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12/9/20 Endoscopy and Colonoscopy (postponed) 12/11/20 Neurologist 12/11/20 COVID Test 12/14/20 Endoscopy and Colonoscopy

Sheltering in place as time slips its register: ato Hobert's

by Ruti Talmor

"Damn, dog, you consistent as hell."

The young man always parked his truck at a viewpoint overlooking the I-5, with Glendale stretching out on one side and Burbank on the other. He would stand, sometimes on top of the cab, sometimes in the truck bed, and look out silently over the freeways cutting their way between neighborhoods. Something about his posture—or perhaps the large American flag attached to the back of the cab—gave off military or veteran vibes, and that, conjoined with his particular kind of Latino masculinity and the meditative quietness of his practice, always moved artist Pato Hebert.

Three, four, five times a week, they would cross paths. And then one day, the young man spoke. "Damn, dog, you consistent as hell."

"And I just wanted to give that man a hug," Hebert recalls. "I almost burst into tears because he didn't know all that I'd been through."

Hebert became sick with COVID-19 in March 2020, in the early, unknowing days of the pandemic's thrust through the United States. He tested positive in a parking lot in Elysian Park three weeks after his first symptom. Three weeks after the test, it was clear that he was not getting better. His body was not following the narrative circulating in the media—two to three weeks of heavy flulike symptoms, and if you got over those without being hospitalized and intubated, you were okay. Instead, he kept getting worse and new symptoms continuously arose, frustrating not just mainstream narratives but also his own previous experience of his body and illness/health. He soon shifted to "long-hauling" as a framework.¹ This provided temporal relief as well as community with others living with chronic illness or disability.

"[Long-hauling] didn't have an expectation that things would get better, or a finite date in the future. That's its own scariness and complication: 'Is this chronic or not?' But knowing that this body didn't have to align to anybody else's timeline was helpful. Not because of certitude but because it destabilized certitude or outcome." Two years later, as this essay is going to press, Hebert's long-hauling continues.

As soon as his lungs and muscles allowed it, Hebert began to walk in Elysian Park, LA's oldest, second-largest public park. Located in the heart of the city, close to downtown and bound on two sides by two of the city's major freeways, the park's 575 acres contained a multitude of placeworlds, subcultures, and modes of habitation (Casey 1993, Low

1. The Centers for Disease Control define long-hauling as "a range of symptoms that can last for months after first being infected with SARS-CoV-2 or can even first appear weeks after the acute phase of infection has resolved" (https://www.cdc.gov/washington/testimony/2021/t20210428.htm).



The artist with eucalyptus source tree in Elysian Park

2000, Munn 2013). Hebert eventually settled on the northeastern edge of the park, bordered by the LA River and the I-5 freeway and crosscut by the 110 freeway. This is the least manicured and least gentrified part of the park, the highest in elevation. By day it housed intergenerational families, groups of frisbee golfers, dog walkers, high school athletes, a volunteer who monitored the park's raptor population, and people who just needed some space and solitude from a crowded house or a bad day. Hebert had known this corner as a queer cruising site by night and had made art about the scene. Now he came to know the place through daily walks. It grew and shrank depending on his body's capacity and nurtured his need for being alone with people.

I wasn't getting as much sociality as I wanted. And seeing other people in their physicality. ...Just remembering that people have so many needs and enactments and ways of caring for one another and themselves. And over time, I began to see maybe up to 10 or 15 different characters, not yet on a first name basis, but I might call them contextual friendships (Hebert).

The maybe-war-veteran with the kind words was one such friend, a manifestation of what Hebert found in the park: care, relation and consistency.

In those early months of lockdown, Hebert navigated the unpredictable, unknowable temporality of his illness—the ebbs and flows of symptoms, emergencies, bad days and better days—in a body that no longer felt his, in a world experiencing the surreal, out-of-sync stalls and implosions of pandemic time. Place became tangibly palpable. It shrank, as laws restricted our mobility and science unsurely warned that all surfaces, the very air, posed a threat. But it also became our haven and blossomed in all its sensorial immediacies. As time slipped its register, place and the people who comprised it cared for Hebert and grounded him.



The exhibition *Lingering* brings together four interrelated bodies of work that emerged out of Hebert's long-hauling and pandemic timespace: *Lingering*, a series of photographs printed on silk charmeuse; *No Silver Linings*, twenty-six nickel-plated surgical masks from doctors' appointments; *Counter Measures*, a series of wooden spoons carved by the artist; and five text works in metal, wood, acrylic and paint. Long-hauling and pandemic time continue, of course, but the works in the exhibition cover the twenty-one months between April 2020 and December 2021.

The 84 works that make up the exhibition flow through two gallery rooms. The first room is white-walled and filled with light, the warmth of silk, sanded eucalyptus, and hand-blown glass, but also the harsh heat of gold mirrored acrylic. The *Lingering* images float their way along three of the walls; the spoons of Counter Measures hang on a fourth wall and then meander among the images and around the corner into the back gallery. Here they interact with text works of charred wood and park ground. The back gallery's black walls swallow the light; the nickel-plated masks of No Silver Linings march in a somber timeline along these, veering between clinical observation and shattering accusation. Together, the two galleries and the transitional space of spoons and words between them record this historical event, exploring subjective, embodied experiences of time and place; critiquing the macro forces that produced the pandemic; and honoring the frameworks of thought and networks of care that fill the void the state leaves in its wake.

Lingering: An Archeology of Now

The *Lingering* series manifests Hebert's vision of Elysian Park, his special place during COVID. Here is someone looking closely, again and again, at the same looped piece of ground. And what he sees is almost a hallucination. Hebert's body is an absent presence in this room, like the hub of the wheel, seen only once in a single image by the front door, and even then, obscured, his eye sockets empty holes of white: the blind seer. If you stand in the middle of the gallery, within the 6-footwide circle of gold (more on this later), or if you follow the meandering path of silken images along its perimeter, you can see what he saw.

Often you are looking down, closely, at close-ups of traces left behind, at remnants of others' encounters with the park. The ground holds it all: flowers, condoms, footsteps, animal carcasses, gloves, *estampitas religiosas* (holy cards), seedpods, protest flyers... and masks. Objects without bodies, imprinted by those bodies: sweat, lipstick, semen, the crumpled shape a hand made. At other times, you look up, away from the fragile detritus that now layers the world but will not endure as a strata of time. Then you are given broader views and deeper temporal frames: a sprawling California Oak, a coyote climbing an embankment, raptors soaring above dry weeds, a flowering agave rearing its stalk, clouds whipping across the sky. These expanses record a more enduring

presence, a different mode of humans and non-humans living in relation to each other and to land.

These images capture fragmentary traces that variously express the place and time of COVID. "I didn't want the literalness of forensics," Hebert explains. "I wanted to presence how askew COVID makes us feel."

The inversion of color sends us adrift, allowing us to travel along axes of association. Ground becomes water. Sky becomes gold. The ochre dryness of Southern California becomes the luminous blue of the sea. We lose our grounding in visual space, become dislocated. There is a strange gap between foreground and background. Objects seem to hang suspended as though in water or formaldehyde. A seedpod becomes a blowfish or



an embodiment of *carrasposo* (the rough sensation of a sore throat). A closeup of a pavement seems like a long shot out of an airplane window.

The images are a historical record, a fragile archeology of a traumatic present many wish to forget. The discarded masks, condoms, and gloves were signs of care in another life, but are now part of a new, global layer of anthropogenic harm to the earth. Both of these states—intentional care and unintended harm—linger in this work. Care can be sensed in the angle and distance at which the photographs were taken: how the aching body leaned in or knelt down to get close enough to look at something small. This care is reembodied by the viewer, who too must get close in order to see.

Printed on silk charmeuse, the images become something more than photographs. They become objects like the objects they contain, differently but relatedly fragile, vulnerable, precious. Unframed, they shimmer and glow and sway as you walk past them, or if a breeze blows in through the open doors.

