

TELEPORTER

A Quarterly Independent, Spring 2025

Ben Lotka *Floor Objects*

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A Quarterly
Independent

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COVER IMAGE: ANNE MINICH, HENRY'S BEDROOM
SPECIAL THANKS TO RAHUL SUBHASH SHINDE FOR DESIGN CONCEPT

EDITORIAL

BY CX AND DAVID DEMPewolf

Welcome to a space we cannot see and can barely describe. We don't know this space because it is for you. It will come to be as you make it, as we make it. We are artists, essayists, poets, parents, children, survivors, machinists, baristas and more. We are the readers and contributors of Teleporter and we come to this project to create a space. We need this space for critical and intellectually rigorous art writing in Philadelphia, especially to amplify and give visibility to the city's rich and robust overlapping art scenes. Two major art schools (the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the University of the Arts) closed in 2024 and in January, 2025, the neo-conservative government accelerated its threats to freedom of expression and expanded its nationalist anti-intellectual and anti-artistic actions. Teleporter is a means, however local, to push back against censorship and galvanize intersecting creative and intellectual communities.

Perhaps more importantly, Teleporter is not just here to create a space, but to get to it, now, in real time. That is, teleports are not primarily about space, but about hyper-fast movement. One moves to and from, out and back, there and here. We must take a step away in order to bring back capacity for change. Teleporter is not about escapism or speaking on issues without praxis. It is about going to a space for that speech, in order that we might return well-armed. For that reason, Teleporter has one mission: to spread unheard voices and provide a space away from government and corporate messaging that seems bent on hurting us, particularly in Philadelphia. Teleporter arrives to provide, here, a space away.

Within these pages you will find analysis and interpretation of all arts twinned with the very practice of those arts. That is, you will find interviews, critical essays, music and book reviews, emerging from Philadelphia's rich art worlds. But you will also find direct experience with visual and linguistic arts; explore the wonderful submissions of poetry or fiction, of studio art represented in 2D and let yourself be immersed in your neighbors' practice. Let Teleporter be a space for leisure, beauty, reflection and contemplation.

Welcome to the first issue of Teleporter.
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VISIBILITY IS COSTLY (?): SNAKES AND LADDERS OF INTERNATIONAL MOBILITY AS WEAK PASSPORT HOLDERS BY GESYADA SIREGAR



Passport visa stamps. iStock photo. Credit: Yevhenii Dubinko

Global recognition as an artist doesn't mean you can be everywhere and anytime, especially if what you have is a weak passport.

If you hold USA passports, you may not be aware of this. Those who hold a weak passport, such as an Indonesian, would need a visa to enter almost 90% of the world's countries. The idea to close your eyes and point to random countries in the world map and travel there right away can feel like sarcasm.

A heart-wrenching illustration of this was the film *The Man Who Sold His Skin* (2020) directed by Kaouther Ben Hania. It was a twisted romantic story, where a Syrian man's only way to cross the European border to rescue the love of his life was by being a living artwork for a controversial American artist. His skin became a canvas, as his naked back was tattooed with a Schengen visa design and later exhibited and toured in European museums, sometimes as educational material for local schoolkids on what a "visa" is.

Visa applications are challenging because they are expensive, may be delayed, and may even be denied for reasons beyond our control. To participate in an hour-long talk in Europe, for example, a weak passport holder may need to spend two months applying for a Schengen visa. Otherwise, they might join online with their face projected onto a screen in the auditorium. Sometimes it can make people wonder:

was it really worth the hassle to go abroad?

In many international art collaborations, an opportunity to meet in the same time zone and place to do our art practice together as a form of cultural exchange is a luxury. It is due to the price of intercontinental flights, visa complications, seasonal grant applications and the ability to get sufficient funding to make the trips happen.

This issue creates a systemic barrier that impacts international mobility, visibility, and access, particularly in the art ecosystem. Whether or not an artist needs a visa can influence the decisions of art program organizers, who bear the responsibility of ensuring their events are "international" and "diverse." The readiness to take risks and the time-consuming process of assisting with visa applications to bring artists across borders—on top of coordinating artistically related logistics—can impact decisions about who gets to come, who is present, whose voice is represented, or who would simply pose too much administrative hassle. This may result in "othering," not necessarily from identity prejudice or an insufficient art practice but because of the economic burdens that these processes impose.



Governmental Institutions dedicated to cultural diplomacy, mostly from high income countries. Source: Institute for Cultural Diplomacy Inc.

In the global art ecosystems, cultural trips from south to north—such as Indonesians traveling to Europe, the UK, or East Asian countries like Japan, Korea, and Taiwan—tend to happen more frequently because of robust grant opportunities from those high-income governments, who may afford to invest in soft power diplomacy. These opportunities later created a somewhat norm, where going international meant presence in the "West." The historical narrative also cemented this notion, where it can be dated back from the pavilion-ization of colonized countries' arts through 'world expo' in Europe, along with the establishment of fine arts epicenters in the "west" through museums and blockbuster shows such as documenta, Venice Biennale and Whitney Biennale. Meanwhile, there have been rare horizontal exchanges with fellow equatorial regions, such as Latin America, Africa, South Asia, and Southeast Asia. This is due to a lack of grant opportunities,

limited interest from respective countries and regional stakeholders, and differing priorities for economic investment.

Some may argue that being international does not always mean going abroad and there will be situations where it is important to focus on domestic development instead. But for these "others" and choosing the path of this precarious art field, going somewhere far is a way to connect with "other otherness", to realize we are in such a big world.



INTERVIEW WITH ANNE MINICH BY MISHA WYLIE

Anne Minich is an artist who makes drawings and found-object-driven paintings and sculptures. Her paintings are composed on wood panels and combine objects with figures, symbols, patterns and text that tell many stories, her own, those of family, friends and acquaintances, fictions and recent events. Elements of Christian religious painting and iconography, baroque figure painting as well as children's book illustrations are woven together in images with a unique visual language that challenges expectations of how we represent gender, sexuality, grief, morality, violence, beauty and other concepts. We sat down in her home where her studio is in Francisville, Philadelphia and spoke about her process, ideas and experiences that inform her work.

