

I don't know her

Carrie Schneider: *I don't know her*
January 19 — February 18, 2023
CHART

With Contributions by:

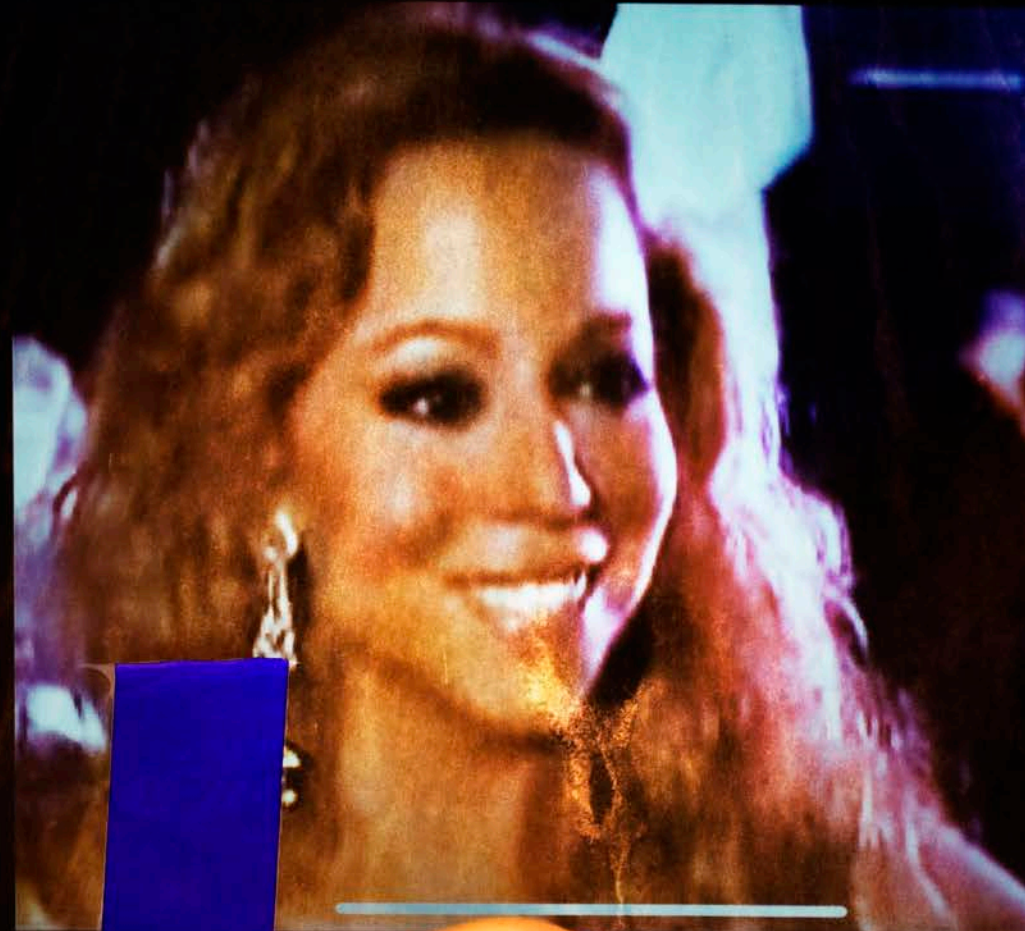
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chart

Carrie Schneider



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Carrie Schneider

I don't know her

CHART is pleased to announce the gallery's second solo exhibition with New York-based artist Carrie Schneider. *I don't know her* centers on two major new works: a 16MM color film and a unique chromogenic photograph made in-camera that spans 275 feet. The photographic and moving image works exemplify the artist's ongoing investigation of the photographic medium's foundations and the principle motif of image transmission and proliferation.

For *I don't know her*, Schneider produced a multiple portrait as a means to explore subject authority and formation. Situated on two levels of the gallery, the floor-to-ceiling film installation and an amorphous photographic scroll reveal an ecstatic combination of visuals that span one hundred and sixty three frames. The stills are bombastic surfaces comprised of painted and collaged elements interwoven with images of the artist's hands holding up a phone. Once animated, the film projection reveals the artist Mariah Carey emphatically shaking and nodding her head—a clip excerpted from an interview during which Carey is asked to offer an opinion about another singer and actress.

