

*It's time  
for me to go*



Photo: Jeremy Grier

Since 1969, The Studio Museum in Harlem has earned recognition for its catalytic role in advancing the work of visual artists of African and Afro-Latinx descent through its *Artist-in-Residence* program. The program has supported nearly 150 artists who have gone on to have highly regarded careers.

Every year, the Museum offers an eleven-month residency for three local, national, or international artists working in any media. Individuals selected for the residency receive institutional guidance and professional development, research support, studio space, and a stipend paid out over the course of the residency. In addition to their time in the studio, artists participate in Museum public programs and educational studio visits with community partners. A culminating exhibition features the work of the artists in residence.



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# TOWARD BECOMING

Yelena Keller

This is a vibe shift. Charged with the autonomy of mobility, *It's time for me to go* resolutely declares an expansive possibility. The statement cracks open the space between where you are and where you're going. This is an interlude—the eternal farewell that never ceases in the condition of being unbound. *It's time for me to go* addresses a blackness that forms and unforms itself through various states of subjugation, loss, transformation, tradition, belonging, and unbelonging. The artists in this exhibition, Cameron Granger, Jacob Mason-Macklin, and Qualeasha Wood, lay bare the results of their making—in coming up for air, their release breathes life into the space of the gallery as if to turn it inside out. *It's time for me to go* takes on the certainty of change with a bravery and self-direction that comes from a life of being thwarted. Through the artists' work, the embrace and shedding of past selves produces a yearning to reach forward.

This exhibition, like its title, is a provocation nestled within a place of familiarity—compelling for its relatability and at once uncomplicated and conceptually weighted. Though figurative in nature, the works in *It's time for me to go* refuse the limitations of subjectivity. Instead, the artists subvert Black figuration by challenging the notion of blackness as a singular entity, revealing the complex histories, memories, and cultural resonances that inform Black becoming. By unfurling the individual intimacies of the “everyday,” the artists grapple with the consciousness and unrelenting publicness of the Black subject. As with the work of the exhibition, its title phrase is amorphous—the “me” changes with the aperture of the reader. As such, the phrase sets the tone for a collective departure that begs the question: What imaginary might be uncovered in the wake?

Qualeasha Wood brings together a body of work that integrates craft, technology, and fine art. Utilizing computational, digital, and dexterous modes of creating, Wood pays homage to the Black women in her family and across history who remain a prevalent part of technological advancement and proliferation. From the Black women who were hired in the early 1950s to work as human computers to the long lineage of Black seamstresses and quilters across a diasporic history, Wood's practice contends with the role of Black women in technology, the subjugation of their labor, and of blackness as a technology itself.<sup>1</sup> In her tapestry works, Wood's Photoshopped photographic collages are woven by a digitized Jacquard loom,<sup>2</sup> and adorned through a meticulous method of hand beading in a process that makes use of the body as technology and

<sup>1</sup> In “The Lenny Interview: Kimberly Drew, aka @MuseumMammy,” Drew said “Blackness is a technology in and of itself.” Hairston, Lenny Letter, December 5, 2017, [lennyletter.com/story/the-lenny-interview-kimberly-drew-aka-museummammy](http://lennyletter.com/story/the-lenny-interview-kimberly-drew-aka-museummammy).

<sup>2</sup> The Jacquard loom, invented in 1804/05, used a punched card process that would eventually be used to input data into computers in the mid-twentieth century.

the machine as crafter. The pixelization, data erosion, and texture of the mechanized weave disrupts readership of the image by glitching the Black femme body. Wood proposes that the tapestries and tuftings “[serve] as tasks and processes dedicated to trials of potential failure and success of sending information back to the OS [or body].” In effect, they become tools by which Wood attempts to make sense of “the non-ontological Black Femme body aka Ebony.ONLINE.”<sup>3</sup>

In her tuftings, Wood alludes to the body by engaging a tufting machine that automates the threading of the yarn as she guides it across the work’s surface. The process is a physically demanding mechanized approach to making that challenges boundaries of craft making, painting, and technology by bringing them all into play at once. Throughout these works, the artist uses self-portraiture to examine Black femmehood as mediated through digital and physical realities of subjugation. In *to infinity and beyond (and back again)* (2022), white cartoonish eyes with large black pupils protrude from the outline of a girl’s silhouette, increasing in scale as they stretch out from her face. This exaggeration of the figure’s eyes builds on the emphasis of the gaze in Wood’s practice, throughout which she interrogates the act of looking. This recurring character in her tufted works acts as an avatar of her younger self rendered in total blackness, save for the whites of her eyes. In these ominous tableaux, the subject’s stare returns the gaze back to the ever-present but barely visible opposing white figure, evoking both the discomfort and violation in being seen and the power of looking back.

Wood’s work is, however, multiplicitous in its examination of looking and its function. Her tapestries take on visibility as a source of self-regard, and through them, Wood finds sovereignty in reclaiming her image as she etches herself into form. Here, Wood resists the commodification of Black femmes on the internet and embraces the expansive possibilities of a Black cyborgian existence by subverting who is doing the looking and being unapologetically direct in her gaze. *Error404* (2022), which features screenshots of Photo Booth selfies spliced together with religious iconography and modified Microsoft error messages that read “Warning, can’t load fetishization. Please, try again in 30 seconds,” takes on the memeification of Black women and proposes a new kind of worship that exalts her own Black femme body. As Octavia Butler reminds us: “Self shapes. Self adapts. Self invents its own reasons for being. To shape God, shape Self.”<sup>4</sup> Thus, by imaging herself, Wood engages in a radical act of self-love and devotion. In depicting herself as “holy,” her face enshrined by a gold halo, Wood challenges canonical ideas of reverence and refuses the proposition of her selfhood as reliant on or respondent to another’s gaze.

Similarly, Jacob Mason-Macklin explores painting as a tool for seeing. In his new body of work, Mason-Macklin brings forth the sensations of a Harlem streetscape. Drawing from memory, found imagery, iPhone snapshots, and the embodied experience of walking down the street, Mason-Macklin creates imagined scenes of people in public space that evoke the complexities and contrasts of human conditions on display throughout Harlem. These paintings take inspiration from the artist’s observations of the collapse of public and private space that takes place in a neighborhood where the architecture of community spills out into the parks, bus stops, and streets. With gestural layering of paint and close attention to color, these paintings evoke not only the artist’s gaze but also

<sup>3</sup> Conversation with Qualeasha Wood, July 21, 2022.

<sup>4</sup> Octavia E. Butler, *Parable of the Talents* (London: Headline, 2019).

his hand. Mason-Macklin's approach to painting explores what it means to look as a way to contend with his own otherness in an environment to which he is knowingly just a visitor. Born and raised in Ohio, Mason-Macklin finds inspiration in Harlem Renaissance poet Jean Toomer's transplanted perspective of this community and his ability to portray Harlem through texts that are neither romantic nor deleterious. Toomer writes, "There is no such thing as happiness. Life blends joy and pain, beauty and ugliness in such a way that no one may isolate them."<sup>5</sup> Mason-Macklin's paintings seek to illustrate this sticky middle space and the serpentine intricacies of this blending.

Mason-Macklin suffuses the paintings with moments of intimate exchange—talking to a neighbor, or stealing a look at a stranger—that ask the viewer to examine their own relationship to looking. Underlying this duality of seeing and being seen, these paintings also activate the tensions of existing in a police state and the hypervisibility of being in a Black body. Throughout this body of work, the presence of technology and the environmental architectures of surveillance that restrict Black mobility provide visual cues that allude to the industrialization of contemporaneous mechanisms of seeing. With this inclusion, Mason-Macklin engages with the history of painting as a tool for imaging and thus an extension of a surveillance state. In this way, the very act of producing this work engages a careful balance between the voyeurism of looking and the reparative act of transcribing what has been seen.

However, in recognition of the fragmented existence present in a Du Boisian Black identity, Mason-Macklin's figures avert the viewer's gaze, refusing legibility as if to exist in a liminal space between this doubling. In *SpringPiston XC-gen-C (Khadijah's Dilemma)* (2022), a woman looks off into the distance, a sinuous web of vibrant piping encroaches through the landscape around her. In works such as this, the artist imagines his subjects' likeness can resist legibility. He fiercely guards their personhood while calling into question the audience's inevitable presence as active onlookers—his subjects have an infinite gaze, their attention ungraspable, and they remain unaware and unaffected by their own visibility.

