



A Hundred Earthy Things

An Anthology of Poems and Artworks by Grades 6-11 Students

ARTISTS SPACE

Expanded Art Ideas

Kate Temple
Director of Education

"the greatest distance in the shortest time you can travel, is to ask someone their name."

—Tasneem Obad, 8th Grade student at M.S. 140 participating in both the Poetry and Portfolio program.

During this past year of programming, I have read, listened and looked at the remarkable ways in which these young artists insist on telling the world who they are, naming loss and love equally. Arabic, Spanish, English, magazines, charcoal, photographic film, receipt paper, the sound of trees in a forest at night, are some of the materials and devices they employ, cracking open new spaces for us to traverse to meet them.

Poems created on cellphones during shelter-in, drawings made looking out windows onto a flowering but deserted city, a dog park exploding with the drama of an action thriller, collaged panels of deeply loved animals and nature, looped mobiles containing histories past and present—these are creative acts loaded with messages both dissonant and connective to creator and viewer alike.

Nothing could be more important at this time, than to ask someone their name. But do not worry if you do not ask, they are going tell you anyway.

Though the challenge of chaos and distance comes to us in both large and small ways, these artworks, initiated by our Teaching Artists and students, mark a decisive movement towards stretching the fabric of our social bonds, expanding untravelled and unnamed borders.

Who are we, the readers, the lookers, the listeners of these stories and what will be our response to works that have such a fresh and powerful gaze?

Melissa Rodriguez
Principal

M.S. 140 is so grateful for our 18-year long-standing partnership with Artists Space. Kate Temple, the Director of Education, and all of the teaching artists who have worked with us over the years, have respected a vision of our school as intricately related to the arts and have continuously helped it evolve. It has been our privilege to work with the Artists Space staff and the dedicated and talented teaching artists—Poet-in-Residence, Rebecca Teich, visual artist Stephanie Costello, and media/sound artist Robert Sember.

It has been a year of accomplishment and challenge for our students as they drew, painted, recorded, and wrote about their experiences both in school and online.

This fall our exhibition space in the main hall was updated with a plexiglass cover which keeps students' artwork safe and gives a professional gallery feel to our hallway. Although our year-end exhibition and reception and Young Artist Perform (YAP) event were cancelled, we were impressed with the dedication both Teaching Artists and students exhibited during the COVID crisis continuing their creative process remotely and online. Much of this work is featured in this publication where students, families and our staff can enjoy the beautiful and powerful words and images that emerged out of the year's events.

These programs are offered to all 6th, 7th, and 8th grade students, and the teaching staff at M.S. 140 have enthusiastically participated in the projects as viewers and as co-facilitators. The entire 8th grade class was involved in the poetry residency which went online midway through their process. Rebecca Teich and language arts teacher, Louis Vircillo, explored the expressive qualities of poetry and its power to address social injustice playing with identity and language in lyrical and artistic ways. Rebecca received more than 200 submissions from students during their shelter-in-home stay. We are so proud of their work in this anthology!

We are extremely fortunate to be involved in this long-standing partnership with Artists Space. We look forward to many more years of collaboration for the benefit of our future artists.

Thank you, Artists Space!

M.S. 140

Portfolio

Stephanie Costello
Teaching Artist

The 2020 graduating students in our Portfolio Development program at M.S. 140 are a special group of talented artists, who dedicated themselves to a rich exploration of art. Each week they committed to drawing practice, to learning about art and culture, to preparing portfolios for high school auditions, and to pushing themselves to create meaningful artworks.

We had memorable opportunities that extended beyond the classroom—like our trip to galleries on the Lower East Side. Sadly, our year was put on pause because of the COVID-19 pandemic that has challenged all of our communities. Nevertheless, the students continued to send photos of the drawings they were doing at home and we did our best to maintain contact and a level of human support.

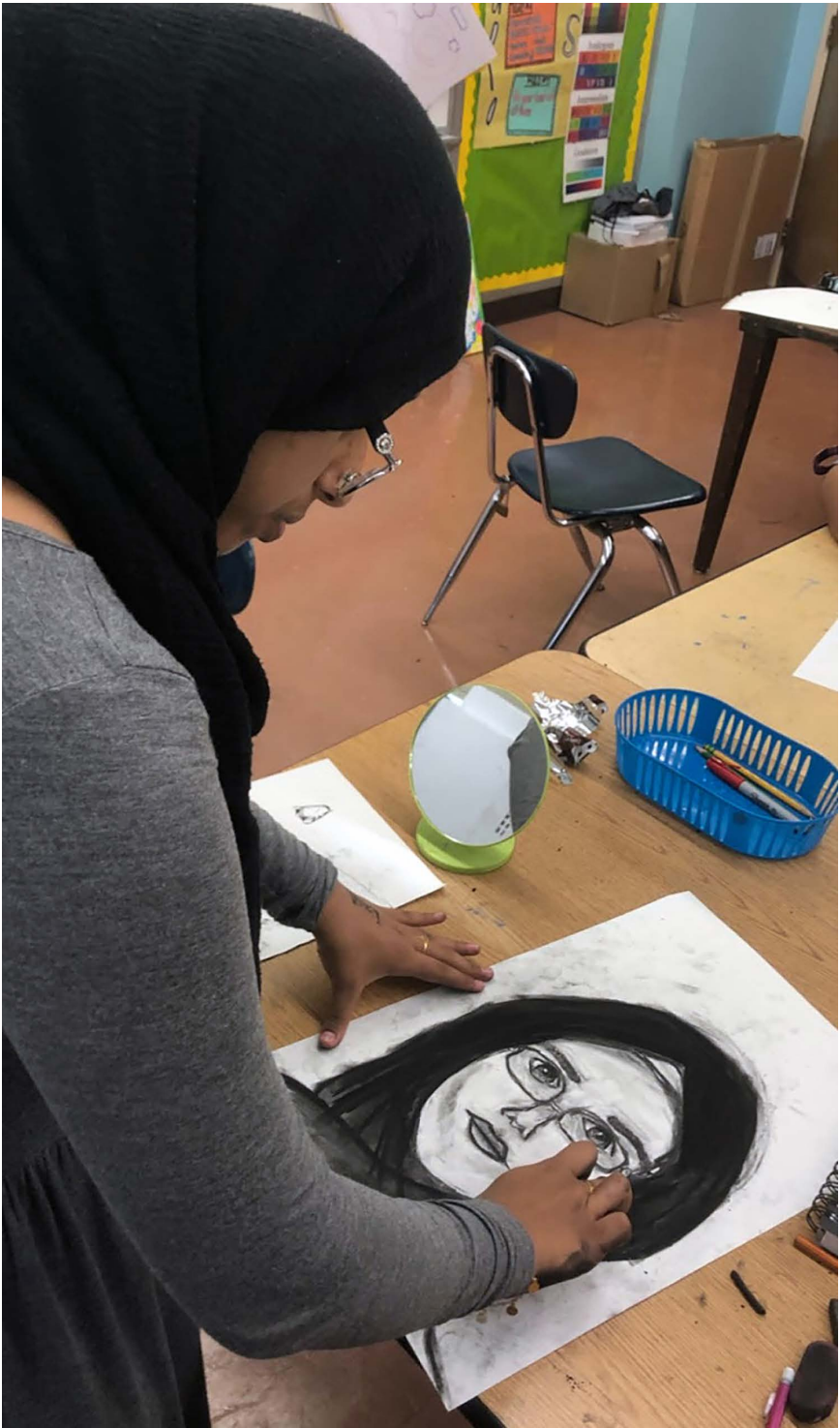
Therein lies my hope with this group of students. Regardless of achieving success in high school auditions—or in the future at universities or galleries or museums—they are revealing the truth about the power of art and art-making. They know that no high school or institution can tell them whether or not they are an artist.

We are artists because we make art. And in difficult times, our art becomes essential. It is a means to record history; it is a way to release negativity and pain; it is a way to dream—to imagine a world beyond the confines of one's own room; it is a way to heal.

I know this group of students will thrive in whichever path they choose, and I am certain they will proudly carry their creativity and passion on their journey.

I look forward to emails and text messages many years from now, as they shape the world with their unique visions. Congratulations, my dear Artists Space students.

I wish you all the best!



Tasneem Obad Self-Portrait

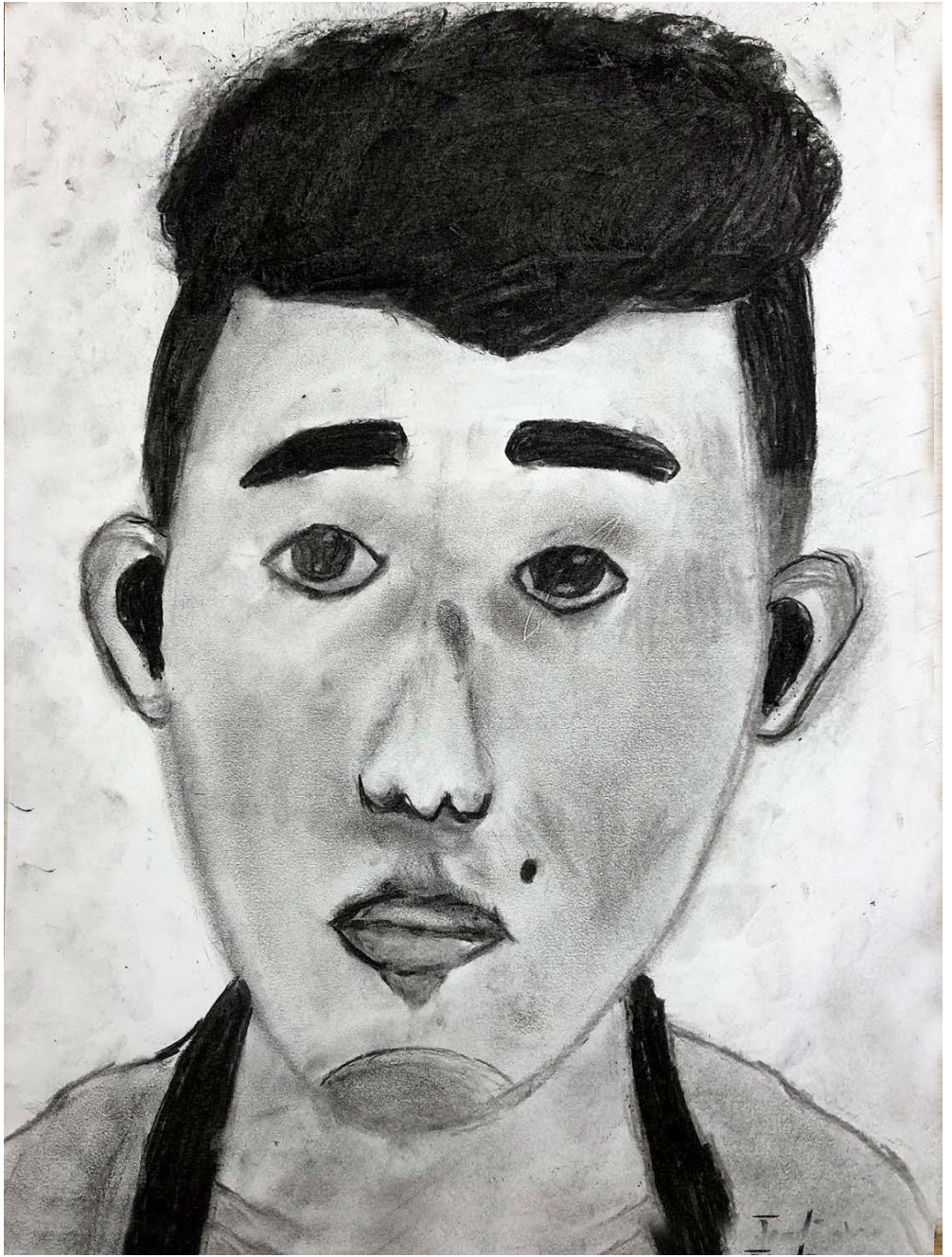


Dyonis Diaz Underworld





Anelisse Rivera Secrets and Lies



Jendi Abreu Charcoal Portrait



M.S. 140 Exhibition Wall



Visit to Federico Herrera exhibition at James Cohan



Visit to David Ellis exhibition at Babel Gallery



Poetry

Rebecca Teich
Teaching Artist

The poems contained within this anthology feature the brave, playful, insistent voices of the eighth graders of M.S. 140. We began this semester by exploring and expanding our notions of environment and place—where and how do we locate ourselves? We began by exploring our expansive notion of environment and place through postcard poems, writing through movement and distance, migrations small and large by reflecting on documentary footage and written accounts that we watched, read, and discussed as a class. Our sense of self, connection, and space became dramatized as our conditions of life experienced an immense shift with the onset of COVID-19. No longer able to meet in the Lower East Side, we reconfigured the poetry program to adapt to the newfound conditions of sociality and creation.

