

Life as Material for Art and Vice Versa



Edited by Nicolás Dumit Estévez





LIFE AS MATERIAL FOR ART AND VICE VERSA

Nicolás Dumit Estévez, Editor





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This book is published as a documentation of a performance art class conceived by Nicolás Dumit Estévez, and given at the Queens Museum of Art as part of the New New Yorkers Program, and it is also meant as a guide to producing a performance piece.

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The following texts, documents, and photographs were generated during *Life as Material for Art and Vice Versa*, a series of performance art workshops at the Queens Museum of Art and at the Elmhurst and Steinway branches of the Queens Library. The workshops were conceived and taught by Nicolás Dumit Estévez. He was assisted by Liz Baber.

During these hands-on workshops participants tapped into their everyday lives to develop visual or written narratives that were then used as material for art to create performance art pieces and art-life actions. An audio-visual presentation on seminal figures in the performance art field gave students an historical introduction to the medium. The participants then undertook careful observations, discussions, and critiques of overtly mundane activities such as walking, talking, sleeping, shopping, and eating, using the information collected to develop private or public performances and actions.

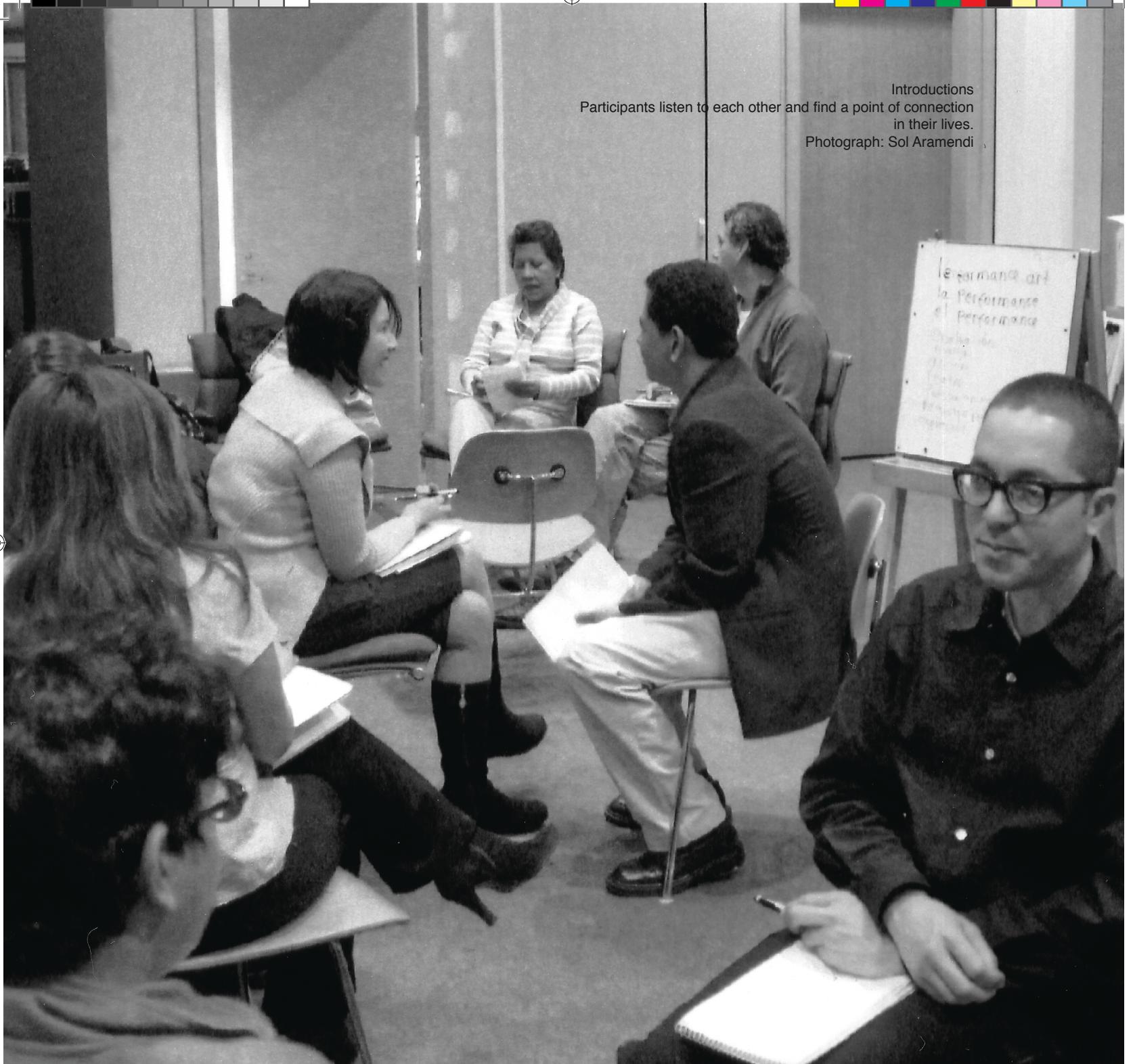
The works produced during the workshops were presented by the participants at the Queens Museum of Art on April 5, 2008. The event included both live performances and documented actions.

Introducing several performance artists to the group of students.
Background projection of Melquiades Herrera Becerril: Javier Hinojosa.
Photograph: Sol Aramendi





Introductions
Participants listen to each other and find a point of connection
in their lives.
Photograph: Sol Aramendi





The Distance between Artist and Audience in the Arena of the Museum/Library

“I have shared the doubts and distress of people involved in politically focused projects when presented in institutionalized cultural spaces ... when they enter the territory of the establishment they, at least momentarily, stop seeing themselves as repressed or disregarded, and become aware that they are now in the midst of what is valued in the window displays of institutionalized culture. Suddenly they have to justify their presence in the circle of hegemonic culture—the arena of forces of regimentation and elitism.”

—*Minerva Cuevas, performance and visual artist, 2003*¹

For more than a year, we struggled to discover ourselves. We wrote and talked about work, love, hate, family, health, and money. We began to see the performative nature of our own lives through the lens of Nicolás' ideas about art.

Between sharing meals and secrets during in-class performances, we bonded over the street art of Melquiades Herrera, consoling each other with stories of adjusting to a new homeland. Nicolás showed us how to turn a museum and library into a mobile classroom, a playground for our dampened spirits and a window through which to see a new world.

When we started planning this course I did not realize how political it would be to inspire community members to create performance art. In 2006 the idea for *Life as Material for Art and Vice Versa* began with a request from one student, a man in his 60s, who emigrated from Albania. He stood up in front of a lecture audience at the Steinway library and asked Nicolás, “Will you come back? We need you to teach us more about this great art that is performance.” Other people in the audience of adult English language learners echoed, “Yes. We need you to come back.” They had never heard of performance art before, and liked Nicolás' message: the everyday is art. The lecture was a part of Nicolás' *For Art's Sake*, a pilgrimage to libraries and art spaces in New York, in which he travelled from place to place, spreading the word about performance art.

1. In this quote Cuevas describes her creation of *Mejor Vida Corp. (Better Life Corp.)*, a not-for-profit organization/artist project that gives away free items (subway passes and food coupons) to the public.





In 2007, the Queens Museum of Art and Queens Library offered three intensive courses with Nicolás and the New New Yorkers Program: one in Spanish at the Museum, and two for English language learners at the Queens Library's Adult Learning Centers of Steinway and Elmhurst. Students from twelve countries discussed the work of artists like Linda Mary Montano, Tehching Hsieh, and Nao Bustamante. The program was free of cost, with notebooks, study guides, and snacks included. Students ranged from 18 to 74 years of age. They held jobs as flyer distributors, house cleaners, janitors, clerks, and caregivers. Many held degrees in design and communications from their home countries, but for various reasons were not able to work in their field after immigrating to the United States.

The short courses turned into many months of conversations and collaboration—a huge task facilitated by teaching assistant Liz Baber. By the end, we also experienced censorship: two women were forbidden by their husbands to finish their projects. A third woman censored herself by deciding to share her performance only within the safe space of our class. Her piece entailed reading aloud a letter revealing her disillusioned hopes for her grandson's future in New York City, where she had moved with her family to find a better life.

In the spring of 2008, when we presented our performances to the public in the Queens Museum's largest gallery, family members, friends, and strangers laughed, cheered, and lamented along with us as we performed. Soon after, the students performed as a part of the Mayor's Office on Immigrant Affairs's Immigrant Heritage Week 2008, and again at the Queens Mayor's Office reception. Artists and non-artists alike approached us afterward to request more classes and share ideas about performance. For a brief moment inside a gallery, lived experiences from marginalized immigrant communities were valued just as much as any posh credential from the elite art world.

The boundary between artist and audience disappeared, and with Nicolás we brought the experience of art and the everyday to the museum and to the library.

*—Sara Angel Guerrero-Rippberger
Manager, New New Yorkers Program, Queens Museum of Art
2005-2008*





Performing to Teach While Teaching to Perform

At one particular point during the session, I felt as if I was sweating stones, my pores stretching to the maximum only to release some tiny drops of perspiration from my shiny forehead. Students had come to the second part of the performance art workshop that the Queens Museum of Art was hosting, along with two other sites, at the Queens Library in Elmhurst. What complicated the situation for me as the instructor was that half of the class was new, and that one or two of the students didn't understand any of the languages that Liz, the person assisting me, or I spoke. In the midst of a search for a definition with the group of what performance art was not, we found ourselves having to go beyond words to introduce an art medium that has historically challenged any set definitions of itself. I called for assistance from a previously introduced PowerPoint presentation with images of the works that colleagues have done since the 1960s. Liz sat in one of the corners of the room translating for a woman what was showing on the screen; the two of them trying to overcome the odds of not speaking a similar language. The sweat on my forehead turned cold and the purpose of my trial was revealed to me publicly. Performance art was asking from me for a deeper proof of commitment. Was I ready to perform?