Wyllie - One of the reasons why I asked to interview you is that you have a solo exhibition on view at Commonwealth Gallery this winter, and I thought this would be a great opportunity to engage more deeply with your work. How do you think about working towards a show?

Minich - I don't work towards shows. I need to have it finished with a certain amount of self-evaluation before submitting it to the public. I have different pieces going at the same time, and I work slowly with a lot of revising and rethinking of the image. The changes aren't always apparent to me, especially if I try to hurry them. I believe you have to be willing to explore something that occurs to you or something you didn't know you knew no matter the time it takes. I have a deep and abiding respect for our natural intuition if we allow ourselves to be free enough to be able to see it, and being present is a necessary part of it.

W - How do you train yourself to be free like this, to be present in the studio?

M - It's about getting used to and establishing the habit.

W - What constraints do you work with?

M - They have primarily been financial, but more recently physical, due to my age. From the beginning I've wanted to make elegant, beautiful work. I started looking at outsider art and became fascinated with how they were able to do this using found materials and building their own frames. The found object element primarily informs my subject matter. The evidence of "hand-building" is an important element of the work as well.

W - The title of your current solo show at Commonweal Gallery is "Tender", which relates to how you treat found objects. You carve out a negative space for the objects to be set in, and you often pair them with forms that cradle them. There's a lot of care put into how you present them.

M - The tedium and obsessiveness of my process excites me, and I welcome it. I started collecting a lot of material on long walks during a difficult time in my life, and continue to. It took time to finally finish to my satisfaction. I had to keep renewing the carving out, a horrible chore, but at the same time I loved the fact that I was doing it. I'm grateful that I am willing to invest my time and energy into a task like that.

W - I'm also grateful that artists spend time creating things that are absurd, and find value in places and processes that are not supposed to have value according to social norms.

M - That has been my aim with found material, to take something mundane, and create a context that transforms it into something elegant. Something that has a presence gives you a feeling of satisfaction when you look at it. That's a better description of the beautiful I'd say. Beautiful is like the word, love; one hardly knows what is meant by it, anymore.

W - So the context of the work transforms the object out of being something cast off and valueless.

M - Transformation is what it's all about, otherwise a photo or a verbal description would do it. Life is about transformation, and artists are simply illuminating it with their own perspectives and choice of vehicle. The vastness of expression of a few core ideas fascinates me as does the passion an artist has for it, reflected in their particular mode of expression. I watch a lot of Netflix, and youtube, aware of the

potential for deadening the mind. There is a lot that happens in mainstream culture that doesn't come through academic, scholarly work but through the so called junk. An obligation of the artist is to question social norms.



the marriage hand 1970

W - It takes an act that is very destructive and turns it into something that is completely the opposite, into an act of care.

M - Yes. There are many artists with neurological disorders who have made great art. If one studies the lives of great artists one finds challenging personalities there also. It may be an immoral stance to take, but an awful person can turn out some absolutely magnificent art. The most blatant example I have is Wagner, a great musician and a terrible anti-semite. A friend of mine was a composer, musician and

Jewish. He adored Wagner's music, and said it was a life-long issue for him to bring these two things together. That's when I began seriously considering this issue, and I realized that you didn't have to love the person to love the work. It's something artists have to consider. We are in a state of the world right now where every value and moral issue is under serious reconsideration. It's an opportunity for reevaluation, relearning and rethinking in ways that maybe we haven't before.

W - Your work treats gender, sexuality and the body with an openness and a curiosity. That attitude resonates with your repurposing of the form of the woman's spanning crotch from Duchamp's piece *Etant Donne*. You do it in ways that make it look even more like a vast landscape, and positions viewers in a different way than Duchamp's work does. It suggests that we could respond to that form with the awe and wonder someone would have for a mountainscape.

M - That's my intention. I also approach this subject matter with humor. A Span, spread -leg piece shows broken shards of red plastic tail lights as "menstrual blood". Some feminist art illustrates imagery in a way that is a dead-end experience; you see it and there is no where else to go. Injecting humor into such subject matter changes your relationship with the imagery, opening other doors for enjoyment and meaning-making. My granddaughter gave me a book by Carmen Maria Machado, a writer from Philadelphia. She weaves sex into the world so that its there like a sunset or trolley tracks.

W - That's clearly exciting to you, why is that?

M - I hope that in the future, the many aspects of different genders won't be treated as an issue to resolve. Instead of a struggle for power and domination, gender will be seen as a matter of attributes, shared and divided up in different ways. This issue may resolve slowly, and anything worth having is worth the struggle. The struggle is what gives one an appreciation for what's been gained.

W - That is something that I see in your work, in the way that you treat the found objects and the figures. The relationships you have with the things that all form a part of a piece are forged through a lot of care and time-intensive work.

M - I'm reminded of three experiences from when I was an art student at PAFA in the early 1950's that affected the importance of sexual and gender issues in the work I would make in the future. In the first, I was 16 and drawing from a model whose period started as she was posing. Models were expected to hold poses until break was called. Meanwhile, the blood streamed down her leg. I was fascinated, and the room full of students went on as if nothing out of the ordinary was occurring. When break was called, the model raced out of the room and I thought, I want to be that

cool. The second experience was also a figure drawing class where the model was a gorgeous black man with jockstrap. I remember it was ribbed. The instructor was running his hands over the model's body talking about muscles and form, etc., and the jockstrap got more and more swollen. I was 19 and I knew little or nothing about interactions among men and male homosexuality. When break was called, the model fled the room coming back later with a depleted jock strap. I was fascinated. The third experience, and possibly the most telling, was in a large auditorium filled with students who were showing their work for critical evaluation. A large, dark painting of a boy sitting on a bed after having had sex was exhibited. I said out loud, "how beautiful", to no one in particular, and was then told by the critic that young women shouldn't be interested in such painting. I believed him but didn't think the "rule" applied to me.