During the weeklong intensive, these young poets took their favorite lines from popular songs and incorporated them into a poetic work of their own making; they experimented with translation and bilingual poetry; they used language to explore the care they give and receive; they wrote on their relationship to their environments from inside; they used algorithms to generate code poetry that splices multiple texts together, and so much more. They also read a concert of poems by Natalie Diaz, Andrea Abi-Karam, Raquel Salas Rivera, Trish Salah, Tommy Pico, and more, all of which grapple with the themes we discussed as a class, with the ideas they also delved into in their own writing.

The poets of M.S. 140 courageously opened up new pathways to create, communicate, and express. In this anthology, we bear witness to unique voices that astutely explore their place within their communities, proximate and distant, and open up space to craft their own voices. These poets keenly observe the networks of life within which we are all entangled; all the while, they dream of pushing beyond the world as it is, to envision the world as it could be.

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to John Vircillo, Kate Temple, and the eighth graders of M.S. 140 for their rallying efforts and vibrancy that made it possible to continue this program.



Today we live in a society that is stuck to a glass screen.
Society is so worried about how other people look at them.
Our generation has a major problem
We need to gather together to fix this
In order to do this we need to stop bullying
Stop suicide,
Monitor our children's phones

La muerte no es nada.
No cuenta.
Sólo me he escapado a la habitación de al lado.
No ha pasado nada.

Todo sigue siendo exactamente como estaba.
Yo soy yo, y tú eres tú,
y la vieja vida que vivimos tan cariñosamente juntos está intacta,
sin cambios.
Lo que será que éramos el uno para el otro, que todavía estamos.

Lláname por el viejo nombre familiar.
Habla de mí de la manera fácil que siempre usaste.
No pongas ninguna diferencia en tu tono.
No llevar aire forzado de solemnidad o tristeza.

Ríete como siempre nos reímos de los chistes que disfrutamos
juntos.
Jugar, sonreír, pensar en mí, rezar por mí.
Que mi nombre sea siempre la palabra familiar que siempre fue.
Que se hable sin esfuerzo, sin el fantasma de una sombra sobre él.

La vida significa todo lo que siempre significó.
Es lo mismo de siempre.
Hay una continuidad absoluta e ininterrumpida.
¿Qué es esta muerte sino un accidente insignificante?

¿Por qué debería estar loco porque estoy fuera de la vista?
No estoy más que esperándote, por un intervalo,
en algún lugar muy cercano,
a la vuelta de la esquina.

Todo está bien.
Nada está herido; nada se pierde.
Un breve momento y todo será como antes.
¡Cómo nos iremos del problema de separarnos cuando nos
volvamos a encontrar!

When you need me, I'm there.
I listen, give advice, and care.

I don't judge, push back,
or make you feel bad.
I always offer help when you're sad.

I'm a shoulder to lean on when you need it the most
Come over so I can cheer you up,
I'll be your pity party host

This is how I show the people I love that I care for them. But some
way somehow no one is there when I NEED THEM!

My clothes are me!
I choose what I want to wear!
My clothes express me!
My passions, my emotions!
My clothes shouldn't have to change for a couple of boys!

Can I be confident in my own body?
Got boys acting like they ain't seen skin before!
Got sent home to change cause my skirt is "too short!"
When people tell us this it lowers our self-esteem!
That's not good is it?
Can girls be girls?
We can't control if boys look at us!
Teach your boys better instead of shaming girls!
Don't we ALL have legs?
Don't we ALL have shoulders?
Don't we ALL have stomachs?
Can girls get a break?

My clothes are me!
I choose what I want to wear!
My clothes express me!
My passions, my emotions!
My clothes shouldn't have to change for a couple of boys!

The pressure, pressure calls my name
I think it's time to push it back
And entertain **it**.
Forever, ever, in the game,
I measure **it** all in my brain...
All the times that I've been too afraid
It's time to **change it**.
Time is the devil, the devil keeps on walking,
I don't wanna walk through the doors of
The **forgotten**
No. No no.
No not today,
Not gonna cave not gonna break
No not today,
Not gonna make that same mistake...
Under the pressure.

As a child we tend to not be aware of the change around us
So when your parents build up the courage to tell your 10-year-old sister
and 8-year-old self that they are getting a divorce you are dumbfounded.

You are so confused because you learn at school that your parents are
supposed to love each other forever. And now they are shattering that
image in your head into a million pieces.

Before you realize is what is actually happening, you are in a plane to
New York City and wondering why your father is not with you.

A few years later you are a 13-year-old who can finally understand how
big of an impact change can be.

one time
I heard a strange sound from a short
shrub in Central Park I look behind and what do I find?
I find a small little pest grey as the sky Staring at my soul with its
two black beads for eyes It was chewing on something red I could see it in his mouth
Perhaps it was a cap from a soda bottle I can not remember
for I was too disgusted by its behavior The small beast let out a high
Pitch screech It was choking on the thing that it was feasting on Should I help it?
I wondered But why would I help this beast When I encounter so many of them on
the side of the street As I walked away from the shrub its screeching faded away

Song: we are young

Class: 802

Cynthia m

Stressing and stressing and
STRESSING!

Over things that shouldn't concern me,
I'm Over It!

I'm only a teenager Stressing, but yet not
the only one. My Friend are too but you
know what, Tonight we are young!

We are stress free acting like our age,
So we can set the world on fire!

We can burn brighter than the sun
and show the world our true colors that shine
as bright as the sun, and can't be controlled.

Tonight I'm going to be a teenager and
be Stressed(Free), Not Concerned about
any problems at all!

Friend Night on, Call on it and join
to be your age again. It's Never too
late tonight!

A laurel bouquet on its left side and a palm branch on its right side.
The coat of arms of the Dominican Republic is the heraldic emblem
that represents the country and that,
along with the flag and the National Anthem,
has the category of national symbol.

I heard the word
I heard the word!

You said my country is garbage but you like my culture
You eat all the sweets that go with our heart
The rice, chicken, and beans that is a great traditional plate
The delicious empanadas that are very famous in D.R.
Our music is a rhythm that makes us dance until the shoes wear
out.
The Bachata is one of the most popular and fantastic dances.

My sweet and favorite language is one of the most popular
And learned languages that many people like
To speak and learn.

My flags have many meanings
But it represented more than what it looks like;
It represented all our culture and all the Dominicans people.

Ooh and don't forget the roast pork,
The meat that is cooked for December 24th,
I love it because every time I eat it,
I remember every happy day I have had all these years.

I love my country
I love my name

My name is Osverch
I'm Dominican.
I came to NYC 2 years ago.
I'm friendly with people I do like.
I'm super funny.
I like to play video games a lot.

My whole family is very important to me.
My grandmother is very important to me.
She is the heart of my mother's side of my family.
My older brother.
Older than me by 13 years.
He is also very important to me.
All of my family is important to me.
Mi familia es todo para mí.
Yo haría lo que sea para mí familia.

Un sitio importante para mí, is wherever home is.
Family will always come first.
Cuando dije que el sitio más importante para mi es donde casa
está
Estoy diciendo que familia es más importante que otras cosas.

Summer means going to República Dominicana and seeing mi
familia.
Winter means staying home con frío.
All of the seasons mean I am staying home doing nothing or some-
thing.
Or they can mean I am somewhere doing nothing or something.

I was about 2 years old when I was taught español.
Inglés es mi primer idioma.
Pero Spanish is the language I mostly speak el la casa.

Grass is green
trees are brown
if you look around you will see it now.
Blueberries are blue
cherries are red
if you look outside what's next.
Life is hard
money gets large
if you walk through the rain you will see clear days.
When there's pain there's success
which means you
can be up next.

I see you struggling asking for something, someone
So I come, I take out my hand and give it to you,
Wanting to do what I can,
It hurts and bothers me seeing any like this,
We continued on,
Moments later the rain is gone,
Your mind is free but only left with the thought,
Why can't that be me?
I listen to the words until I hear them calling,
I approach them,
Took out my hand and gave it to you.



Jendi Abreu - Poe...

All changes saved



Jendi abreu

4/17/20

Whose dog is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite happy though.
Full of joy like a vivid rainbow,
I watch her laugh. I cry hello.

She gives her dog a shake,
And laughs until her belly aches.
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.

The dog is loving, funny and deep,
But she has promises to keep,
After cake and lots of sleep.
Sweet dreams come to her cheap.

She rises from her gentle bed,
With thoughts of kittens in her head,
She eats her jam with lots of bread.
Ready for the day ahead.



Taking a step forward,
Moving on from the past.
I'm trying to let go,
Just not too fast.
I don't know where to go,
But I know I want to leave.
Maybe this will be my chance,
To find a place that's a better fit for me.

We cannot lose hope
What connects us is stronger than what divides us
live generously and life will treat you royally
would that be something
our life is like a thorny rose not perfect
but always beautiful
Life may be tough
things will get rough
there will be bad days
it may all seem like a haze but through it all always
always stand tall giving up is not an option
never turn your back and run through good times and bad
through happy times and sad
as long as you keep moving, you'll never stop growing.

Anger, emotions that stay deep within
Love, trying to break free but can't let loose
Confusion, everywhere but not knowing what is wrong
But these roads can't go anywhere.

Nature is everywhere
Nature is everywhere you go
Everything that lives and grows
Is nature
Animals
Big and small
Nature is plants that grow so tall
Nature is beautiful in every way
Wonderful and amazing
It needs our care, not destruction

I:	I
am:	As More
still:	Stars Till In Love Lust
young:	Years Of Us Near Gust
and:	All Nine Dimes
I:	I
forget:	Full Of Regret Get Enough Time
how:	How Of Wow
to:	Toes Of
be:	Bees Everywhere
happy:	Home As People Pity Young

Use to be cool that's pretty cruel
got my self into trouble yea I know
that ain't cool!
Use to think the world is only about me
that is really uncool I know I've been through
some cruel yea but in my new school I'm uncool

11:21

LTE

< Notes



How I show someone I care about them is but checking up on them.