Layering video, sculpture, and text-based prints, Cameron Granger's immersive installation considers the physical traces of memory. Granger examines the multiplicity of "home," as it's tied to the Black experience, by recalling how systemic prejudices work to displace and immobilize Black communities. For Granger, the physical space of the home represents the dualities of safety and restriction, shelter and vulnerability, caretaker and burden. Deconstructed crossword puzzles screenprinted on fabric suggest a floor plan of a house, or the cartography of a memory. As Granger excavates what is lost and reckons with how to remember, the prompts in this work allude to intimate references that are left intentionally opaque in their readership.

Building on a history of Black ancestral archiving, his practice is driven by a sense of gathering. In *Heavy as Heaven*, Granger contends with what remains after a loved one passes by returning to the site of his late grandmother's home. If we consider the body as a container for the spirit, when one passes, their memory lives on through the objects, spaces, and architectures of one's life, and thus the home becomes what Granger refers to as "the archive of our souls." As Toni Morrison recalled after losing her mother and father, "these people are my access to me, they are

<sup>5</sup> Jean Toomer, *Cane* (New York: Liveright, 2011).



my entrance to my own interior life ... the remains, so to speak, at the archeological site ... I acknowledge them as my route to a reconstruction of a world, to an exploration of an interior life that was not written and to the revelation of a kind of truth.”<sup>6</sup> Following a long tradition of storytelling, autobiography, and memoir present in the lineage of Black archival practice, which recognizes the importance of inscribing oneself into history, Granger builds a narrative of his grandmother’s home that intertwines fact and fiction as a way to reckon with Black transience, the weight of his own loss, and the discovery of his becoming.

Across his practice, Granger engages a communal approach to creating that often brings other artists, friends, and family into the work directly. *Heirloom* (2022), a locket containing a photograph of the artist with his grandmother that hangs from a wooden beam, and a stack of books available for the audience to thumb through, are extensions of Granger’s citational practice. In the videos *Heavy as Heaven, Before I Let Go*, and *Titan* (all 2022), Granger continues this practice of collectivizing through collaboration. Through these works, Granger tells the story of an apocalyptic invasion of Titan-humanoid monsters and the aftermath of their occupation to explore how a house functions not just as shelter but as a place for confronting histories and nurturing selves. The Titans—who serve as an allegory for systems of colonial oppression, natural disasters, and human-made catastrophic events that have disproportionately affected Black communities—test the resilience of the house in protecting the people and stories it holds. Throughout this work, an anthropomorphized home voices the memories held within its weathered wood, cracked tiles, and broken stairs, calling attention to the precarity of our lives. Situated within fractured wood edifices, this installation of film and form creates a sonic and somatic experience of memory as a tender site of discovery and reckoning.

The artists of this exhibition find themselves squarely within the space of unknowing, wherein arrives an invitation for a closer looking and a recognition that the excavation of our past and present realities allows for the proposition of our future. *It’s time for me to go* suggests a radical abolition of self as a way to undo and remake, as a means to discover. As Ruth Wilson Gilmore reflects, “abolition is not *absence*, it is *presence*. What the world will become already exists in fragments and pieces, experiments and possibilities.”<sup>7</sup> With a title that suggests an ending, these artists begin with a departure that cracks open an ever-evolving blackness. A blackness that bends and shifts, breaks and morphs, through and beyond the technologies of making, remembering, and becoming.

<sup>6</sup> Toni Morrison, “The Site of Memory,” *Inventing the Truth: The Art and Craft of Memoir*, 2d ed., ed. William Zinsser (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1995), 95.

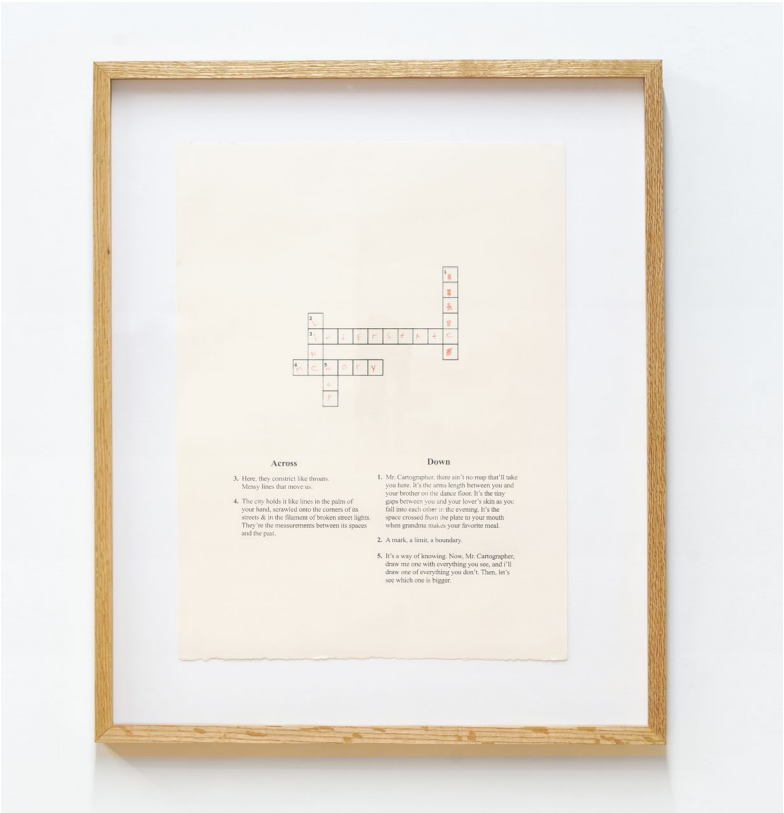
<sup>7</sup> Ruth Wilson Gilmore, interview by Léopold Lambert, “Making Abolition Geography in California’s Central Valley,” *The Funambulist*, published December 20, 2018, [thefunambulist.net/magazine/21-space-activism/interview-making-abolition-geography-california-central-valley-ruth-wilson-gilmore](http://thefunambulist.net/magazine/21-space-activism/interview-making-abolition-geography-california-central-valley-ruth-wilson-gilmore)



Photo: Dejah Archie-Davis

**CAMERON  
GRANGER**





**Across**

- 3. Here, they romantic like dreams.  
Misty lines that move so.
- 4. The city holds it like lines in the palm of your hand, scattered onto the corners of its streets. It is the filament of broken street lights. They're the measurements between its spaces and the past.

**Down**

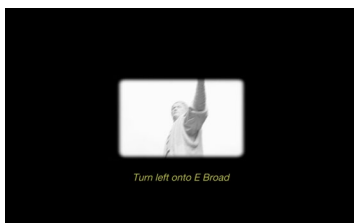
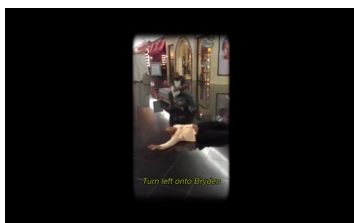
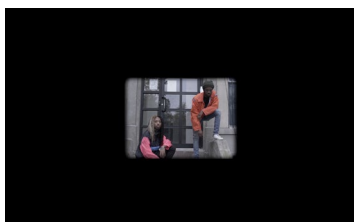
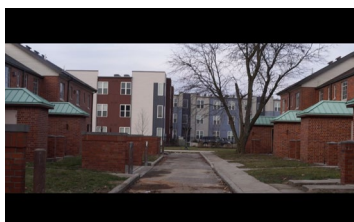
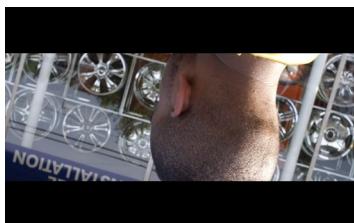
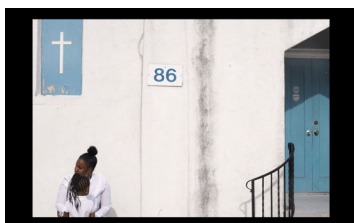
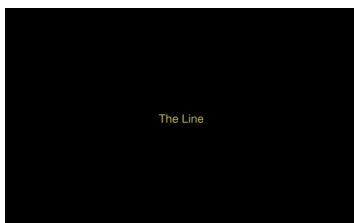
- 1. Mr. Cartographer: there isn't no map that'll take you here. It's the arms length between you and your brother or the dance floor. It's the tiny gaps between you and your lover's skin as you fall into each other in the evening. It's the space crossed from the plate to your mouth when grandma asks your favorite meal.
- 2. A mark, a limit, a boundary.
- 5. It's a way of knowing. Now, Mr. Cartographer, draw me one with everything you see, and I'll draw one of everything you don't. Then, let's see which one is bigger.





# WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THAT

Yasmina Price





In 1990, the late Black feminist theorist bell hooks wrote an essay titled “Homeplace (a site of resistance).”<sup>1</sup> Like many Black women organizers and thinkers before her, hooks refuses to consider the domestic arena as excluded from projects of political transformation and uses this essay to show how the more intimate scales of social relations and spaces are crucial sites of struggle. Evoking the language of decolonization, hooks attends to how her mother and grandmother kept their homes to make a larger claim for the revolutionary work of Black women in creating places of safety and insurgency for their communities. While she neither tries to recuperate the forced delegation of women to the home nor romanticizes the sometimes brutal difficulties that accompany domestic labor, the essay affirms that creating a homeplace is an act of worldmaking and a necessary form of sustenance. hooks considers that exercising this form of authority away from white supremacist public spaces could be a mechanism against apartheid. Speaking of her grandmother’s house, she evokes “that feeling of safety, of arrival, of homecoming when we finally reached the edges of her yard.”<sup>2</sup>

Born and based in Ohio, Cameron Granger’s practice emerges from honoring the homeplace and how being raised by his mother and grandmother shaped his artistic identity. Granger’s work reflects a negotiation between family and home, interiors and exteriors, vernacular inscriptions of history, and the labyrinths of digital popular culture. He could be placed in a lineage with the Los Angeles–based video artist Ulysses Jenkins. Both are preoccupied with how nonmonolithic forms of blackness can operate through moving images, with the former turning to scraps of news, television, and performance, and Granger similarly sifting through the debris of the internet. His gently seditious process of creating alternative spaces for Black people brings together intimate familial touchstones and unexpected pockets of found material. Granger’s architectonic moving image pieces also draw from video game modalities in a storytelling and participatory impulse that uses templates without being precious about them.

The artist examines the spaces and places, physical and virtual, that cultivated his creative interiority and its external expressivity. While he mostly works in time-based forms, he has rarely been content with a single screen, instead

<sup>1</sup> bell hooks, “Homeplace (a site of resistance),” in *Yearning: Race, Gender, and Cultural Politics* (Boston, MA: South End Press, 1990).

<sup>2</sup> bell hooks, “Homeplace (a site of resistance),” 283.

multiplying channels, and playing with surfaces, structures, and screening spaces. He attunes to how these coexist with preoccupations about belonging and inheritance, thinking through, for example, “how one is beholden to a space.” This spatiality can take many forms, and one of them is the artist’s anchoring in Ohio. As a cultural worker, Granger developed with an inclination toward collaboration. Coming up in several art collectives—such as the Maroon Arts Group and the MINT Collective—has been formative. It has also sustained a determination to stay in the Midwest, at least for now.

Granger activates his attachments to place in *Heavy as Heaven* (2022), his most recent work prior to *It’s time for me to go*. He presented this three-channel film in the wooden exoskeleton of a house on three small screens bordered in wood, materially incorporating the virtual image into the physical structure. The installation conjoins his architectural interest with narrative intentionality and loving sensitivity as a way to process how his grandmother’s home felt and changed after her passing. *Heavy as Heaven* demonstrates Granger’s use of found footage, including an educational segment about gunshot wounds and a close-up of a pulsating organ, a clip of a spherical planet cast in black and white, and a screenshot of the life simulation video game *The Sims*. This multiform piece also indicates an art practice rooted in generative community—including the cinematographer Jeffery Grant and other frequent collaborators and dear friends.

Throughout the video, “WZUP,” a fictional radio show hosted by Columbus visual artist Hakim Callwood, sets up a dystopian backdrop of ecological crisis with the announcement of a shelter-in-place order and warning of rolling blackouts in “certain neighborhoods.” Most of the dialogue, however, is shared between an unnamed protagonist, played by Columbus musician Dom Deshawn, and the house itself, voiced by multidisciplinary artist Shala Heather Miller. To the extent that a chronology exists in this assemblage of videos, Deshawn is initially shown lying cramped on a too-short couch. The home admonishes: “Why don’t you want to remember?” and then identifies itself: “I am the house [...] I’ve seen every part of myself wither with you gone.” The vocalizations of the house generate the sense of a sentient space, which accumulates and remembers



Cameron A Granger, *Heavy as Heaven*, 2022. Photo: Jake Hollar

what its inhabitants suffer. With eerie anthropomorphism, *Heavy as Heaven* speaks to the mutually constitutive relationship between a house and its caretakers.

The skeletal house used as the screening site for these videos evinces Granger's careful attention to where and how his works will be experienced. The abstracted structure of the house served as a multiscalar container for Granger's personal, familial, and communal history, and featured objects and talismans, such as a necklace containing a photo of his grandmother, Pearl, holding the artist as a baby. Grandma Pearl collected family photos, looking after their family's shared history. This might be called "auntie-archiving," a process of record-keeping that is urgent and vital in part because of its ordinariness. Concerned with remembrance and intergenerational relays, the artist carries a question: "What happens to all that once the stewards are gone?" Here, he also aligns with hooks's motivation for her essay—both share a commitment to paying tribute to the Black women who came before.<sup>3</sup>

An earlier two-channel work, *The Line* (2021), clarifies how Granger's practice is informed by an attention to urban geographies, specifically the fraught mobility of Black communities in Cleveland and Columbus. The first channel shows an exuberant but mournful pastiche, which opens with a sound clip of Richard Pryor's voice in "Emerald City,"

<sup>3</sup> hooks, "Homeplace (a site of resistance)," 384.

from the musical *The Wiz*. *The Line* traces a topographical history of American cities, using fragments of a documentary on public housing in Ohio and a cartoonish graphic about the formation of suburbs, marginalized communities, and the classed and racialized consequences of zoning laws functioning as forms of containment. Including aerial shots of city highways and dizzying street shots, Granger relieves these stark realities with a *Soul Train* performance by Diana Ross and sweet renderings of Black residents of Ohio to end on the possibility of communities forming and enduring.

The second channel in this piece shows several maps, including such denotations as “Scattered Negro Families” and “Solid Negro Sections.” Italo Calvino’s *Invisible Cities* provides some catalysts for thought around memory and urban landscapes shifting through the brutal mechanisms of capital. Detailing a set of exchanges where the explorer Marco Polo describes a panoply of cities to the emperor Kublai Khan, this novel’s geometric construction is enlivened by Granger’s expansive interest in placemaking and spacemaking practices—with an ultimate sense that nothing is ever truly fixed in place. Memory recurs as a subject in the novel, and Kublai Khan calls Marco Polo’s recount a “journey through memory.”<sup>4</sup> The virtual and physical spaces generated by Granger likewise play with how the movements of remembrance cut through time.

“Internal colonialism” is one framework used to address the place of Black people in the United States—exploited within the imperial nation-state, rather than in its “external” territories.<sup>5</sup> Another name for this theory might use “domestic” rather than “internal,” which suggests collisions between intimate spaces and larger sociopolitical structures. Granger’s practice recognizes the ways these various scales of territorializing and spacemaking always intermingle, and are subject to contradictions and porous exchanges.

The home weighs heavy. Weighed down with everything it has witnessed and held, the house murmurs, groans, laments, giggles, and sighs with remembrance. It acts as a capsule of time, a breathing, dynamic domestic geography, and a brief refuge from the stranglehold of rigid spatial orderings such as profit-driven urban planning. Dionne Brand’s *A Map to the Door of No Return* offers a poetics of Black spatiality.<sup>6</sup> This

<sup>4</sup> Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities* (Turin, Italy: Giulio Einaudi, 1972), 87.

<sup>5</sup> Emerging from the context of anti-colonial militancy in the 1960s and 1970s, this theory was taken up by such groups as the Black Panther Party as part of a global vision for liberation. It provokes crucial questions about the collisions between extra-territorial warfare, mechanisms of oppression within the United States as both a carceral and settler-colonial state, and multiscale geographies of resistance.

<sup>6</sup> Dionne Brand, *A Map to the Door of No Return: Notes to Belonging* (New York, NY: Vintage Canada, 2002).

inspires a portal, loosening the cartographic processes that discipline people into staying in their assigned place to instead inhabit the elastic possibilities of un-mapping. The sketches of homeplace created by Granger through his moving images, abstracted screening structures, and collections of talismanic objects offer the mercurial blueprint of this un-mapping—while holding onto the possibility of a homeplace.