CARL CHENG: NATURE ALWAYS WINS BY DAVID DEMPEWOLF

At the moment of writing this essay, hundreds of employees at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) were laid off. This underscores a troubling trend: the diminishing support for institutions that track environmental changes, limiting our ability to respond to ecological crises.

Nature Never Loses at the ICA Philadelphia showcases Carl Cheng's engagement with the intersection of human industrialization and natural systems. Cheng's work explores how technological interventions reshape our understanding of the environment. The exhibition's title, *Nature Never Loses*, suggests the resilience of natural systems, reminding us that despite human impact, nature operates on timescales beyond our immediate comprehension.

Timothy Morton's concept of hyperobjects (vast phenomena like climate change, radioactive waste, or black holes that elude direct perception) resonates with Cheng's work. While humans attempt to shape nature, we often remain unaware of the full consequences, just as hyperobjects challenge our ability to fully grasp them. Climate change, for example, is both a pressing issue and an abstract phenomenon that stretches beyond human comprehension, challenging our perception of time, scale, and agency.

By adopting the corporate identity *John Doe Inc.*, Cheng displaces himself as an individual author. Cheng's interest in the anonymous artists who make large-scale religious sculptures in India and China reflects this approach, where authorship is secondary to communal function. *John Doe Inc.* aligns with posthumanist thought. Morton argues we must abandon the idea of nature as separate from us, recognizing hyperobjects as forces that exceed human comprehension. Cheng's work foregrounds machine processes and industrial logic, deconstructing human

exceptionalism and acknowledging the agency of non-human technological or ecological forces.

In *Anthropocene Landscape 2*, Cheng invites viewers to engage with the work as both observers and participants in the systems it represents. The materials—circuit boards and rivets are tactile and functional, linking the viewer to digital networks operating beneath the surface of modern life. The work's resemblance to a human-developed landscape from an airplane reinforces the sense of distance and separation, suggesting that, much like viewing the world from above, we are often disconnected from the environmental and technological systems that sustain us.



Anthropocene Landscape 2 (2006) 60 x 60 in

Human Landscapes – Imaginary Landscape 1, is a sprawling sand sculpture that resembles the continental United States with mountain ranges at either end. Sand formations suggest cities, suburbs, highways, and geological structures, pointing towards the intersection between non-human earth and anthropic life worlds. Jagged paths evoke thoughts of aging infrastructure and a country in decline. At the close of the exhibition in early April, *Human Landscapes* will be shoveled into buckets and swept away, emphasizing the themes of destruction, impermanence, and change.

In a world woven into digital and ecological networks, Cheng's work compels us to ask: How can we reckon with the forces we've set in motion, forces beyond our comprehension? While nature may never be lost, it is becoming inhospitable to human life, and the means to track these changes are being muted by those with the power to do so.



JOKES AND THEIR RELATION TO THE AIDS CRISIS BY SHANA COHEN-MUNGAN

CAN I BE FRANK? BY MORGAN BASSICHIS.

THE WILMA THEATER, PHILADELPHIA. OCTOBER 25-26, 2024.

I begin this review essay with some acknowledgements, because too often the labors of people other than the author are erased in their nonappearance or confinement to the notes. My gratitude to Teleporter for the space to share my writing. Thank you CX, Misha Wylie, Gesya Siregar, Logan Unsen, Ava Haitz, Rahul Subhash Shinde, Margery Cercado, Kate Dorsch, and especially David Dempewolf, for forming this editorial collective and study/political/art/social/grief group.

My thanks to Ellie Esterowitz, editor extraordinaire and dear friend. To Kalia Boutier, Umika Pathak, Jack Isaac Pryor, Jared Saef, and Maya Waller for your company at the theater and for the nourishing conversations. To Sonya Ontiveros for all the tender exchanges. To the friends and family who otherwise sustain me: Leo Biehl, Willow Clayton, Marielle Cohen, Bryn Cohen-Mungan, Matt Mungan, Lindsay Reckson, Frankie Rokita, and Gus Stadler.

Thank you, Morgan Bassichis—performer, comedian, musician, and organizer with Jewish Voice for Peace—for *Can I Be Frank*, your exquisite new show about how the dead live in everyday life, and how that presence is usually screened out for the living. As someone at the offroad intersection of various aesthetic forms, Bassichis has no single tradition that unites all their work, having to scour across disparate traditions, as queers often must, for scattered fragments to find some historical examples. One forebear is Frank Maya, a performer who died of AIDS-related complications in 1995.

Can I Be Frank is a biographical one-person-show that tells the story of Maya, whose work, like Bassichis's, combined performance art, comedy, and music, but whose life and practice was cut short by murderous governmental neglect of the AIDS crisis. Bassichis includes all those elements in their performance, adapting jokes about gay life, witty and catchy songs, and the signature rage-inflected stand up that Maya called "rants," all from the 1987 show *Frank Maya Talks at NYC's La MaMa*, the venue where *Can I Be Frank* debuted before coming to the Wilma in Philadelphia. To begin the show, Bassichis mad dashes on stage, joining a mic stand set askew and a towering life-preserver backdrop repurposed from Maya, delivering the late performer's rant about the shortcomings of another dead queer performer. They stop a few words in, and say, "Victoria, cut the lights," speaking to Victoria Sills, the Wilma's Head Electrician, who lit the show directed by Sam Pinkerton with associate direction by Kedian Keohan, musical recreations by Natasha Jacobs, scenic recreation by Eli Woods Harrison, and original material by Frank Maya. Bassichis restarts then interrupts again before finishing the introductory monologue, weaving Maya's words with their own hilarious material, and putting their anxieties on display. The struggle to play Maya spans the entire show, twisting the conventional forms of AIDS theater found in Larry Kramer's *The Normal Heart*, William Hoffman's

As Is, and Paul Rudnick's *Jeffrey* with the complications of the performer's attempt to collaborate with, or become the dead, foregrounding the ambivalent projects of theater making and of mourning.