Conceptually devouring and elevating the operation of a meme, Schneider formally dissects the technical and material processes involved to create the underlying and often sensational realities of her narratives. In the same way that the artist has portrayed creative authority and posed relationships among artists in the past—namely, through the framing device of subjects holding and reading another author's work, as in the series *Reading Women* (2012–2014)—Schneider, here, looks to another artist who commands and precisely orchestrates her image.

The film's soundtrack is created by the composer, musician and multimedia artist Cecilia Lopez, and reflects Lopez' work in sound and performance installation and the creation of sound devices and systems. The composition is audibly striking in its mixing of Carey's lead singles *Fantasy* (1995), *Honey* (1997) and *Obsessed* (2009). Lopez' digital rendering and sampling of the singer-songwriter's vocals and hooks, overlaid with staccato transitions and the sound of a running projector is an analogous and collaborative contribution to

Schneider's image constructions, as it equally emphasizes the hidden mechanics and the undisclosed work of image and sound composition.

The exhibition expands on multiple ongoing themes in Schneider's work, among them: self-portraits that reference feminine icons who share the artist's name (Carey/Carrie), feminine relationality and authorship, and the formal image processes involved in their making. Encompassing this focus, Schneider looks to the subject of an iconic producer and composer who, like herself, references and has notably introduced novel influences to her medium. As an additional collaborative element, *I don't know her* includes a booklet companion with contributions by fellow artists and writers Abigail DeVille, Aristilde Kirby, Carmen Maria Machado, Emily Mello, Lee Conell, and Shayla Lawz, as well as a visual score by Cecilia Lopez.

— Olga Dekalo



Carrie Schneider, film still from *I don't know her*, 2023, 16mm film with sound by Cecilia Lopez, 4 minutes.

Cold Shoulder
Carmen Maria Machado

She pays no heed. She gives no mind. She does not budge an inch. She will not hear of it. She does not *take* it; she *leaves* it. She will not live, nor will she learn. It is an offer she can refuse. And she does. Refuse it. She will not take the cake, or a (rain) check, or it (with a grain of salt). She will not break the ice. She will not speak of the devil. She will not taste her own medicine. She will not bite the bullet, hit the hay, or spill the beans. She will not pull herself together. She will not say it again. She will not cross that bridge—not when she comes to it, or any other time. No slack will be cut. No leg will be broken. The long story will not be made short. Indeed, daughter, it will be long, and long, and longer.

How Do (You) Respond to the Image?

The other day I was having a conversation with a friend—I mean, this girl—I mean, I would call her my “friend” but it’s not like we’ve met IRL or anything like that. (I guess you could say I would never *call* her on the phone). That’s how it is these days. You become friends with the closest person you can touch through the screen.

Well anyway, this girl / cyborg / glitch / **keyboard smash** showed me a picture of myself & I said,

Honey,
who is that?

The truth is
I didn’t know her.

I DON’T KNOW HER

When I say this I’m not just being aloof / a millennial / too “on the internet.” I am throwing the absolute SHADE: I am divorcing the self from the body / disappearing my corporeal form — what I mean is that the reflection that you are showing me is someone I used to know, someone else, *somewhere* else. *I don’t know her.*

Like the girl who is telling this story, she (in the image) is my friend in the computer space. In some other world. She is there & I am here. You may think you know me, but you will only ever be able to touch *her*, to know *her*.

If I saw her walking down the street I would say Sorry To That {girl}

Do I Know Her?

Or did she abandon me,
for another life
out there
in space.

DO YOU
KNOW
HER?

That girl in the image,
saying goodbye to us all
shading **this world**
forever.