Under pandemic, place shrank, time warped, and seeing changed, and *Lingering*'s artistic chronotope records and refracts these spatiotemporal disorders (Bakhtin 1981; Munn 2003).

As Hebert's body, his "general medium for having a world" (Merleau-Ponty 1962: 146), became unknowable (no longer his), he turned to the world-to place, community, and art-as a way to gather himself. "To live is to live locally, and to know is first of all to know the places one is in" (Casey 1996: 18). Hebert was lucky to have Elysian Park and the community of cohabitants it gathered together. The front gallery is the loving holding that was place, the gratitude he felt to the land and its stewards, and the hallucinatory clarity with which he saw it.





There is an interjection in this place of holding and love. In the center of the gallery floor is *Talking in Circles*, one of five text works in the exhibition, and the only one in the front gallery. Gold mirrored acrylic letters make a six-foot-wide circle. They spell out a quote by Donald Trump from early in the pandemic, "It's going to disappear. Someday it's like a miracle—it will all just disappear," in Tiny Hand, a font created by designer Mark Davis out of Trump's thick-marker handwriting. The six-foot-wide circle was one of several ways social distancing was measured and enforced under COVID. It was a form of care, but also a mandate that remade place. Situated in the middle of the front gallery, surrounded by the organic warmth of silk and eucalyptus, the sharp, chintzy gold of the circle brings Trump, and all the lies, negations, avoidances, and denials that characterized his regime's mishandling of COVID, into the room.

In two corners of the gallery are fragmentary circles. These partially bring other spaces and timelines into the American chronotope the show produces, as people the world over came up with such circles and other safe-distancing measures. Spelling "one day" and "it's going to," these two arcs name the pandemic's indefinite future and the unevenness of its present, as surges, waves and variants of the virus roll across the world, so that Italy's "now" is New York's "three weeks from now" is Los Angeles' "six weeks from now." They appropriate Trump's language, neutralizing the confident lie. Fragmented, the phrases become tonally and grammatically ambiguous, partial, openended. The gold words reflected on the walls evoke the duality that pervades the show, the artist's insistence to dwell simultaneously in systemic critique and communal care, in naming the problem and honoring some solutions.

Counter Measures

A eucalyptus limb fell in Elysian Park. For months, Hebert watched the fallen wood age and dry. One day, he dragged pieces of the massive branch to his car. His uncle, artist Tom Henscheid who teaches spoonmaking, helped him cut out the original templates. His uncle's colleague, a wood expert, told him this breed of eucalyptus, harvested at this age in this climate, was one of the hardest woods to carve. For months, Hebert gouged out the bowls, shaped the stems, sanded down the shapes, devoting twenty-five to forty hours of labor to each spoon. Like the *Lingering* images, the raw material for the spoons was given to Pato by the park, and the final artworks are a form of giving back.

The first spoon on the wall (and the largest in the series), is a longhandled ladle, *Holding Space (for Christine Miserandino)*. Miserandino invented spoon theory in 2003 to explain how people living with disability or chronic illness have a finite amount of energy (a set number of spoons) which is never enough to do everything you want to do, forcing you to constantly make choices and sacrifices, and which, once used up, leave you spooned out (Miserandino 2003). The ladle "holds space," a concept Hebert thinks about a lot as a teacher, organizer, and friend. "How do we care for the carers and caregivers?" Hebert asks as an alternative gloss for the ladle. "What would it mean to hold space for Miserandino, given all that she has given to the world and to people living with chronic illness? I feel a great gratitude to someone I have never met." The ladle holds space in care and gratitude, but also in honor and dedication.

There is a desire, in writing about Hebert's work, to simply *rewrite* the work, as so much of it, even the most visceral or material, is also conceptual and linguistic. So, it is with Counter Measures, a series that seeks to counter the stigma of chronic illness. The spoons name rubrics for understanding the pandemic: symptoms, epiphenomena, public health, community care. They jump vertiginously between the structural-political, the relational-collective, and the individualembodied; often, a single spoon holds several of these at once. A small, modest spoon next to the Long-Hauler self-portrait is U09.9, the new, diagnostic code issued by the Centers for Disease Control on October 1, 2021 "to document post-acute seguela of COVID-19 after infection (aka 'long COVID')" (aafp.org). This classification was hard-won through advocacy, produced at the interface between long-hauler activists and the public health system. U09.9 explores this interface, where disability activists, long-haulers, and allies come together to demand classification, research and visibility.

Around the corner, in the back gallery, a wave of spoons names a litany of symptoms and pandemic jargon heard again and again. *Insomnia* (a spoon tiredly turned away from us), *Puddles* (a spoon tilted downward by exhaustion or to catch a deluge of sweat and tears), and *Detail Disoriented (Brain Fog)* (a spoon that cannot hold) are symptoms of the COVID body. Do *Flare-up* and *Surge* (both tinged by fire), refer to collective upticks in cases or to fever in the blood? Is *Strain* a new variant (such as the mutant *Variant 1* and *Variant 2*) or strain upon the COVID body using up its spoons to get through the day?

In other cases, process gave a spoon its name, the hours of labor becoming embodied lessons in understanding the COVID body through disability frameworks. While carving *Resilient*, Hebert accidentally punched through the lip of the bowl and then decided to leave the gouging raw and unsanded. The park's rough beauty is palpable in this spoon, which feels like a sibling to the silk image of a tailless lizard beside it. "Disability justice opened me up. All bodies are beautiful; all bodies have power. Functionally this spoon could still work." In making *Strain*, he sanded through a bowl again. "Form was aiming in one idealized direction that practice damaged. The ableist perfect form is no longer possible." One of the most unique objects in the series is



Pacing, a small curly-q of a spoon. "Rather than fight the wood, you listen to what it gives you. You find the spoon inside the wood, where the wood is most stable." *Pacing* faces *Care*, a delicate spoon which seems poised to catch *Pacing* if it falls.

Other spoons explore other aspects of solidarity. Thirteen similar-but unique spoons make up Spoonies, fellow community members who meet you in your sickness as they inhabit theirs. The communal circle they make on the wall directly addresses the circle of gold text on the floor before them, the truth of collective care facing off with the lack of state care on the ground. They are followed by three pairs of spoons that toy with the registers of individual and collective. Two flat spoons, Rest and Crashed, face each other across a gap of time. "Rest"-a need, a warning; "crash"-a consequence. Hugging the corner of the wall are two more pairs of spoons. Like Spoonies, Mutual Aid honors the collective forms of reciprocity, care and creativity that have always existed in disability worlds (Ginsburg and Rapp 2013; Devlieger et al. 2013; Kim & Schalk 2021), but which rose to the mainstream public's awareness during the pandemic. Who addresses whom in Hold Me, two spoons intimately "spooning" each other? This poignant request dialogues with Fifteen Months Without, the hand-blown glass sculpture made by Sarah Gilbert in collaboration with Hebert for the show.

Fifteen Months Without

From afar, *Fifteen Months Without* looks more like a gathering of light than a material object, inviting you to come closer. Two glowing glass masks rest at a tensile distance from one another on a white shelf. Hung low, they invite you to look down with care and attention, as Hebert did to find the traces. In this, they are a microcosm of the front gallery, itself a microcosm of Elysian Park: a gathering place. Hebert found the title, as he often does, in everyday talk; in this case, someone at a workshop he was running said, "I've gone fifteen months without a hug." The distance between the masks is chronotopic—a stretch of time, a stretch of space, filled with longing and yearning for a possible future that is maybe, nearly reached in *Hold Me*. Something fleeting is gathered there: time, or light, or spirit. Like the *Lingering* photographs, they hold space, evoking a temporality of loss that merges with longing for an imagined possible. Both engage in acts of salvage, fixing a moment, a fragment, or a gesture that would have been lost to time.

Heat and breath link COVID to blown glass, but for Gilbert, the connection lies elsewhere, in the kind of communities and care that could be crafted in the wake of the pandemic. "Craft practices are never individual; they are always collaborative," she says, connecting people across thousands of years, thousands of miles, language barriers, other distances. "There's something really magical about

that, that you are able to connect into this community and lineage of making."