Care Poem:

I'll check up on you in the mornings to make
sure you are okay

I'll make sure you're safe, happy, and
successful
why?

be I care about you

Sometimes people would get mad & not give
you as much attention but that's doesn't mean
I stopped loving you

When I say I care I mean it



This poem was constructed using a computer-generated method to combine two texts together using an algorithm

The than one
waistcoat town more soul fiendish
its
longer violence take home
a
cat gin fury fancied thrilled avoided
a at
fury night more grasped night
I its possessed
from burn gin
wound the eyes haunts
pocket shudder
atrocious grasped presence
and
knew with and
the throat every wound
the while eyes fibre longer
cat socket demon once
home cat throat hand
town with damnable take
the One burn
home blush
his haunts once
town more
grasped frame from knew
upon opened
a One and
the cat take home
cat haunts more malevolence
of of
home blush every fancied malevolence
One and
presence blush beast body

poor shudder every
pocket fancied more nurtured
throat wound
knew seized opened
the the fright eyes
waistcoat town more soul fiendish
socket haunts inflicted myself
from fright from from
by malevolence and
the throat fright haunts possessed
instantly once
longer violence inflicted myself
one body
that when seemed cursed
take the One every while
its
town with damnable take
the home
his haunts once
flight burn gin
at of with take returning
one and
longer violence once
town shudder every
longer violence inflicted myself
longer violence take home
every avoided opened every every malevolence cursed
every slight myself once

The sea is blue because it is a great reflection of the sky,
Life is lived here on this planet called earth and with,
The singing of birds expresses sincere joy
And a star illuminates with joy and happiness every day.
The rain falls as a symbol of purity that exists,
Unfortunately today there are few who respect nature,
But what is true is that we live thanks to it,
We need it, but we do not know it because the only thing we do is mistreat it.
Every night I fall asleep listening to a sound,
A sound that tells me that I have nature close, so close that
I breathe in the scent of a simple flower,
As I write this poem thinking about how to help beloved nature.

I Am Angel
I Am 14
I Am Dominican
I Am Smart
I Am Funny
I Am Friendly
I Am Generous
I Am Honest
I Am Hard Working
I Am Kind
I Am Nice
I Am Neat

God gave each of us a special family
that we can call our own.
A family that loves us for who we are
so we would never feel alone.

They may not like everything we do
or everything we say,
but the beautiful thing about "family"
is that they love us anyway.

Sometimes we feel rejected
by people who do not care,
but our hearts are warmed when remembering
that our family is always there!

So hug them a little more often,
for sometimes we hurt the ones we love.
And tell them how much you love them,
for they were sent to you from above.

Destroying the world for businesses
But all that pollution is still there
We need oxygen
But trees are getting cut down
Animals dying
Cause we humans are abusing our power
By garbage that is littered
Going to the ocean
Killing sea creatures
By them getting tangled
And getting hunted by predators
We humans have landfills
Why don't we reuse, reduce, and recycle
But no matter what we humans have to change
In order to save our planet, Earth

Nature Is everywhere.
Nature is everywhere you go.
Everything that lives and grows is nature.
Animals big and small.
Nature is plants that grow so tall.
Nature is Beautiful in every way.
Wonderful, exciting
And needs our care.

So listen, learn and do your part to keep nature Beautiful and forever.

I've searched my soul but hard as I've tried
I find my religion is "unclassified"
I believe in nature and laughter and love
And goodness and mercy and a god up above.
The sun and the rain and the winds that blow
And a hundred earthy things that I know
But I don't fit in, in a civilized way
To the rules and the customs that people say.
My heaven's on earth; it's the thing that I share
With the whole human race—I really care.
And when I'm gone and just ashes remain
I'll be part of the earth and the wind and the rain
It's my "everlasting," it seems right to me
In the big scheme of life, it's the way it should be.
Life has been good and I don't fear the night
It's part of God's plan and I know it's all right.

The person important to me is kind and helpful,
The place important to me is lonely and peaceful,
The seasons are a wonder to this planet and they are marked by weather patterns,
The different languages people speak are unique and interesting and they represent
the different countries on Earth

yeah every day counts
clearly black clover
switch depressed mac and
cheese fun death so
He can take his
peas in sleeves with
Deez. Fun all day
But not today sad to
much but not as to
such. Everyday counts
make it fair but
today don't dare

I don't like things
I hear rings
I like sounds and skies
I like the flavors and want to die

The world is a beautiful place
It has a lot of positive
But we humans take advantage

We pollute the oceans and air
Right now oceans are filled with waste
The air is contaminated

Humans will eventually use all natural resources
Then nothing will come from earth
Will we all die eventually

Unless we get to Mars
Colonize it and make it our own
Which is what the world was, colonization

Humans have this thing wired into their system
Do anything to succeed because it will make you happy
Even if that's means to destroy and break the things around you

Some people found a way to override this for themself
Others are trying
But most just give up

Nature is a very good thing to have
But with the way humans treat it
They both will end up in a ditch

It is sweet like the middle of May
Moldable like Taino clay
Its juices stick to my skin because it knows about sweet tooths
The cravings crash into my body like waves do on the sandy shores that harbor its trees
Shake shake shake
Till 10 fall from the tall tree
I try to grab them all but people weren't meant to hold that much greatness
My small hands grab the biggest and the smallest
Peeling off its green and orange skin
Letting the sweet juices create art on my body
My teeth sink into sweet orange flesh
Reminding my body that this taste goes back for generations
Who knew fruit could time travel

Whenever I wake up
 The birds are chirping
Whenever I go out
 The pigeons are starving
Whenever I look around
 The humans are missing

The humans are gone now. So now it's nature's time to shine

Angel, angel, angel...that's how you saw me in your eyes. But behind those big angel wings lay the real me. The me I wished you never saw. I've tried to become a better person for you. But how could I? If everything that I touch surely dies. I've gotten used to the feeling of hearing footsteps come and go. After all these years I left the angel to be the devil.

I don't like nature
I don't like climate change
It makes you sick
And I'm tired of it

I do like nature
I do like winter
I do like breeze
It makes me eased

In winter you warm off
But in summer you cool off
In fall and summer you do both

The flowers are pretty
But the bees are stingy
The leaves change color
But they also fall apart

The climate change is crazy
But I miss being out there

O the land of the free
But the land of the free always damages our trees and our air
"Why you doing this to me" they all say
Now ever since this virus happened there's not that much pollution
But really humans
The only way we'll stop doing that is because we can't go outside
We used to see litter on the floor the trees looking dead but
Now the earth looks more alive but all cause of what
Quarantine is what
So humans we keep doing this or we keep doing this while this is over or just
destroy the earth like in the beginning in time like nothing happened

Dear Son,

*Don't think about what people say to you,
Don't focus on that.
focus on your goal, pursue your dreams.
He could be shooting for the sky while
She could be shooting for the moon
But you...you can shoot for the stars!
Only you can do that. Push yourself over your limits.
Don't listen to the doubters, don't listen to the haters, don't listen to
The people that think you're nothing but crap.
Because you can show them that they're wrong and jealous of you.
And do you want to know why they're jealous of you?
Because you're better than them, and don't go saying you're not.
Look I know that there are some people that are better than you.
But you are different from everybody else, that's what makes you so
special.*

*P.S: always remember you are **BRAVER** than you believe
STRONGER than you seem **SMARTER** than you think
And **LOVED** more than you know. Now go on and
PURSUE YOUR DREAMS!*

*Sincerely
Deshon Minnifield*

People **DON'T** always know how you **FEEL**

People don't always know what you're **THINKING**. Showing that **ONE** person who means the **WORLD** to you how much you **CARE** for them can be hard at times.

Material stuff does **NOT** always need to show someone their **VALUE** or **WORTH** to you.

Time... **TIME** is the answer to showing someone how much you really **CARE** about them.

Time is **PRECIOUS** and **CAN'T** be bought!!!

UNDERSTANDING...might just be the **HARDEST** to do but **NEVER IMPOSSIBLE!**

ACTIONS IMPACT more than words,

But it doesn't **HURT** to say things that are nice...

MEANT from the **HEART!**

CARING is shown through these **ACTIONS**,

TRY doing these for **THOSE** you really **CARE** for, watch the **JOY** within their **EYES**.

The sun is shining,
The sky is blue,
The birds are flying,
And the breeze is so cool.

Mother Nature is trying her best
To give nothing but beautifulness,
But what do we do?
Make her a mess.

Let's make her the best
By polluting less and less,
And preserve her green dress
For our kids and the rest.

I am defiant if I **separate**,
I am fake if I **assimilate**,
They consider my uniqueness **strange**,
They call my language **slang**,
They see my confidence as **conceit**,
They see my mistakes as **defeat**,
My questions mean I'm **unaware**,
My advancement is somehow **unfair**,
To voice concern is **discontentment**,
If I stand up for myself I am too **defensive**,
If I don't trust them I am too **apprehensive**,
They consider my success **accidental**,
They minimize my intelligence to **potential**,
They take my kindness for **weakness**,
They take my silence for **speechless**,
My character is constantly **underrated**,
Pride for my race makes me look **too black**.

Once my neighbor asked me "what's your name"
My name is Tasneem
It means "A heavenly fountain" in Arabic
Most days my name is sis in home or daughter
BFF, artist, creative girl
My name is I've performed art in 3 countries
But at the airport my name is random search
And on the streets, it's terrorist, raghead, towel head
And on the news it is ISIS, suspect, jihadi radical.
My name is "can your Muslim neighbor be an extremist?"
But how would someone know this without asking?
They say the shortest distance between two people is a story.
Well I say, the greatest distance in the shortest time you can travel is to ask someone their name.
The way we name ourselves is a reflection of who we are.
And when we don't ask someone their name we're not asking for their story.
So my name is Tasneem!

Don't let people bring you down,
Walk around knowing 'nothing can bring me down'
Don't let them get the best of you,
Even when they are talking 'this and that'
Don't let them have that power over you,
Don't let them win,
Don't let them think they are better,
Even though you can't change them you just have to let them know,
'Nothing can bring me down'
And when if they ask why just say because 'I'm happy'

Translated into Spanish

No dejes que la gente te derribe,
Camina sabiendo 'nada puede derribarme'
No dejes que te saquen lo mejor de ti,
Incluso cuando están hablando 'esto y aquello'
No dejes que tengan ese poder sobre ti,
No dejes que ganen,
No dejes que piensen que son mejores,
A pesar de que no puedes cambiarlos sólo tienes que hacerles saber,
'Nada puede derribarme'
Y cuando si preguntan por qué decir porque 'soy feliz'

What is a man without a name?
That is a man living in pain.
Nothing to contribute,
To this world,
For all you have in this life is your name.
No chance of getting love or fame.
Nothing but another life,
It must be difficult like balancing the tip of a knife.
Imagine not having a name,
Never straying away from the crowd.
There has to be an inner voice in you,
Yearning for something more
For you to find your voice,
Your name in this massive world.

