work has been supported by the *Instituto de Cultura Puertorriqueña* and the *Fundación Puertorriqueña de las Humanidades*. Currently, nibia is co-editing an anthology on Puerto Rican experimental dance with dance scholar Susan Homar, to be published in 2020. She is a mentor in the Puerto Rican Arts Incubator, a two-year initiative led by Dr. Ramón Rivera Servera of Northwestern University to support local artists post-hurricanes. From 2017 to 2109, nibia served as the Dance Program Academic Coordinator at Universidad del Sagrado Corazón, the first of its kind on the island. She also co-directs LA ESPECTACULAR Artists Residency with filmmaker Gisela Rosario. nibia was a fellow resident artist at *La Práctica*, Beta Local, Puerto Rico, where she published her first zine *maniobra, bahía o el evento coreográfico (maneuver, bay or the choreographic event)*. nibia obtained a BA in Dance and Gender Studies from the University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras; an MFA in Dance and Minor in Latina/o Studies from the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign; and a Postmasters in Performance and Scenography Studies from a.pass, Belgium. She has performed in works by Nick Duran, Miguel Gutiérrez, DD Dorvillier, and maintains an on-going collaborative practice with Jennifer Monson/iLAND. nibia is a 2019 Whitney Biennial artist.