Pato Hebert and Sarah Gilbert first collaborated in 2015, in "Our Fragile Bubble/A Thousand Calamities," a participatory performance event at Gilbert's exhibition, *Turnings*, at the Chrysler Museum of Art in Norfolk, VA. Gilbert had (unusually) combined glass blowing and casting techniques to create glass vessels of human body parts. Working on Lingering in Los Angeles, Hebert reached out to Gilbert, a sculptor, to work through some of the material challenges of casting the masks that comprise of No Silver Linings. Problem-solving in the studio, Gilbert asked, "Have you ever thought about doing these masks in glass?" Gilbert has been living with disability since 2018, and this collaboration was a healing, a way back to her practice. She set herself the difficult challenge of blowing, rather than casting, the masks, because blowing would allow for a thinness and detail that would again, as in 2015, allow the glass to resemble, or allude to, flesh. "The mask is basically a second skin, separated from the body but close to the body," Gilbert explains. Like the graceful spoons of *Counter Measures*, the two glass masks of Fifteen Months Without are the end result of hours of labor, over forty separate attempts at engagement with the material. It is hard to understand how glass could become these shapes, with their smooth, glossy, flesh-like folds, and their frosty imprints of extreme detail-like a car window someone blew on in winter and the fleshy finger that drew an image out of the frost at one and the same time.

Like the communal nature of craft, attending to materials is a way of being in relation. "Materials push back. There is something amazing about dialoguing with materials, really paying attention to them to try to figure out what is possible, not by imposing but through a constant push and pull that is never done. And it's not about you; it's just materials finding their way in the world. And to me, that is pure magic. It points to the possibilities of the world being different than it is. What is actually possible with all this damaged stuff that we have? What can we remake it into? What are the material possibilities of that?"

There is a deep resonance between this possible future and that of the eucalyptus spoons, a shared crip futurity² that calls for a world shaped by "relations of support, care and regeneration" (Kim and Schalk 2021: 327), by "out-of-sync solidarities" (Moodie 2020) and acknowledgements of sameness and difference. "There was something really therapeutic in spending time with those objects in that way, giving them attention, honoring these things that we all throw away all the time and trying to figure out a way to allow them an afterlife," Gilbert says. As a mode of artmaking based on collaboration and dialogue with past and present humans and non-humans, *Fifteen Months Without* is thus much like the community care that has taken place in the wake of the pandemic. It is a piece that reminds us that we exist and make only in relation to other beings (human and not).





Text Works

Three text works transition us from the front gallery to the back. The spoon *Detail Disoriented (Brain Fog)*, introduces us to *Listless*, the first of these. One of the neurological effects of Hebert's illness was an inability to find words, or a tendency to mix them up. *Detail Disoriented* is a lovely, useless spoon with a hole as its bowl, a commentary on how words, details, names, dates fall through our brains, which have lost their capacity to hold. Hebert's work has a long history of wordplay, including games where the last letter of one word becomes the first letter of the next. He had started to do this with COVIDoldroms, an early version of thinking about lingering and long-hauling.

A devoted listmaker, Hebert began a list of word mix-ups that became a long list of D-words (as well as a few ID- and VID- words) that held the complex multiplicity that was COVID. These became *Listless*, a sitespecific list of words stenciled directly onto the surface of the dividing wall between the two galleries. Around the corner, in the back gallery,

is a tight letter jumble of the word COVID. Doctors and donuts, debates and deaths, days and daze, defiant and defeats—like so much work in *Lingering*, *Listless* refuses to stay put at the level of the individual or the collective, the conceptual or the material, the somatic or the political, the broken down or the rising up. Like *Counter Measures*, this conceptual work finds it material form through place: Hebert sourced the stone in Elysian Park and ground it into ochre paint. "How do you make work not only in a place or about it but also with it?"

Facing the memorial of masks in the back gallery are two text works in charred wood.³ Like *Counter Measures* (the

other works in wood), *better but not well* and *tumbao* are articulations of long-term illness that refuse an allopathic model of illness as a temporary aberration, and the broader neoliberal framework of progress, productivity, and optimization of which it forms a part. Instead, the two works, a bilingual couplet in burnt wood, draw on disability frameworks.

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better but not well names a general undertow of ableism as well as a more specific COVID anxiety. "[It] is the answer to the eternal question 'How are you?'" Hebert explains. "It is a partly grateful, partly frustrated, partly matter-of-fact response that speaks to the temporality of long hauling and most people's inability to hold that temporality. Your long-hauling body becomes a projection of the endlessness of the pandemic itself, but also the culture's unwillingness to hold chronic illness as normative. COVID becomes my body's and this moment's embodiment of that."

better but not well is made of burnt California live oak surrounded by salvaged melted auto parts. The sans-serif font is neutral, objective. Oaks are central to Indigenous California lifeworlds, several thrive in Elysian Park, and many burned in the fires of 2020-21. As for the metal, Hebert had been walking for months when a new element appeared on his route. Overnight, someone had burned down an automobile, at the junction of one of the cruising areas in the park, where cars often park. Eventually, someone took the car carcass away, and he salvaged the leftover bits, molten by fire and then hardened again. He liked the force frozen in their forms. He welcomed ways of tending to the park by cleansing it of the toxic metals. Like *Listless*, this is a work that brings together the phenomenology of COVID and that of Elysian Park into a single chronotope: long-hauling in Los Angeles.

The metal parts seem like remnants of an apocalypse, an alien invasion, or lifeforms from a posthuman time. They encroach upon the charred wood. While *Fifteen Months Without* feels like a microcosm of the show as gathering place, *better but not well* concentrates the exhibition's refusal at singularity. It feels like a key joint within the show's skeleton, where light meets darkness, wood becomes metal, and disability frameworks confront the health care system. Together, wood and metal become "this body," as Hebert now refers to the body he shares with COVID. *tumbao* is the second line to this wooden couplet. Made out of Panama rosewood from one of Hebert's home countries, the piece rests on the gallery floor as though it slid down, some letters askew, the "m" knocked down. A Caribbean enunciation of *tumbado*, the word means knocked down. It also names the bass rhythm in Cuban son-based musics (in other words, it makes you get up). The word describes how COVID knocked Hebert down and was a shorthand for describing a bad day. But along with spoons like *Resilient*, the piece also asks, what does resilience look like? You get knocked down and get back up.

For Hebert, fire is another ambivalent element: destructive but also transformative, protective or renewing. It is the burn scars left by the greed and lack of care that burned over 10 million acres of California in 2020 and 2021, but also the prescribed burns that form part of Native stewardship of land.³ Fire is the bad fevers and flareups in the chronically ill COVID body but also the body fighting off infection. "Might there be potential for regeneration or transformation of other kinds?" For Hebert, this is not an ableist, neoliberal narrative of betterment. Instead, he draws on Buddhist notions of equanimity, on crip time, and on harm reduction frameworks learned through decades of HIV work, to hold a set of everchanging states and transitions without attachment or aversion. These frameworks stand in confrontation to the allopathic model of sickness and health and the neoliberal health care system that is materialized in the memorial march of *No Silver Linings (Long Hauling)*.





No Silver Linings (Long Hauling)

A u-shape of black walls holds twenty-six nickel-plated surgical masks. "Silver linings is a cousin of 'post-COVID' and 'Are you better yet?' I stopped a long time ago looking for silver linings," Hebert explains (see Hebert and Juhasz, this volume). If the front gallery—white, filled with light and gold—is one chronotope of COVID, the back gallery—its walls a black that swallows up the light—is another, the temporality of longhauling at the interface with the health care system.

