

A photograph of a car crash scene. In the foreground, the wreckage of a dark-colored car is scattered, including a crumpled front end, a detached bumper, and a bent metal frame. In the background, a large mural of a man's face with a mustache and a top hat is painted on a light-colored brick wall. The man's face is the central focus of the mural, with a realistic expression. The overall scene suggests a significant impact or collision.

The Image and Debt



There's a strain of vulgar materialist art criticism, which I've become unable to think without, that colors all the cultural production that knowingly or interpellatively assumes a transactional status as Art.

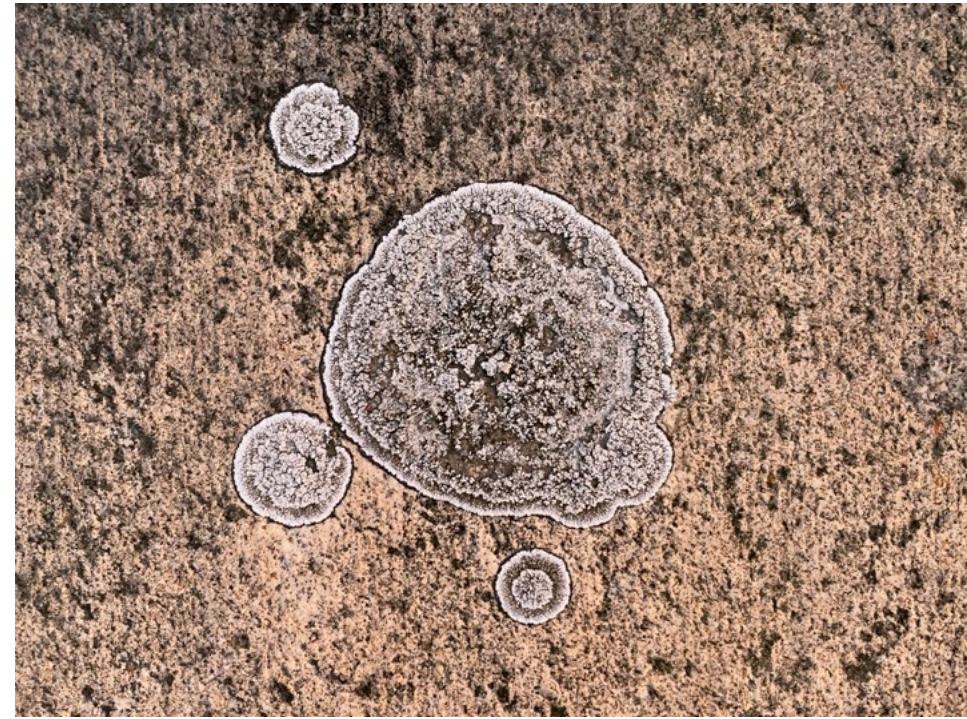
Simultaneously, a socio-art-conditioned sensibility exposes me to an unfolding relational-aesthetic experience that is always already overwhelmed with the unrelenting surfeit of qualities and objects from which art is provisionally co-determined.

In *Heritage and Debt*, David Joselit offers that 'In a global context, art's progressive politics must lie in the claims it makes for the power and validity of diverse and formally marginalized ways of knowing. It is through such claims that contemporary art may engage in struggles for cognitive justice.'

This formulation appears to be a lodestar as Joselit charts the transaction of debts realized by claims on heritage in competing modernisms, from his position within the upper precincts of a western academia marked by advanced uncertainty, colonial reckoning and competing epistemologies.

Heritage is a slippery signifier for Joselit, both potentializing a reanimation of marginalized cultural modalities from the subaltern and simultaneously a value—or symbolic capital—instrumental to global markets and questionable nationalist projects.

I leave the house to get some bread but the delivery hasn't arrived at the local market and I get tortillas instead. On the rack by the book exchange is a *New Yorker* from earlier this year and I open it to *The Media* by Ben Lerner. '...if you've ever seen a dendritic pattern in a frozen pond, lightning captured in hard plastic, or the delicate venation of an insect's wing (the fourth vein of the wing is called the media), then you've probably felt that a spirit is at work in the world, or was, and that making it visible is the artist's task, or was.'



