

DOTORY KOREAN EATERY, 353 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN

UNIVERSAL HOMBRE

ELISE DURYEE-BROWNER

SAM WHITE

OPENING FEBRUARY 17, 6-11 PM

WITH

JENNA BLISS

SUSAN CONTE

OPENING FEBRUARY 3, 2016

We can imagine that these vibrations produced by our interior intensity might themselves be some kind of particle, for as we know light is at all times both a form, the wave, and a discrete thing, a particle. If we extrapolate then from the neutrino's capacity to pass through earth, we can even believe that these particles produced by our interior intensities are capable of passing through time, that our willingness to produce or align with these vibrating items puts us in contact with both past and future, opening up then even the possibility of a sort of reincarnation when you catch the wave generated by someone in the past, when you, by chance, as we might say, happen to tap into the same channel as another, which of course then means you and the other person are the same, are simultaneous, particle and wave.

What's incredible then is that women have held this faith and power all this time, feeling underdeveloped and backward in the face of what now seems a very sodden masculine regimen, when compared with the feminine sense of the majesty of reception and response, of "getting shit done while I'm alive." It's as if feminism carried all this time within it a golden egg, that the preparations of critique, education and increased engagement with the public sphere never constituted the practice itself but merely the positioning of women to then unleash this concealed and stored-up power on the world at the moment when things finally have gotten bad enough that it's our only hope.

Love is transcendent because it's a produced emotion, one that only humans can produce. It is the crown on the thrown of emotions, it is belief in emotion, a throwing out into the world with no guarantee of reciprocation, an undeniable act of faith. This is why people have loved God just as well as children.

Elise Duryee-Browner

WE KNOW EACH OTHER FROM BEFORE.

THIS SHOW WAS FORETOLD IN 1999. BACK THEN EXPERIENCES BECAME MEMORIES RIGHT AWAY. A FEELING OF SUSPENSION HAS SINCE DEPARTED. THEN, I FELT CLEAN FOR HOURS AFTER A SHOWER. NOW, I CAN'T TELL IF NEW YEAR'S IS AROUND THE CORNER OR JUST PAST.

IN THE SPIRIT OF FECUNDITY (AND THE CYCLE OF DESIRE AND SATISFACTION THAT HAPPENS AT A DESK) OUR PIECES ARE JOINING, NOT REPLACING, THE SHOW THAT OPENED TWO WEEKS AGO BY JENNA BLISS AND SUSAN CONTE.

EVERYTHING MADE FOR THIS SHOW IS NEW, BUT ALSO PART OF A WHOLE. I CAN ESCAPE MYSELF BUT I CAN'T ESCAPE YOU.

IT'S POSSIBLE WE GOT LOST IN THE SAME WAY BECAUSE WE ARE WRITERS.

INDEED, YOU HELP ME FEEL THAT FAILURE TO ESCAPE MYSELF MIGHT BE CONSIDERED A VICTORY.

SW

JENNA BLISS, DIY HOOKAHS

SUSAN CONTE, SHELL RELIEFS

ELISE DURYEE-BROWNER, STAINED GLASS, THE TORA BORA MOCKUPS,  
OUR TRANSCENDENTAL LOVE

SAM WHITE, DRAWINGS

## Our Transcendental Love

Here we have the opportunity to anticipate or precipitate a paradigm shift. A shot at either of which is not to be missed.

At the time of Jesus in the land of Israel, bodies of the dead were dumped to decompose into indistinguishable piles of bones in familial graves dug into the hillside of the Mount of Olives, on the slope of which is the garden of Gethsemane where he prayed with his disciples the night before his crucifixion. He emerged into consciousness at a time of turmoil in the land, where negotiations of political power and questions of self overlapped to the point of producing wars both over and generative of understandings of the relationship of the individual to the world. In the end the spread of Christianity seems to have had little to do with Jesus' teachings, teachings which embodied the perception of a tiny opening in the quickly sealing dual firmament of law and reason and then shot through it, and this must be why it has become the flag flown by the West in its conquests rather than a culture in and of itself. Judaism on the other hand grew increasingly lyrical and esoteric in the years after Christ, turning inward into the infinity of the book and into its insistent cultural otherness, and thus have the Jews remained a people apart, a channel of difficulty from one paradigm to the next.

Other channels have existed alongside and within these paradigms as well, usually maintained by subjugated cultures forced to carry along their beliefs and practices like burdens at times, or even without an awareness of their presence because the language to address or valorize them is nearly absent. Women not only disproportionately bear the burden of loving those who don't yet know what love is, but also read articles and learn from friends and therapists and teachers and parents that they're weak for doing so, that it is purely pathological to love someone who might otherwise never encounter this indisputable force that we as a culture must admit to having relegated to an extremely narrow and shallow ditch like it's a dead teen's body - basically to the family: boyfriend, husband, child.

Let's say, for a moment, that reaching a certain frequency of thought or experience in the mind puts us in connection with a plane

or string or dimension of which, despite this immediate contact, we remain altogether unaware in the traditional sense of the word. We do know from quantum physics that there remain particles of deeply mysterious working, we know as well that we don't even know the so-called reason for the force so elemental that we can scarcely conceive of life without it, the one that keeps us on the ground, that grounds our "wiring," if we must call it that, at levels so primal: the cell that need not struggle to stay in its ooze, the beings yet without life but assembling themselves in utter randomness as we would consider it today, other than by the infinitely complex yet purely simple directive of the Big Bang itself, into combination after combination until the chain of amino acids becomes RNA or whatever the story is. And throughout this whole history we've been channels for forces, shot through by particles, we've waved our hands and warped spacetime, none of which we've been able to perceive.

In the quickly narrowing space we have left for belief between the total mapping of our human experience and that data's total mobilization, let's choose a bit against convention to believe that emotions are sacred, a way of plugging into a sort of ancient internet, and that the most hallowed of emotions is love. What's strange is that this makes some intuitive sense in its charmed drawing together of the beauty and magical philosophy of quantum physics with the human history of heroism and spirituality in a way that negates neither. Fear eats the soul, the courage to enter the world deeply enough to experience emotions is to connect to the communicative and reactive network of the vibrations of everything on our planet, from bears to the forests of chattering trees to granite, even. Emotional vibrations can't be produced without being experienced and their absence results in a neurotic isolation, the pacing of a lion in a cage or the compulsive opening of a tab, low-level circles of cut-off discomfort sometimes mitigated by a low dose of pleasure. Even though we know that emotions when very grand can transport people to other states, for example mania and depression, still we do not believe that the capacity for them should be stoked as if there's an ember down there in our pituitary glands, of course we all know that in fact we as a world believe the opposite, and the public sphere, the restaurant for example, is as a result being anodized to facilitate nerd-dom.