Demonstrata II / Grossular I

[Envoyelle Custom uni. 'Vajra Macrogram']

{*ᄀᄁᄂ ᄃᄄ ᄅᄆ ᄇᄈᄉᄀᄁ ᄂᄃᄄ ᄅ*}

(after Carrie Schneider)

ᄀ 9 | ① Pretty girl unhinges her jaw &, » ② We're wearing flowers, you notice. Our » ⑥ ur-Erzebet sorbet infused with ≍
ᄂ 8 | ≍ from scarf position, triangles » seed must rot to sprout, against dirt, » champagne, boysenberry syrup, ≍
ᄃ 7 | ≍ my acute right arm, then loops » gravity, doubt. Will it. Un » matelassed in autopsy Y's. ≍
ᄀ 5 | ≍ her's through its' void glimpse » -dot. I dote, field so? » You wanna split it? ≍

ᄃ 7 | ≍ to tryst-twist a grip to our » ③ Complete the Penrose flirt like » ⑦ You are in 7 of my 9 dreams. ≍
ᄀ 9 | ≍ mobius. Part of the ritual, » a tartan skirt can ride up or sway. » Fuck you. Utopiate me, ≍
ᄀ 5 | ≍ she says. Oh Elle, you » We pass a word note. » consummately. Or I'll bite back, bitch. ≍

ᄃ 8 | ≍ won't keep what you want this way, dear. » ④ Now / she loves me, she loves me not » ⑧ I can hear the blood rushing ≍
ᄀ 7 | ≍ Fuck me, right? We're here. Me, you, » she hates me, she loves me more, » to my head, hiss like a desert wind. ≍
ᄃ 9 | ≍ & the anaconda vise, always » I wilt & I raise with wait until » Your mirages fade. ≍

ᄂ 5 | ≍ gaze, to glaze in your » ⑤ Frame by frame, I am » ⑨ Svelte hydrangea thief, ≍
ᄃ 6 | ≍ patinal pupa with » no more than atolls of » subcute petals as the ≍
ᄃ 7 | ≍ dappled abyme core. » spit web & rubrum clot, » lacrimal caruncle to ≍
ᄀ 8 | ≍ I take solace in a warm fade. » expurgated from interlude. » your chest's ripe carbuncle karat ≍
ᄂ 9 | ≍ What can I gain of going under? » Is it just a sweet, sweet fantasy, » corroborate how you caret, ≍
ᄀ 8 | ≍ The metafelt knotlocked meldlick » angel? When I close my eyes, you » ma pêche. Like bittersweet mammatus, ≍
ᄂ 7 | ≍ blackout hell of 'being held?' ≍ come & take me. On & on » It's still up when I see you. ≍

ᄂ 17 | ≍ ⑩ & on, I'm in heaven with my girlfriend, my lovely girlfriend & yet ≍
ᄂ 17 | ≍ there's no beginning & there is no end, time isn't present in this ≍
ᄂ 17 | ≍ dimension. The strip becomes a ribbon & space is flood with just us. ≍

ᄀ 17 | ≍ ⑪ & I Say Yes, God Gives Me His Toughest Battles Because He Knows He's Next. ≍

① Submission Hold

② Onirica: Erostone

③ Reutersvärd

④ Flower With Sleep Apnea Wishing For Then

(Looped, Time Lapse, In The Midst of Overcast Weather)

⑤ Onirica: Expurgation

[after Mariah Carey]

Just Desserts: Bathory ⑥

Onirica: Dog Eat Dog ⑦

Onirica: Evanid & Invaded ⑧

Lacriminal ⑨

Onirica: Lamiscate Ribbon Exist Ramp ⑩

[after Tam Tam Club]

Onirica: Lucifer's Shirt by Online Ceramics ⑪

Love on the Run (I don't know her)

Abigail DeVille

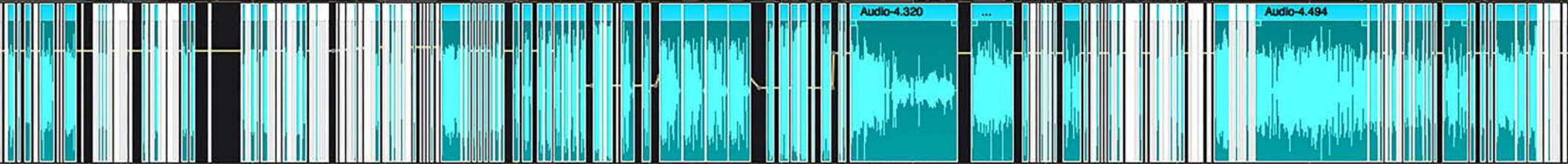
Sweet, Sweet Fantasy, Baby, when I close my eyes, you come, and you take me? Escape me? (shamefully filling in the blanks as I listen to syncopated rhythm ruptures in Cecilia Lopez' soundtrack in Carrie Schneider's *I don't know her*).