Hebert archived every single mask he was given during an allopathic medical visit. April 5th, 2020: Urgent Care, Trouble Breathing. July 20th: Urgent Care. Vertigo and Imbalance. August 19th: Infectious Disease Specialist... on it goes. Ultrasounds, CT scans, postponed and rescheduled endoscopies... Neurologist, pulmonologist, gastroenterologist... Hung in clusters, the series of masks spatializes the uneven temporality of Hebert's illness, with its sudden emergencies, its clustered dates of seeking diagnosis, and the quieter periods in between. These are "incommensurable islands of duration, each with its own rhythm, the time that flies by or drags, depending on what one is doing" (Bourdieu 1977:103). In them, "[t]ime, as it were, thickens, takes on flesh, becomes artistically visible; likewise, space becomes charged and responsive to the movements of time..." (Bakhtin 1981: 84).

Hebert knew he wanted to keep the masks and to find a way to preserve them in a way that was not precious, was not silver. "Nickel is about as non-precious as you can get." Nickel plating appealed to him because the original object is caught, preserved, lifted out of time, within the metal. Each mask was a relic of a moment of fear and unknowing. This emotional charge is transmitted when standing before them: something urgent and pained about the way they are crumpled, twisted, scrunched up, and then something disturbing about the way this desperate gesture is frozen in time. Like many of Hebert's works, they open up to multiple, opposite associations simultaneously. "Disco?" Hebert asked after the first attempt at nickel plating. "Death masks," Ciara Ennis, gallery director, said when she saw them on the wall. The affective charge changes from one mask to the next; they carry and gain power from all the connotations they call forth. They are a genus, more similar than not, mass-produced, their basic architecture identical. Yet each is unique. In this way, they manifest a central tension in the entire show, that between a single journey through COVID and the structural conditions and collective experiences that it is. This is one of the core truths of the pandemic. "We are not just individuals, alone and isolated. We are both of those but not only," Hebert always insists. The line of masks tells the story of one lonely, frightening, individual journey through the US medical system, but not only that. As an installation, they feel like a war memorial to the dead, unique individuals-but also the massive collectivity-who did not have to die.

But Not Only

Lingering is a testimony told in the midst of an event that many would like to believe is over. It is an archeology of a past-present-future that salvages fragments in the moment of their falling. "Human beings participate in history as both actors and as narrators," Michel-Rolph Trouillot explains, as history is both the facts of the matter and a narrative of those facts, both "what happened" and "that which is said to have happened" (Trouillot 2015: 2). Between these two senses of history are silences that enter the process of historical production.⁴ Nestled within these silences are traces, seemingly untethered lingerings from other times and places—past, present and future (Glissant 2020).⁵

Someone was handed a mask in an emergency room and breathed their fear in shallow breaths into it as they waited. Someone lost a prayer card. Someone put on lipstick to feel pretty behind a mask. Someone went to a protest. Someone found a moment of love or relief. Someone stood alone on a truckbed, looking down upon the sprawling city, and noticed someone else walking alone. In that brief moment, across that small space, they were not alone. Across the world, these embodied moments were the way we lived through this time: "what happened." *Lingering* preserves these traces and gathers them into a history: "that which is said to have happened." It is a "*lieu de memoire* [where] memory [can] crystallize and secrete itself" (Nora 1989: 7). "Every experience has its own horizon" (Husserl 1973: 32). Under the event of COVID, the horizon line becomes hard to fix. But when time slips its register and the body's compass is askew, art, place, and community gather and ground.

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Fee _ike

by Reid Gómez

Elysian Park, Yaanga, Gabrieleño/Tongva people walking place, the dirt of former lives, one night only, sometimes a lifetime. We walked this dirt before. We are the dirt of other lives. Touch me in the morning—but don't walk away. I will never be empty like you found me. Time is not a line but some people still use directional words: before and after. Translinear light, Dear Lord, we are in these ways; we perceive each other, to be, is to be perceived. Being a body once, not always, and forever.

The hand in the fingerprints, I can taste the salt you've left on me. Life is not a salt free diet.

Gloves hold hands, our sex organs. Shapes we make remain. Caricias de amor. Mask the ears, nose and throat. Each wind inside makes us who we are, uniquely. That wind leaves turquoise traces. A crumpled condom whispers discretion. I love the way you love your body. Touching me and touching you, while an eagle outlines the sky, in a wash of shade, and pantone dirt. Tan cascades down and touches the Abuelo Rum to the lips of one, the libations of the other. Earth. Used condoms are the jelly fish of desire. Living in the desert teaches me to find the ocean. Seeking above me and beneath me. When I feel like making love, the sea inside me. Lingers.

Blues, grey scales, and white—what sacred stones are these? This condom ribbed with flatlines. Your heart is racing; I can feel it, when I touch you here. Anxiety thrives on vagueness; we should risk desire. Touch me there. These afterwards spoken from a mouth to an ear, from a face to an asshole, and from a hip to a cheekbone. The taste of each other. A ribbon on the ocean floor, lingers in caution. Marking a death. Caution a life through a plastic cord that never decomposes. These warnings become bodies. Outlining the moment happened here. Touch me here.

These etchings are made by light. Share your plate. Save it. Describe the ground, and what you used to burnish the plate. Was it a needle or salt? Your fingernail? You keep them short so you don't break skin. I see. The hand in the fingerprints, I can taste the salt you've left on me. Life is not a salt free diet. I hear you, "This time I'll be sweeter." I believe you. Children of earth have faith in these desires. They remind us we are living and our home is all relations.

I see coyote. The unmistakable spotted coat reveals his her mother father's desire for children as beautiful as deer song. The fire burns. We recognize the lingering as she he walks up the road side. The road turns, like every season, to the right, and to the left, a direction taken as we leave, another taken as we arrive. We are substance of air. We arrive and depart in each other. There is no vaccine for the intimacy of existence.

KN95 cannot mask our need to linger at the edges of one another.

Coyote enters the purple haze of Prince's love sign, Shock G's Silky Remix. D. M. S. R. Everybody needs to fuck, to feed, and to have fun. KN95 cannot mask our need to linger at the edges of one another. Marvin prescribed a sexual healing; even the flowers, they need love.

A fire is disposed in this 3-ply facemask, and held inside the charcoal edge. I love you like air. I love you like fire loves air. Are you still here? Walking home with a face uncovered. Walking naked. The brown sky from a previous night. A memory? Or does it linger in this mask that captured a sunset? Those famous Los Angeles sunsets created by exhaust and exhaustion. I attend the sky you've left for me and don't recall your name. I don't think we exchanged government tokens. You taught me a love like this before. You laid this here, in the grass, above the stones, painted blue to remind anyone we shared a day, because I talk to strangers, and you talk to strangers too.

The condom ring speaks. The park's mouth tells, sings, and swallows all the fluids we try to keep from exchanging. Like Yewa, the earth receives what death brings her. The earth swallows. Y se la tragó la tierra. Cue Luther—she loves us back. Lingering in the knowledge we have of each other when we pass each other back and forth, and when we do not waste one drop. This kind of kiss is another kind of proclamation. In high contrast to Chapter 133 of the California Book of Statutes defining an Indigenous people as a tarring, a loitering, a moving too slowly. Defining a care, a custody, a control and a means of earning a living. What is this meaning – earning a living? Maintaining oneself – provisions for men, not strolling about. We cannot have men, if they are pantone earthsea, strolling about, or frequenting the places where drugs and alcohol are sold. They – these men, they called them Indians – "shall be liable to be arrested on the complaint of any resident citizen of the county, and brought before any Justice of the Peace of the proper county."

We may not read their books, but we understand their threats nonetheless. Downtown slave markets linger here in our feet covered with hard soles "strolling in the park watching winter turn to spring." Creatures of the night hold their own conversations, deeply layered with policy initiatives of their own. Everyone needs to fuck, to feed, and to have fun.