Early in *Can I Be Frank*, Bassichis boasts, as if suddenly realizing amid a long string of jokes, that they might be the first person to speak about AIDS in public. The gag drives home two problems: that despite the history of activism and discourse around AIDS, the crisis is still beginning; and that as the onset of the crisis recedes further into historical memory, discourse around AIDS threatens to diminish. Innumerable lives and collective memories are at stake, and Bassichis is steadfast in their commitment to ensuring a future for them all. Somehow, they manage to remain hilarious.



Cackles, whines, pfffs, a guffaw fill the proscenium, then Morgan snatches every laugh into silence, cutting in with what I would call the show's guiding question: "What do we owe the people who came before us?" The sudden shift amounts to a collision—laughter and grief, living and dead, large and small. Part of what's queer about Bassichis's work is this proximity between comedy and mourning, which they perform through a kind of impact play of feelings.

Bassichis's show-long struggle to become Maya comes to a head in two distinct moments: once, when they fabulate a letter from Maya to "Future Artist" that imagines what the late performer might desire from his artist-biographer; and again, when their material skips, without prefatory indication, into one of Maya's rants, with the rise of purple light as the only sign of the merger between living and dead performers. Both instances are covert, with the first fusion occurring in the off-stage moment of speculation, and the second in the open space between words. Like Freud's definition of a joke in the 1905 book *Jokes and their Relation to*

the Unconscious, in which "a preconscious thought is given over for a moment to unconscious revision," often through condensation or displacement—Bassichis slips into the performance's backrooms and returns as Maya, conjuring the dead into a breathing, sweating form, but only for an instant. The pair soon splits up again during a rendition of Maya's song, "Boxes of You," when Bassichis fetches a video monitor from behind the curtain and cradles the forebear in their lap—because if they can't be Frank, they can at least touch him.



My thanks to Rosalyn Deutsche and Robert Ubell for sending me *The Odd Years* (Wendy's Subway, 2020), Bassichis's artist book of weekly to-do lists scrawled on found slips of paper in a beautiful, purple-bound volume. "The Odd Years combines Conceptualism's protocols with the anxiety of the absurdly demanding—punishing, grinding, perplexing—daily preoccupations of our era," writes Gregg Bordowitz in a review of the publication, "when everything necessary is marginal and the marginal find no time or support for daily self-care."

Bassichis closes *Can I Be Frank* with a rant of their own, as if emerging from Maya's material with a new form in hand. They connect Maya's 1987 show to ACT UP's first action on Wall Street before compiling a teeming catalog of the inexhaustible labors of everyday life, to continue the work of their to-do lists, but here reframed as a conduit for contact with the dead. Bassichis is a performer of process—moments in their shows feel like a studio visit, a session on their analyst's couch, or a protest speech on the street corner. Instead of a conventional biographical performance that reproduces the racial capitalist fantasy of the separate individual, Bassichis focuses on the deep entanglements of everyday life, where each practice, by virtue of being shared, connects the living with the dead, and keeps their memories alive. Every movement, every instant is an opportunity to honor the dead and to further the living, as Bassichis knows and shows by scavenging up the beautiful mundane bits of life together into one big heap, making the possible living so much more apparent.

I want to conclude with a return to Maya's life preserver backdrop, which hangs behind and encircles Bassichis all throughout *Can I Be Frank*. The white shadowed ring with four black accents rests on a large yellow square of cloth. A tool of survival, of holding on amid crisis, the life preserver is an appropriate frame for this performance that weaves through stand-up comedy, music, politics, and mourning to create a space among the unbearable and incessant losses in the ongoing AIDS crisis and genocide in Palestine, an opening where people can gather and be free to rage, laugh, grieve, live, and plan for at least a little while longer.





Theodore A. Harris, *Remember Eric Smith* (1999), paper collage, Collection of the artist.

1999 Remember Eric Smith

Dis is THE CAPITAL of HELL

H. Box Brown
Was how I found
Out this mammy jamma
Was upside down.

Like H. Rap later
Box had to split
From the subjugator
& they slavery shit

God called Box
Allah called Rap

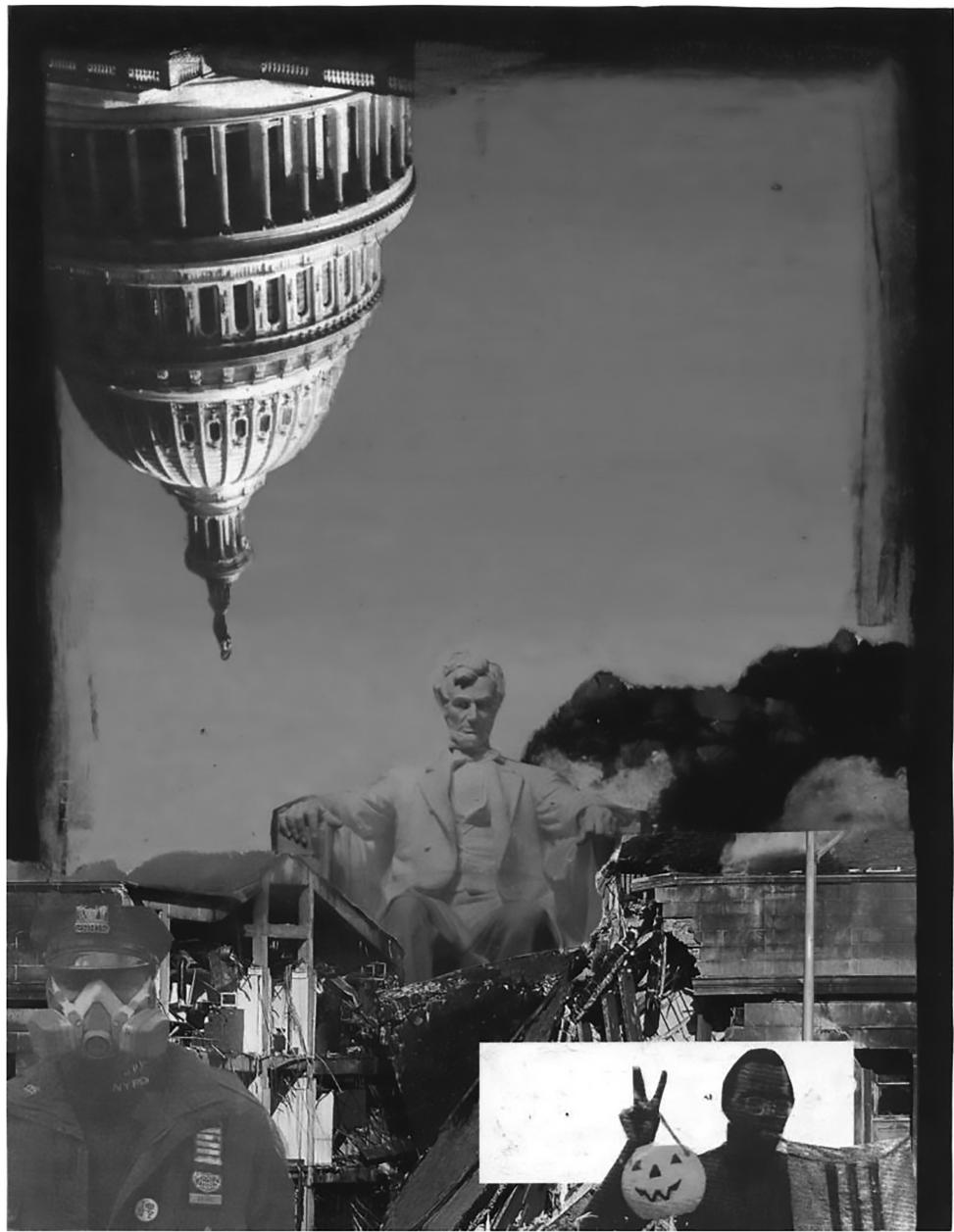
Told both of them
To get they hat
“Yall cant be around
This slave—master rat