In his “Movements” series (2022), two-dimensional framed poetic crossword puzzles seem like the floor plans of a verbal hopscotch. The words are deceptively simple: “6. house, 2. absences, 3. Interstate or 1. Heaven.” (With everything but the “e” crossed out so as to be legible, but barely.) And glossed with searing lyricism: “6. The frame that holds us up. This one is made of bone.” “2. We can say whatever we want of them, for they do not speak. All they do is weigh us down.” “3. Here, they constrict like throats. Messy lines that move us.” “1. Mr. Cartographer, there’s ain’t no map that’ll take you here. It’s the arm’s length between you and your brother on the dance floor. It’s the tiny gaps between you and your lover’s skin as you fall into each other in the evening. It’s the space crossed from the plate to your mouth when grandma makes your favorite meal.” Here, Granger tends to a quality of playfulness and embrace of disjunction. The clues in the crosswords also draw out the visceral qualities of his work, which refuse a degree of abstraction that would forget the flesh.

Granger’s artistry animates embodied knowledge, screams and whispers of remembrance, and routine habits of worldmaking. His work hums alongside a panoply of expressive forms and theorizations produced by other Black cultural workers. In “Homeplace (a site of resistance),” hooks names what is lost in the matrix of climate catastrophes, systematic abandonment, and a hydra of ongoing housing crises as a material assessment on the improvisatory choreographies of safety in (some) Black domestic spaces.<sup>7</sup> Granger’s practice materializes memory-making in its encounter with placemaking—but rather than resulting in a firm mapping, this meeting produces a set of accommodating, shifting relationalities. The house in *Heavy as Heaven* has no walls. This approach against containment allows him to nurture historical footnotes and marginalia. With a process formed by rest, rupture, and ritual, Granger’s practice determines the vitality of homemaking as a way to honor precious memories and carry them onward.

<sup>7</sup> hooks’s intentionality in committing these practices to memory through her essay finds a kindred sentiment in Brand’s text, where she writes “Any act of recollection is important, even looks of dismay and discomfort. Any wisp of a dream is evidence.” Brand, 19.



Photo: Jeremy Grier

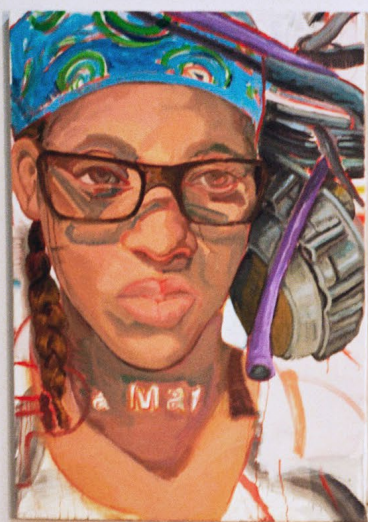
**JACOB  
MASON-  
MACKLIN**

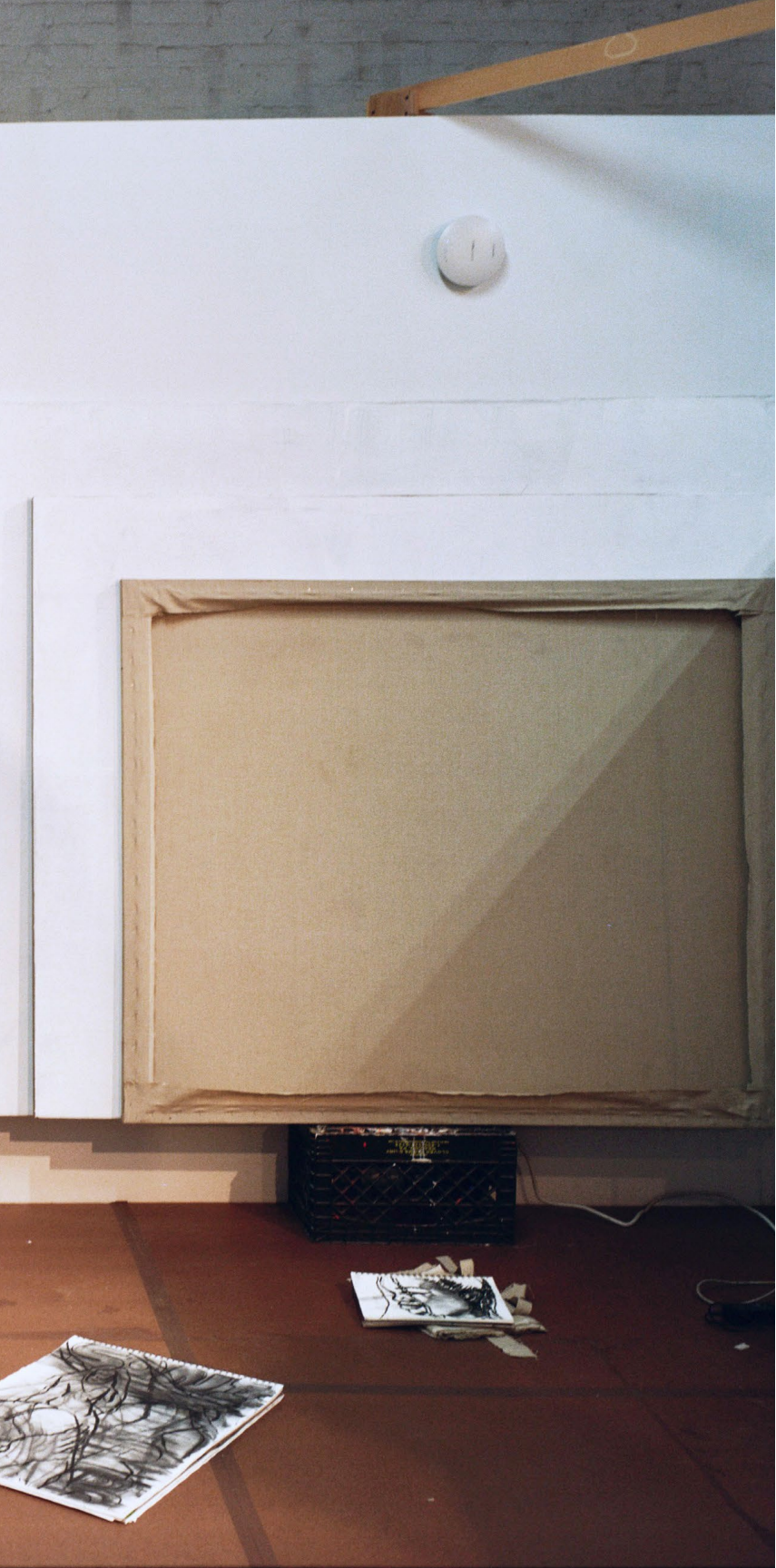


Jacob Mason-Macklin, *NightRyde*, 2022



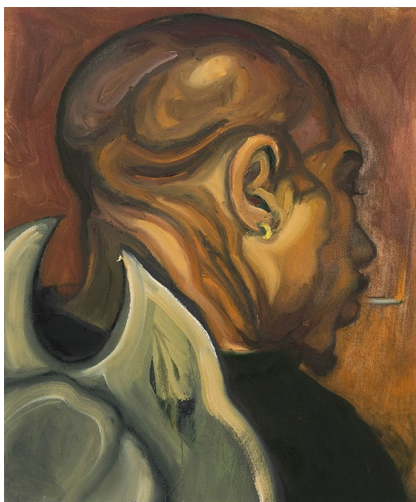






# SEEING MACHINES

Tisa Bryant



Jacob Mason-Macklin, *Watchdog 4*, 2019. Photo: Jake Hollar. Courtesy No Place Gallery

In a poem from Bob Kaufman's *Solitudes Crowded with Loneliness*,<sup>1</sup> every line is a coordinate to visual signs of aching sensuality, the city, watching and being watched. Kaufman has us scurry alongside his mind's visions as if down a walled side street covered in murals of the "loveless transients" wandering through the rhythms of his world. The poem is a portrait—a series of portraits, really—of how he reads himself, sees himself, a surreal bodymap suffused with the difficult wisdom of being a Black man in the mid-twentieth-century<sup>2</sup> marked by the violent machinations of country and becoming. He ends his reverie with two quick strokes—*I can't go out anymore/I shall sit on my ceiling*—then hits us with the title of the poem: *Would you wear my eyes?* Whichever way one interprets Kaufman's question—favor, rescue, or challenge—"would you wear my eyes," is a kindred evocation to what Jacob Mason-Macklin's paintings demand: an engagement with the deeply synesthetic and self-implicating phenomena of looking, seeing, and surveillance.