Downtown slave markets linger here in our feet covered with hard soles

I will leave this holy card here-quizás un milagro, quizás una renunciación. Jesús, en Tí confío. I will leave it here with the condom wrapper torn with bark, with the warnings and drug facts stuck to a plastic bottle filled with hand sanitizer. Let me fold the 4th of July into words that echo down: former slave. "We demand. We need." This is not a rebellion or a refusal of curfews-this is war. My body all over your body. Consent can be a lie: if you agree, check this box. Slaves are a pantone earth: clouds a breath of life, sleeping languages and sleeping people. Three raptors fly overhead and one perches on the dendrites of the plant people, and the coral of Yemaya. She cares for all slaves, even those who did not ride in boats, but worked in mines and California labor markets, and those indios sold from the Manila Galleons. They try to divide and name her into parts-people and currents: Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian. We stand maganda-together still, here-in a house of beauty. I will leave this holy card with this mask tied into a medicine bundle-everything inside needs to be addressed by the proper protocols.

Home made here. Oak tree in Elysian Park. A purple love at the base, ground covered with the fall, a birth, to become, not a born again. I tumble for you, from cruel summers, I adore. Death is a part of life. Now poof we are gone. Lingering in drops of rain, clouds the sea above, slaves and slave holders. What ocean floor do I walk as I walk toward you? You know. Tell them I want to know too. A mask covers the mouth while framing the eyes. Look at me, when I'm talking to you. Can't you see I long for life. My eye carries its own lens floating in the teal ocean of me. If you look closely, you can see the plants and black mustard in Elysian Park, and the outline of oak leaves.

We are lungs experiencing demographic collapse. Long haulers of epidemics and slave trades. The elements remind us our love is written in the stone. Making love—this is the time, at moonrise, when you walk, when I go inside. Not everyone is a creature of the night. Finding meaning in the earth, these bits of us we shed in the intimacy of earthsea, a mask, a glove, a condom and a holy card. We testify against every man who claims his share of whiteness, even though Chapter 133 forbids our testimony. Legally we can say nothing. Hear. Say. We talk to the dead every day. Our stories have power. Protect us; listen I am telling one now. There was a man I loved like air. He took a walk every night to aid his recovery from Dikos Ntsaaígíí–19. He sent me these images one text at a time.

























Flare-up and Surge














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08/19/20 Infectious Disease Specialist



08/26/20 CT Scan



09/11/20

Urgent Care, Gastrointestinal Pain





09/12/20 Ultrasound

09/17/20 Pulmonary Function Lab



09/28/20 Internal Medicine Surgeon



11/12/20 Pulmonologist



11/12/20 Gastroenterologist



02/08/21 Neurologist



03/12/21 Pulmonary Function Lab



03/31/21 Neurologist



04/21/21 Neurologist



10/27/21 Ultrasound



10/27/21 Neurologist



10/28/21 Internal Medicine Surgeon



10/29/21 Gastroenterologist



07/07/21 Neurologist





Capillaries of Care

Pato Hebert in conversation with Alexandra Juhasz

No Silver Linings

Pato: Whenever I go to a clinic, they give me a disposable surgical mask. I've been saving them since becoming ill in March 2020. I am electroplating them in nickel, an un-precious metal that looks silverish. I have 26 of these masks from my COVID visits. The series will be presented on three gallery walls as a timeline of my interfacing with the medical establishment.

It is called *No Silver Linings (Long Hauling)*, which comes from something you said on a call with our collective, What Would an HIV Doula Do? A colleague said, "one of the silver linings of the pandemic..." and you interrupted them and said, "I don't want to hear about silver linings." It stuck with me because I understood you to be intervening in political terms. What we need is to turn toward all that is hard, confusing, and messy about the pandemic, rather than to turn COVID or our long hauling journey into something celebratory, let alone precious, done, or fully comprehensible. I thought: How might I materialize that kind of succinct political critique?

Alex: My words did not exactly feel political, they felt primal. I wanted to acknowledge and ask others to stay in the suffering and pain with me. This felt particularly acute as the new normal started to be that we were all well or going to be well or had never gotten sick; just erasing people in pain, people who are sick, people who had died.

So, it was more affective than political. I suppose it was strategic, so in that sense political, if we mean an intended action aimed at a self- or world-changing goal based in an analysis. For example, our investment in the political project of COVID and long-haul disclosure: naming that there are people in every Zoom and lived room who had COVID, are going to get COVID, are getting better, are long hauling with COVID, have lost somebody or are going to lose somebody.

Learning from contemporary AIDS activism, disclosure is fundamentally political and historical. We resist hearing "AIDS is over" (or "we are post-COVID") because it denies the lived experiences of people with HIV/AIDS and communities who suffer and have suffered. Those realities and memories will stay with us, not as a silver lining, but as a gritty, awful mark of the myriad ways that our cultures, our medical establishment, our governments fail us.

Disclosure is a willful and often dangerous political act of naming what is true—but can't be said or seen—so that we can mobilize around the changes that presence calls forth.

Pato: Long haulers, like the pandemic, won't simply go or be wished away.



Alex: The shine on your masks renders them, like you with your blue glowing face, hard to dismiss. This is "precious," as you say. In your art with masks – dispensable, disposable, trash – what do you show as the costs and value of these objects in relation to a growing politics of care?

Pato: Taped up in my cluttered LA art studio is a set of breathing instructions from a former student, now friend, part of a whole string of care she has given me in DMs and packages. This made me think about "capillaries of care," very small but vital circuitries that might not seem political and may not be visible. This is mutual aid: how we take care of one another.

Describing the masks as un-precious is wordplay based on the grading scale for metals. Sure, that's capitalism: placing differing values on parts of the earth that humans extract. But it's also an allegory for the way we give value to some kinds of bodies or conditions over others.

The long hauling body is a problem. For systems of care. For labor policy. For moving on. I don't like feeling like a problem. I do like caring and being cared for. We are invaluable, even when we are classified or made to feel otherwise. So, when I think of value in our journeys as long haulers, how do I see and honor these incredibly life-giving capillaries of care that I benefit from, and that I've worked to cultivate, enact and sustain with others?



Care is Political

Pato: Politics is about power, resources, commitments, and accountabilities. To live with the coronavirus and in the evolving stages of this pandemic, we have to marshal all our powers. Health systems have to shift, labor and disability frameworks have to evolve. We must contend with the violence of capitalism. And, we have to enact and show other kinds of empowerment. This is what mutual aid is about: responding to needs and also possibilities; not only addressing suffering but also engendering celebration and pleasure. These are forms of sustenance as power.



The Coronavirus and climate change teach us that networks of relations—understood through Indigenous frameworks of reciprocity must be rebalanced to extend care multi-directionally. Science is still unclear if long hauling is the body's ongoing response to infection or if the virus remains present as trace fragments. Even that language is still too reliant on the notion of the intact and distinguishable as opposed to the interconnected that I'm living each day, and for which our organizing strives.

Care is always relational, and it's always in relationship to power. There have to be redistributions of resources to where harm is being done, or where there's the greatest need. And not just in a short-sighted way, but at much larger scales, which is why you and I have started working with a political framework and a mutual aid and pleasure framework of the Long Haul.

Alex: Neither the body in pain nor the body that cares for the body in pain are given value (except for maybe doctors). As hard as it is to be ill, as hard as it is to not get better, it's also hard to care. Care comes at a cost, although it is not paid for adequately. Our underpaid essential care workers mark how the capitalist system is completely skewed. Skewy!



In words that echo down to today, Fr former slave himself, said in a July barbarity and shameless hypocris

This July 4th: De to Dishonor the

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WE DEMAND:

WE NEED: REVOLUT

The U.S.A. was founded on enslavement of Black expanded through war stealing large parts of Me land.

The U.S.A.'s wealth and power has since been but followed by a New Jim Crow of mass incarceration **Pato:** For all I said about small capillaries of care and mutual aid, we also need big systems and structures of care as well. I don't romanticize care. It's complicated and it's messy and it's vital. Vaccine access for everyone around the world and not just in rich countries is one example of care we need. Another is the thinking and organizing that ME/CFS and HIV communities, and now COVID long haulers, are doing together at different scales.