“Hate Good Love Evil
Think They God When They The Devil!

That's why
Everything
Turned around!

They got the whole
World
Upside

Down!
FREE MUMIA!



Theodore A. Harris, *On the Throne of Fire after Somebody Blew Up America (for Amiri Baraka)*, (2003), mixed media collage on paper, Collection La Salle University Art Museum.



Theodore A. Harris, *Our Prize Fighter Paul Robeson* (1998), mixed media collage on paper, Collection Kislak Center Rear Book and Manuscript Library, University of Pennsylvania.

Excerpts from *Our Flesh of Flames: Collages by Theodore A. Harris and Captions by Amiri Baraka* Third Edition expanded with a Preface by Fred Moten (Aquarius Press/Willow Books)

Currently on view in Crescendo: How Art Makes Movements (1981–1999)
Curated by Joyce Chung, Asian Arts Initiative March 1 - June 28, 2025

BOOK REVIEW by CX

THE ULTIMATE HIDDEN TRUTH OF THE WORLD (2024) BY DAVID GRAEBER. EDITED BY NIKA DUBROVSKY.

I am always skeptical of books claiming “ultimate hidden truths” or the one secret to weight loss or the seven steps to better finances. But hear the full quote from Graeber: “The ultimate hidden truth of the world is that it is something that we make, and could just as easily make differently.” What better call to hope, to mutual care, to radical bettering of our lives and our neighbors’ lives? And in a way, it sums up David Graeber.

THE ULTIMATE HIDDEN TRUTH OF THE WORLD...

DAVID GRAEBER

... IS THAT IT
IS SOMETHING
THAT WE MAKE,
AND COULD JUST
AS EASILY MAKE
DIFFERENTLY.

DAVID GRAEBER

Memoir, as a genre, is exploding in popularity. This book is not a memoir. But in 2020, as the pandemic set in, David Graeber passed away at the too-young age of 59. We've no memoir and, as yet, no official biographies of the great anthropologist-activist. Instead, we receive the third posthumous publication of Graeber's work, after *The Dawn of Everything* (2021) with David Wengrow, and *Pirate Enlightenment*, or the *Real Libertalia* (2023).

The Ultimate Hidden Truth is, as I mentioned, not a memoir. It is a collection of essays and interviews. But these are so well strung together by his widow, artist Nika Dubrovsky, that any Graeber fan will find among these pages joyful pops of David's

life and personality. His character shines through and embeds his theory. The result is that any reader – from experienced Graeberians, to new fans and curious peekers – is treated to rare conversations and sparkling questions, as if he's still in the room with us.

Some of the essays are available elsewhere, and sometimes for free. Some are academic journal pieces, some interviews, others columns. Why this mix? And why repeats? Is there not enough of his writing and notes to go around? Dubrovsky reminds us, right in the introduction, that she has a mountain of notes, correspondences, drafts, interviews, and other material still to sort through.

Take a closer look. Pay careful attention to the structure of the book; it suggests a plan was enacted. Dubrovsky has put care into curating this collection. From the foreword (Rebecca Solnit) and introduction (Dubrovsky) through the final pages on fun, this tome is crafted the way it is to do one thing exceptionally well: introduce us to Graeber and his exciting, hopeful theories. It is a caring memoir, an anthropological philosophy, and an activist's playbook all in one.

Better yet, anyone can enjoy Graeber. He is down to earth and real in his language. My only warning is for scientists who might focus on the essays culled from academic journals (e.g. *Culture as Creative Refusal*). Here, he starts to move at a faster clip. Graeber hopscoches through the evidence. It's good evidence, yes, but he won't spell everything out for you, as a social scientist might want you to; count the grains of sand on your own time. Artists might have no problem with this: Graeber, in my opinion, writes like an art theorist with a lot of anthropological data on his plate.

And that's fine. Because he has something more important to do: He's building truly innovative theory, an almost completely dead practice in the contemporary academy. So don't get bogged down in tracing each bit of data. Do that later. Do it, by all means, but do it later. For now, enjoy it and keep up. There's an exciting new philosophy bubbling, and it could mean a lot for you.