The familiar song echoes in my teenage love-hungry heart, the longing for a transformative love, a complete fantasy? Or is it the woman herself, voice unchanged through engineering and saccharine-laced memories of teen love lust?

Take me, Take, Take me, Take, take, take, take, take, take, is the capturing of image or voice? As the textures repeat and the hands polished and unpolished, hold the idea of the unchanged Mimi frozen in desire. A floating portal moves behind Mimi in and out, framing the patterns and the reel churning the show must go on. The show does go on, but what about love? Is it the voice catching its breath after a long gasp or breaths and breadth? The flesh-sketched fire and the provisional blue (tape) lines break the continual composite or reflection of projection of one's deepest desires. How do we love? How do we keep it? Is there a portal where it runs and escapes too? Or is it always framed in an unnamable way except when coded in your heart's inner chambers? The deepest love, fantasy. Yes, no, yes, Really, No.

Mariah exists in the center of this icon capsule as the dial tone on a call you are terrified to make.

0:00.00 00:20.00 00:40.00 01:00.00 01:20.00 01:40.00 02:00.00 02:20.00 02:40.00 03:00.00 03:20.00 03:40.00



Audio-9



Refrain

Emily Mello

Mariah Carey's pendulum earring exceeds the velocity of her golden headshake that set it swinging. My sense memory of costume dangles reacting to my movements varies from overly exposed to positively boosted by the expressiveness of their sway beyond my own.

The idol's constrained response to backstage press over 20 years ago has set much into motion that returns with periodic swells of viral activity. In these seconds, we look for and project signs of Carey's emblematic embrace of "more is more," more octaves, more glamor, more Christmas cheer, more chart busting. Refrain, refusal to comment. Refrain, the repetition of comment. The absence becomes an excited object. The star herself often adds to the charge in stagey gameplay press bits on her continued refusal to acknowledge peers in celebrity with agreeable, indiscriminately positive opinion.

Carey's ability to not only deflect, but steer scrutiny in a beneficial direction garners admiration. My "relationship" with the star began similarly, in early adolescence. I wanted to identify with her Someday daydream of growing up and pitying your remorseful haters from a confident, self-congratulatory position. Rejection transformed to rising above. In later adolescence, through her changing image and the range of reactions to it, I learned the lesson that would stick. While wearing stilettos would be my nightmare, they can be a part of another person's desire for themselves and their emancipation. I don't have to know her/them/him, know how everything feels for her/them/him to believe this beyond and including the point of footwear.

In *W Magazine*, Carey recently remarked that she is celebrating, in her words, the "25-minute anniversary" of *Butterfly* (1997). She cheekily explained, "Well, I don't acknowledge time. I don't know her." Of course, the singer, songwriter, producer, and memoirist knows time very well, restructuring a sense of it, in her own terms. Her syllables multiply, stretch, dip, dive, jump, soar and runneth over in a vocal language that lands on Mariah Carey time.

In Schneider's briefer looping five second excerpt we don't hear, or see, Carey saying the titular words as in the social media images. We may hold the memory

in the mind's eye, but Schneider has isolated and shared the singer's subsequent physical language of certain refusal, and the oblique shrug of ignorance. The entirety of her film is minutes longer than the "I don't know her" source material. With this time, repetition, and focused attention, many varied rhythms emerge within and outside of the frame. All are ignited and grounded by the superstar's recurring gestures, steady unblinking gaze, and fortifying smile.

In Cecilia Lopez's soundtrack, I can hear the familiar samples found in *Honey* and *Fantasy*, and prominent identifiable lyrics of the latter sputtering in and out. The sound and irregular rhythms of the very process of mutation become an erratic, disintegrating, yet very much material presence. I am transported to first listening to Mariah Carey on the radio, and much earlier than that, to a memory of rapidly twisting the tuner and volume knobs to fire staccato absences and static distortions from the spaces in between destinations. All technology presents a new portal to fascination when you are young, and nostalgia as you age with it. Carey has endured as pop icon and creator for over three decades of shifts in the ways we consume media. Her unblinking gaze and the tide like regularity of the fan of a projector through which Lopez runs and re-records her composition keep the overall anxious tone from the brink of combustion.