Rising and falling from grace to get up again once again was one of the exercises that I taught my students to do on a regular basis, both as a group and on their own. Inside and outside of the classroom, in their seats on the 7 train or during a walk from house to house delivering flyers for a living. Those who came to the workshops once and kept coming for more were witnesses to what the experience was bringing out in all of us. I, as the instructor, was in no way exempted from the consequences that our pursuit to bridge art and life was yielding. Painful tears flowed from a participant with such intensity that I stepped back to let the group come up with a sensible response to a sincere outburst of emotions. Let us overcome all fears, including addressing an audience through a microphone, crying in front of our classmates, or going back two years to recreate our birthday anniversaries. It was easier said than performed. Before attending the workshops, almost none of the students had heard of performance art. It would take time for them to come to terms with the aspects of their lives they would seek to battle, befriend, or flirt with in class.



Even after the students heard about performance art there were other challenges. What about women who can't talk because they have never used a microphone, or might not be allowed to try to turn it on? Audio/Visual guys and gals come in handy for solving technical problems, but they can't do it all on their own. I would like to devote space in this publication to all of the women who were not, and are still not, allowed to talk or to perform, because their spouses are terrorized by the prospect of having to answer questions to which they may not have a response or, more likely, are not willing to answer. As for the women who are not permitted to perform in 21st century New York City, I can recommend some performance exercises that you can carry on without getting in trouble: classify your clothes in your closets by color and organize your spouse's socks and underwear as neatly as possible so as not to elicit any suspicion that what you are doing is actually art. Make a meal cutting food into your favorite shapes. Serve your husband a glass of cool water eight times a day. Drinking plenty of this liquid keeps the kidneys functioning properly.

Bring your concerns to the table. They can be served for lunch with empanadas.

The workshop scheduled at the Queens Museum of Art took the format of a five-hour performance, during which one of the questions that came up was whether I was in fact performing or teaching. Acting was another word that came up until the information that I delivered took root, after which acting became a word that the group worked laboriously to weed out from the class's vocabulary. It made sense to talk about improvisation, and to put into practice the terms that had continually informed the workshops. Everyday life, for example, was a term that made it to the top of the list. With this mind, students were invited to delve into their day-to-day experiences to connect art with their lives. Referring once more to acting, a major obstacle to the group's understanding of art as something beyond objects that hang in gallery walls was the pervasive presence of television. Performance art was not about the suspension of reality, nor about a hyper-realistic presentation of it as seen on reality shows. The same workshop at the Queens Museum included a lunch break for which I invited participants to eat while talking about dietary subjects. Allergies were part of the menu and we were being filmed as we ate. Documentation, at one point or another, had to be addressed. I still had to figure out how to talk about dismissing reality shows while being filmed in the middle of a conversation on food during a lunch break at a workshop



on performance art that sought to do away with the suspension of reality and highlight the integration of art with everyday life. Challenge sat with us for an Argentinean meal.

Dear workshop participants: Get a needle and thread to mend past mistakes as we speak. Sit through this performance art class and develop strategies for opening the door to art into your kitchens, bathrooms, bedrooms, marriages, health concerns, immigration status, or workplaces. Please show your work outside of the gallery context if you can. When you are done presenting your work, bring the results back to the Queens Museum of Art. Celebrate, or mourn them in one of the Museum's galleries. Invite friends and families to be part of the party or the funeral. Make sure to put together a program. Laugh, moan, or do both intermittently, depending on your needs or those of your artwork. Take photographs. Write about the event and organize all of the materials into a performance art publication like this.

–Nicolás Dumit Estévez
Jentel Artist Residency Program, Banner, Wyoming
2008





One Hundred and Eight Words from Liz

As assistant to these workshops, I had the opportunity to get to know this remarkable group of people who had the courage to show part of their lives and to create artwork based on it.

My role was to support the participants in their projects, keeping in touch with them by telephone, thus fortifying their skills to speak in a second language. I also organized the meetings that we had with them at the Queens Museum of Art.

This experience was a positive one for all of us who participated in it. We learned to observe our daily lives and to find art in each one of them.

–Liz Baber

Talking about food.
Talking about allergies, diets, likes, and dislikes.
Photograph: Sol Aramendi





Presentation of Live Performances, Actions, and Interventions, or Documentation Thereof, at The Queens Museum of Art







Nicolás Dumit Estévez: Introduction Presented at the Event

[I read from a microphone.]

Cry, cry, cry until the spring that feeds your sadness dries.

Can I take a picture of you?

[I take Polaroids of the audience and give them to them.]

It was not without reluctance that I accepted an invitation by Sara Guerrero-Rippberger to teach a performance art workshop at the Queens Museum of Art. Her offer came to me as an unexpected challenge to lead a group of students to put into practice what has been the subject of my interest for close to a decade: the relationship between art and everyday life. Living life and teaching in order to live was a bit of what my predicament for implementing a performance art class was all about. Plus, the malleable definition, or lack of definition of the medium, made it an uncertain business to deal with. But thanks to those who have walked the road that I was about to undertake with the participants: a mother who archived her child's scribbles and fecal stains, and recorded her ongoing relationship with the infant; a woman who, for 30 days, took photographs of herself smiling in front of a camera in order to internalize happiness; another woman who valiantly recorded her body in the midst of a deteriorating illness; an immigrant man bundled in fabric lying down in an elevator; and an inner-city prophet who fashioned his own version of Calvary: Mary Kelly, Linda Mary Montano, Hannah Wilke, Guillermo Gómez-Peña, and Pedro Pietri. The list grows longer, a good match to the litany of emotions developed by one of the workshop participants as part of her piece for the class.

[I hand every person in the audience a tangerine.]

This is for you to do as you see fit. If you eat it here, can you give me the seeds back?

Tangerine seeds collected from audience members during the presentation of *Life as Material for Art and Vice Versa* at the Queens Museum of Art.
Photograph: Nicolás Dumit Estévez



Cry for art if you wish. The classroom is big enough to hold all of our tears and leave room for those who would come after us. Laugh nonstop until your stomach hurts. Compare this pain to a toothache or a headache you have experienced. Pick up the telephone and call an enemy. If you don't hate anyone, think of a person that you love with intensity. Perform for yourself and refer to it as life. Digitize in your brain any images that come to your mind while shopping for food. Recall them later when taking a shower. Smile all the way through it. Let the showerhead spill some lukewarm tears for you. Wipe them off with a clean towel.

I am curious as to what languages other than English we speak in this room.

How do you say performance art in your mother tongue? Can we all say it at the same time?

I would like to thank the Queens Museum of Art for giving us the opportunity to witness the work that the students in this class have produced. There is more to come.

Beware:

That you may encounter boredom, nervous laughs, incongruity, mistakes, disappointments, and more questions than answers.

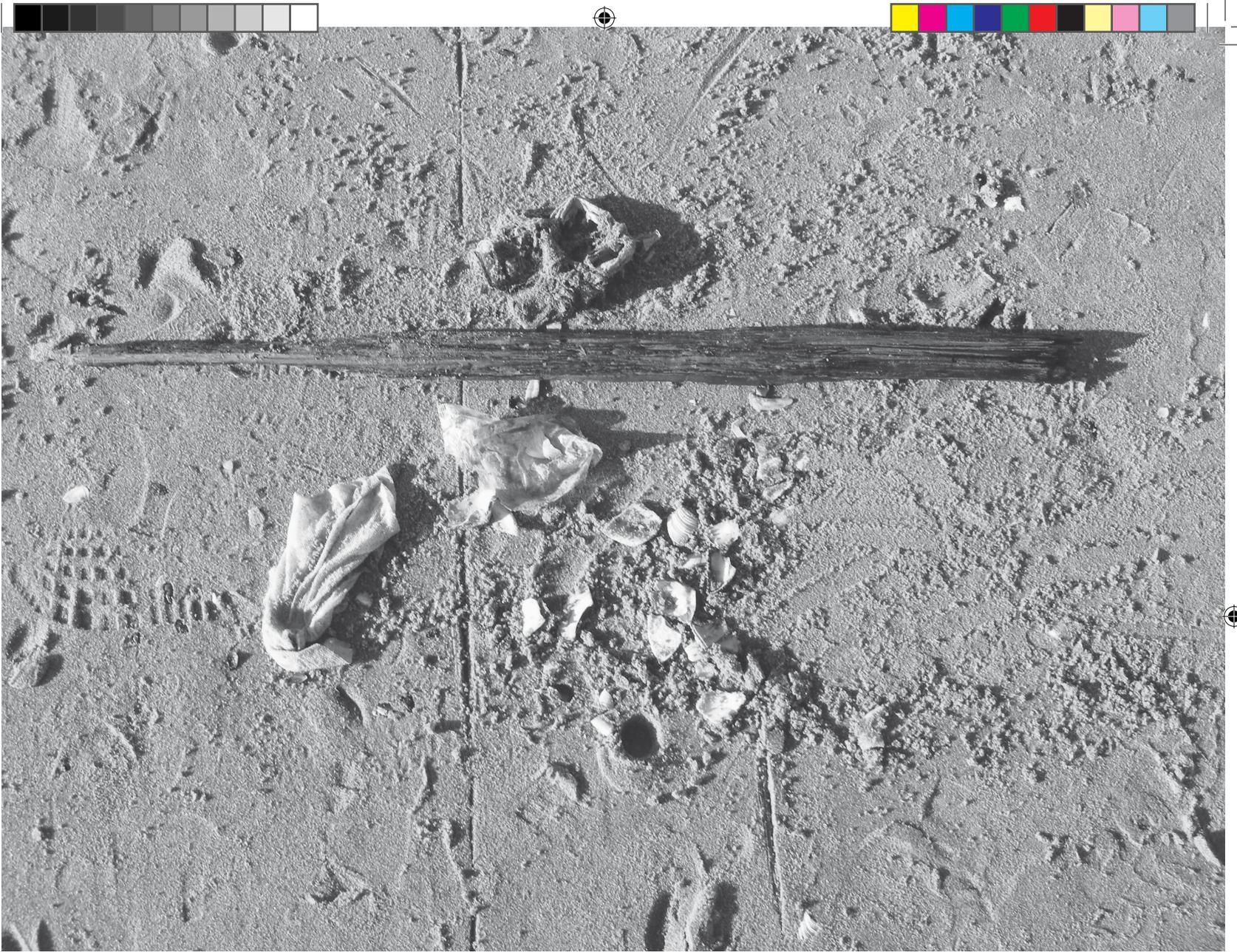
I would like to give you homework. When you get back to your place, turn the television on and have it watch you.