Alex: There's always need for political work of changing policy, getting better drugs into more bodies, responding more fully or fairly to injustice in systems already in place. If "care is political," it's not really outcomes-oriented. Rather, care work has to hold space or provide the generative celebratory and mournful energy that allows human beings to share power.



Care was There

Pato: Care asks that you attend to what the being you're caring for needs. Sometimes you can't adequately respond. The needs of the body or overwhelming structural conditions are too much for our delicate capillaries of care to counter effectively. But care can change the conditions in the moment: for instance, the condition of isolation. Care connects us.

Alex: As modes of care, doula-ing and harm-reduction are political acts based in uncertainty and precarity and rendered as processes. Not everything can or will be solved, over or made better. Care is a doing. Can we make that apparent? What is a care disclosure? How do we mark that care was there?

In this pandemic, processes of care have been formative. When we are all stretched in new ways – because we are ill, taking care of others, looking for work, talking on Zoom – we need new models for organizing to support our comrades to do less, spoon it out, listen to each other and figure how to stay responsive to changing human capacity.

Pato: Two key practices are harm reduction, created by communities of people who use drugs and the HIV community, and doula-ing, holding space with and for people in transition. Holding all the space we need for ourselves while amplifying crip time. An example is Christine Miserandino's spoon theory. We start each day with a finite amount of energy. Getting out of bed or brushing your teeth each use up a valuable amount of this limited energy. That has been such a useful reorientation against workaholism and capitalism's notion of productivity, for me. I give myself permission, and heed many other people's guidance, to not overdo it.



Place helps. Elysian Park in Los Angeles has been instrumental to my healing. It's a vibrant, free, open public space, so crucial to immigrant communities and the city, especially during the pandemic when people need to be together outside. It is full of many types of trees, including the eucalyptus, which is not indigenous to California. They're only present on Tongva land through settler colonialism. There is a gorgeous, giant eucalyptus tree that lost a limb in a 2020 storm. I studied this fallen limb for months and months as I was walking and thinking: about spoon theory, relations and cycles of time, geological time, storm time, decolonial time, long hauling time. I couldn't do more vigorous exercise beyond walking; exertion itself can do harm for some people living with chronic illness.



Eucalyptus source tree



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Flatten the Curve
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I salvaged some of that fallen wood. I've been transforming it into a series of spoons that are also conceptual artworks. One is this playful, curving spatula that's not quite a spoon. It's entitled, *Flattening the Curve*, playing with epi language.

The vaccines and the Delta and Omicron variants created different kinds of COVID time, as does the transformation of this fallen eucalyptus limb. These different scales of time have implications for different forms of care. I feel I am tending to that complicated tree and this place that has tended to me. The work gives a sense of something transformed.

Alex: This is a fundamentally feminist political analysis. Intimate processes of healing, witnessing, and community-building – in the face of structures organized to not allow us community, dignity, education, voice—those processes, which are ephemeral, are not just metaphorized, not just made into sign systems to help us perceive, they are materialized. The process is the goal; a thing rises from an analysis of our racist, settler-colonial state of social and personal illness. You go from a lived experience in your park and body, enrich it with a theoretical and political analysis honed over decades and in many communities, and render all this onto and as material, which itself holds history: everything that was before it to get it there. The role of art in a politics of care is its capacity to materialize what has been and to materialize what could be: our hopes, our pleasures, our pain, our limits, our futures.



Care and Pacing

I'll be Your Thermometer, Barometer, and... *Skew-ometer*

Alex: All human beings are or will be ill or disabled and will use the means at hand and the means that we struggle for to feel or do better. We are working—with long haulers and other people who are held back by the human truths of ability and health, disability and illness, as interconnected—to envision a long haul politics and art.

We've been each other's COVID and Long Haul thermometer and barometer, the proof that this is real and also what it looks like. But I have gotten significantly better while you have gotten better and then less-better again. As my health moves and flows, I feel slight alterations in my rights, responsibilities, and motivations to engage in the space of COVID organizing. This changes with my energy. It seems the most and the least available to me when I'm feeling better. How do you feel about this discontinuity between us, given where we started, both sick together with COVID in March 2020, and where we are now?



Pato: I love being a thermometer and barometer for each other, and for others. And I want to throw in the skew; that we can be each other's skew-ometers too, because I have to remember that there are millions of different COVID bodily experiences—from people who have a very minor response to those who get ventilated and some who horribly die.

Uncertainty is one of the great hallmarks of the pandemic. Your corporeal compass can skew. There is no easy horizon. If a horizon seems to promise direction, maybe arrival, these get really skewed with COVID. Time slips, ableist registers shift into an infinite number of COVID and crip times. This is why relations become really important, even when they are increasingly asymmetrical.

That's solidarity. Sure, interaction feels resonant when our experiences are more obviously aligned, to have someone going through what you're going through, someone with you who gets it. It's really wonderful not to have to translate, to just be understood, to be able to understand. Yet it's precisely through difference that we will enact our COVID changes.

Our sharing across asymmetrical lived conditions is part of the COVID political project. When we say long hauling, it's about evolving conditions in a temporal process that is unfolding. A skewing and a slipping, but perhaps also a flowing: an optimal space where we are challenged while stretching. We have enough confidence and resources and just enough resilience to navigate the challenge. That's what gives flow its ecstasy. It's neither static nor acquiescent. I have no idea what a COVID flow state looks like. I can barely name COVID embodiment! But that's where long hauling is happening for me. That's where the living and the politics are: somewhere in these slippages between embodiment and flow.

Alex: Might *flow* be a model for a politics of care? The tension that we're talking about between a presentist politics of care based in the ephemeral, and an enduring politics of COVID that strives for changing conditions so that all humans can be better housed, better educated, better fed, better loved than they are under the current systems of gross inequities and indecencies.



We are going through a collective trauma. Meanwhile, our cultures, and bosses, and friends are asking us to deny, erase, and not attend to and not care for that trauma by going back to work, being in a room and acting as if people haven't been sick or aren't plagued by diminishing capacities.

I return to no silver linings. I want our COVID care politics to stay present in the long haul, naming and honoring and making sense of, working from a collective trauma, living in an ongoing pandemic, which is fundamentally changing our world, our systems, our daily lives, our sense of ourselves. First name these changes, how they feel, why they happened, which systems produce and exacerbate them, make them worse for some, and a little better for others. Then show that. Share it, learn from it, and make more change and art and care.

Pato: People enact our capillaries of care towards political change at multiple scales simultaneously. We have to mind the structural and the capillaries, which are a structure after all. And we have to do this together.







12/27/21 SIBO Breath Test



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Pato Hebert is an artist, teacher and organizer. His art explores the aesthetics, ethics and poetics of interconnectedness. He works across a wide range of media including photography, sculpture, installation, text, design and performance. His creative projects have been presented at Beton7 in Athens, the Centro de Arte Contemporáneo in Quito, the Ballarat International Foto Biennale, PH21 Gallery in Budapest, the Songzhuang International Photo Biennale, and IHLIA LGBT Heritage in Amsterdam. His art has been supported by grants from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Creative Work Fund, the Durfee Foundation, the National Education Association and a Mid-Career Fellowship for Visual Artists from the California Community Foundation. He has been a BAU Institute/Camargo Foundation Residency Fellow in Cassis, France and an artist-in-residence at PLAYA. His writing and textual work have appeared in publications such as AIDS and the Distribution of Crises, Transforming the Academy: Faculty Perspectives on Diversity and Pedagogy, Latina/o Sexualities: Probing Powers, Passions, Practices and Policies and journals and publications such as Visual Inquiry and the Journal of Visual Culture.

Hebert is a COVID-19 long hauler, living with the ongoing impacts of the coronavirus since March of 2020, when he began publicly addressing the pandemic through art, writing, advocacy and community building. His writing, images, collaborations and commentary on COVID have appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, *BOMB*, *TheBody*, *ArtsEverywhere*, and *NACLA*–*Report on the Americas*. Hebert has also worked in HIV prevention initiatives with queer communities of color since 1994. These grassroots efforts at local and transnational levels engage social movements and community organizations to develop innovative approaches to HIV mobilization, programs and justice. He curated exhibitions and led creative initiatives at the International AIDS Conferences in Vienna (2010), Melbourne (2014), Durban (2016) and Amsterdam (2018). He currently serves as Chair and teaches in the Department of Art & Public Policy at Tisch School of the Arts, New York University, where his students have twice nominated him for the David Payne-Carter Award for Teaching Excellence.