I am less able to recognize *Obsessed*, a track in which Carey's vocals already arrive with production forward processing, cut up and autotuned to obvious effect in the original release and remix. Further chopped by Lopez, *Obsessed* becomes a subliminal presence in the dense frenzy. However, the sentiment of infatuation overtly surrounds in the rhythm of Schneider's hands, holding the phone, with no attempts at blocking signs of their functional manipulation. She has no intention of creating illusions of steady continuity as fingers jump to different positions. While we watch the video vertically, the perspective casts down from the eyes of the maker and the camera hovering above the object she holds in place on the copy stand. Fingernails oscillate from painted to unpolished and back again, leaving and returning to the scene.

This obsession has been going on for some time. Or is it more accurate to say the performance of obsession? Perhaps on this flattened plane, meta remove does not serve us, as it did the pioneering structuralist George Landow's six-minute loop of found Kodak test leader presenting an unknown woman blinking, termed a "china girl" in the industry to calibrate color, she seems violently incidental in the critical focus on the medium and the viewer in his *Film in Which There Appear Edge Lettering, Sprocket Holes, Dirt Particles, Etc.* (1965–66). Perhaps now we can ask beyond exercise, why the effacing desire to exhaustively reverse engineer a subject, anonymous, or famously iconic, into material and mechanics to calibrate our own subjective authority?

I Don't Know Her

Lee Conell

A few days after my boyfriend told me he no longer wanted to see me, I went to the pond in the park near my apartment. There, for a long while, I watched a Canada goose groom itself, plucking white downy tufts of feathers from the meat of its own breast. A couple times I looked away to pick at the lint of my cable knit skirt. My boyfriend said he wanted to end our relationship because he didn't feel like he really knew me, he thought I had "walls." I told him I didn't think that was true, but he said I didn't know my mind. Usually, there were more geese here than just the one. Didn't they generally hang in flocks? Wasn't that their whole thing? Was it because of all the algae blooms this year?

When I could not watch the goose self-pluck anymore, I looked at my phone again. A friend of mine, who is more online than I am, had texted a long manifesto about how my boyfriend had a habit of suddenly cutting people out of his life, then had concluded the manifesto with the Mariah Carey GIF, the one where, after being asked about her thoughts on Jennifer Lopez, Mariah goes, "I don't know her."

I didn't totally understand what this meant in relation to my friend's text. Was it a joke about what my boyfriend had said to me to justify breaking up? In the park, I stared at the GIF. I'd seen it before, of course, tossed around as generic social media fodder, Mariah's face going from tight-lipped smile to broad fake-looking-smile on an endless loop. But I'd never really looked at it. I went to the video the GIF was taken from and watched the male German interviewer asking Mariah Carey what she thought about J.Lo. "I don't know her," she said. I watched the clip again and again, trying to memorize the way Mariah's smile formed and melted away and formed again.

At first I thought: Definitely it's a fake smile. It's not her. It's performative.

Then I thought: No, it's fake, but not artificial, exactly. It's her protest smile.

Then I thought: Or the smile is so clearly fake that it's actually kind of daring, it's a sign that she's *refusing* to perform some false authenticity for this male interviewer, she won't even pretend to let him in. Instead, she withdraws into herself. It's like you can watch a wall going up over her mind, but it's an important wall.

I thought: It's a power move.

The more I rewatched the clip, the less "I don't know her" seemed pinned to J.Lo, and the more it seemed like it could be referring to a vast cosmos of "hers" that Mariah in that moment was declaring not to know. An aunt who let loose a passive-aggressive jab, an OBGYN who shamed her about a cyst, a teacher who said, when she turned in a history assignment late, "Too bad your character is your destiny," a girl at a show who seemed to tsk-tsk the cut of her dress, a neighbor who stopped talking to her because her astrologer said their charts were incompatible, a friend who stopped talking to her because she was more successful than the friend, another friend who projected on her, who pretended to know her thoughts and motivations when they never *could* know her thoughts and motivations, they never could fully know her, *they didn't know her*.