[I tear the sheet from where I read this presentation into many tiny pieces and put them on a tray. I offer them to people.]

A souvenir. A souvenir. *Un recuerdo de lo que pasará hoy.* A souvenir of what will take place here today.

Photograph: Iván Romero









Gloria Aquino

reads a cathartic litany of emotions and feelings resembling a pious prayer.

The Inevitable in Life

When I see each face, I can get a sense of the state of mind that is affecting the person. But I cannot foretell it all through facial expressions. Each person has a particular face that makes him/her different from other individuals. Similarly, there are many ways in which we express feelings, perceptions, and outlooks on life. However, there are specific moments in our lives when we feel, behave, and express ourselves the way another person does; our face showing fear, sadness, pain, anguish, tiredness, harassment, preoccupation, unhappiness, apprehensiveness, or dread. We can also project happiness, satisfaction, relaxation, illusion, gratefulness, or hope. This life is a road where we can come across love and disgust.

Happiness

Fear

Fright

Terror

Thirst

Hunger

Sleep

Loneliness

Harassment

Weariness

Cold

Heat

Anger

Pain

Rage

Illusion

Photograph: Gloria Aquino



Wrath
Curiosity
Interest
Slothfulness
Desire
Necessity
Satisfaction
Relaxation
Happiness
Hope
Illusion
Curiosity
Interest
Need
Gratefulness
Abandonment

[During her performance, Gloria walks from one end of the gallery to the other reading the list above several times. One reading overlaps with the next, developing into a hypnotic chant.]

Photograph: Gloria Aquino









Sol Aramendi

deals with ironing, folding, and organizing piles of her own clothes at the Queens Museum of Art. This action references her grandmother's pristine environment in Argentina, where every object is properly cared for and stored in the right place.

Ironing; Para mi abuela Elena

For many years I have been taking pictures of my grandmother and her house. She was raised in a Catholic family in the countryside and went to Santa Rosa High School, where she lived with nuns.

Her house and belongings are very clean and tidy; everything always looks new. When I have a stain on my clothes I give it to her—she knows how to clean everything.

She is a great *ama de casa* and hostess; I am completely different. She taught me how to iron. She can spend a whole hour ironing a blouse. When I moved from my hometown she gave me an iron.

Since I moved to New York, I have never ironed my clothes. I always buy clothes that don't need ironing, or just wear something with wrinkles.

I decided after this performance workshop that I will iron all my clothes in public as a way of purification and also as an homage to *mi abuela* Elena.

Photograph: Sol Aramendi

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Eva Araujo

becomes a time traveler by recreating in her new home in Queens a past experience that took place in Brazil. A plant is the main subject of her action.

Planting Seeds

Process:

Get information from workshop instructors
Do research
Ask salesman

Materials:

Seeds
Cotton
Soil
Water
Special bulb for lamp
Sun
Planting tools

Documentation:

Photographs of plant in Brazil
Photograph of new plant as it grows in Queens, New York.

Procedure:

I planted sunflower seeds in New York to recreate an experience that took place many years ago in my country, Brazil where I grew the seeds in my backyard. One of the plants grew fast and wonderfully. The weather there was good for sunflowers. One beautiful, sunny Sunday, exactly when I was taking photographs of one of my plants, a bee came—maybe very happy to take its daily meal—and I was able to register this with my camera. It was exciting for me. I

Photograph: Eva Araujo





made the most beautiful photograph I possibly could, and then gave a copy of it to my friend Katia, who is a painter. My idea was for her to make a painting based on the photograph. I moved to the United States and lost track of Katia. I don't know if she ever made the painting or not.

For my performance at the Queens Museum of Art, I recreated the experience in Brazil, this time growing a sunflower from seeds that I planted in a pot in my bedroom in Queens—this process takes 25 days.

I got together all of the materials that I needed. However, as you can see in my photographs, the weather at this time of the year is inappropriate for growing sunflowers. The leaves of my new plant are green, but weak. They look like they are asking me, "Where is the sun? Where is the sun?" For a couple of seconds, I remembered my past in Brazil with lots of sunflowers looking like they are smiling at the sun, a flashback that made me feel for a while as if I was really there. I could say that I am having a good time, that I am doing something fun and new. But most important of all for me, right now, is that I can understand that the world is so big and complex, and I cannot have everything where I want it. Planting a new sunflower in New York made me grow as a person. Thank you to the Queens Museum's teachers.

Photograph: Eva Araujo









Ramón Galán

works with the images of five pop singers, turning their public personas into the subject of the alter egos that he assumes. Galán allows room for mismatching his characters.

No estoy allí

I wear T-shirts depicting five different pop singers: Bob Marley, Jim Morrison, Marvin Gaye, The Beatles, and Jimi Hendrix. I also use other props that identify them, to allow them to manifest their lives through me. I do this performance live in front of an audience. In this performance the protagonist (that is to say, me) transforms himself into different pop music figures. The program unfolds as follows: each time we hear a song, I put on a T-shirt with the figure of the artist singing. Toward the end of the performance I combine elements representing the different singers, creating a composite. Through this I communicate to the audience how in the process of becoming someone else, I have been touched by the five characters that I represented and how these have permanently affected my personal life.

Ramón Galán as Jimi Hendrix.
Photograph: Sol Aramendi

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Art piece

艺术作品：小猪需要零钱。

作者姓名：顾斌和顾师宁

成份：面粉，水，发酵粉，胡萝卜，小绿豆

制作过程：

1. 面粉内加入水与发酵粉混合物，混匀变成面团，让其发酵4-5小时。
2. 手工制成小猪形状（注：此时可用绿豆做成眼睛，然后
3. 放在蒸锅中蒸20-30分钟。^{再做第三步，这样绿豆会被蒸熟，可食用}
4. 用小绿豆做眼睛，用胡萝卜做猪鼻子和“分分钱”，并将“分分钱”插在小猪背上。

创作背景：存钱对许多人来说是个大问题。中国猪年刚刚过去，但我们不应忘记“小猪”，它会提醒我们记起“猪年意味着存钱”的概念，因为“小猪需要零钱”。这个小猪的作品也可食用，也可当作一种礼物，让人们记起储蓄。



Bin Gu

finds an optimistic approach to make us aware of the sinking U.S. economy. He takes his idea into the kitchen and comes up with a dough piglet to remind us of the importance of saving.

Piggy Wants Penny

Ingredients:

Flour, water, yeast, carrots, green peas

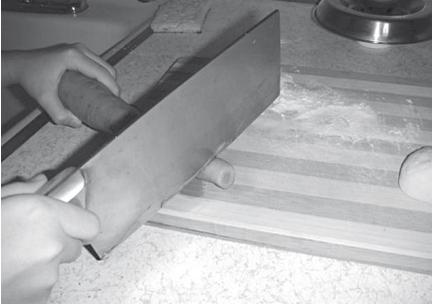
Preparation:

1. Make dough by mixing flour, water, and yeast; let it rise for four to five hours.
2. Shape the dough into small pigs.
3. Steam the pigs for 20–30 minutes.

Use two peas to create the eyes and carrot slices to make the snout and the “penny.”

Saving money is a big challenge for many people. The Chinese “Year of the Pig” had just passed, but we should not forget that the piggy reminds us that “piggy wants penny”. This piggy is a meal that can be eaten with sauce and can also be a gift to remind people to save.