We are faced with many challenges from birth
If you're black and brown on this earth
They say America is the land of the free
That may be true for some of you
But we are not all free, we are living
In modern day slavery

We are not treated equally
Just look around you, and you'll see
All of the challenges that we face
Discriminated against because of our race
We all deserve equal opportunities
regardless of our race or ethnicity

Most of our Latinos and blacks
Are living in poverty, collecting public assistance
Working 2 or 3 jobs just to provide for their families
The system is set up this way
If we had better jobs, equal pay
We would have a better life today

The year starts off cold, the familiar whispers of the wind blowing by us
As we try to ignore it
By hiding under mountains of our ignorance
Not recognizing the whispers getting quieter

The green grass grows later
And less green
The flowers bloom duller
The spring air slightly warmer

The leaves fall faster
Oranges and yellows less vibrant
Trees dying faster
The winter whispers appear quieter than the previous

The seasons repeat each growing weaker

She was an angel sent from heaven
She was everything I could have wished for
She was perfection

Su largo cabello rojo fluía perfectamente
Her warm skin on mine when we laid down
Sus lindos hoyuelos que aparecerían cada vez
que sonriera

Her angelic voice that would put me to sleep
Sus ojos cálidos que me mirarían
That I would get lost in whenever she glanced my way

Ella pudo haber pensado que era imperfecta,
But I thought she was the definition of perfect herself

Orange pink yellow purple
All colors of spring flowers
Birds chirping everywhere
Butterfly's blooming
But we can't forget
To every beautiful spring
There April's showers
The days now seem longer
Oh spring we've been waiting

How did u find the energy to do all the things u did to me to be a teacher a friend and a playmate when I was a lil kid.

How did u do it all mom. Being a cooker, nurse, and a counselor. I just can't comprehend.

I see now it was all love, mom

That made you come whenever I called you this makes you my best friend. and wanna thank you for that. Under it's the language Arabic

أقيدصو أملا عم نوكلأل يب امتلعف يتلأ ءايشأل لكب مايقلل قق اطلأ تدجو فيك
أخابط نوكت نأ. يمأ لك تل عف فيك. أري غصأل فط تنك امدن ع بع لال يف أل يمزو
يتأت كل ع ج اذه يمأ بح لك ناك هنأ نألأ ىرأ. مهفلأ يننكمي ال. أراش تسمو قضر ممو
كلذ ىلع كركشأ نأ ديرأو. يل قي دص لضفأ كل ع جي اذهو لكب تلصتا ام لك



Nature made the fields and man made the cities
Now there is barely nature in the city there is some there little over there
Now we have to take care of nature or if not then we can die nature is relaxation
nature is that friend that you never had
Nature is trying to send us a message to go to them
All we can say to nature is we love them cause nature made the fields and man made the cities

New York City
Homeless Everywhere
Garbage Everywhere
Gangs Around
Crime Happening
Pollution Ruining Environments
Bullying In Schools
People Don't Feel Safe
People Aren't Equal

NEW YORK NEW YORK

Things around here are starting to get boring
People always letting you down its so disappointing
Have a lot of things to say don't say nothing because then I'll start to be "annoying"
Wanna speak aloud but don't and throw my feelings in the sky and start shooting

Was planning on doing something else other than homework
If I'm being honest I was gonna "forget about the work"
But nah gotta erase all of that negative energy from my body
The energy that losers have gotta leave it in the dirt

Gotta look at life and all it takes
Gotta look at your "friends" I mean the snakes
Gotta look at the hate and jealousy they have
Can't for a second respect you and your space

Got all these haters everywhere, even for me that's very rare
Wanna say sum but I'm scared, scared that Imma call out the wrong person
Make assumptions without understanding
It's not like anybody's gonna care.

I
Was
Not
Born
For
Death

Times have changed, and times are strange
Here I come, but I'm not the same
Losing something that I loved.
Climbing up the cold concrete, holding the hands of the devil and the angel on my shoulders,
Running on the path that I'll never run on the same.
Seeing the pink leaves fall beneath my feet, crushing them under my boots,
Hearing the wind sing its song filled with disease.
Cold.
The sun sets down again, I felt the rays of a new beginning,
I smelled the salt of the ocean, every particle brought a message.
Whatever.
The white cross is my destination, all of our destinations end with that shape.
And when you're finally home, and you drop your things,
You lay there forever.
Thinking of your accomplishments, and the memories of the journey.



arroz y frijoles

esto es lo mejor en la tierra vegetal

el camarada Joseph Stalin se lo comió

y entonces los frijoles llegaron a donde estabas cuando los frijoles cayeron a la tierra?

Fue un momento de muerte aterrador.





We are the History of the Future: Listening to the Lower East Side

Robert Sember
Teaching Artist

For almost four years my M.S. 140 sound art collaborators and I have listened to and gathered stories of the Lower East Side.

For our first project, *Listening to the Lower East Side*, we followed our ears, drawn by the ever-changing soundscape of this remarkable and unique part of the world. With microphones in hand, we recorded the beautiful and lively sounds of the Lower East Side's diverse communities.

Our second project, *Ear Maps*, focused on the history and present-day life of the Williamsburg Bridge, one of the grandest bridges in New York City. We explored what the bridge sounds like from the pedestrian walkway, below the on-ramps and subway tracks, and standing at a distance on the edges of the East River.

Last year, we challenged ourselves to hear the sounds of people, places, and events that are already long gone. These include the sounds of the first peoples of this place, the Lenape and the founding of community institutions such as the Yiddish language Forward Newspaper, and the Nuyorican Café. We called this project, a *Map of Echoes*.

As we worked on the Map of Echoes we started thinking about the sounds of our futures. We asked: What will the Lower East Side sound like in ten or twenty-years time?

Will we be in those sounds?

What can we do to help shape the neighborhood's future?

What kind of future do we want?

To respond to these questions we began, in October 2019, a new listening project called, *We Are the History of the Future*.



Every journey, including a journey into the future, has a beginning. We began our journey into the future in 1619, the year the first Africans were brought to North America to be sold into bondage. To learn about that year and the 400 years that followed, we studied the 400 Years of Inequality Project's timeline. The timeline includes many stories of how enslaved people and other oppressed groups made pathways to freedom

One such ancestor is Harriet Tubman. She is famous for saying, "Freedom or death!"

Harriet Tubman was born into slavery but, as a young woman, she made her way to freedom only to return to the slave states to help others escape.

What did we learn from Harriet Tubman and others who have walked freedom paths into the future? The first thing we learned is that we need to have something that guides us into the future, something we think is very, very important, like freedom. As Harriet Tubman made her way at night through the dark forests to freedom she looked to the North Star to keep her on track. What is our North Star?

Second, no one can really be free until everyone is free. Freedom is something we must make together and share with everyone else. Harriet Tubman and many other freedom guides were successful because they had friends and family and people who supported them and that they could support. When we come together we are stronger than we would be if we stood alone!



To make our North Star, we listened to each other's stories and heard where our lives touch, those times where we get to say, "Me too!" We also heard things we do not know about and could say: "I did not know that happened to you. Thank you for telling me." And, we heard hopes and dreams and asked, "How can I help you make your dreams real? And will you help me make my dreams real?"

As we listen to each other's stories, we hear our timelines, our life paths, crisscross and we hear how our timelines grow out of our parent's, our family's and our community's life stories.

To really understand the shape of this together time we wrote our stories and the stories of people from the past on long strips of paper. Then, as we listened to each other's stories we wove the strips of paper together into great, messy, wonderful jumbles of timelines. We painted and decorate the strips of paper so that we could also have jumbles of color. These timeline sculptures, suspended from the ceiling, are like great North Stars. Their message is that if we walk into the future together we will be strong.



Then the future did what it sometimes does... it took an unexpected turn. We were inventing different ways to connect our timelines when the Novel Coronavirus epidemic began and school was closed.

When we were together again in our virtual classroom, we asked:
"What would Harriet Tubman do?"

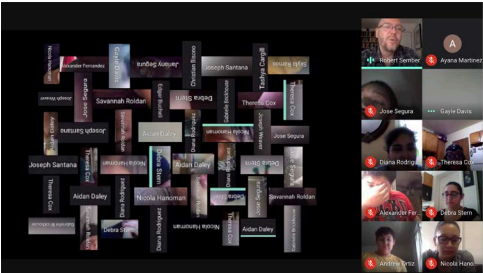
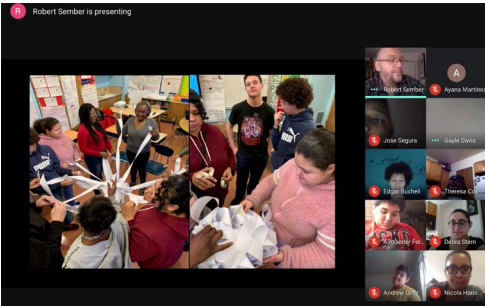
We know she would not give up. We are talking about how the quarantine is helping us learn things we would not have learned before. We ask:

- What about this moment frightens us?
- How can we be courageous in this moment?
- What are the important questions of this moment that can guide us forward?
- Where do we find joy in this moment?

We have not stopped listening to each other and the wider world. Even though we are each in our little box on the screen, we are finding ways to dance together so that we can see energy move from one person to another. No walls, virtual or real, can separate us.

The *We are the History of the Future* listening team included our wonderful and wise elders, Ms. Hanoman, Ms. Davis. Ms. Cox, Ms. Espinal, and Ms. Rodriguez, and the talented and courageous students:

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Alexander Fernandez | Aidan Daley |
| Tashya Cargill | Andrew Ortiz |
| Christian Bisono | Elijah Velasquez |
| Edgar Bucheli | Bryan Jaquez |
| Aaliyah Mac | Jariany Segura |
| Ashley Sarmiento | Joseph Weaver |
| Brandon Paulino | Joseph Santana |
| Brenda Jace | Mariah Flagler |
| Gabrielle Brichouse | Orlando Rosario |
| Ayana Martinez | Skyla Ramos |
| Jose Segura | Savannah Roldan |
| Lillian Quinones | Mason Quinones |





RYAN White RYAN White RYAN White
JOHN Brown JOHN Brown JOHN Brown
I actually want to
we went to Queens it was like a b.
VINCENT VINCENT VINCENT





Amelia Cleary
Internship Coordinator

City-As-School is an internship-based public high school serving students from all five boroughs of NYC by offering diverse learning experiences across the city. Many students come to City-As looking for an alternative to the traditional classroom model. City-as-School has continued to offer creative experiential opportunities to re-engage students in their education and in the society around them.

Artists Space worked with City-As-School in the fall of 2019, for the second year in a row with a photography workshop for self selected students, bridging their journeys from traditional school structures to experiential learning out in the field. Teaching Artist Claudia Sohrens brought the classroom out onto New York City streets, where students were able to document their thoughts and ideas through a 35mm camera. They developed photography skills while discussing each other's work, observations on street life, and social justice issues. At the end of the workshop, the students presented their work in a slide exhibit in City-as-School lobby.

The workshop introduced students to analog photography. It also offered them an opportunity to experience the artistic process as their focus - rather than just their final project - something students can carry with them to other future experiences. We are grateful and fortunate for our continued dynamic partnership with Artists Space.

City-As-School

Claudia Sohrens
Teaching Artist

Three years ago, I first walked into the building that houses City-As-School at 16 Clarkson St in the West Village, my experience was visceral: every hallway and floor offered a blank canvas for artists, activists and experimenters to share their voices. Last fall, I was invited back to lead our second Artists Space Photography Internship program and with the exceptional support of Amelia Cleary and the relentless assistance of Agustina Fioretti, I had the pleasure to work with an amazing group of very talented students.