Sarah Gilbert

Sarah Gilbert is an artist and educator based in Los Angeles. California. Her work explores craft and collectivity-how the sticky relationality of material transformation can open spaces for thinking and feeling together in more-than-human worlds. Joining a wide range of materials and processes. her promiscuously interdisciplinary practice often moves between art and science, synthesizing traditional craft techniques with emerging technologies. Against narratives of material mastery or maker-movement individualism, she is interested in the ethical particularities of encounters with difference, and the radical potential of embodied attunement to reorient us towards collective care. She has exhibited widely throughout the United States and internationally. Recent solo exhibitions include Turnings at the Chrysler Museum of Art (Norfolk, VA), and Goosebumps, a satellite exhibition of the 7thTallinn Applied Art Triennial, Time Difference (Tallinn, Estonia). She has been a Fellow at The Creative Glass Center of America (Millville, NJ) and a resident artist at Faro Tláhuac (Mexico City, Mexico), Glazenhuis (Lommel, Belgium), and Olustvere Mõis (Olustvere, Estonia). She is currently assistant professor of sculpture and affiliate faculty in gender and feminist studies at Pitzer College.

Reid Gómez

Reid Gómez is Assistant Professor in Gender and Women's Studies at the University of Arizona. A writer and scholar from San Francisco, California, her research focus is quantum entanglements-slavery/colonization, Black/ Indian, and storytelling/translation. Black and Indigenous studies, and the work of Leslie Marmon Silko, shape her epistemic and writing practice. She is interested in what can be done in English, and what can be done in writingnot like a native speaker. She works on and in Black English and Navlish. She is currently completing a scholarly monograph: The Web of Differing Versions: Where Africa Ends and America Begins. This monograph challenges the limits created by the grammar of colonialism. Her work is in conversation with Silko studies, Indigenous studies and Critical Black studies. She approaches grammar through the "translating consciousness" of multilingualism, theorized through language studies (translation, language revitalization, and linguistics) and feminist theory. Her relationship to language leads to questions of matter and meaning in terms of quantum physics. Gómez's central intervention is an understanding of language and land as archive, based in Indigenous epistemologies. She has recently finished a collection of twenty sentence stories about the streets of San Francisco titled ERSHOD, and a novel about a Navajo forger and the repatriation of Apache Playing Cards titled HOME.

Alexandra Juhasz

Alexandra Juhasz is a Distinguished Professor of Film at Brooklyn College. CUNY. She makes and studies committed media practices that contribute to political change and individual and community growth. She is the author/editor of scholarly books on AIDS including AIDS TV (Duke, 1995) and We Are Having this Conversation Now: The Times of AIDS Cultural Production (with Ted Kerr, Duke, 2022); fake (and real) documentaries (The Blackwell Companion to Contemporary Documentary, with Alisa Lebow, 2015) and Really Fake (with Nishant Shah and Ganaele Langlois, Minnesota, 2021); YouTube (Learning From YouTube, MIT Press, 2013); and black lesbian filmmaking (with Yvonne Welbon, Sisters in the Life: 25 Years of African-American Lesbian Filmmaking, Duke 2018). She is the producer of educational videotapes on feminist issues from AIDS to teen pregnancy as well as the feature fake documentaries The Watermelon Woman (Cheryl Dunye, 1996) and The Owls (Dunye, 2010). She writes about her cultural and political commitments in scholarly and more public platforms including Hyperallergic, BOMB, MS, X-tra, and Lamda Literary Review.

Ruti Talmor

Ruti Talmor is Associate Professor of Media Studies at Pitzer College and Chair of the Intercollegiate Media Studies Program at the Claremont Colleges. As a cultural anthropologist, art curator, and professor of media studies, Talmor's interdisciplinary work centers how people use aesthetic objects and practices to craft a place for themselves in the world. Upcoming publications include the artist book Ría: Everything remembered is dear, everything remembered is there, a visual travelogue through the American South in the footsteps of a young Elvis Presley (2022, with photogravures and photo etchings by Lihie Talmor); "Self-Care," analysis of a keyword (Feminist Anthropology, forthcoming, with Susanna Rosenbaum); and Aesthetic Practices in African Tourism, an ethnography of a Ghanaian art form (Routledge, in preparation). Her curatorial work includes Glyphs: Acts of Inscription with Renée Mussai at the Pitzer College Art Galleries and Possible Cities: Africa in Photography and Video at the Cantor Fitzgerald Gallery at Haverford College. This diverse but inter-related body of work sits at the intersection of the anthropology of art, media, and visual culture; the scholarship on migration, mobility, and global capitalism; gender and sexuality studies; and critical curatorial practice. Talmor has been a fellow of the Getty Foundation, the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, the Social Science Research Council, the Mellon Foundation, the McCracken Foundation, and the University of Michigan's Center for Afroamerican and African Studies.

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Ruti Talmor, Acknowledgments from the Curator

Pato Hebert: Lingering is about living in community, care and relation and would not have been possible without these. This is the second exhibition in the Faculty-Driven Exhibition Series, which was created by Director of Galleries Ciara Ennis to foster engagement between the campus community and artists. It was made possible by the Mosbacher Fund for Media Studies. I believe that it honors Dee Mosbacher's commitment to media as a tool for education, activism, and social change and Ciara Ennis's desire for art to activate interdisciplinary research across the curriculum. A deep thank you to Ciara Ennis, Christopher Michno, Michal Wisnowski, and Paco Casanova at the Galleries and to Elizabeth Affuso, Eddie Gonzalez, William Dry, and Michelle Stromberg at Intercollegiate Media Studies, who have helped in so many ways. Sarah Gilbert's collaboration with Pato is a glowing manifestation of Lingering's intent. Reid Gómez's essay opens up this catalog in many directions. Our dear friend Alexandra Juhasz first introduced me to Pato Hebert, and their ongoing collaboration is a key part of this body of work. We would not have met catalog designer Brian Welesko, who so gamely joined us on our pandemic ride and designed this beautiful publication, if not for mutual friend and comrade in art Matthew Callinan, Associate Director of Cantor Fitzgerald Gallery, VCAM, and Campus Exhibitions at Haverford College. No one thinks, writes, or makes alone, and I am deeply grateful to Pato Hebert, Susanna Rosenbaum, Dafna Talmor and Carlin Wing for their close and generous readings of drafts of my catalog essay, and to Carina Johnson for farreaching conversations about the trace. Ana Martins and Jeremy Barth have modeled what it means to live big lives full of love in the face of chronic illness. As always, Augustine Kofie makes all my work possible with his faith and support, and Isaiah, Lihie, Mishael, and Dafna Talmor and Michael Shaw do so with love and laughter. My final acknowledgment is to Pato himself, who has taught me much about collaboration and care. It has been an honor to work alongside him, to dwell with his objects, to learn from him, and to become his friend.

Pato Hebert, Acknowledgments from the Artist

The creature called a solo exhibition is a bit of a misnomer. So many people make possible what we do as artists, or at least that is certainly true for the work in which I am engaged.

Ruti Talmor curates with a collaborative and discerning spirit. Her brilliance and sparkle, insights and patience, generosity and tenacity have been such blessings as we developed this show together. Her subtly woven essay brings on all my pseudobulbar feels. Artist Sarah Gilbert guided me with her vast knowledge and gifted me the time and space to work together in her studio and deepening practice. Our ideation in molds, glass, breath and longing was the collaboration I needed. Ciara Ennis, Director and Curator of Pitzer College Art Galleries, has thrice now offered me creative room to stretch within her rigorous, groundbreaking vision at Pitzer. What a privilege to grow creatively over time with one another. Poet Brent Armendinger crafted an ekphrastic and ecstatic space of shared inquiry that nourishes me to this day. Moments with all of your students have given me much to value and consider.