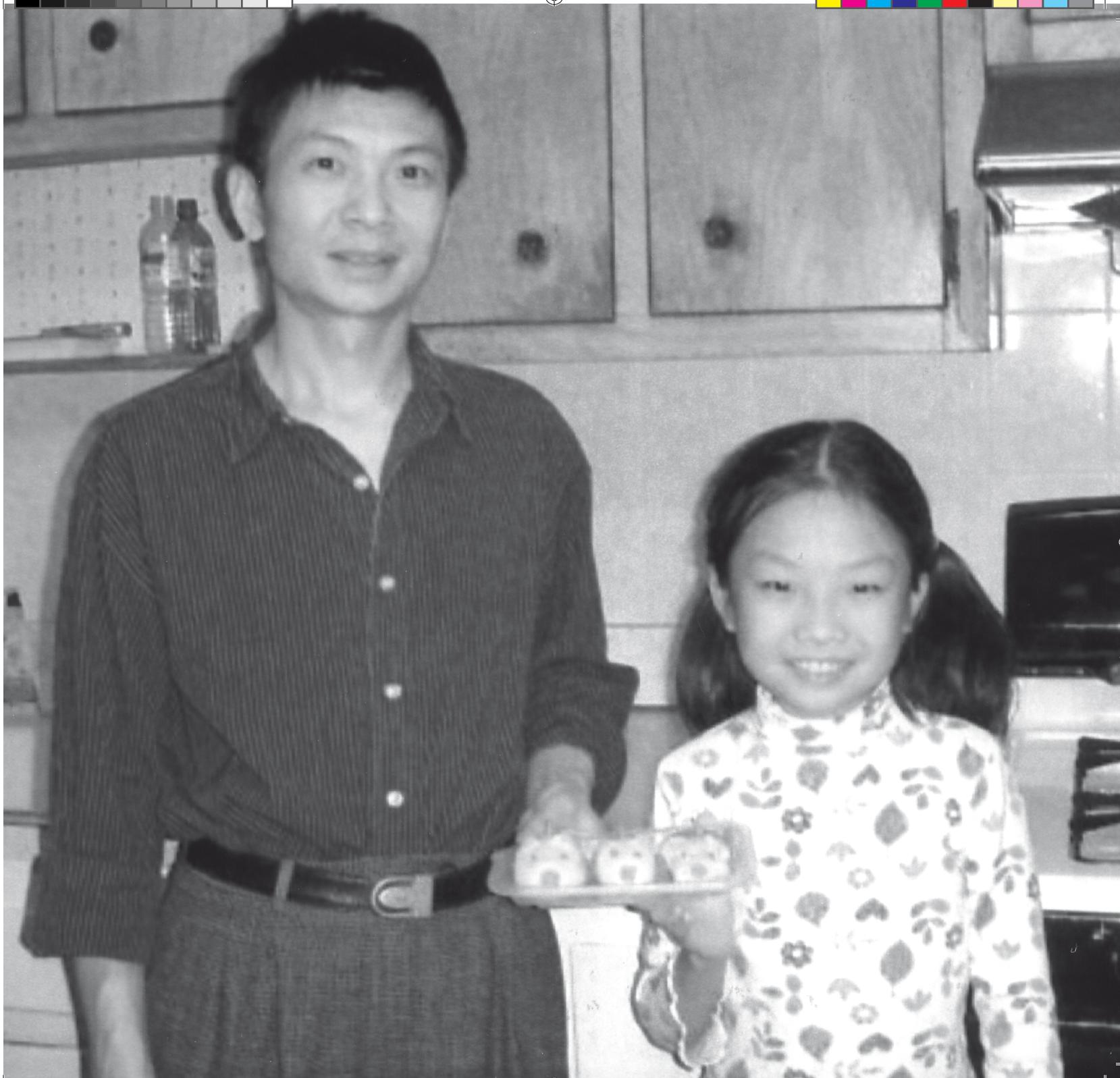
Recipe for piggy preparation.
Photograph: Bin Gu



Piggy Wants Penny
The Year of Pig, the Year of Saving



Photographs: Bin Gu





Ms. 50
Photograph: Nicolás Dumit Estévez



Rosalina Mestic

travelled to her native Brazil years ago to celebrate her 50th birthday. To her dismay she lost her voice and could not interact with her guests as she expected. Mestic decided to re-celebrate her party for friends, family members, and museum visitors at the Queens Museum of Art.

Ms. 50

Entrance Song: “Happy Birthday in Spring”
Composed and sung by Rosalina to her own improvised tune

The Love tan proble de lou
The Love tan proble de lou
The Love tan proble de lou
Biss. O o o ble.... ei ei ei
The Love tan proble de lou
The Love tan proble de lou
The Love tan proble de lou
O o o o ble.... ei ei ei

Ms. 50 is someone who is very happy, a “people person” who loves to imagine and create. She has even created her own dictionary.

She transports herself to many places with no sense of how she got there. Her dress is designed with leaves, flowers, and tree branches to show that she is like nature: beautiful.

She walks with so many bags that you are unable to see her arms.

When sadness takes toll on her, she imagines that she is being photographed and she smiles and strikes a pose. She walks and sings to the lines: “the love tan proble de lou.”



On her journey she sees three rocks. She cracks open one of the rocks and discovers the American flag, a star, and some money.

After she discovers these items, she is very excited and feels that she has been born again.

She begins to dance to the beat of Madonna's "Like a Prayer." Soon after, she dances to the tune of "Goodbye." She believes that she is a bird that can fly. Shortly after, she flies so high that she becomes one with nature.

My 50th birthday was around the corner, and I had no idea how I was going to celebrate the big event. I had many thoughts and ideas put together, but felt that there was still something missing. Day and night my mind was continually focused on my birthday extravaganza. One day I discovered the missing link: it was my family that I needed by my side. At that moment, I decided that I was going to celebrate my birthday with my family in Brazil. After a few days, I had my ticket ready, my luggage packed, and my mind over-occupied.

As the day came for my flight, I was overwhelmed with excitement. I had packed everything I needed in three large suitcases that weighed about 70 pounds each. As if that wasn't enough to handle, the wheels ended up popping off, and I had to drag my luggage by myself through the airport to reach customs. When I arrived at customs, they gave me a hard time about all the stuff that I brought. During all of this stress, I remained calm and kept repeating to myself, "It's my birthday."

Completely exhausted after 20 hours of traveling, I finally reached my destination only to find that, although I had arrived there, my luggage had not. The excitement I had for my birthday celebration turned into panic. I kept telling myself, "It's my birthday," which helped me get excited about the celebration and not the complication I had encountered. The airport staff reassured me that the suitcases would arrive the following day. The whole night I couldn't sleep, thinking about my suitcases.

Ms. 50 celebrating with her birthday guests.
Photographs: Sol Aramendi





The next morning, I waited for my nephew to drive me to the airport. However, I found him sleeping, because he had worked the overnight shift. Since I did not want to wake him up, I also decided to take a nap. We both overslept and then had to run to the airport to claim my suitcases. When we arrived at the airport, the staff informed us that since we were a “no-show,” they had delivered the luggage to where I was staying. My nephew and I had made a trip to the airport for nothing.

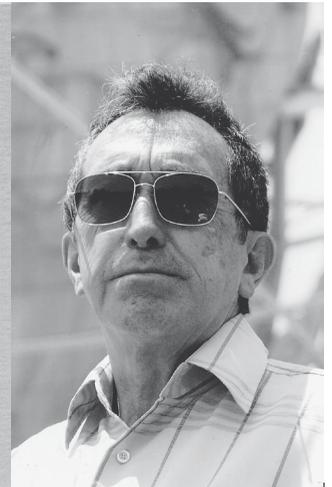
The following day, my son called me to tell me he arrived safely and that he was ready for the big celebration, but he forgot his shoes in New York. I arranged for someone to pick him up and went searching for a pair of shoes. If that wasn't enough, the manager of the hall where my party was to take place told me that the party had to begin after eight o'clock because a mass was being held. I had already informed my guests that the party would start at seven. The cherry on top was that I managed to lose my voice for my 50th birthday celebration. I was unable to say more than two words during the extravaganza. But in the end, after all the struggles I went through to make my birthday special ... no one's imagination, not even my own, could have made this birthday more exceptional.





3840 Km = 2386.05 mi

NY → Guayaquil = 2991 mi
4814 Km





Angel Rivadeneira

walks us through his daily journeys through Queens, where he works delivering publicity. According to Rivadeneira, in four years of work in New York, he has walked a distance equivalent to that from the city to his hometown in South America.

History of a Walker

When one immigrates to this country to achieve the American dream, one is willing to do almost any job. With luck, a job will come by. I don't believe in luck; I believe in God.

I spent several months without a steady job, so I searched for one, asking friends if they knew of a place that was hiring. I couldn't get anything this way, so I went to an employment agency, where if everything worked out fine I could get work, even though a fee was required by the agency. Payment had to be made in advance in order to secure a job possibility, and the fee one has to pay is not always at hand. Sometimes there is no money to put food on the table, and you have to borrow money from someone—that is, if you can find someone to help you. Immigrants to this country have plenty of stories to narrate; they are tragic and painful ones, especially coming from those who cross the border.

One winter day in February 2004, I got up at the break of dawn to look for a job. I remember that at 6 a.m. I was standing on the corner and a man from my country who I didn't know well stopped by in a van to ask me if I wanted a job, to which I responded yes. This was in fact the reason why I was standing outside, in case an employer was looking for help. The friend with the van told me that he could get me something. Once in the van, he explained to me what was expected from the job that he was offering me. This consisted of delivering flyers from house to house. He handed me a map of the area I was to serve and told me that the job entailed walking four hours a day. So I got involved in this job that required a lot of walking. Although each job has its own risks, including dealing with the weather, this particular one didn't seem complicated to me. Yes, there is the rain, snow, cold, and heat with which a walker has to struggle.

Photograph: Angel Rivadeneira



My feet have played an important role in what I do for a living. How many pairs of shoes and socks are gone in the four years that I have been employed? I also must keep myself in good physical condition, wear clothing appropriate for the weather, follow a good diet, and drink plenty of water. Above all, you have to get up very early in the morning. At the end of any given workday, although it may look easy, my feet need to rest.