BANDCAMP FINDS: JANUARY 1-7TH, 2025 BY LOGAN CRYER

It's unusual for a record to be released in the first week of January. Most people are too wiped out from the holidays to be interested in new music, so the artists who drop anything are usually semi-anonymous or motivated by something other than attention. Enter: Bandcamp, a music hosting platform where anyone can upload almost anything. During that first week of 2025, I searched for albums by Philadelphia-based musicians. Below are a few records that really clung to me.



Absolver, Kill Me While My Eyes Are Closed
by Kaho Matsui

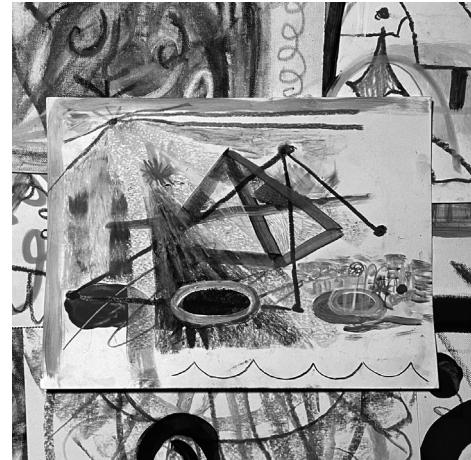
According to the album notes, the latest release from the folk-ambient musician is dedicated to herself. The record is like when sunlight cracks through the winter clouds, before disappearing into the dark once again. Moving orchestrations of guitars and synthesizers supply a dreamy backdrop for Matsui's harshly vulnerable lyrics. Zone in or close your eyes.

Haki's Unreleased Vault by Haki-74u

Without the constraint of performing in an arena, a rockstar could sigh into the microphone. Haki-74u douses Auto-tune onto his trap-meets-punk flow while electric guitars rip in the background. Bombastic drums deliver head-banging rhythms while a subterranean bass drags a dark edge over each track. Haki pulls from rock & roll, dub, mumble rap and nu-metal to deliver nine tracks that, thankfully, are now released.

Wind Circle Sun by Joy Tossani

Despite my best internet sleuthing efforts, I was not able to find any information on Joy Tossani. Maybe they are made up of the same ephemeral stuff that inspires their folk tunes: geometry, magic, and the sun. For three brief songs, Tossani's gentle guitar picking and lilting voice create a gentle bubble that floats across a field of grass. It's idyllic stuff! Even the somber moments are softened by twee synthetic horns and woodwinds.



Spiraling to You by Eleny Shai

This is a heaven-sent album for anyone looking for a local musician who has a stunning voice and can write engaging pop melodies. Eleny Shai can sing, she can rap and does both, in English and in Spanish, with a contagious confidence. Wildly imaginative and fresh, this release is a triumph for Spring Garden Records. Eleny Shai, please, keep them coming!

Forest for the Trees by The Other Tony Bennett aka YNOT

If the liner notes are to be believed, Forest for the Trees is an endeavor supported by four different LLCs, all helmed by The Other Tony Bennett. That might sound bonkers, but when listening to the new EP by the rapper, producer and music journalist, it becomes clear that whatever is happening here transcends skepticism. For seven tracks, YNOT's sensitive voice spits bars and repetitive hooks over trip hop, boom bap and funk beats. His earnestness can't be questioned, and neither can his off-beat charisma.

4-Way Split by Teenage Bigfoot

Sometimes there's nothing more to say than, "Shit rips!" While Teenage Bigfoot's approach to break-neck punk jams hasn't varied too much in their 10-year run, their sound on 4-Way Split is the most clean and warm it's ever been. They've got it all: nasal vocals with a pop punk flare, guitars chugging at the speed of light, pounding drums that keep it all in time and a cover of Dreams by the Cranberries to close out the three-song EP.

Weird Wire by Walnut Brain

I am hopping from foot to foot and clapping my hands, so you know this is going to be a freaky one. The duo behind Walnut Brain, Alina Josan and Steve Heisen, have armed themselves with a diddley bow and a guitar. Together, they commit to tape a series of instrumental chants. The low fidelity of the recordings emphasize the reverberant sound of these droning tracks. It's worship music. It's the sound of a rusting iron frame. It's hypnosis, if you listen closely enough. Enter a world as strange and familiar as your own basement.



POETRY OPEN CALL SELECTIONS

SAND CASTLE by Mark Timon

Barely a beach boy
at 3, he
in a chimpanzee squat
at water's edge,
formed a pyramid stout
with no conception
of how deep
the coming waves would bite,
gnawing away
after he went away
his short life's work
before his mommy and he
reached home
oblivious.

In Death Sonnet I by Maci Kozuhjeski

Let me be a bringer as brass is tolled.
Sweet timbre, molasses drop, one by one,
The tread of dawn marching through
lonesome cold.
And here we can meet once the walk is done.
The instance, solitary - the passage
Like resonance, a gap of silence wide.
What shall come of today's solemn adage
Disappeared in tomorrow's stoic pride.
Deliverance mine; harbinger robin
Cloaked in feathers, my belly spring ready.
Through winter breadth, my song
unforgotten
Toward the countenance of fear, beat steady.
Let me be a bringer: boat, hound, star,
scythe.
For only I want my bringer be blithe.

Leftovers by Nicole Connaughton

I'm headed out
leaving a pile of cookie edges on my desk
oil flattens the napkin,
my converse soil the carpet.
I can still taste the chocolate on my molars.

In the distance stands a glowing steel stadium
each time I see it I hate it.
It is a reminder that I came back,
a monument to my resignation.

Distended by this awful feeling.
I know it will follow me into the next day like
that orange stray
darting between your alleyways,
I come anyways.

As you sleep,
I lay damped by your breath
awaiting the soft clinking of your teeth
stringing together the words of your dreams.
In the morning I watch light stain velvet
a roach skitters from the bathroom, I scream and
you roll over.
I lace my shoes.

Took the loneliest way home,
for I know it well by now.
Crying in my dumb blue civic
consolations from my favorite song
even the toll collector pities me.
A cement hole billows milky steam
one last turn off your street,
the city spits me out whole.