<sup>1</sup> Bob Kaufman, *Solitudes Crowded with Loneliness* (New Directions, 1965).

<sup>2</sup> Kaufman, jazz-head, understood by many (including this writer) to have coined the phrase "beat poetry," infamous for his ten-year vow of silence, was, as the story goes, followed, harassed, and beaten by the same San Francisco cop for years.

When looking, our positionality is never single, but multiple and shifting—belonging and alienation, fear and desire, margin and center, subject and object, seer and seen play in constant exchange. This is true of Mason-Macklin, whose subjectivity is reflected everywhere at once, as in the earth-toned tableau of *Four Figures (The Big Payback)* (2019). The semiotics of the street corner flex in the gestures: an intensely feline sweep of eye, the sharp arc and dip of a fedora. A gun finger, skirt hike, leaning hustle, veiled eyes, coin toss of fate: these signs recur in Mason-Macklin’s visual language of self-making and resistance, individual and collective freedoms and dangers. As in his newer paintings, created in residence at The Studio Museum in Harlem, there’s a sense of ensemble, togetherness, in these works. Yet each figure remains distinct in their own space. Their bodies are the world. The artist merely gestures toward the built or natural environment through smoky backgrounds of green and red.

Wandering through the imagined streets of these paintings conjures soundscapes of 1940s blues, the trains and automobile engines of the Great Migration, then settles north into 70s funk-R&B: slow but urgent syncopation, visceral, accelerating with polyphonic harmonies. The guarded but cool ditty-bop of nattily dressed fellas walking in rhythm, a brother’s inspired falsetto tracing the steps of a pretty woman as she walks by. *I wanna get next to you*. The sinewy sweeps of ochre and charcoal get us close to both danger and vulnerability in the way the weight of paint curves at the nape, pooling light and shadow on the tender but knotty skull of *Watchdog 4* (2019), the ambiguous look of the hat tied around the subject’s neck and resting on his back like a shield, a battle axe. Similarly, the “Watchdog” portraits 1 through 3 (2019) each portray a man whose face is obscured by shadow, a long-nailed hand holding a cigarette, and dark whorls of paint. Mason-Macklin doesn’t allow these figures, though sharp-eyed intent watchers, to be fully seen. In contrast, though the comparatively feminine “Sweet Thang” portraits (2019) sit open-faced, he depicts another type of veiling, an opacity of intention and agency. Troubling the lines between beauty and grotesquery through makeup, gender, sexuality, and, again, the dynamic gestures in the paint itself, Mason-Macklin gives us visions for savoring and scrutinizing who we see, both how and why.

Despite these portraits having comprised Mason-Macklin’s solo show, titled *Pure Hell* (2020), the figures are free of any perspective of judgment, moralizing, policing, or disavowal. The “hell” here can instead be read as an indictment of opportunities withheld, conditions endured, and dreams deferred. *Self Portrait (Hot Head)* (2020), acts as a turnstile between topical platforms, shuttling us from the close-up portraits of *Pure Hell* to the vibrant colorations of his subsequent paintings (especially the lovely “Soul Stice” trio [2020]), and around to face the current moment of his work. The “gaze” of his self-portrait is plain factual, framed by a

complex mix of reflection and implication, a frame hewn from the deep wisdom that comes from a “you gotta go there to know there”<sup>3</sup> ethos of being in the struggle, of being in the world.

Mason-Macklin’s figures glide from the earth-toned vignettes of *Pure Hell* to the carnivalesque spaces of *Soul Procession*.<sup>4</sup> “This opacity of gliding,” says poet-theorist Fred Moten, “is choreographic philosophy, thinking on the move, over the edge, as exhaustive, imaginary mapping of an underworld and its baroque and broken surfaces.”<sup>5</sup> It’s with this choreographic philosophy that Mason-Macklin, as he says, moves between “improvisation, formal ability, and structure to solve a picture problem”<sup>6</sup> with brushstroke and collage-like composition. We step into the imaginary of movements and revolution— aesthetic, civil rights, sexual—as we do onto a dance floor. The invisible mechanics that ground his figures hide in a shadowy abstraction. In these paintings, Mason-Macklin includes both intimate closeness between bodies and—given the profusion of figures’ splayed legs and extended arms—a pointed, starlike singularity as well. They’re trying to get somewhere, become someone, in the power of light that might reach us as an afterlife.<sup>7</sup>

The numerous archways, spirals, and concentric circles in these paintings further fascinate, as the artist juxtaposes color patterns with colorful bodies in space in pursuit of getting lifted—through the ecstatic verve of sex magic, ritual sacrifice, a smoke in the park. Attending to this sense of motion and motivation is Mason-Macklin’s shout-out to Black abstract art and artists, such as Frank Bowling, an artist who blends the abstract and the figurative in his work. In *Space Between Us (Homage to Frank Bowling)* (2020), arcs of cosmic energy in vibrant colors serve as mechanisms to an ascendant (or transcendent) sphere of a faintly twinkling black portal beyond. Is this the (heavenly? utopic? free?) space the figures of *Soul Procession* are trying to ascend to? Does everybody make it out to this other plane of there?<sup>8</sup>

If the paintings comprising Jacob Mason-Macklin’s prior exhibits, in their figurative-abstract vignettes of tensions in public space, can be understood as situational time capsules, then the new works for his residency at the Studio Museum

<sup>3</sup> This writer has heard this phrase throughout her life, but perhaps the first *literary* use of this colloquialism can be traced to Zora Neale Hurston: “Pheoby, yuh got tuh go there tuh know there. Yo’ papa and yo’ mama and nobody else can’t tell yuh and show yuh. Two things everybody’s got tuh do fuh theyselves. They got tuh go tuh God and they got tuh find out about livin fuh theyselves.” *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (J. B. Lippincott, 1937).

<sup>4</sup> *Soul Procession*, Interstate Projects, Brooklyn, NY, 2020.

<sup>5</sup> Fred Moten, “to consent not to be a single being,” *Harriet*, Poetry Foundation, February 2010.

<sup>6</sup> Conversation with Jacob Mason-Macklin, July 5, 2022.

<sup>7</sup> Conversation with Jacob Mason-Macklin, August 8, 2022.

<sup>8</sup> *Other Planes of There*, Saturn Records, Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra, 1966, reissued by Evidence Records, 1992. See also: Renée Green, *Other Planes of There: Selected Writings* (Duke University Press, 2014).

maneuver us into the watchful agency of the present moment. Systems of coded gestures and abstract forms coalesce into pipework—motorcycle exhausts and industrial conduits running through the everyday. These could be surreal manifestations of the seeing machines all around us, and that we are encouraged to be. The view through time is current and site-specific, with each painting giving the feeling of a scene recently witnessed while walking by, sly glances across the train aisle, surreptitious study, or naked gazing, the kind of looking that seems synonymous with Harlem in summertime. But looking from where? Wearing whose eyes?

*SpringPiston XC-gen-C (Khadija's Dilemma)* (2022) portrays the cool composure of someone being gazed upon, perhaps from afar, while watching someone or something else. Sunglasses and the reflected world of light and shadow veil her eyes, but also evoke an awareness of being watched, by a specific person, or by the technologies of the City as surveilling entity. Mason-Macklin's play with color and shape is deft, giving depth, dimension, and texture to her skin and her clothing, while also uncannily inferring the unseen, built environment around her. That *is* her? And then there's the machine: a motorcycle exhaust part hovering near her shoulder. We're seeing this machine, but not what it's doing, or what it might mean. Is it the weight of "the system" she carries, a gesture toward exhaustion itself, or the mark of a new future technology of mobility and liberation in public space? The illegible graphic spectacle of the portrait—tagged walls mixed with branded clothing—coupled with the presence of the machine part make explicit Mason-Macklin's study of the legibility and being of Black people in public space, and the contending forces of desire, belonging, and alienation therein.<sup>9</sup>

The *in media res* experience of *Nightshade Cypher* (2022) intensifies this feeling, as we are positioned outside or alongside a group of figures seemingly relating to each other. The painting is shadowed by unseen trees. Darkened contours confuse and complicate features and feeling so that looking is less straightforward, our inserted I/eye less secure, so that the flat figuration of the body creates tension, a beckoning, and a refusal so that our active participation—our active *implication*—is a constituent feature of Mason-Macklin's questioning gaze. "Shadow is natural," he says, "but in painting, it has to be intentional."<sup>10</sup> As these paintings are specific to Harlem, once and still understood as a mecca of Black life and culture, the friction in these works between what you can see and what you can have, what you can know and what you can report, resonates with Mason-Macklin's own lovingly stealth presence that invites us to look more closely at where we stand.