There are houses where it is easy to distribute flyers; others require me to go up and down stoops. This can get complicated when the weather turns to rain or snow. I have experienced several falls in the snow, some of them painful. Thank God none of them had serious repercussions. I must not forget the dogs I encounter and the possible, although uncommon, aggression from house owners. On my walks I come across polite people who say hello when I greet them, and with unsympathetic people who reject the information that I distribute. It is always a pleasure to find children and adults along the way who respond to me with a smile. There are good houses and bad houses; houses that toss good things in the garbage and houses that give away what they no longer need: clothing, furniture, toys. I often find coins. Almost every day, I come across pennies, and every once in a while, a bill. I wish I could find a suitcase loaded with dollars, so I can go back to my country.

This doesn't mean that I am not grateful to this country. In my long daily walks I make time to meditate, pray, even cry as I think about things that have happened to me in my life. In my walks I think about a lot of things. I have also made time to take photographs, which is my profession, one that because of circumstances in life I have not been able to pursue full time.

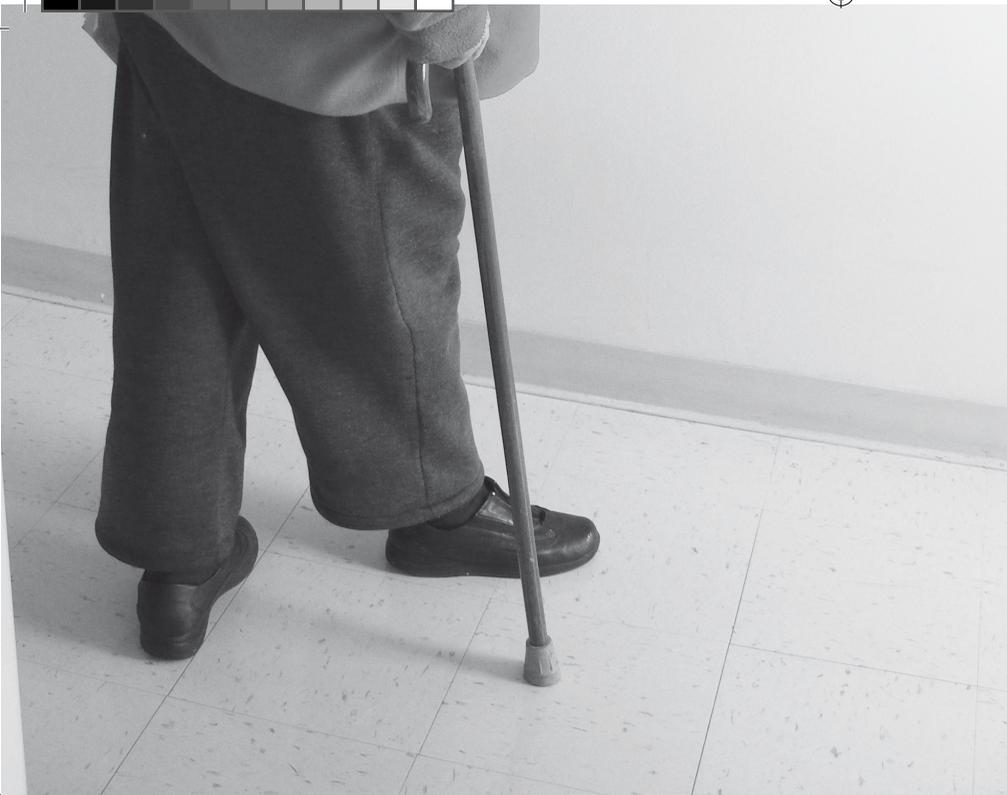
I have a lot to tell after walking for four years. As I mentioned before, I began to walk for a living in February 2004. I walk four kilometers a day, five days a week. In one week this amounts to 20 kilometers, and in one month to 80. In four years, I have walked a total of 3,840 kilometers. I don't have enough information about how long it would take to walk to different cities within this country. I do have to say that I enjoy my job. I get paid to walk; what else can I ask for? Thank God I have the strength and courage to continue doing this until circumstances prevent me from continuing. Thank you also to those who offered me this job



opportunity, and to all of those who have walked with me the long road of life; among them are José, Luis, Beto, Santiago, Anita, Christian, Anthony, Herber, Agustín, and many more.

I would like this stage of my life not to fall into oblivion. I would like the job I do—however one classifies it—to motivate others to walk. Walking equals health.







Iván Romero

enacts a conversation between his walking cane and that of his mother, María (recorded in a video). In a second piece, Mr. Romero uses his walking cane to draw a story in the sand of a local beach. As he draws, he details medical and legal facts about his and his mother's physical condition.

Al Son del Bastón/To the “Son” of the Walking Cane

This project illustrates the dependency that individuals with physical disabilities have on the government's medical system.

Our canes generated the title for this performance and put it into action.

These images represent the individual traits of my mother, María, and me, as well as those traits we share.

We present different images of the canes that are part of our daily activities.

My mother in her daily “click clack” [sound of walking cane].

Medical delusion in a wheelchair. The meaning that we have given to our life's road.

Iván in the operating room with his knee propped up.

The legal system and our canes in relation to that system.

In the courtroom. The way I have been manipulated and made dependent on the government's inept legal system.

To the legal system we mean money.

Photograph: Iván Romero





But we feel like a dry branch.

A sheet of paper,

Or simply documents with arguments we cannot understand.

Garbage.

Judge. A conference table where they allocate the funds. Lawyer for the plaintiff. Like bats fighting in our name.

In the lawyer's office trying to make sense of what was said in court.

Suffering the burden, but ignored by all.

They respond with question marks.

Seven years of 365 days each with no settlement.

The same, nothing, spilt milk.

They give us a pat. Or give us the finger.

They close our cases.

All is left for us is to come together.

And take off.

But the lawyers want us to get down on all fours.

Asking us to pay them more money.



Splitting amongst them our canes.

More expenses.

The finger.

The scales of Justice.

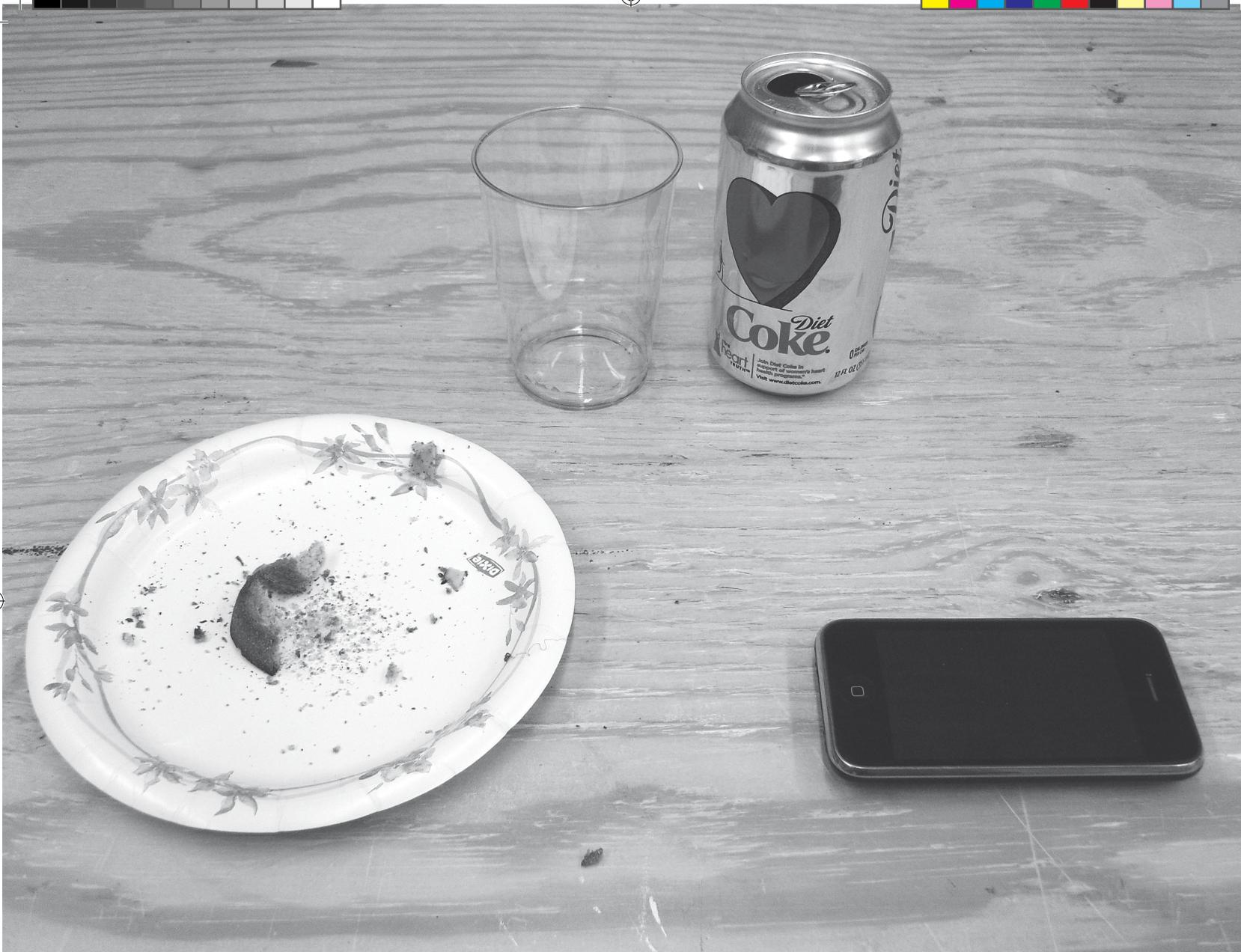
Fattening fewer pigs.