I am also deeply appreciative of the professionalism and skills, efforts and care of Christopher Michno, Michal Wisniowski, Paco Casanova, William Dry, Elizabeth Affuso, Eddie Gonzalez and Michelle Spromberg. I want to thank Alexandra Juhasz and Reid Gómez for their enduring friendship and wisdom, and for each contributing vibrant, incisive texts to the exhibition catalogue, which was designed by Brian Welesko with grace and insight despite considerable constraints.

In addition to being an artist and a teacher, I'm also an organizer with a long history of working in HIV mobilization efforts, mostly with queer communities of color. We have spent decades collectively developing tactics, theories, practices and breakthroughs – against impossible odds and with endless pleasure. I am especially shaped by time working and growing with Proyecto ContraSIDA Por Vida, APLA Health and MPact Global Action. Throughout my struggle and work with COVID-19, I have repeatedly marveled at how fortunate I am to wield shared tools that are both rooted and agile. From harm reduction, disclosure, solidarity and stigma-countering strategies, to doulaing, sex-positivity, patientcentered and community-led principles of justice and liberation, I have been comforted and guided by the truths that none of us need experience illness or disability alone, and that each of us have roles to play in transforming the world together.

My sense of COVID politics and community have also been nurtured by the Body Politic collective and COVID-19 Support Group, the National Network for Long COVID Justice, the Patient-Led Research Initiative, the People's CDC, the *Long Hauling* project co-edited with Alexandra Juhasz on ArtsEverywhere.com, #MEAction's fierce diligence and vital reminder to "Stop. Rest. Pace.," and the innovative, irreverent, transformative work of the What Would an HIV Doula Do? collective. I am schooled in chronic illness and care by Christine Miserandino's Spoon Theory and countless Spoonies the world over.

I feel immense gratitude for all of my medical providers, many of whose names I will never know. Your efforts and care under intense duress continue to see me through.

Because I work in a lot of media and so often beyond what I know how to do, there are many different sourcing organizations and fabricators with whom I work. These are but a few that made *Lingering* possible: POV I Fine Art Printing Studio, Lasers Over LA, Seattle Art and Industrial, Chris Habana Studio, Artcraft Plating & Finishing. This work was also greatly enabled by a Stop It Rusty Rooster artist residency in West Seattle, and the technical expertise and support of Tom Henscheid, Ginnie Hebert, Laura Hebert and Julia Heineccius.

I want to celebrate my colleagues, students and the alumni of the Department of Art & Public Policy at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts. Your dynamism inspires, challenges and enriches me every day. This work was generously supported by a Dean's Grant from the Tisch Initiative for Creative Research, and the team, facilities and inviting ethos of the NYU Tandon MakerSpace. Huge thanks to Jenny Wang, resourceful research assistant and prototyper extraordinaire.

Special thanks to BC2 and all of my many beloveds – blood, chosen and more than human – for so lovingly helping me to still be here and breathing. I've been buoyed and held by your love from six continents and in many tongues, the most marvelously intricate network of mutual aid a long hauler could hope for. Our capillaries of care are fiercely fortifying; they make existence possible and full of pleasure and joy.

Finally, and without end, much love to Elysian Park and your many rich and resilient relations. You are where I first tested for COVID and where I return every chance I can. I took yet another very slow and wobbly walk in your embrace in December, 2021 after being discharged from surgery. The doctor advised that walking would aid in my recovery. The park said, "We got you. We got you."

For long haulers everywhere...

List of Works

Lingering

Lingering Archival pigment prints on silk charmeuse 2020–21 Each approximately 12¾″ x 9¾″ x 1/8″

Counter Measures

U09.9 From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 8 7/16" x 1½" x 1"

Holding Space (For Christine Miserandino) From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 17 ½" x 3" x 1 5/8"

Spoonies From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 Dimensions variable

Rest From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 11 2/8" x 1 7/8" x 3/16"

Crashed From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 11 7/8″ x 1 15/16″ x 15/16″

Mutual Aid From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 9¾" x 4" x 1 3/8" (as exhibited paired)

9¼″ x 1 7/8″ x 1 3/8″ 9½″ x 1 7/8″ x 1 3/8″

Hold Me From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 8 3/8" x 3 ½" x 1 3/8" (as exhibited paired)

7 5/8″ x 1¾″ x 1 3/8″ 8 3/8″ x 15/8″ x 1 3/8″

Puddles From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 9 3/8" x 2 1/8" x 1 3/8" Inaccessible From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 9 3/8" x 2" x ¾"

Tight From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 7 13/16" x 1 ³/4" x 1 3/8"

Insomnia From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 9 ¼" x 2 1/8" x 1 ½"

Variant 1 From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 9 7/16" x 1 11/16" x 1"

Variant 2 From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 3 11/16" x 1 7/8" x 5/8"

Flatten the Curve From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 10 1/8" x 2 7/16" x 1 3/8"

Flare-Up From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 8 3/8" x 1 13/16" x 1"

Surge From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 8 ¼" x 1 9/16" x 1 1/8"

Strain From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 12 3/8" x 2 1/16" x 1 3/8"

Detail Disoriented (Brain Fog) From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 9 ½" x 2 1/16" x 7/8"

Runneth Over From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 12 5/8" x 1 15/16" x 1 1/8" Care From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 8 5/8" x 1 15/16" x 1 1/4"

Pacing From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 5 1/8" x 1 11/16" x 1 1/8"

Resilient From the Counter Measures series Salvaged eucalyptus 2021 11 ¾" x 2 7/16" x 7/8"

Text Works

RONG

Mirrored acrylic 2021 23 5/8" x 5 ¾" x 1/8"

Talking In Circles Mirrored acrylic 2021 74" x 74" x 1/8"

Talking In Circles (One Day) Detail Mirrored acrylic 2021 14¼" x 12½" x 1/8"

Talking In Circles (It's Going to) Detail Mirrored acrylic 2021 33 1/2" x 34" x 1/8"

Listless Unique paint made from ground stones from Elysian Park 2021 24" x 93" x 1/32" (text list) 6" x 11" x 1/16" (COVID)

tumbao Charred Panamá rosewood 2021 24 ½" x 5 ½" x 5 ¼"

better but not well Charred salvaged California Live Oak and salvaged melted auto parts 2021 39" x 20 ½" x 3/4"

Fifteen Months Without

Collaboration with Sarah Gilbert Fifteen Months Without Blown glass 2021 5½" x 4¼" x 2¾" (Back/left mask) 6 1/8" x 3 7/8" x 2" (Front/right mask)

No Silver Linings (Long Hauling)

No Silver Linings (Long Hauling) 4/5/20 Urgent Care, Trouble Breathing 7/20/20 Urgent Care, Vertigo and Imbalance 8/19/20 Infectious Disease Specialist 8/26/20 CT Scan 9/11/20 Urgent Care, Gastrointestinal Pain 9/12/20 Ultrasound 9/17/20 Pulmonary Function Lab 9/28/20 Internal Medicine Surgeon 11/12/20 Pulmonologist 11/12/20 Gastroenterologist 12/9/20 Endoscopy and Colonoscopy (postponed) 12/11/20 Neurologist 12/11/20 COVID Test 12/14/20 Endoscopy and Colonoscopy 2/8/21 Neurologist Pulmonary Function Lab 3/12/21 3/31/21 Neurologist Neurologist 4/21/21 Neurologist 7/7/21 10/27/21 Ultrasound 10/27/21 Neurologist 10/28/21 Internal Medicine Surgeon 10/29/21 Gastroenterologist 12/17/21 Pre-Op 12/22/21 GI Surgerv 12/27/21 SIBO Breath Test Nickel-plated surgical masks from COVID-related doctors' appointments 2020-21 Dimensions variable