<sup>9</sup> Conversation with Jacob Mason-Macklin, July 5, 2022.

<sup>10</sup> Conversation with Jacob Mason-Macklin, August 8, 2022.



Photo: Jeremy Grier

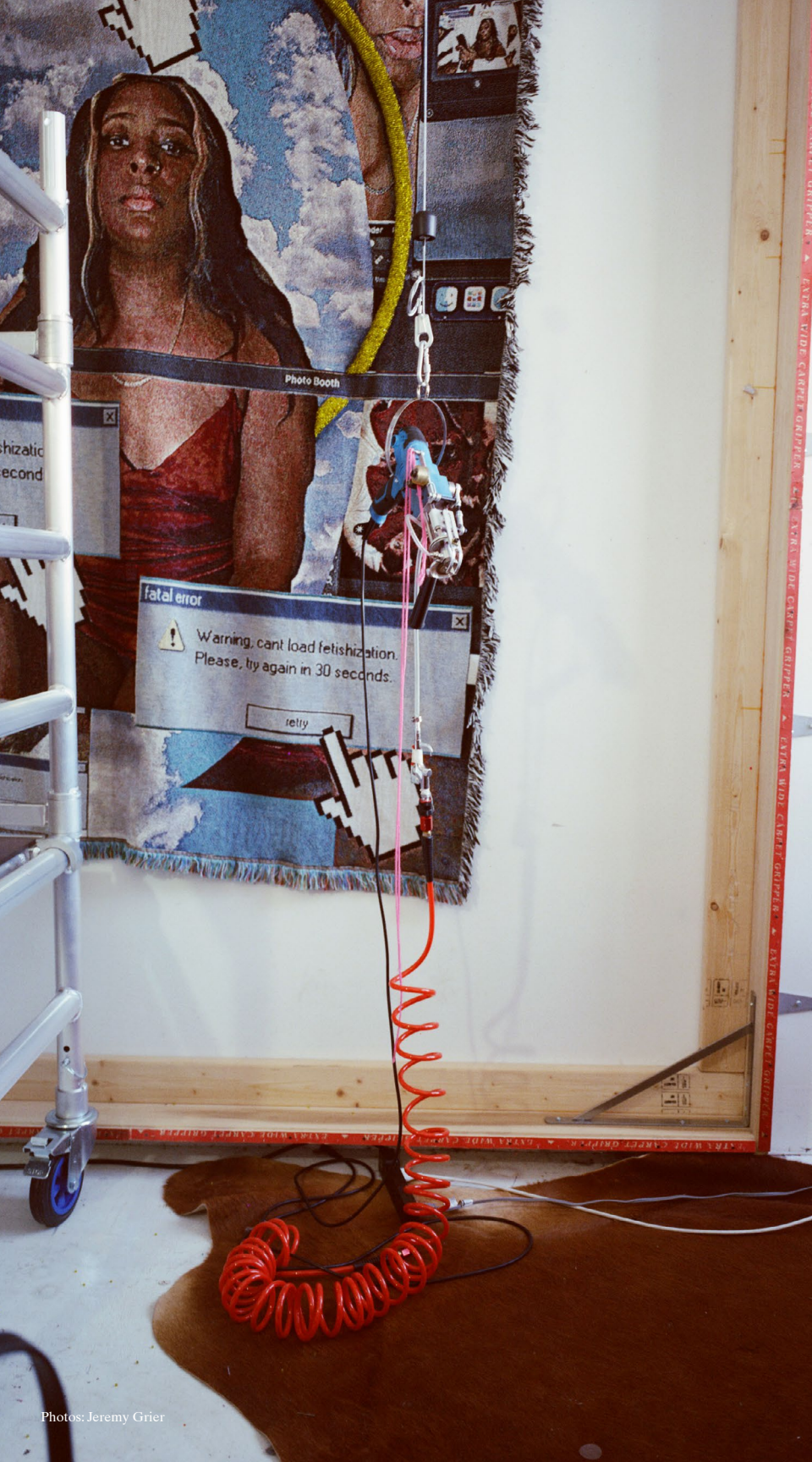


**QUALEASHA  
WOOD**

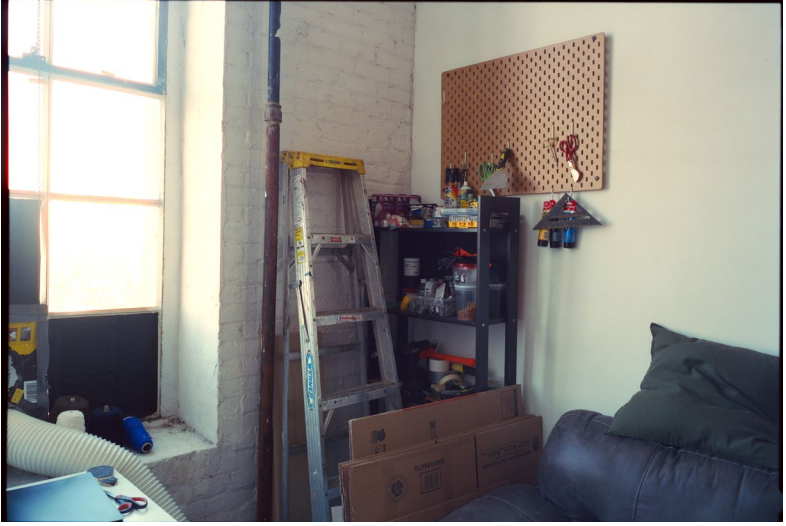


Qualeasha Wood, *Divine Interventions* (work in progress), 2022





Photos: Jeremy Grier



# CONTENT AWARENESS

Mandy Harris Williams

When images of the tapestry *Cult Following* (2019) went viral, certain online communities were moving into a second wave of Instagram influence(rs). Many of us had already noted the nuanced colorism and fatphobia of supposedly widened representation among the media elites. Many of us riffed and critiqued this faux progress. Critical artists became brash, wry, and acerbic in contraposition to the peachy-keen-avocado-toast tonalities of a supposedly colorblind platform where Black people could be mainstreamed, but only if they were lighter than a brown paper bag, or coke-bottle-shaped, and we endured the constant oversimplification of that representation. We knew better — and the artist, Qualeasha Wood, knew then that representation is not only power, but it is also obfuscation, mythology, and vulnerability, and that it is never enough.

In *Cult Following*, Wood is the central figure beneath the words “God is a Young Hot Ebony and She’s on the Internet.” She is beautiful, art historically and religiously. Her deep, somber, magnetic eyes sit behind lighter wefts that highlight her cheekbones, which are framed by her outstretched arms. She holds the ties of a durag in a form akin to a Catholic nun’s cornette. She sits with one leg crossed over the other in either a provocative or conservative pose, masculine or feminine, and at the end of this crossed leg, we see the bottom



Qualeasha Wood, *Cult Following*, 2019

of her shoe—which could be an affront, if not for the intimacy of the house slipper she wears.

Wood struggled with such boundaries throughout making the work and within its conceptual wrangling: what I do online in my room versus what I want to do when I step out (which you all don't let me do); the willing and unwilling osmosis of Black selfhood in society, autonomy/amplification versus surveillance/silencing; the unwilling hypersexualization of our bodies as it parallels, intersects with, or diverts from the course of our sexual desires; the online erotic versus Lorde's "Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power,"<sup>1</sup> selfies and/or self-portraiture, artist/deity/icon/symbol/messiah/extension of their phone screen/not as a person versus the human experience. This wrangling requires continued processing and always produces jagged edges, but Wood believes these boundaries are meant to be blurred: "I always felt like if people are gonna appreciate my art, they should really see me as a person."

Wood entrusts religious iconography as a vehicle for elevating the everyday Black feminine to the Holy, as well as for flexing ego. "It became important to mimic something familiar, in terms of classical art tropes." But despite a connection to the symbolism of her Catholic upbringing, in more recent works,

<sup>1</sup> Audre Lorde, "Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power" (n.p.; distributed by the Crossing Press, 1978).

like *'FOREVA'* by *Cardi B* (2021), she substitutes these icons for her own—she stands in for Mary Magdalene and Jesus. Hair cascading down the sides of her face replicates Mary's scarf, a halo is replaced by a simply designed yellow digital paint circle. "Why does it have to be a cross? What is my version of the cross?" the artist asks. Sometimes it's an angel emoji, sometimes it's clouds—the emoji, or those from the illustrious landscape of rolling hills of a Microsoft operating system. Here, Wood creates a more deliberate conversation between the symbolism of the digital and the deified, even going so far as to include a text thread between (presumably) her and God in *Heart of Glass* (2021).