And at the end, our path in life.

And at the end of this path, when we have had enough, we will fly to other skies.

The end!







Reinaldo Sanguino

uses the telephone to connect from New York to his mother in Venezuela. They both become participants in each other's daily lives at two separate locations.

Lunch with Mami

During the course of one week, via telephone from New York, I engage in different daily activities with my mother in Venezuela such as having lunch, going for a walk, washing our hands or faces. These actions are carried out without resorting to verbal communication. I use a voice recorder to document the sounds generated by the activities as they are actually taking place.

This work addresses my personal experience as an immigrant, and how geographical distance and the passage of time are reflected in the dissimilar environments of two people who at one point shared a common physical place.

[For the presentation of Sanguino's piece at the Queens Museum of Art, an audio recording played while a still of two empty picture frames was projected on a gallery wall].

Photograph: Reinaldo Sanguino

45



7. سفید شالوار
(بردارت)

White Shalwar
Pameez Ebermiodery
For kids to go
to the mosque or
to learning Quran
Classes.





Nuzhat Sultana

worked for three days on a personal book that details facts about her and her family's lives in Pakistan and in the United States. A complementary part of her publication was the live performance that she presented at the Queens Museum of Art with her son, and for which she introduced the audience to some of the customary ceremonial clothing that is worn in her native country.

A Presentation About Pakistan

I am Nuzhat from Pakistan. I wrote this book because I wanted to tell others about Pakistan. I tried my best to give details about the education, religion, sports, food, free time, weather, land, people, Islamic arts, and history.

Pakistan is my country of birth. It is a big country with four provinces: Punjab, Sindh, North West Frontier Province, and Baluchistan. It came into being on the 14th of August, 1947. Its founder was Quaid-e-Azam ("Great Leader") Muhammad Ali Jinnah. He created the country with hard work and support from the Muslims of India.

I dedicate my book to my mother-in-law who is not among us today but will always be in my and my family's heart. I hope you enjoy this book and my country as well. God gave me a chance to join the art classes, and my teachers Nicolás and Liz asked me to collect my ideas in a book. This is why I made this collection. It took me three days to make.

My teachers, especially Miss Jessica, loved and encouraged me, and made sure that I understand the work they give me. It was a great pleasure for me to bring together my past, present, and future in my book.

Thank you very much.

[Nuzhat showed the book to the workshop participants but decided not to print any part of it here because of its highly personal contents].

Image: Courtesy of Nuzhat Sultana





Gery Vereau

carries on an intimate performance at home by reflecting on the shoes worn by close family members. He reminisces about them and their journey from Perú to Queens.

Shoes

The last memory that I have of my grandmother Cleotilde, who was born in Camaná, Perú, is that of her shoes. She died in Queens, and she had asked me to give a good-bye speech on the day of her burial. The remembrance of her shoes comes from a photograph of her legs and shoes. Playing between them is her grandson Kevin, the son of my cousin Miluska.

From that photo evolved the idea for this piece that I have titled *Zapatos* (Shoes) for the performance art workshop that was part of the New New Yorkers initiative at the Queens Museum of Art.

This is the second homage that I offer to the shoes in my family, and my own shoes, of course. The first homage to them was in 2004, on Labor Day, when I used to live at 30-50 34th Street in Queens, in an apartment owned by my aunt Edith, the same place where my grandmother spent her last days.

I found that throughout the apartment there were shoes that came directly from Perú on the feet of their owners and that were preserved despite the abundance of other shoes in the house. But I was in fact searching for something more memorable to photograph, a pair of shoes that bore evidence of the work the owner did. I must mention that I have a long-time affection for photography, one that I have cultivated through the years that I have been working as a reporter and journalist, or as a simple spectator of life: a particular landscape, a peculiar face, a special occasion, a unique shadow, or a fanciful light.

So I focused on an old pair of shoes, splattered with white, red and green paint, a bit of cement, and wallpaper paste. They looked very worn, as if they had walked across

Photograph: Gery Vereau



thousands of deserts, thirsty, with their tongues sticking out. One of the shoes was missing a lace. I can't recall if it was the right or the left shoe. They belonged to my cousin Arturo, who was the first person to employ me when I arrived in New York. I put these shoes against the window and balanced the light coming from outside and from within. The result of the photograph that I took was a pair of shoes looking through the window of a third floor apartment at the people passing by.

The Performance

From that day on I began to notice shoes. Up until last year I had saved the pair that I brought with me from Perú, but because of the lack of space I ended up throwing them in the garbage. A city as big as New York has limited space available and pushes you to discard remembrances just because there is no room for them. One way to preserve this memory is by taking a photograph. Isn't this true?

We immigrants tend to save some of the clothes with which we arrived in this country—a kind of fetishism, right? We all keep a shirt, a dress, a suit or ... a pair of shoes to see ourselves through them, a reflection of who we were and who we are no longer.

I said to myself that those shoes stored at the bottom of the closet should hold a conversation among themselves. The old ones, I imagined, would say to the new ones: "Lucky you, who are young, shiny and have no wrinkles on your leather." The new would reply to the old ones: "Yes, but your company inspires me. All of your wrinkles and old marks move me. They give me strength to walk faster."

Sure, the dialogue between the shoes must be a silent one, by way of signs. The new shoes move around the air as they speak; the old shoes remain silent when listening. The new ones are receptive, they want to learn, they listen more than they speak. They have learned that knowing how to listen is a sign of maturity. The old ones know that they have to talk because



they themselves can no longer use the experience they have accumulated and look to share this with new generations.

Thus, it is through half-worn soles, old smells stored away, and faded colors, we help carry from generation to generation the spirit of the immigrant.







Emilia Villalba

reconciles with her health difficulties by dressing up for a week as a way of creating a positive image of herself that can be internalized and then projected to others [This action references one of Linda Mary Montano's early performances.]

Sombreros

Due to my health, there were times in the past when I felt very depressed. At present, I try to look and feel better. This is why I cultivate a positive personal appearance that, besides influencing me, can be perceived by others. I use hats. They are my best friends. I use them every day of my life and match them with what I wear. Hats make me feel happy and fulfilled. I don't see myself getting dressed and not wearing a hat. They have become part of who I am. I love my hats.

Photographs: Courtesy of Emilia Villalba



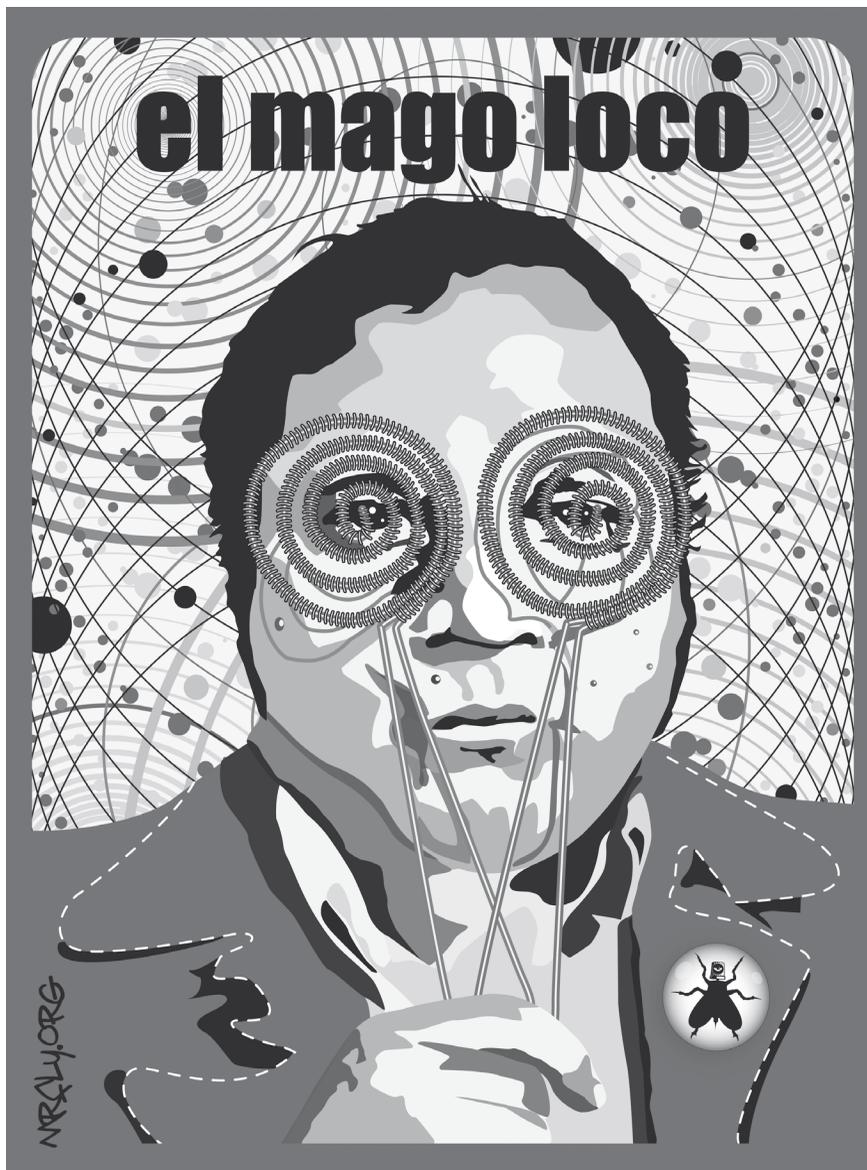
Performing Visibility

The blank space on the following page is to acknowledge the woman who attended one of the workshops but whose husband denied her the right to present her work. This space is for her or any other woman in a situation similar to hers to write an invisible performance. [Note: although two women were initially forbidden to perform in class, one managed to overcome this challenge].