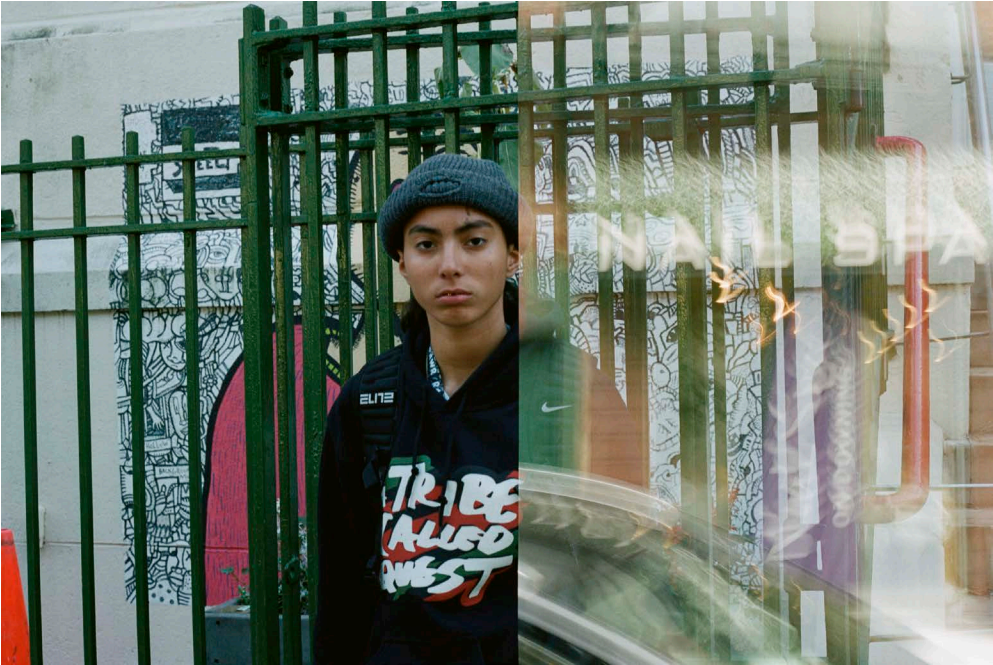
We met twice a week in the school's library, sitting close together on lounge chairs in the back. We learned how to load and operate 35mm film cameras, we watched slideshows, listened to music and interviews, and looked at books with striking works of photographers like Richard Renaldi, JR and Deana Lawson. Our conversations were often starting points for ideas we explored later in the day on our photo excursions around the city.

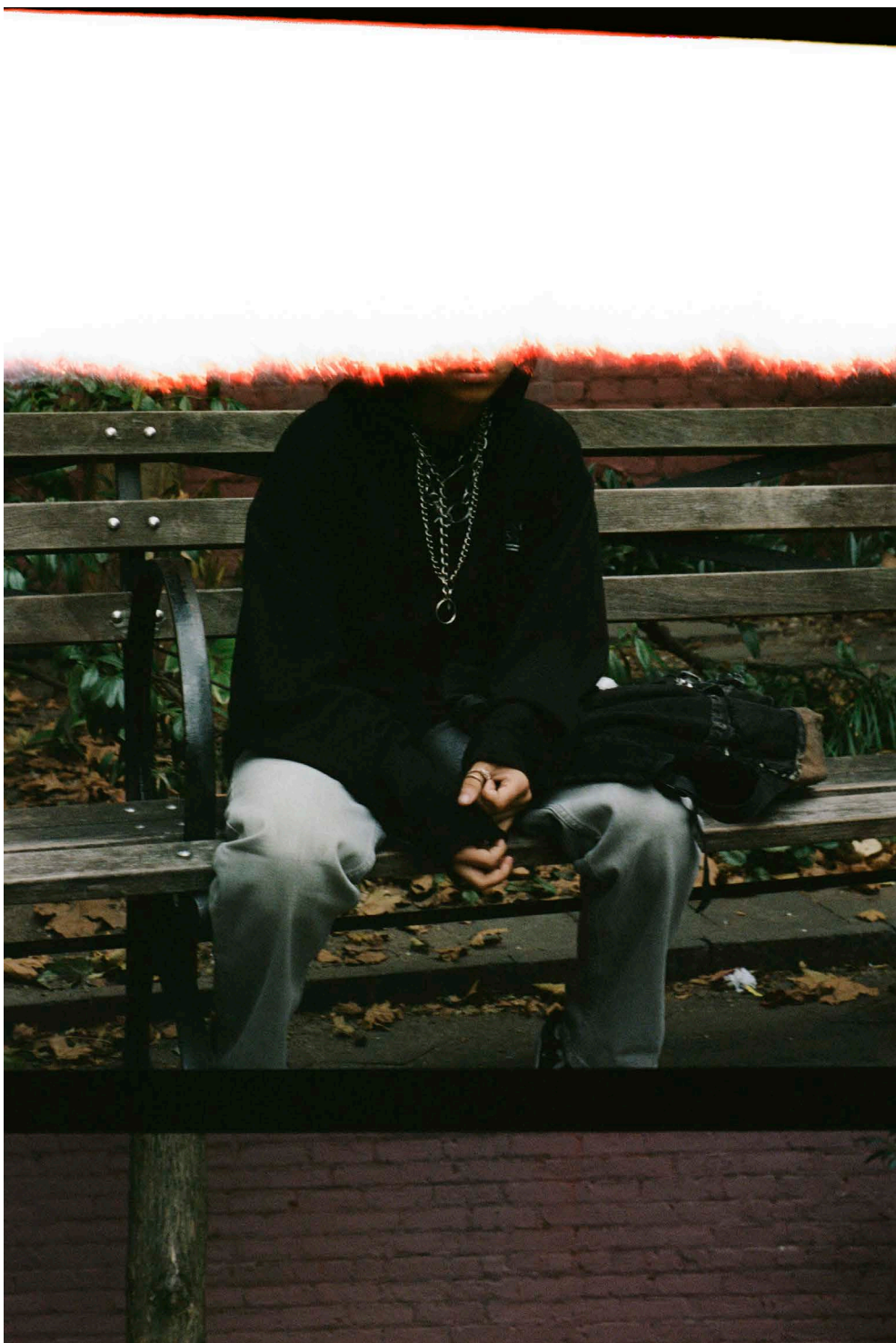
One memorable highlight was our visit to the new Artists Space location at 11 Cortlandt Alley, before its opening. Jamie Stevens, AS curator, welcomed us with an impassioned discussion about art and then, equipped with cameras, hard hats, and dust masks we were given access to document the new space – still in progress, rough around the edges, and very much under construction – it was a special and very physical experience. Little did we know we would be revisiting our mask-wearing so soon.

With many challenges, slips and the occasional crash throughout, these students pushed boundaries, engaged with friends and strangers, and entire communities—and they became the authors of a series of remarkable photo stories about the city and themselves, which they presented at SLIDEfest in the school's lobby and in the form of a Zine. We include a few narratives in this publication but hope to publish the entire Zine in the future.

We celebrate Viveka Latta and Zachary Barcelona who were awarded 2020 Scholastic Art Awards for photographs they produced during this program!

Looking back from this moment of isolation and social distancing, there was a lot we took for granted. Now is the time for reinvention and new perspectives for cultural institutions, education and photography itself.









Colors in the City

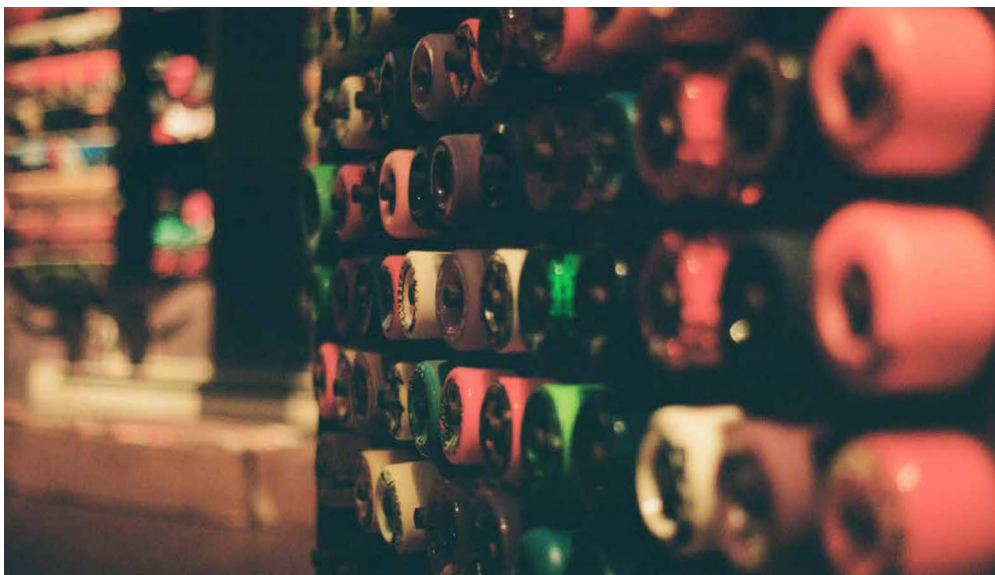
For my project, I took photos of shoe stores and signs. I went around the neighborhood and took photos of signs and different stores around the area.

Conor Howland-Kruse



When I look at the city I think of signs. I was looking for symmetry and color with my camera. I was looking for images that represent NY. I took a picture of a hair salon because there's a lot of hair salons in the city. I was interested in color because it catches my attention and is pretty to look at. I'm very interested in fashion. The clothes I like wearing have color and style to them, so I looked for that in my photos. My personal style is inspired by the city streets, images, color, everything.

Deandre Vilbrun



Help

Help shows the ordinary life of a not so ordinary boy. He has recently been diagnosed with multiple health issue, not knowing how to deal with all of this new information, he turned to photography in hopes of making something beautiful out of something broken. So in this journey we will see what he wants us to see, a journey through the happiness and love he surrounds himself by.

Ish Suero



Infinite Routine

The thoughts that came to me before & while I took these photos were that I wanted to catch people in the act of heading to their destinations. Everyone seems busy & rushing from one place to the next. I also thought of what they might be thinking while they are on their way there. The green space & open area to me represents peace & a place to relax & clear your head or do a productive activity. Away from all the busy people & things in the city. I can relate to this a lot, because as a mom of 1, I'm always busy also with commuting from one place to the next. Also this shows that I am just like the people in the photos, but instead, I'm the one looking through the viewfinder snapping photos of New Yorkers commute.

Denicia Jones



I took this picture at the construction site we went to. My initial thoughts about going to a construction site to take pictures had me a little confused and thought that there wouldn't be any good pictures coming out of it. When we went in and I started taking pictures of the site, but then I started to catch things and captured them. I started to enjoy it and captured a lot of photos that are now my favorite photos that I took throughout this whole internship.

Keep Little



The Beginning

There was a light and shadow of moving objects and I wanted to take a picture of moving water, and it came out nice.

There was another picture I wanted to take, so I asked my boy Malachi to go on the little kid's slide.

There was a picture I took by accident and I wanted it, because it looks good.

And this picture is my best picture I took. It was the last picture on our roll of film. To finish the roll and I took this picture.