Leftovers when I get back
suck my fingers clean
but taste only salt.
Postponed all that hurt
now it comes all at once.
You've gone, you've gone,
you've gone.

Away with the stadium and the roaches
the city's grit and your coldness
I sleep through the night
wake up in my own bed
haven't seen that orange cat around lately,
till the next time you call,
and I come.

To recover I watch Indiana jones over and over - on your knees by Natalie Klett

I went to the bodega on ninth street the other day for a hoagie, the nice kind that has all the shredded lettuce and salt and pepper and oil and vinegar, wrapped up like a baby with tape. I eat it like a snake. Imbibed, lump in my cartoon stomach. It is a whole day's worth of recovery that I need after that. My roommate says they need a nap. To recover, I watch Indiana Jones over and over. We went to the park to eat them, the ones with the picnic tables that you sat at after getting over covid. It was summer, warm, perfect hoagie day, and the unwrapping of it was just as thrilling as Christmas. I'd get on my knees and worship it, I would say. We have to try every hoagie place, they say.

Work by D B Hoeber

A man alone in a room is taking cardboard boxes apart and making the pieces of cardboard into figures.

I imagine him sitting the figures up leaning them propping them. Then stopping and looking at them. I don't imagine that he speaks.

Perhaps he sits next to one and leans into it resting against its side. His imaginary friend. I imagine he takes its picture. I know he has taken its picture.

Another day he tears the figure apart. He takes it by the throat. He cuts its fastenings.

Then he begins building again. Making one figure out of the detritus of another figure.

Again he arranges them. Perhaps he leans them toward each other as if in conversation. And then watches them. Maybe he listens to them.

Maybe he imagines that he listens to them.

I know he takes their picture. I imagine he wonders if they want to take his picture.

There is no furniture so he sits on the floor with his camera. Looking at them sitting next to them he is so close he can smell their cardboard skin.

He holds the camera for a cardboard figure. Looks through the viewfinder to see what it would see and then he takes the picture.

One day a figure lies reclining on the floor. As if an odalisque. He takes a picture.

One day he takes a picture of nothing – of cardboard strewn across the floor. He has dismantled all his figures. I imagine he is lonely but feels free.

I imagine he sits for hours or maybe days and thinks. Then makes another figure. The figures emerge and he finds that they are people that he didn't know he knew.

He arranges them in a tableau then moves away to study them. He uses the camera to study them and after a long while they come to seem familiar.

And he becomes more relaxed with them. He imagines their conversations. He hums a little melody while he works.

Sometimes he talks to them.

But they can't answer him in words. They can only answer in his hands.

Sometimes this feels like power. Sometimes like mockery. Sometimes the closed circle that is his circumstance puts him in a rage.

And then I imagine he takes a picture.

Perhaps he imagines this is the only room in the world.

How carefully he cuts away the tape that he had used to bind these figures into silence. I imagine how mournfully and silently he carries out this work. Cutting and cutting carefully.

Now all the cardboard is free and he begins to build again

MISTY MOUNTAIN ADVICE COLUMN

Dear Ms. Mountain,
I am feeling very depressed and don't know what to do about it. Can you help? Every day I wake up at 4:30 in the morning, and my first thought is "I don't want to wake up at 4:30". I put on my work pants and think, "I don't want to wear pants". I feel trapped, like an angry teenager living under their parents authority...except I am my own mother? What should I do to feel free again?

Yours miserably,
Miserable in Mississippi

My Dearest Miserable,

I want you to take a train to the closest, highest hill. I want you to stand at the top of that hill, look out over the landscape, and repeat this to yourself out loud:

I am a rock. I am a sharp, jagged rock that is tumbling down this hill. I am crashing into the earth leaving gaping craters behind me. It begins to rain and one of these holes fills with water. It rains for days. Water weeds begin to grow, and gnats swarm the hole. A small brown frog soon follows. She finds a ripe environment for her eggs and lays over 20,000 in a day. From these eggs, 20,000 black tadpoles hatch, turning the hole into an inkwell on the hill. Twelve weeks later, 20,000 tiny frogs explode into the world.

Warmest regards,
Misty Mountain



PHILADELPHIA ART GALLERIES:

5U Space
319 N. 11th st. Philadelphia, PA
info.5uspace@gmail.com

Arch Enemy Arts
109 Arch St, Philadelphia, PA
www.archenemyarts.com

Automat
1400 N American St, Philadelphia, PA
www.automatcollective.com

Blah Blah Gallery
907 Christian St, Philadelphia, PA
www.blahblahgallery.com

Big Ramp
2024 E Westmoreland St, Phila, PA
www.bigrampphilly.com

Box Spring Gallery
1400 N American St Philadelphia, PA
www.boxspringgallery.com

Cerulean Arts
1355 Ridge Ave, Philadelphia, PA
www.ceruleanarts.com

COMMONWEAL
1341 N Mascher St, Philadelphia, PA
www.commonweal.gallery

The Colored Girls Museum
4613 Newhall St, Philadelphia, PA
www.thecoloredgirlsmuseum.com

F.A.N Gallery
221 Arch St, Philadelphia, PA
www.thefangallery.com

FJORD
1720 N 5th St, Philadelphia, PA
www.fjordspace.com

Fleisher/Ollman Gallery
915 Spring Garden Phila, PA
www.fleisher-ollmangallery.com

Free Library of Philadelphia
1901 Vine Street, Philadelphia, PA
www.freelibrary.org

FRIEDAcommunity
320 Walnut St, Philadelphia, PA
www.frieda.community

Fuller Rosen Gallery
319 N 11th St Unit 3-I, Philadelphia, PA
www.fullerrosen.com

Grizzly Grizzly
319 N 11th St 2nd floor, Philadelphia, PA
www.grizzlygrizzly.com

Gross McCleaf Gallery
123 Leverington Ave, Philadelphia, PA
www.grossmccleaf.com

InLiquid Gallery
1400 N American St. vVPhiladelphia, PA
www.inliquid.org

The Icebox Project Space
1400 N American St, Philadelphia, PA
www.iceboxprojectspace.com