You may want to squeeze the juice of a lime or lemon into a bowl. Discard the seeds on the grounds of a park or garden. Dip a toothpick into the liquid and write on this page. Keep the page open until dry. If it's safe to reveal the message, burn a separate piece of paper, crumble the remains, and rub them onto this page. Use caution when dealing with fire. Wash your hands.









Create Your Own Performance, Action, or Intervention

The following section includes materials that seek to help organizations or individuals guide others, or themselves, on how to develop their own performance art pieces, actions, or interventions rooted in everyday life. I, Nicolás, call some of these art and life incursions “experiences.”

Melquiades Herrera Becerril, *El Mago Loco*
Image: Mr. Fly, Mexico City

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Performance Art Terminology

Action: a term coined to define performative works. It often implies spontaneity and improvisation.

Anti-establishment: work that questions the art institution, as opposed to art that is exclusively produced for the market or conforms to the canons of the art institution.

Art and everyday life: the approach supporting a series of actions created since the mid-1960s by performance artist Linda Mary Montano in her effort to blur the traditional line separating art and life.

Autobiographical: having to do with oneself. Work that draws from the artist's own history and personal background.

Avant-garde: ahead of its time. Associated with artwork that is at the forefront of the time when it is being produced.

Conceptual art: work in which ideas take precedence over traditional aesthetic and material concerns. The artist as a thinker more than the maker of decorative objects.

Documentation: a permanent record—whether video, photograph, text, or other means—of an action that would otherwise disappear.

Endurance: often a self-imposed test. The ability to perform under adverse conditions or to withstand hardship for a set period of time.

Ephemeral: as opposed to permanent. A characteristic associated with the transient nature of performance art.

Event: occurrence, activity. A performative art form that uses the format of a party or the concurrence of a group of people.

Everyday life: referring to the actions that we perform daily, (e.g., bathing, eating, walking). These mundane activities have and continue to inform performance art.



Franklin Furnace: an institution whose mission is to present, preserve, interpret, proselytize, and advocate on behalf of avant-garde art, especially forms that may be vulnerable due to institutional neglect, their ephemeral nature, or politically unpopular content.

Happening: a term first used in the 1960s to define an art event organized by Allan Kaprow and which dealt with the visual arts, improvised theatricality, found objects, and audience participation.

Interactive: refers to artwork that invites an audience to participate or that requires public participation for the piece to develop.

Interdisciplinary: artwork that relies on various disciplines such as painting, sculpture, dance, etc.

Intervention: a term employed to define performances that are presented in real time and/or in spaces of everyday use.

Narrative: artwork in the form of a story. It follows a traditional story line that unfolds from beginning to end.

Nonlinear: art that does not follow a narrative format. One of the characteristics of most performance art works.

Performance art: [Please write your own definition].

Plot: plan. Script. Something most performance art does not rely on.

Prop: an article. An object that aids the performance artist through his job. The tools, costumes, and material culture generated as a result of a performance.

Ritual: ceremonial. Set of symbolic actions based on the traditions, history, or spiritual practices of a community. Rituals have been an important source of material for performance art.

Compiled from many different sources by Nicolás Dumit Estévez for *For Art's Sake*.



The workshop instructor can introduce students to the works of some, or all, of these artists. If you are using this *How to* section to develop your own performance, please do research on these artists.

María Alós
Francis Alÿs
Lisa Bufano
Nao Bustamante
Paco Cao
Coco Fusco
Guillermo Gómez-Peña
Geoffrey Hendricks
Melquiades Herrera Becerril
Ishmael Houston-Jones
Tehching Hsieh
Nancy Hwang
Mary Kelly
Byron Kim
César Martínez
Ana Mendieta
Linda Mary Montano
Pedro Pietri
Merián Soto
Martha Wilson

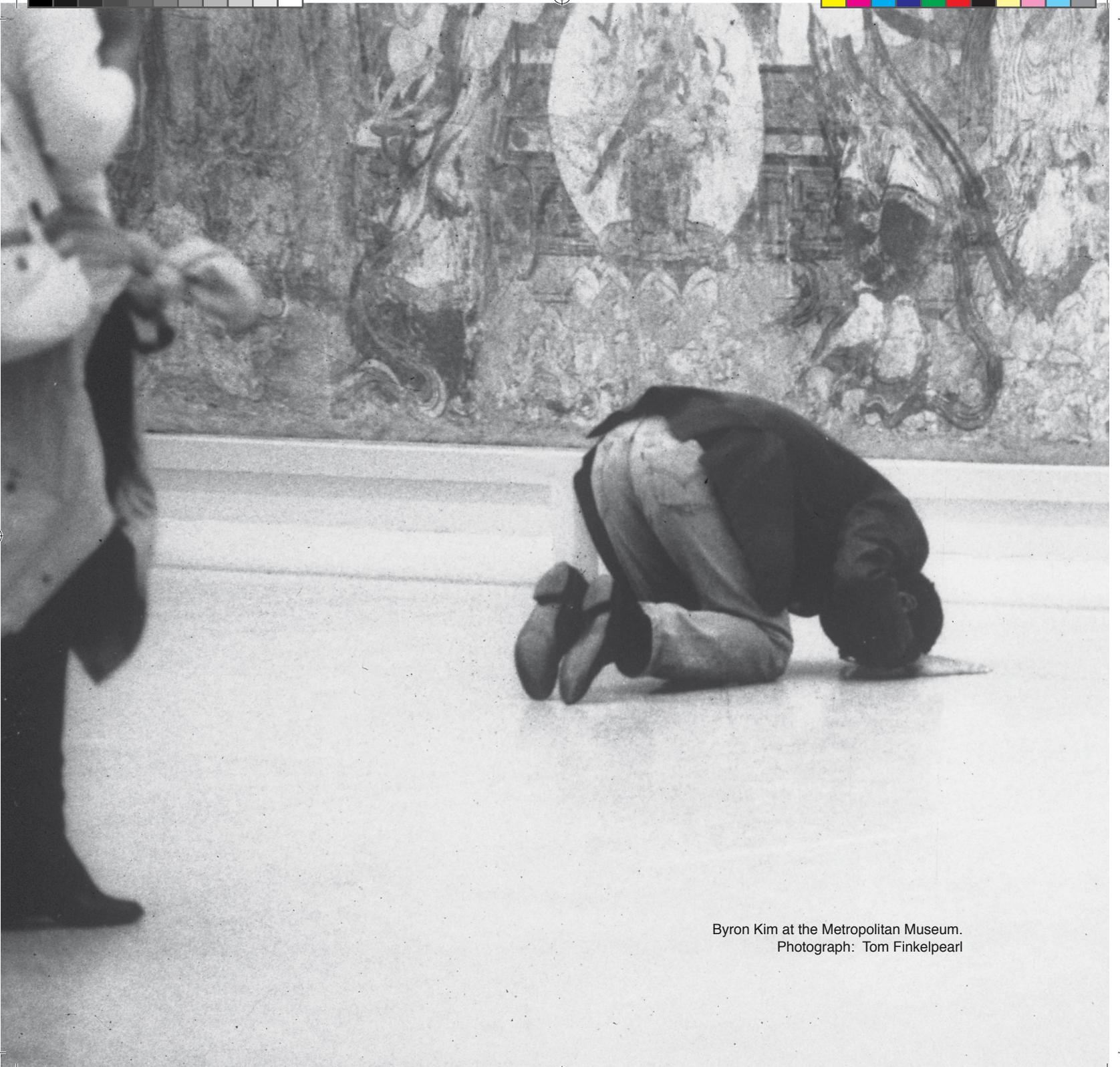


Left:
Martha Wilson, *Art Sucks*, 1972

Still from video
Art-making is a process which sucks identity from individuals who are close to it, but not participating themselves. The only way to recover identity is to make art yourself. In early June 1972, I captured the soul of Richards Jarden in a color photograph. As soon as I ingest the photograph I will recover the identity that was drained from me in the past, and we will be of equal power.
© Martha Wilson

Right:
César Martínez, *Euros for all!; Metabolismo de libre comerse*
Madrid, Spain, January 28, 2008
Half a million edible euros given away.
Truffle and cream pastries with a sweet icing made out of rice paper tinted with vegetable dye.
Photograph: Mario Aguirre





Byron Kim at the Metropolitan Museum.
Photograph: Tom Finkelpearl



**Performance and Spirituality in a Museum:
A Conversation between Tom Finkelppearl, Executive Director, Queens Museum of Art,
and Byron Kim, Visual Artist**

Tom Finkelppearl: So, we are going to talk about a performance we did at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It was an event with no budget, no permission, in fact no official standing at all. It started because you were raving about a tape of a lecture that the painter Ad Reinhardt gave at the Skowhegan School in 1968. After some time, you got me to listen to it. Among many interesting observations, Reinhardt said that there are no religious works at a fine art museum. Even if a painting had been created for a church, or by an artist with deep religious feeling, if the work is transported to a museum, it enters the world of art. If you doubt this, Reinhardt said, try to go up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and get down and pray. They'll kick you out. So, one day we decided to test this claim.