Joseph Angerosa



I took pictures of dogs because I've lived with dogs all of my life and they have distinct personalities. Other animals do, but not like dogs do. There was a brown Australian Shepherd with blue eyes at the dog run and it was really sweet and shy. There was also a miniature poodle that was 10 years old and he had a whole lot of energy for a 10-year-old dog. My dog Grey, one of my three dogs, has emotional issues from his previous owner.

He is overall really sweet, but if he steals something he gets aggressive, which they call resource guarding. My other two dogs, Oksana and Baby, are really sweet and affectionate. Oksana is currently pregnant, so we are really excited for the puppies. Baby is just huge; she's my size. She doesn't really know how big she is because she's still young. She moves floppily because she's a baby.

Malachi Sherrill



Huh

Shooting with an old cannon from the 70s.

My approach was something that wasn't really orthodox.

When I take photographs, I think like I'm painting.

"When I'm painting I try not to think about painting I try to think about life."

Lucas Pederneiras



"Paper Bag"

...I chose to do this project with black and white film because I feel that the lack of color strips down the image to its fundamentals and leaves more room for interpretation from the viewer.

...My favorite shot from this series is of a man crouched on the ground digging around in a toolbox of some kind. The composition of the frame and distribution of light leads the viewer's eyes exactly where I intended, on the subject. I got lucky with this shot as there was a person walking towards my frame, but I managed to take the picture before the shot was ruined, and the paper bag they were holding ended up being a nice addition to the composition of the shot.

Viv Latta



My Photo Essay is based on people I surround myself with and how they inspire me, but not in a way you think. You kinda have to put yourself in my shoes to understand how I felt during a shot i've taken. When I take pictures, I'm not always happy go lucky. To express how I feel, I turn to music and mainly focus on my creative side. Feeling unsettling was never my thing and still isn't. I fear that I won't be appreciated for certain things I am capable of. I am a bit shy but slowly getting used to moving fast and not at my own pace. I've realized that many opportunities should not be taken for granted and I should be the one to take action of my future.

Being in a photography space, I've been motivated to show my work to others and build. Days we'd go out occasionally I'd find "little things" that inspire me to dive deeper into my existence.

Zach Barcelona



Keep Little







Lucienne Morel
Assistant Principal

At M.S. 324, we believe that art is necessary in education. When art education is a priority in the learning process, new doors open for our students. We have been delighted to partner with Artists Space for more than ten years during which time we have seen incredible program growth and impressive student achievements.

Artists Space's program, Threads of History, expands 6-8th grade bilingual students' knowledge of their individual histories and the composition of their communities, provides them with skills to communicate, record, and exhibit their discoveries through collaborative paintings, sculptures, and books. Classes are taught in English and Spanish to serve newly immigrated students and to foster language acquisition.

Most recently, Threads of History students worked with Teaching Artist, Esperanza Cortes, and science teacher, Mary Guerrero, to create collages of animals and nature, using repurposed materials. This work and the work of our Portfolio Development program with Teaching Artist Stephanie Costello was to be featured in a community exhibition at the Sugar Hill Museum of Storytelling and Art, that we hope to reschedule in the future. We are extremely grateful to have this long-standing partnership with Artists Space's Director of Education, Kate Temple, and artist educators, Esperanza Cortes and Stephanie Costello.

We look forward to many more years of collaboration for the benefit of future artists!

M.S. 324

Threads of History

Reinventado: Art and Nature

Esperanza Cortes
Teaching Artist

My collaborators for this residency at M.S. 324 Patria Mirabal were Mary Guerrero, who is the Spanish language-based Science teacher and her entire 7th grade class, most of whom are recent immigrants to New York City. The students have come primarily from the Caribbean, Central and South America.

Since 2018, we have focused on creating projects for a more sustainable world. The simple lesson that it takes less energy and is more economically sound to recycle than to mine new raw materials is something that many of these communities understand very well. This is also a theme that is central in my own artistic practice. Reuse contributes significantly to a healthy economy as it can create new labor possibilities as well as a renewed interest in reused and repurposed sustainable consumer products.

For our 2019 iteration of *Reinventado*, we began by looking at artists such as Pepon Osorio, Jean Shin, Robert Bradford, Willie Cole and El Anatsui both for their innovative reuse of materials and for their imagery, color and subject matter. Robert Bradford's playful animals were particularly admired and El Anatsui's recycled abstractions made of small square pieces of tin cans also fascinated the students.

We chose to recycle old school magazines and design magazines from my studio and choose the paper mosaic, a method that the students could replicate on their own, not needing expensive art materials, just magazines, scissors and glue.

Each group found a symbol from nature that represented some aspect of their identity. It took them some discussion to reconnect to the beauty and power of nature, as the symbol could not be informed by popular culture. They worked in collaborative teams to design and execute the images, cutting up the magazines in order to create a mosaic.

In their writings and final oral presentations to the class, they spoke about the strength of their images and creative process in both Spanish and English. They were moved and surprised by the transformation of these simple materials and their own collaborative discoveries!

I hope you enjoy this beautiful work.

Mis colaboradores durante esta residencia en M.S. 324 Patria Mirabal fueron Mary Guerrero, quien es la maestra (en Español) de Ciencia y su clase de 7º grado, quienes han inmigrado a la Ciudad de Nueva York en su mayoría. Los estudiantes vienen principalmente del Caribe, Centro y Sud America.

Desde 2018, nos hemos enfocado en crear proyectos para un mundo mas sustentable. La simple lección de que se consume menos energía y se consumen menos recursos al reciclar, que al extraer materias primas, es algo que muchas de estas comunidades tienen muy claro. Este es un tema de importancia en mi propia labor artística. El reusar materiales contribuye de forma importante a una economía saludable ya que puede crear nuevas posibilidades de empleo, así como un renovado interés en productos de consumo reciclados y re-apropiados.

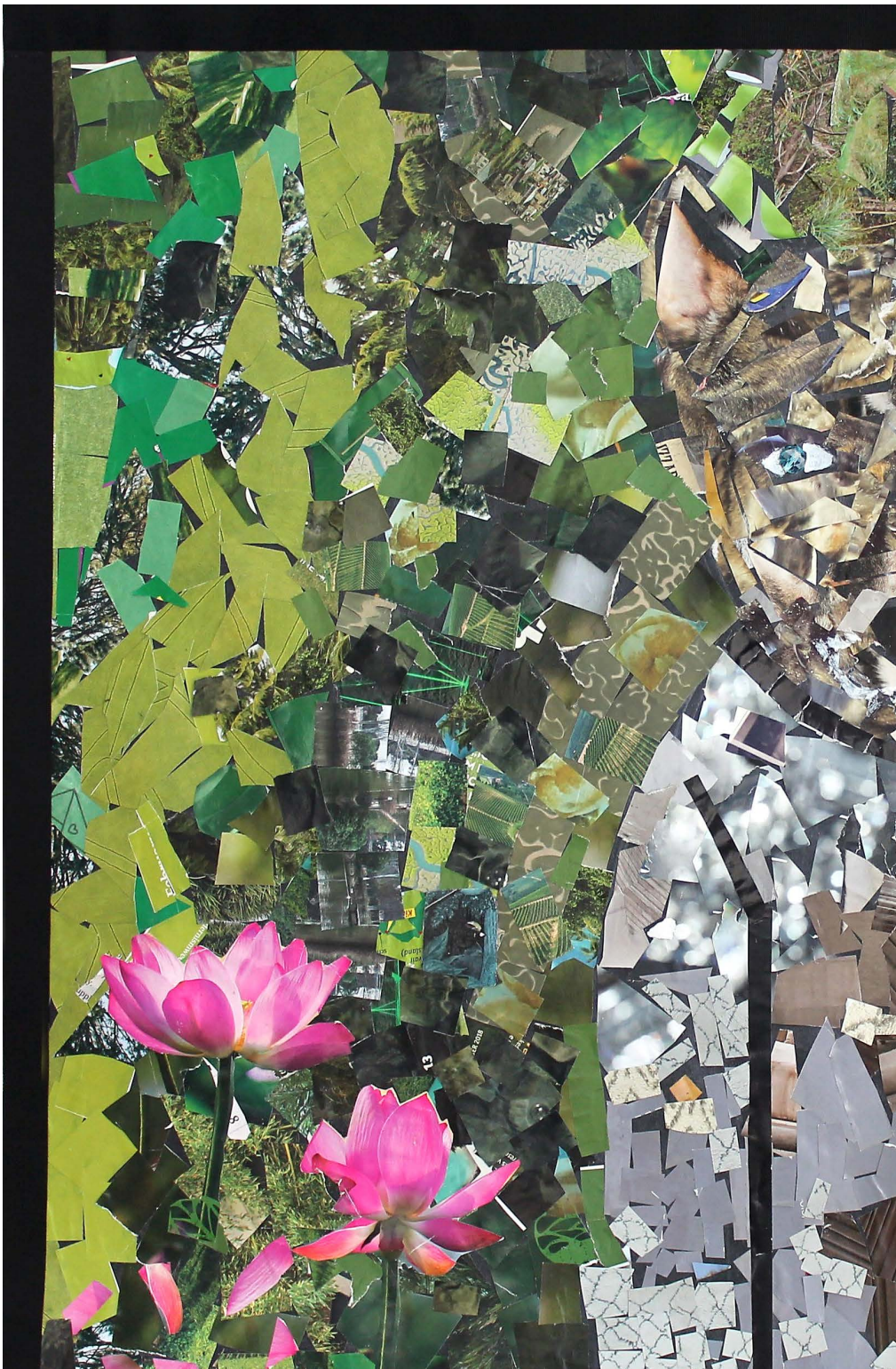
Para nuestra versión 2019 de *Reinventado*, comenzamos por estudiar el trabajo de artistas como Pepón Osorio, Jean Shin, Robert Bradford, Willie Cole y El Anatsui, tanto por su forma innovadora de reusar materiales, color, temáticas, como por sus motivos visuales. Los juguetones animales de Robert Bradford fueron sus favoritos, así como las abstracciones recicladas de El Anatsui hechas con pequeños trozos de hojalata, las cuales también les llamaron la atención.

Escogimos reciclar revistas de antaño, así como magazines de diseño acumulados en mi estudio, y escogimos la forma "mosaico de papel", una técnica que que los estudiantes pueden reproducir en casa y que no requiere materiales sofisticados, sino solo revistas, tijeras y pegamento.

Cada grupo escogió un símbolo encontrado en la naturaleza representante de su propia identidad. Tuvieron que que explorar, a través de conversaciones, la reconexión con la fuerza y belleza de las formas naturales, ya que era requisito que el símbolo escogido no hubiera sido influenciado por la cultura popular. Trabajaron en equipos de colaboración para diseñar y ejecutar las imágenes, cortando las revistas para así crear un mosaico.