If there was a whole litany of women behind Mariah's "I don't know her," an opera's worth of drama, she wasn't going to sing about it here, not to this interviewer who demanded from her some show. I watched the clip again, again, until I found I was smiling the same smile as Mariah, right at the phone.

I put my phone away. There were more people in the park now. A mother and her little son. Two teenagers with their heads close. Everyone's thoughts, all around, hovering in mystery. The Canada goose was still grooming itself. I took a picture of the goose. I deleted the picture of the goose. Then, would you believe it, a whole flock of geese showed up, high in the sky, and began to circle the algal-skeined pond. At last, the goose in front of me looked up from its downy core and let out a sudden song of squawk, rising up to join the others. I forgot myself and clapped.

Contributors

Abigail DeVille is an artist known for her large-scale sculptures and site-specific installations which incorporate objects and materials that bring awareness to the erased histories of marginalized people and places. DeVille's work has been the subject of an Art21 documentary and numerous museum exhibitions, including Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington DC; Contemporary Art Museum St. Louis; Institute of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; The Studio Museum in Harlem; the Pinchuk Art Centre, Kiev; New Museum, NY; and Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, among others. She has been a Creative Capital grantee, was nominated for The Future Generation Art Prize in the 55th Biennale di Venezia, and was artist in residence at the American Academy in Rome in 2017–2018.

Aristilde Kirby is quite a few things. She has published chapbooks with Best American Experimental Writing 2020, Belladonna, & Black Warrior Review. Her book, *[Daisy & Catherine2]* from auric press will be back with a reissue soon. Her work, currently covering the bases of writing, art, & performance, has been featured in Miguel Abreu Gallery, the Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Entrance, & Smack Mellon. You can call her Aris, like Paris without the P.

Carmen Maria Machado is the author of the bestselling memoir *In the Dream House*, the graphic novel *The Low, Low Woods*, and the award-winning short story collection *Her Body and Other Parties*. She has been a finalist for the National Book Award and the winner of the Bard Fiction Prize, the Lambda Literary Award for Lesbian Fiction, the Lambda Literary Award for LGBTQ Nonfiction, the Brooklyn Public Library Literature Prize, the Shirley Jackson Award, and the National Book Critics Circle's John Leonard Prize. She has been awarded fellowships and residencies from the Guggenheim Foundation, Yaddo, Hedgebrook, and the Millay Colony for the Arts. Her essays, fiction, and criticism have appeared in the *New Yorker*, the *New York Times*, *Granta*, *Vogue*, *This American Life*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Tin House*, *McSweeney's Quarterly Concern*, *The Believer*, *Guernica*, *Best American Science Fiction & Fantasy*, *Best American Nonrequired Reading*, and elsewhere.

Cecilia Lopez is a composer, musician and multimedia artist from Buenos Aires, Argentina currently based in New York. She works across the media of performance, sound, installation and the creation of sound devices and systems. Her work has been performed and exhibited at Museo de Arte Moderno de Buenos Aires (AR), Center for Contemporary Arts (Vilnius, Lithuania), Roulette Intermedium, Issue Project Room, Ostrava Days Festival 2011 (Ostrava, Czech Republic), MATA Festival 2012, Experimental Intermedia, Fridman Gallery (NY), Kunstnernes Hus (Oslo, Norway) and the XIV Cuenca Biennial, among others. She was a Civitella Ranieri fellow in 2015 and has participated in various international residency programs. In 2019, Lopez curated the intermedia festival Folly Systems co produced by Roulette Intermedium and Outpost Artists Resources that featured 11 international artists. She is also co-curator with Brandon Lopez of the series Morir Sonando at Fridman Gallery. Collaborators include Carmen Baliero, Aki Onda, Brandon Lopez, John Driscoll, Carrie Schneider and Lars Laumann among others.

Emily Mello is an educator and curator based in Brooklyn, NY. She has held leadership positions at the New Museum of Contemporary Art and the Perez Art Museum Miami. She is currently developing the Simone Leigh Foundation as its founding director.