Byron Kim: I don't remember going to the admissions kiosk, but I'm sure we paid something. I remember we walked to the left into that dark area of the museum, where there are Western medieval things like altarpieces. I guess we must have looked around for something suitable, and then you got on your knees and prayed for a while. You had your palms together and, somehow, I picture you as gazing up at an altar, but also with your head bowed with eyes closed, which doesn't quite make sense. We had decided that even though you weren't religious, part of your "heritage" was Christian, so it would be appropriate for you to pray to a Christian object. It's a very quiet part of the Museum, so I don't remember any incidents of any sort regarding your praying. It felt kind of natural. Then we went to the Asian wing and I got in front of that big Buddhist mural. That part of the museum is filled with light, and I started to do 108 prostrations before that image of the Buddha. It must have taken me 20 minutes to do it. Had I told you what I was going to do?

TF: No, I did not know what to expect. I hung back, trailing by 60 feet or so and watched as you stood, bowed, kneeled, and touched your head to the floor in sequence for quite some time. It was a surprise to me and to everyone else, of course. I was standing three galleries away shooting some pictures with a telephoto lens. People treated the whole situation with respect, and Ad Reinhardt was incorrect—you did not get kicked out. It seems that the



people who had come to see the Asian art were happy to see it venerated in a way that made emotional, religious, and artistic sense. This was confirmed when I approached a guard and asked him if he had seen that guy bowing in front of the Buddha. He said that it was actually quite common to see religious rituals of one sort or another in the galleries at the Metropolitan Museum, and he found small offerings left by visitors around once a week.

BK: To be fair to old Ad, the world in 1968 was quite a different place from the one we were operating in 30 years later. Context is key, especially in the art world. I think it was very important that we were at the Met unofficially. It was impossible to distinguish us from the regular public, which is why I mentioned that we paid to enter the Museum. It would have been quite different, for instance, if we had been paid.

TF: Byron, I was thinking about why we did this and what we got out of it. Beforehand it just sort of seemed like a clever idea—a way to think about art and museums. As it turned out, it was also a dialogue between you and me, and I did learn something about you. I always knew that you were thoughtful, but truly realized with this performance how carefully, cleverly and strategically you think things out. You had clearly made a plan, a much more involved interaction with the art than my rather quick and rather superficial “prayer.” The performance really did not need to go past that interaction—though I know we have both told people about it since then.

BK: Honestly, I don’t remember carefully thinking things through. In a different way, you were thinking even more strategically. I mean, you were taking pictures of my actions with a telephoto lens from three galleries away! I don’t think we would even be talking about this if you hadn’t taken those pictures. I might have forgotten the whole thing. There’s something beautiful in the possibility that it was just for us, just for that moment in time—something poignant about testing an idea with no consequences. I’m very interested in what constitutes art. I doubt what we did was art, but your photograph has been published now a couple of times and it, along with the memories it engendered, are starting to collect a slight aura around them, pushing the whole endeavor suspiciously toward art.

TF: Interesting! I always thought of it as an art performance—perhaps the last art project I undertook before making the final transition from being an artist to being a full-time art





administrator and curator. Perhaps it seemed less like art to you because after it was over, you returned to a studio to paint while I went to an office to have a bureaucratic meeting. So, in conclusion, I would like to invite you to do one more performance together, perhaps another test of a principle, and this time we won't document it, or tell anyone aside from this public invitation.

BK: Ha! I accept!

*New York City
April 2010*





Ramón Galán as Bob Marley.
Photograph: Sol Aramendi





Linda Mary Montano, *The Catholic Artist Manifesto*,
2009

Montano reads her Catholic Artist Manifesto in
front of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.
lindamontano@hotmail.com

Photograph: Nicolás Dumit Estévez



Performing Oneself or Someone Else

An Interactive Interview Between Linda Mary Montano and Nicolás Dumit Estévez

[Dear Reader: please insert your own questions or responses in any of the blank spaces following an LMM or an NDE. After filling in the blanks, you can perform Linda or Nicolás by inviting a friend to read the interview aloud. If you find yourself alone, you can perform both Linda and Nicolás and create different voices for each of the two]

Nicolás Dumit Estévez: Linda, after attending your performance *Mask On/Mask Off* at the Gershwin Hotel in Manhattan I was wondering if we should invite the reader of this publication to wear a wig, to tease his or her hair, or to do it in a different style before engaging in this piece?

Linda Mary Montano: Great idea. Now everyone put on your extensions!!!!!!!!!!!!

NDE: For nearly a lifetime you have been performing so many characters. Can you tell us where they come from?

LMM: I was a “silent selective mute” as a child. That term I made up ... but I remember staying in silence forever. My family was very quiet and silent; my Italian grandparents didn’t talk much because they didn’t know English, or didn’t like America maybe? Not sure. And my other grandparents who did speak English were quiet also. So, I watched everything very closely and when TV first came to the house and people were talking, I learned how to talk from all of those characters I imagined. Señor Wences ... very difficult, very easy. Remember? And then there was the church where I spent hours in silence, very happily, dreaming of how to become a saint.

NDE: Can you give us some suggestions for allowing hidden aspects of our personas to come to the surface and to take on a physical shape? By this I mean to become a tangible character that can be explored privately or publicly?

LMM: Everybody does this already. We play around with friends and talk differently, fooling



around, using accents and personas with them. I would say, the next time you get in a tough spot, have one of your personas work it out for you. Also see who is in your unconscious, lurking there, and give that persona a voice and task.

NDE: Why Masks? Mask on and off? Are you implying that we wear masks in our day to day?

LMM: We are always performing and sometimes a persona will take over and confront us or stay too long inside us and the idea of seeing this dance as a mask dance is helpful to me. No mask is a bad mask. Each mask is take-on and take-offable. On our deathbed, there is only a death mask.

NDE: Would you consider leaving a blank L for the reader to fill in or maybe asking him or her a question? You are welcome to choose.

LMM: What mask do you wear? How does your spiritual practice help you play with your 902348309248 daily masks?

[Reader: you may choose to answer this question in writing.]

NDE: [Dear reader, pretend that you are Nicolás and insert your own question to Linda]

LMM: [Dear reader, pretend that you are Linda and insert your own response to Nicolás Dumit Estévez's (your) previous question to Linda]

NDE: Unfortunately we are running out of space. Is there another place or dimension where the reader can continue this conversation with you? Perhaps electronically or astrally?





LMM: Of course. I give classes on the phone, I have workshops, I do Skype, I have published books: *Art in Everyday Life*, 1980; *Performance Artists Talking in the 80s*, 1997; *Letters from Linda M. Montano*, 2005; and *You Too are a Performance Artist: The Art/Life Institute Interactive Book* (pending). These books have all of this information in them and then there is my blog: (<http://lindamarymontano.blogspot.com>), which includes my *Masks* essay ... Or get a wig, a good CD and go for it by yourself but remember TO BE SAFE, BE CAREFUL and never hurt your body or mind or anyone else's.

NDE: Thank you for your time. Would you like to add anything else?

LMM: Sometimes we have to practice being the persona we need to be in order to function more beneficially or we adopt a mask to help us empty the refuse from a subconscious persona who is living in the dark dungeon of our memory. Masks smooth that journey to knowledge. WHO ARE U????

—Online Chat
Saugerties, New York and South Bronx, New York
December 6, 2009





Some Performance Art Essentials

The role of art in our lives

Develop a list with the group

Developing concepts for a performance

Observing life in detail

Paying attention to yourself

Observing others

Pursuing formal research on a subject of interest

Objects, props, personal items

Existing objects

Personal objects

Objects created for the performance

[This workshop will be focused on existing and personal objects.]

Context for presentation of work

Art space

Spaces of public use

Home

Yourself

Internet, cellular phones, instant messaging, _____

Different kinds of audiences

Active: helpers, participants, and collaborators

Passive: observers

Yourself

Post-performance audience: as in the case of a gallery visitor who sees the documentation of the work

Artificial bird from Ms. 50's birthday celebration.

Photograph: Nicolás Dumit Estévez



Documentation

Video

Photography

Writing

Drawings

Audio recording

Suggest others _____





a) Possible ideas for my performance

Situations that have been or are currently relevant in my life. Subject of personal interest.

b) Research and support materials that I will need.

c) Objects, personal items, and props that I will use in my performance.

d) Will I work on my own or with the support of collaborators?



e) Where will I present my performance? What is its context?

f) Is there a target or a specific audience for the presentation of my work?

g) Who will see the performance?

h) How do I plan to document the project, action, or experience?

—developed by Nicolás Dumit Estévez





An Exercise in Giving Recognition

Two years ago, the organization I work for as a part-time consultant was on the brink of closing its doors. Employees were informed of the situation. The result was seeing longtime workers nearing retirement face an uncertain reality. My response was to work as an unofficial counselor who would listen to my coworkers' fears of losing a steady source of income. In addition to this, I wanted to pay a personal homage to each one of those I had worked with for seven years. I planned to think about their individual assets as a person—worker and to honor them by acknowledging their contributions to the life of the agency. Fortunately, the organization didn't close. Nevertheless, I decided to register my idea in case anyone in a position like mine wanted to use it.

Exercise:

Your workplace becomes the site for this action.

Think about what each coworker contributes to the place, to those who patronize it, and to your life. Honor each one of them by finding a time to praise their virtues in private. Take as long as needed to complete this exercise. The longer you take, the better. Remember to include new employees, and don't forget your boss.

Note:

You can insert your own work in this book. To do so, use page 78. Handwritten entries accepted.

If you happen to see me around, journeying through life, please stop me, and say hello.

With warm regards,

Nicolás
indioclaro@hotmail.com





Insert Your Own Performance





With Gratitude:

I, Nicolás, thank Linda Mary Montano, a seminal figure in the field of performance art and art in everyday life. Her work has been highly influential to this workshop and publication.





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