Now, Wood is working toward the culmination of her residency at The Studio Museum in Harlem. Having spent the residency, as well as her recently completed graduate studies program at the Cranbrook Academy of Fine Art, working in different mediums and styles, her latest work demonstrates an augmented boldness. Most novel and unexpected is a new medium: tufting. Though the practice is still fresh, tufting itself is familiar and grounding. This medium recalls everyday, non-art applications intimately woven into our homes and livelihoods when the ubiquitous wall-to-wall indoor carpeting trend shifted from the shaggy hairlike texture of the 60s and 70s to the more contemporary tightly wound hooks, similar to those seen in Wood's work. This is a commonality between the two predominant mediums of Wood's practice: the materials and textures themselves are recognizable and accessible, common and comforting. But tools, tones, and textures matter, especially when articulating challenging concepts. A frequent and, frankly, racist criticism of Black women is that the ways they enunciate their urgent critiques and calls for change are too harsh, loud, or intimidating. Wood is Black, femme, and critical, if not outright provocative. But who could possibly be offended or intimidated by a blanket or a rug?

"The tuftings are about this understanding and processing of my entire childhood," she says. Alternatively, she relies "on the tapestries to sort through my day-to-day life and think about moments in history." Form informs the content here, unwittingly or not. The intellectual discourse in these tapestries is visible, but she inverts the color on the backside, which is to say that in these works perspective (color) *especially* matters. She creates these works by working fibers back and forth through a substructure that holds the wefts, which is to say, these works *especially* reflect their roots.

In contrast to the self-portraiture photography of her tapestry designs, in her tuftings, Woods appears depersonalized, becoming a symbol or an avatar, a mouthless (silent), black (in color and ethnicity) wide-eyed feminine figure with afro puffs on each side of her head. This newly acquired process also recalls her childhood art practice. She likens the way she constructs and fills shapes to how she once used



Microsoft Paint. The digital illustration program was an early space of refuge and deliverance for Wood, and through the tufting process, it is reengaged as not just reference and remembrance, but motif. “Tufting taught me just how beautiful it can be to literally feel like you put your whole body into something.”

This newly engaged physicality incited Wood to reconsider her use of tools as well. Of the digital illustration practice from which her tapestries are designed she says, “I had some tools I was using just because someone taught me to use them to mask this thing or edit this thing out, and I was becoming more interested in *what does this tool actually do? And how do I use it?*” For example, the “content awareness” tool is used in conventional practices for removing unwanted elements from the background of a photo. Wood uses it to collage herself as a background, or to distort paintings she’ll use in the background of her work. She manipulates powerful innovations in AI with a tool originally created for the purpose of ridding a photo of imperfections, like a piece of trash or light switch in background of a photo. She repurposes the tool, hovering above her visualized experience, plucking the pieces that disrupt the harmony of the composition. Here, using an explicitly technological way, Wood becomes the iconography of her background, rather than a Caucasian interpretation of a sacred body.

The artist’s newer works show thematic and expressive changes, too. They are daring in their abstraction and depersonalization, and place a new holy land at its center. “It was not about the internet back then ... even though it should have been,” she says, theorizing the shift from ornamental to architectural in her use of internet motifs. And, Wood is stretching into her new skill set and scaling up. She recently built a 12 × 11-foot tufting frame. She aspires now to make work that outsizes her. Perhaps, her new works will outsize her(self) in more than just physical ways.

Artists before Wood have managed their body’s positionality and precarity, and their body’s impact on their creative work and the response to their creative work. Even a refusal to acknowledge race becomes a political position for a Black artist. Even an abstract practice is likely to be racialized at some level of interpretation or marketing. Today’s most-recognized, digitally native, Black femme artists have seized the tremendous opportunity and responsibility of how to express the Black femme body, which is never normal nor neutral, and is more widely captured and traded than ever before, in various ways. Contemporary media artist Martine Syms’s recent works feature her realistic digital avatar moving along meditative pathways as she and her audience contemplate safety and bodily liability. Fabric avatars, or “Hergott” dolls, began to appear in poet and multimedia installation artist Diamond Stingily’s work in 2017. Visual artist Nikita Gale wrestles with the performative

load anticipated from Black femme performers, especially pop musicians, by avoiding their figurative representation altogether—instead she symbolizes them with light beams who perform in their absence, casting a poignant spotlight on the exploitative extremities of performance art, even when willed or chosen.

Wood's perspective is ephemeral, vulnerable, and decidedly indicative of her experience online. One of her unique contributions is the multiple ways she performs among, within, and around her work. She is subject, photographer, artist, editor, deacon, social media manager, [hashtag] activist, archivist, intellectual, and misanthrope. Here is where the joke is no joke—eventually, God really is a Young Hot Ebony, as is the Madonna, and the Bible, and her book of selfies. “The whole point of my work is to argue that this is happening now ... you literally start to legitimize it ... It feels like a long joke that went on for too long, or too many years, right? But there was never a punchline. The punchline is that we were successful,” she says, referencing herself, but also nodding to an online cohort including many artists and intellectuals who came up in IG's second-wave influence era who deftly utilized the language and symbolism of social media to critique its lingering fascisms against darker, queerer, and fuller bodies by positing themselves as ideal. In this way, Wood works to deconstruct, resituate, and innovate valuations of Black critical feminine presence. Her work confronts our appraisals of desire and beauty, holiness and deservingness, oppressions that buttress white supremacy, only seemingly softly.

In her tapestry work, pixelation has become an inviting, if not demonstrative, strategy to underscore her current intellectual musings. “I'm very interested in what gets removed and what gets kept. What do we take with us? What do we leave behind?” Pixelation might also lend itself to more privacy on communal levels. “I'm gatekeeping,” she deadpans. The exploration is timely: how can we minimize extractive surveillance while maintaining connections? She likens this question to the tension between support and exploitation in the art world and its diabolical pace, as it absorbs, productizes, and speculates on work borne of emotional strife experienced by the artists it claims to love. She is inspired by technologies of evasion in a hypersurveilled world—online strategies of obfuscation such as typing in “YT” for white, or the hex code, #FFFFFF, such that critique will not be detected nor silenced.

Wood has fewer answers than questions these days, but a deep interest in the tools she's learned to wield and the effects they bring to bear. “What is the new tool I'm meant to be using? Who's invited into these spaces and who isn't? I think with the work, but also even my own body in the work, about creating another layer of separation between myself and a viewer,” she says.

In the new tufting work, Wood works monochromatically. Where she has appeared as a Black avatar in a world of primary color, here she deepens explorations of the color binaries she is wont to critique. This new approach to color allows Wood both a more simplistic and more complex palette by which to inspect her youth and, perhaps, how her blackness determined the contours of her experience. She'll exhibit tuftings more directly referencing her childhood on the internet or at home, as well as processes and styles related to her childhood Microsoft Paint practice, thus distinguishing this period from her earlier tufting work, which stands independently from her tapestry treatises on technology. The result is a more intricately layered practice, more intricately layered files that build less boxed-in kinds of worlds, more precisely managed to heighten our awareness of shades and hues, and an artist who is testing the bounds of a weft, a pixel, or a singular color to show us less, such that she can share more of herself, being herself more than ever before.



## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

### **Cameron Granger**

Cameron A. Granger (b. 1993, Cleveland, OH; lives and works in Columbus, OH) is Sandra's son, and came up in Cleveland, Ohio. Inspired by the rigorous, careful archival practices of his grandmother, Pearl, Granger uses his work as a means to quilt the histories of his communities, redacted by Empire, into new, not just potential but inevitable futures. His recent projects include "Everybody's got a little light under the sun," a free food and short-film program made in collaboration with Willowbeez Soul Veg and the Wexner Center for the Arts in Columbus, Ohio, and "The Get Free Telethon" a twenty-four-hour livestream community fundraiser for Columbus groups Black Queer Intersectional Collective, Healing Broken Circles, and Columbus Freedom Coalition, sponsored by Red Bull Arts. A 2017 alumnus of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, Granger has exhibited his work at the Bemis Center, Omaha, Nebraska (2021); Ortega y Gasset Projects, New York (2019); and Platform Rf, Vaasa, Finland (2019).