Lee Conell is the author of the novel *The Party Upstairs*, which was awarded the Wallant Award and was named a Best Book of the Year by the *New York Post*, as well as the story collection *Subcortical*, which was awarded The Story Prize Spotlight Award. She has received a 2020 Creative Writing Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, as well as writing fellowships and residencies from Yaddo, Willapa Bay AiR, the Japan–United States Friendship Commission, the the Tennessee Arts Commission, Millay Arts, the Sewanee Writers' Conference, Vanderbilt University, and the Yiddish Book Center. Her writing appears in the *Oxford American*, *ZYZZYVA*, the *Paris Review Daily*, *Kenyon Review* online, *Glimmer Train*, and elsewhere; her stories have won the Nelson Algren Award from the *Chicago Tribune*, and have been shortlisted in *Best American Short Stories* and the Pushcart Prize anthology.

Olga Dekalo is Curator and Director of Grants at the nomadic, W.A.G.E. certified organization River Valley Arts Collective. Formerly, she was Associate Curator at the University Art Museum at University at Albany where she worked with artists Carrie Schneider, Baseera Khan, Radames "Juni" Figueroa, Ashley Teamer, Ronny Quevedo, Sara Magenheimer, among others. From 2016 to 2018 she was Assistant Curator at the Katonah Museum of Art in Westchester, New York, where she curated and co-curated LandEscape: New Visions of the Landscape from Early 20th and 21st Centuries (2019) and Object Out Loud: Arman and Nick Cave (2017). From 2013 to 2016 she was Curatorial Associate at the non-for-profit, alternative space PARTICIPANT INC, where she worked on solo presentations by Luther Price, M.Lamar, Itziar Barrio, Narcissister, A.K. Burns, the first New York retrospective of works by Greer Lankton (2014) and presented rarely seen work and ephemera by Martin Wong (2016). As Curatorial Fellow at SculptureCenter, she organized In Practice:Fantasy Can Invent Nothing New (2016). Dekalo is a graduate of Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College (2013).

Shayla Lawz is a writer and interdisciplinary artist working at the intersection of text, sound, and performance. She has received fellowships from Cave Canem, Jack Jones Literary Arts, The Center for African American Poetry and Poetics, and The Digital Studies Center at Rutgers–Camden. Her writing/hybrid work appears in *McSweeney's Quarterly*, *Catapult*, and *The Poetry Project*, among other publications. She has been a visiting writer/performer at Rutgers University, The University of Arizona Poetry Center, and Brown University where she received her MFA. Her debut poetry collection "speculation, n." (2021) was chosen by Ilya Kaminsky for the 2020 Autumn House Poetry Prize and has been featured in *Poets & Writers*, The Poetry Foundation, *The Slowdown*, and NPR's *On The Record*. She lives in Brooklyn and teaches in the department of Humanities and Media Studies at Pratt Institute.

Carrie Schneider is co-represented by CHART and CANDICE MADEY in New York. In March 2023, she will open *Sphinx*, a major museum solo exhibition at Mass MoCA, curated by Susan Cross. Her work has been reviewed in *The New York Times*, *ArtForum*, *VICE*, *Modern Painters*, and *The New Yorker*. She received a Creative Capital Award, a Fulbright Fellowship, and attended the Whitney Museum of American Art's Independent Study Program and Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture. Carrie serves on the board A.I.M by Kyle Abraham and lives and works in Hudson and New York City.

From Carrie: I would like to thank Kristen Wasik, Alex Allenchey, Diego Olveda, Ian Burnley, Kat Kiefert, and especially Clara Ha at CHART. Thanks also to Candice Madey, Susan Cross, Mashinka Firunts, Kyle Abraham, Gonzalo Reyes-Rodrigues, David Pagliarulo, Kaja Silverman, Suki Kim, Letha Wilson, Lui Shtini, Brian Bress and the Corporation of Yaddo for formal, technical, material, conceptual and emotional support in the process of making this work. To Olga Dekalo, Aristilde Kirby, Abigail DeVille, Carmen Maria Machado, Lee Conell, Emily Mello – I am so grateful to you, for lending your beautiful brains to this project. To Cecilia Lopez: you are unstoppable, I adore you. Most of all, thank you to Ms. Mariah Carey.