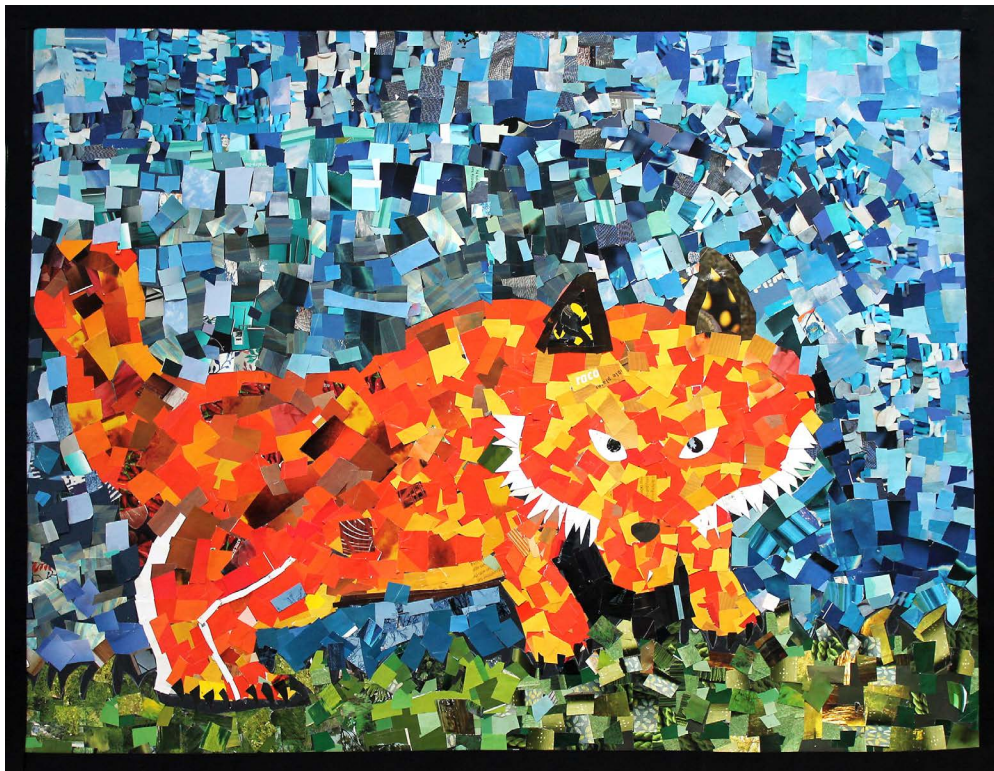
Escribieron textos y dieron platicas al grupo en las que hablaron sobre la fuerza de sus imágenes, y sobre el proceso creativo, tanto en Inglés como en Español. Se entusiasmaron y sorprendieron, por la transformación de estos simples materiales, y por sus descubrimientos a través de la colaboración llevada a cabo.

Espero disfruten de este hermoso trabajo.



Yoelina Tavaréz, Yanibel Quezada, Reyli Balbi, Jhenyfer Toaquiza





Wildry Veras
Andrelizabel Gil
Elvis Jiminez
Ilhandra Feliz
Emely Reynoso



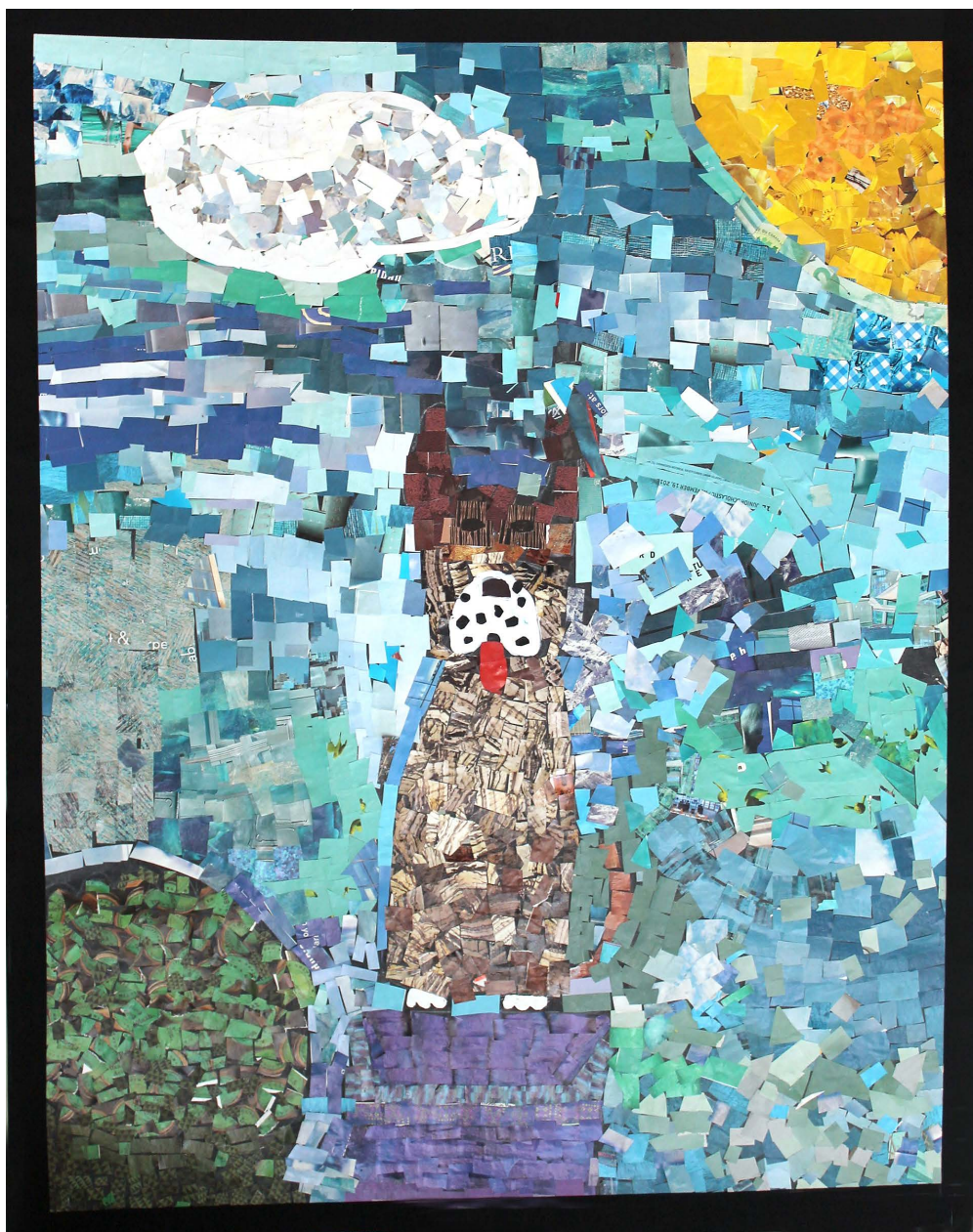
Yoelina Tavaréz
Yanibel Quezada
Reyli Balbi
Jhenyfer Toaquiza



Franyel Almonte
Herollin Sime
Bryan Adames
Elaine Rodriguez



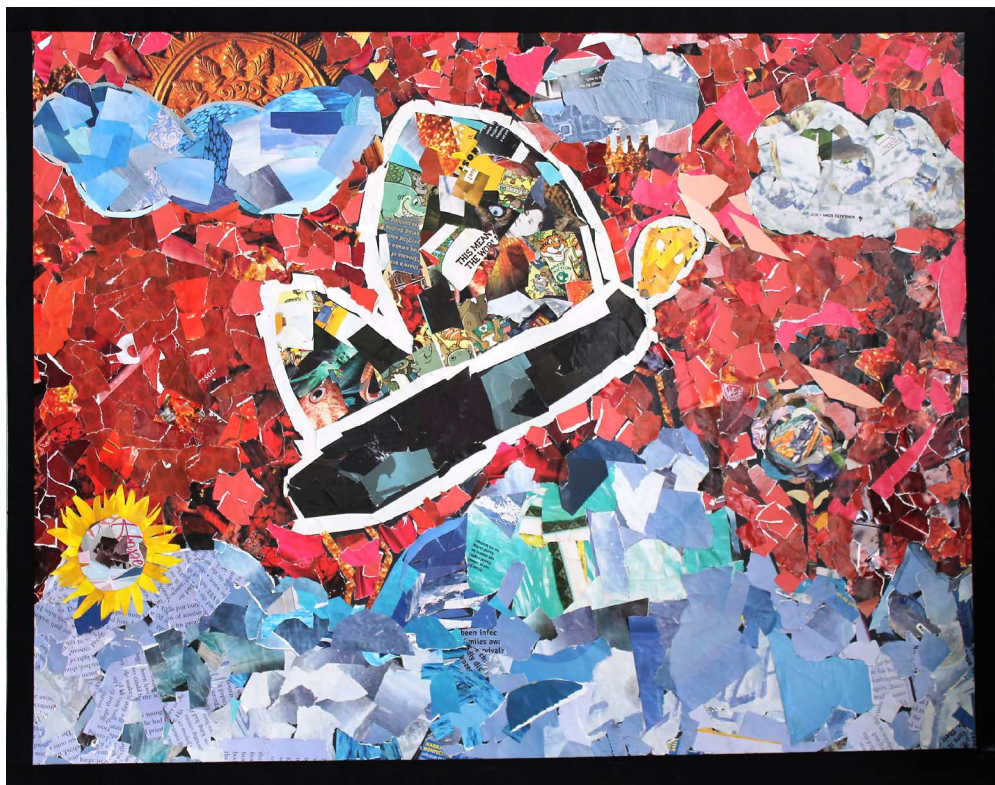
Franyel Almonte
Herollin Sime
Bryan Adames
Elaine Rodriguez



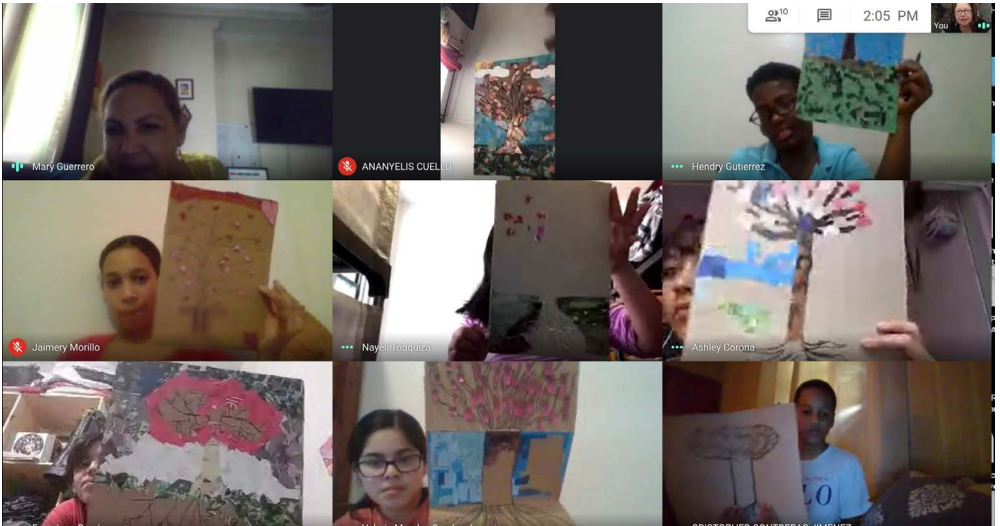
Juan di Rodriguez
Naryelis Pacheco
Michael Moya Javier
Adriana Nunez



Juan di Rodriguez
Naryelis Pacheco
Michael Moya Javier
Adriana Nunez



Wildry Veras
Andrelizabel Gil
Elvis Jiminez
Ilhandra Feliz
Emely Reynoso



M.S. 324

Portfolio

Stephanie Costello
Teaching Artist

The graduating Portfolio Development class of 2020 at M.S. 324 is a dedicated group of young artists. They came to afterschool studios twice a week in the fall, and once a week in the spring, motivated to build work for their high school audition portfolios. They worked exceptionally hard at improving their drawing skills—even drawing at home, and in any spare time not devoted to homework. They brought curiosity and passion to their work, and began to develop unique styles and voices in art-making that they will continue to hone as they move on to high school and beyond.