### **Jacob Mason-Macklin**

Jacob Mason-Macklin (b. 1995, Columbus, OH; lives and works in Queens, NY) examines how painting, in the age of social media, post-camera and after the Patriot Act, functions as a tool for looking and surveillance. With slashing, cutting, and undulating brushstrokes, Mason-Macklin distorts and repurposes archival images and recollected imagery in an attempt to simultaneously embrace, explore, and unsettle motifs of libido and violence as typified in counterculture iconography. Currently, Mason-Macklin uses personal and collected imagery, inspired by his observations in Harlem, to make paintings that imagine scenarios wherein the public and private collapse—questioning the implications of acts of seeing and the point at which looking becomes surveillance.

Mason-Macklin is a 2016 alumnus of the Yale-Norfolk Summer School of Art and a 2019 alumnus of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. Mason-Macklin has had two-person and solo exhibitions including *Ryan Huggins and Jacob Mason-Macklin*, Page, New York (2021); *Soul Procession*, Interstate Projects, New York (2020); *PURE HELL*, No Place Gallery, Columbus, Ohio (2020); and *BOUNTY*, Jeffrey Stark Gallery (with Cudelice Brazelton), New York (2017).

## **Qualeasha Wood**

Qualeasha Wood (b.1996 Long Branch NJ; lives and works in Brooklyn, NY) is a textile artist whose work contemplates Black female embodiment. Inspired by a familial relationship to textiles, craft, Microsoft Paint, and internet avatars, Wood's tufted and tapestry pieces mesh traditional craft and contemporary technological materials. Wood navigates both an internet environment saturated in Black femme figures and culture and a political and economic environment that holds this embodiment at the margins. Like the vast majority of her peers, Wood has operated multiple digital avatars since preadolescence. For her, intuitive combinations of analog and cybernetic compositional processes make for a contemporary exploration of Black American femme ontology.

Wood has exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York (2021); Hauser & Wirth, New York (2022); Art Basel Miami Beach (with Kendra Jayne Patrick), Miami (2021); Pippy Houldsworth Gallery, London (2021); CANADA, New York (2021); the Trout Museum of Art, Appleton, Wisconsin; NADA Miami Beach (with Kendra Jayne Patrick), New York (2020); Cooper Cole, Toronto (2019); New Image Art, Los Angeles (2018); and Gaa Gallery, Provincetown, Massachusetts (2020).

## CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

### **Tisa Bryant**

Tisa Bryant is the author of the hybrid essay collection *Unexplained Presence*. She is co-editor of the cross-referenced literary journal *The Encyclopedia Project*, and collaborates with Ernest Hardy on *The Black Book* series of visual mixtape love letters to Black people and Black culture, at the Hammer Museum. She has written catalogue essays for visual artists such as Cauleen Smith, Laylah Ali, Wura-Natasha Ogunji, the 2018 *Made in L.A.* biannual exhibit catalogue for the Hammer Museum, and has created several live film narration performances for various venues. In 2022, she was selected as the Bedell Distinguished Visiting Professor of Nonfiction by the University of Iowa's Program in Nonfiction. Her writing has recently appeared in *Why Are They So Afraid of the Lotus?*, *Lana Turner*, and *Letters to the Future: BLACK Women/RADICAL Writing*. She is working on *Residual*, a book-length meditation on grief, longing, desire, and archival research, forthcoming from Nightboat, and an essay-fiction, *The Curator*, slated for publication by Semiotext(e). She is faculty at the California Institute of the Arts, and lives in Los Angeles.

### **Mandy Harris Williams**

Mandy Harris Williams is a multimedia artist working in the literary, visual, intellectual, cinematic, performative, and musical arts, originally hailing from New York City and now living in Los Angeles. She graduated from Harvard, having studied the history of the African diaspora, as well as contemporary Black issues, including the mass incarceration crisis. She received her MA in urban education and worked as a classroom teacher for seven years in low-income communities. She has shown work at the Moving Picture Biennial at the Centre d'Art Contemporain Genève, MOCA Geffen Contemporary, and Paula Cooper Gallery, among many others.

### **Yasmina Price**

Yasmina Price is a writer, programmer, and PhD candidate in the departments of African American Studies and Film and Media Studies at Yale University. She focuses on anticolonial cinema from the Global South and the work of visual artists across the African continent and diaspora, with a particular interest in the experimental work of women filmmakers. Price has interviewed filmmakers and participated in panels on Black film and revolutionary cultural production organized by the Maysles Documentary Center, International Documentary Association, New York Film Festival, and more, while her series "In the Images, Behind the Camera: Women's Political Cinema 1959-1992" played at the BAMCinemathek in May 2022. Recent writing has appeared in *Art in America*, *Aperture*, Criterion's *Current*, and *Film Quarterly*.

## EXHIBITION CHECKLIST

### **Cameron Granger**

*Heavy as Heaven*, 2022

Three-channel digital video,  
found wood

11 min., 11 sec.

Dimensions variable

Cinematographer: Jeffery Grant

Production Assistant: Kendra Bryant

Starring Dom Deshawn, Shala Miller,  
and Hakim Callwood

*Heirloom*, 2022

Pendant on rope chain, inkjet print  
3½ in.

*Titan*, 2022

Digital video, 3D animation

2 min.

Dimensions variable

Animation: Jaylyn Quinn Glasper

*Before I Let Go*, 2022

Digital video, found wood

23 min., 07 sec.

Dimensions variable

Starring Vivian Edoja, Marshall Shorts,

Hakim Callwood, Aloe Vera, Reg

Zehner, Carnell Bey Willoughby, Amyia

Grootmyers, Alonee Gray, Kendra

Bryant, Dom Deshawn, Michael Harris,

and Max Rodriguez

*Movement 3 - American Bond*, 2022

Screenprint on cotton rag

21¼ × 18 in.

*Movement 4 - The Rumbling*, 2022

Screenprint on cotton rag

22 × 17½ in.

*Movement 5 - Her Archive*, 2022

Screenprint on cotton rag

20 × 17½ in.

### **Jacob Mason-Macklin**

*Honeysuckle*, 2022

Oil on linen

60 × 40 in.

*SpringPiston XC-gen-C*

(*Khadijah's Dilemma*), 2022

Oil on linen

46 × 32 in.

*Solar Plexus*, 2022

Oil on linen

50 × 36 in.

*Nightshade Cypher*, 2022

Oil on linen

54 × 64 in.

*Nirvana's Beneath the Pavement*, 2022

Oil on linen

60 × 72 in.

*NightRyde*, 2022

Oil on linen

52 × 62 in.

*Headswitch*, 2022

Oil on linen

24 × 18 in.

*Genesis in the Hold*, 2022

Oil on linen

36 × 34 in.

### **Qualeasha Wood**

*Familiar Strangers*, 2022

Tufted acrylic

Approximately 70 × 66 in.

*midnight snack*, 2022

Tufted acrylic

44¾ × 46 in.

*to infinity and beyond (and back again)*,  
2022

Tufted acrylic

Approximately 80 × 74 in.

*EBONY.ONLINE*, 2022

Jacquard woven cotton,

glass seed beads, Swarovski crystals

62¼ × 152 in.

*Divine Interventions*, 2022

Jacquard woven cotton,

glass seed beads

86½ × 60¼ in.

*Error404*, 2022

Jacquard woven cotton,

glass seed beads

86¾ × 59 in.

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*\*In Memoriam*

Published on the occasion of  
*It's time for me to go: Studio Museum Artists in Residence 2021–22*  
November 17, 2022–February 27, 2023 at MoMA PS1

*It's time for me to go: Studio Museum Artists in Residence 2021–22* marks the fourth year of the multiyear partnership between The Studio Museum in Harlem, The Museum of Modern Art, and MoMA PS1, and features new work by the 2021–22 artists in residence: Cameron Granger, Jacob Mason-Macklin, and Qualeasha Wood.

*It's time for me to go* is organized by Yelena Keller, Assistant Curator, The Studio Museum in Harlem; and Jody Graf, Assistant Curator, MoMA PS1. Exhibition research is provided by Simon Ghebreyesus, The Studio Museum in Harlem and MoMA Curatorial Fellow © 2022 The Studio Museum in Harlem

Artwork © Cameron Granger, Jacob Mason-Macklin, Qualeasha Wood

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Designed by Sebastien Pierre

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The Studio Museum in Harlem

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