James Oliver Gallery
723 Chestnut St 2nd Fl, Philadelphia, PA
www.jamesolivergallery.com

Larry Becker Contemporary Art
43 N 2nd St, Philadelphia, PA
www.artnet.com/galleries/larry-becker-contemporary-art

Locks Gallery
600 S Washington Square, Phila,
www.locksgallery.com

Marginal Utility/2C books
319 N 11th St #2, Philadelphia, PA
www.marginalutility.org

Mount Airy Contemporary
25 W Mt Airy Ave, Philadelphia, PA
www.mountairycontemporary.com

The Galleries at Moore
1916 Race St, Philadelphia, PA
www.moore.edu/the-galleries-at-moore

Muse Gallery
52 N 2nd St, Philadelphia, PA
www.musegalleryphiladelphia.com

Old City Jewish Arts Center
119 N 3rd St, Philadelphia, PA
www.ocjac.org

PEEP
1400 N American St #109, Phila, PA
www.peepprojects.org

PENTIMENTI
145 N 2nd St, Philadelphia, PA
Namwon Choi: Blue Highway
Alfred Rosenbluth: Heaven Above, The Lake Below March 21 - May 3
www.pentimenti.com

The Print Center
1614 Latimer St, Philadelphia, PA
www.printcenter.org

Pink Noise Projects
319 N 11th Street, 2LPhiladelphia, PA
www.pinknoiseprojects.com

Practice Gallery
319 N 11th St, Philadelphia, PA
www.practicegallery.org

Rush Arts
4954 Old York Rd, Philadelphia, PA
www.rushphilanthropic.org

Stanek Gallery
720 N 5th St, Philadelphia, PA
www.stanekgallery.com

Taller Puertorriqueño
2600 N 5th St, Philadelphia, PA
www.tallerpr.org

Temple Contemporary
2001 N 13th St, Philadelphia, PA
www.tyler.temple.edu/temple-contemporary

THINKER MAKERS SOCIETY
320 Race St, Philadelphia, PA
www.thinkermakerssociety.com

Tiger Strikes Asteroid
1400 N American St #107, Philadelphia, PA
www.tigerstrikesasteroid.com

TILT Institute for the Contemporary Image
1400 N American St. Philadelphia, PA
www.tiltinstitute.org

Museum for Art in Wood
141 N 3rd St, Philadelphia, PA
www.museumforartinwood.org

Ulises
1525 N American St Studio 104, Philadelphia, PA
www.ulises.us

University City Arts League
4226 Spruce St, Philadelphia, PA
www.theartsleague.org

William Way LGBT Community Center
1315 Spruce St, Philadelphia, PA
www.waygay.org

Works on Paper
1611 Walnut St # B, Philadelphia, PA
www.wpartcollection.com

Wexler Gallery
1811 Frankford Ave, Philadelphia, PA
www.wexlergallery.com

Young Artist Program
www.theyap.org

Vox Populi
319 N 11th St #3, Philadelphia, PA
www.voxpopuligallery.org

PHILADELPHIA ART MUSEUMS:

Arcadia University Art Gallery
450 S Easton Rd, Glenside, PA
www.arcadia.edu/exhibitions

Arthur Ross Gallery
220 S 34th St, Philadelphia, PA 19104
www.arthurrossgallery.org

The Barnes Foundation
2025 Benjamin Franklin Pkwy, Phila, PA
www.barnesfoundation.org

The Clay Studio
1425 N American St, Philadelphia, PA
www.theclaystudio.org

Da Vinci Art Alliance
704 Catharine St, Philadelphia, PA
www.davinciartalliance.org

The Fabric Workshop and Museum
1214 Arch St, Philadelphia, PA
www.fabricworkshopandmuseum.org

Institute of Contemporary Art
118 S 36th St, Philadelphia, PA
www.icaphila.org

La Salle University Art Museum
1900 W Olney Ave, Philadelphia, PA
www.artcollection.lasalle.edu

Museum for Art in Wood
141 N 3rd St, Philadelphia, PA
www.museumforartinwood.org

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts Museum
118-128 N Broad St, Philadelphia, PA
www.pafa.org

Philadelphia Museum of Art
2600 Benjamin Franklin Pkwy, Phila, PA
www.philamuseum.org

Woodmere Art Museum
9201 Germantown Ave, Philadelphia, PA
www.woodmereartmuseum.org

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One artist will win the **Art Student Award** and a **\$300 prize!**
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TELEPORTER
OPEN CALL
FOR
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SUBMISSION DEADLINE
MAY 15, 2025
teleporterzine@gmail.com

Television provides low cost technology rentals to independent curators, activists and organizers



I asked Kevin for feedback on my previous Ad design . This is what he said

First things first - you should put "A/V equipment rentals" or something similar right below the TV logo. That's definitely the most eye catching thing on the page and giving a description will tell them what exactly it is. Right now it looks like you're selling these speakers for TEMU prices.

Personally, I think listing kits with an approximate audience/crowd size would be more effective rather than trying to educate folks in the ad itself.

I feel like a lot of people with the current layout would look at the speaker and the price and just go for whatever is cheapest. Usually when I start talking about specifics or tech sheet stuff people will kinda check out or skip over those parts until I just tell them what I think is needed.

Maybe list 3 tiered kits or packages like

- 1 - small speaking event (50-100 people) **starting at \$35 (2 speakers, stands, mixer, cords)**
- 2 - live band package (75-200 people) **starting at \$65 (2 speakers, sub, stands, mixer, cords)**
- 3 - DJ/electronic package (100-250 people) **starting at \$95 (2 speakers, sub, stands, mixer, cords)**

Really big. Have a short list of included equipment for each. Then at the bottom say something like, "**for more info visit www.television.farm" or "need help selecting a package?**
Email us at television.farm@gmail.com"

TELEPORTER A Quarterly Independent