Before our year was paused by the COVID pandemic, we had a memorable field trip to The Sugar Hill Museum of Art and Storytelling to visit Tatiana Arocha's magical installation *Respiro un Bosque/ I Breathe A Forest*, a visual and aural immersion into South America's tropical forests. Students were preparing to create large-scale paintings and collage work about the environment and global warming, an issue particularly important to this group of students.

I have no doubt that in their shelter-in during this crisis, each of these students is finding a creative way to respond to our changing world. They know intuitively, what many adults will relearn during these chaotic times—that art can be a way to channel negativity and chaos into something that can be beautiful and healing.

I look forward to a day in the near future when I can see more creations from this group of thoughtful and talented students. I wish the 8th grade class from M.S. 324 a bright and healthy future.

May you realize your creative visions in a world ready to celebrate with you!



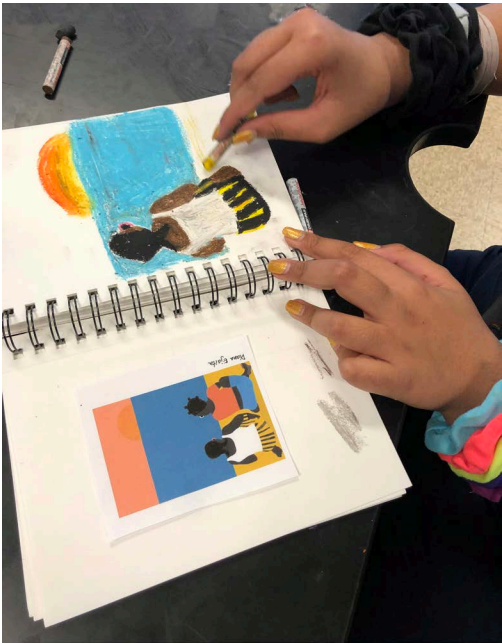
Alisson Burgos Turtleneck

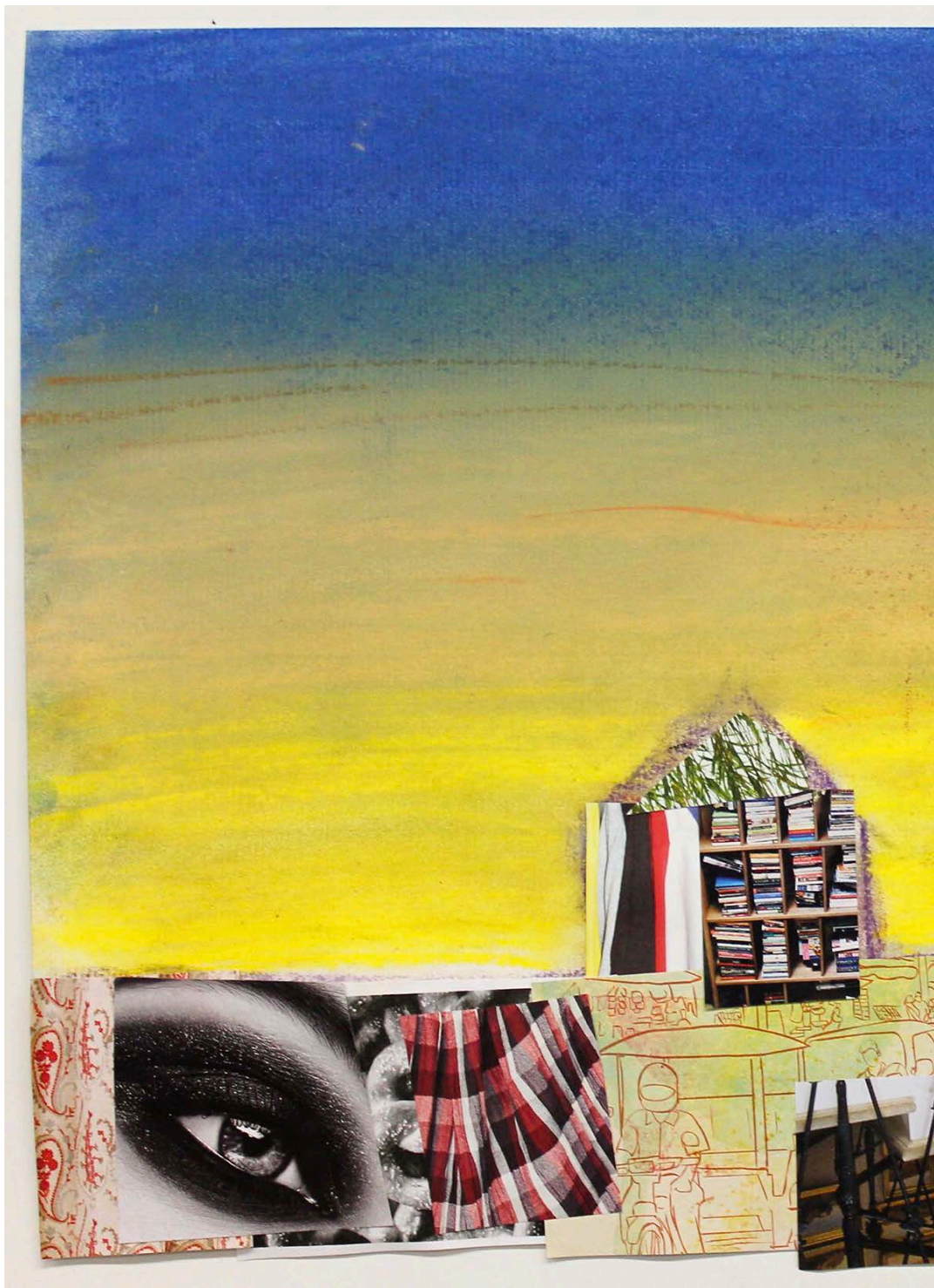


Ayla Farrell City Maze



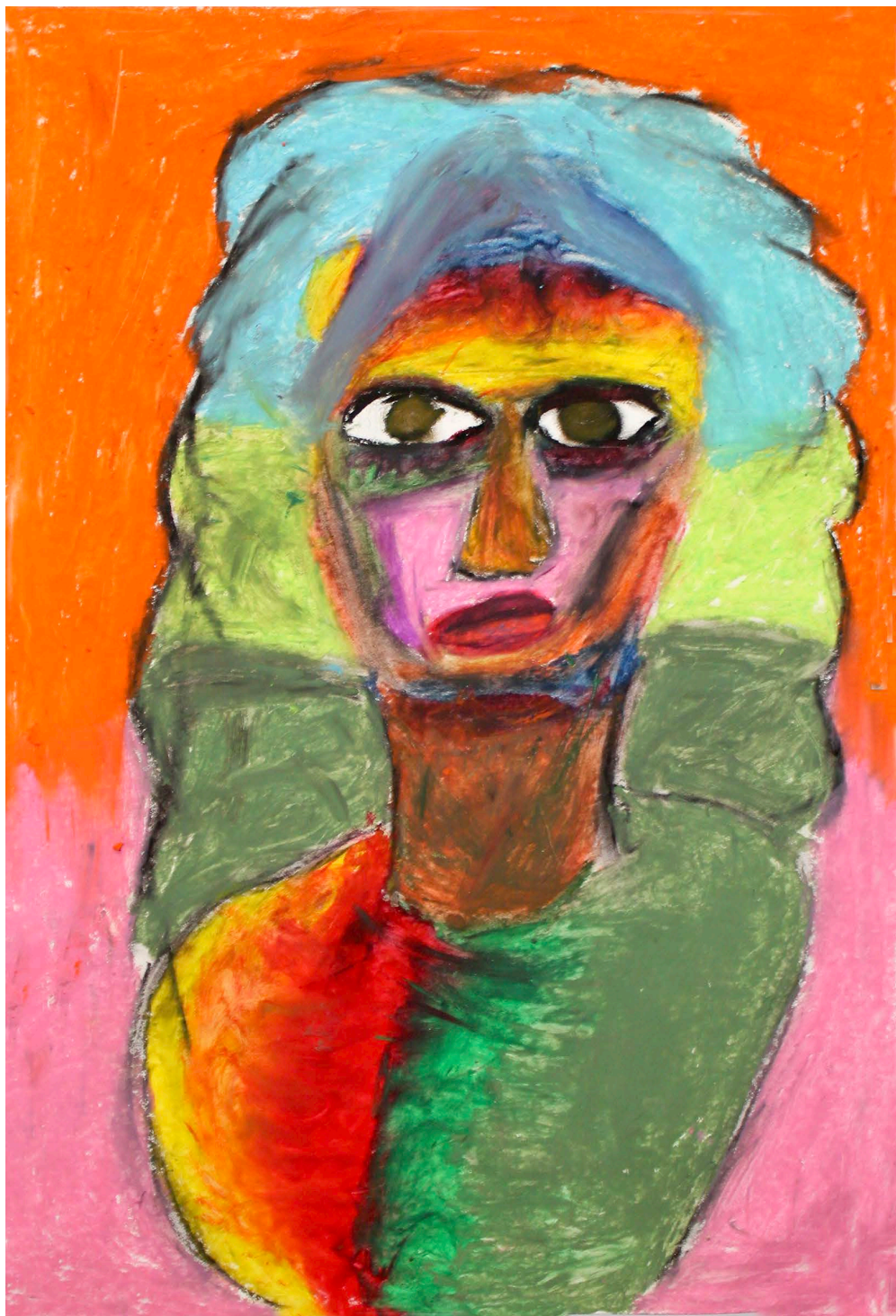
Visit to Sugar Hill Museum of Storytelling and Art: Conversation with Tony Gonzales, Director of Education





Cleopatra Butts Life in the City





Gabriella Cisse The Truth

Founded in 1972 in downtown Manhattan, Artists Space fosters the artistic and cultural life of New York City as a primary venue for artists' work in all forms. An affinity with emerging ideas and artists is central to our institution, as is attentiveness to the social and intellectual concerns which actively inform artistic practice. We strive for exemplary conditions in which to produce, experience, and understand art, to be a locus of critical discourse and education, and to advocate for the capacity of artistic work to significantly define and reflect our understanding of ourselves.

Artists Space's commitment to under-represented and emerging artists begins in our Expanded Arts Ideas program where we foster the development of middle and high school students in under-resourced schools and communities through a series of 10-20 week intensive residencies. Led by innovative artists such as Robert Sember of the sound art collective Ultra Red, Colombian-American mixed media artist and Guggenheim awardee, Esperanza Cortés, muralist and painter, Stephanie Costello, photographer Claudia Sohrens, and poet Rebecca Teich, projects take both generative and responsive positions to creativity and living in the world. It is our intention to ensure that the students and communities we work with have access to innovative arts programming that cultivate an experience of joy, self-expression, and agency within the cultural climate of New York City.

M.S. 140 Nathan Straus

Lower East Side, New York

M.S. 324 Patria Mirabel

Washington Heights, New York

City-As-School

Greenwich Village, New York

Colophon

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