I see my friend. She's in her last season and doesn't want to go back to Kansas. I slow my bike to a stop near to her. She has flowers all over and speaks with a soft midwestern articulation that I imagine offered comfort during her time as a hospice nurse. I stay close while she waits. We talk about sour bread and a farmers market in a nearby redwood grove.

Joselit accompanies us through a burgeoning landscape of contemporary museology where starchitects perform postcolonial narratives in special economic zones built by exploited labor from the global south under the authority of oppressive states and wealth criminals. Meanwhile, art commodities imbued with market-ready forms of authenticity and heritage circulate biennials, art fairs, auction houses and freeport storage facilities.

We could call this *Hermitage and Debths*, for the plane of provincial reclusivity through encyclopedic museological undertakings, and the Joycean combine Susan Howe flies over a body of textual-visual work.

I think of her *Sorting Facts, Or, 19 Ways of Looking at Chris Marker*:

Concerning a voice through air...
It takes space to fold time in feeling.
Facts are perceptions of surfaces.
The June of Everything.
The sea is a theater.
you float back to me everything inexpressible
... if there ever was a way to translate the feeling
of image-juxtaposition in these words...
The immense indifference of history.
The crushing hold of memory's abiding present.
Travelers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs.
The poverty of reality in a world market.
...magpies...

A rhyming *dérive*.





And Sokurov's stranger in *Russian Ark*:

*Are you interested in beauty
or just its representation?
El Greco. Dust from the road.
Luxury. Empire. Power.
Can you see?
One must not trust this world.
I'd rather talk to you about the hermitage cats.
The cats are still here.*

Howe:

*Yes the sea lies about us,
our tininess on earth as such.*

Throughout *Heritage and Debt* is a recourse to the notion of flattening the appropriative field—or 'bilateral appropriation.' This historiographical project seeks to elevate, through inclusion in Western institutionalized canon-making, a suite of creolized practices that signal back, perform the tropes, or are otherwise legible to the global franchise of Euro-American modeled contemporary art. This historicization largely favors cultural production from colonized elites with more access to Western influence and works that possess heritage (in content, form and assertion) that are realizable in the market.

We could call this *Charnel grounds or diminishingly yours...*
And leave the price tag on it.

Structurally speaking, Joselit has a tendency for constructing neat, tripartite theses organized into categories that he illustrates with succinct examples. This is rhetorically effective and his thinking impressive, though maybe overdetermined with regards to such a capacious and prismatic concept as Art. Perhaps more than art, Joselit is interested in the aesthetic dimension of certain modern and contemporary genealogies of Power.



After indicting an art system predicated on eurocentrism, colonialism, financial speculation and inequitable power relations, it's understandable Joselit would be compelled to look for modes of cultural production excluded from its field. I wish he looked a bit further. By and large, Joselit focuses on facile, conspicuous examples easily assimilable to a canon constructed by the aforementioned global financial conditions.

Late in the book Joselit explores some contemporary artists with research-based practices, that he locates in the archival turn, and seem to be aligned with his shared art-historical project. Bogumil Jewsiewicki writes, 'it is the artist, then, who reveals to the world the experience and patrimony ignored by history.' Joselit continues 'Artists assume this role—not historians—precisely because history is nothing more or less than the curation—or montage—of archives. And while historians and curators tend to abide by the conventions of their disciplines, artists risk inventing new histories through imaginative reconfigurations of archival material.'

David's art. [Adrian Villar Rojas' fallen David on a plane of eonic etchings in a renovated Masonic temple. The misplaced ambitions of dynasty over and against a greater union]





Sama Abdulhadi's Boiler Room DJ set appears algorithmically. The first few minutes of her set, filmed in Palestine, makes me cry. The moment is infuriatingly interrupted by an advertisement for a service called Grammarly that uses an AI to allegedly improve one's writing. On her website I learned her stage name was formerly Skywalker and, perhaps after becoming recognized by an international audience, she changed her stage name back to Sama—a given name, which means 'sky.' And also 'listening.' Wikipedia informs me that in Sufism sama is a ceremony performed as a dhikr, a devotional act of remembering rooted in repetitive actions that can include singing, playing instruments, dancing, recitation of poetry and prayers, wearing symbolic attire, and other rituals.

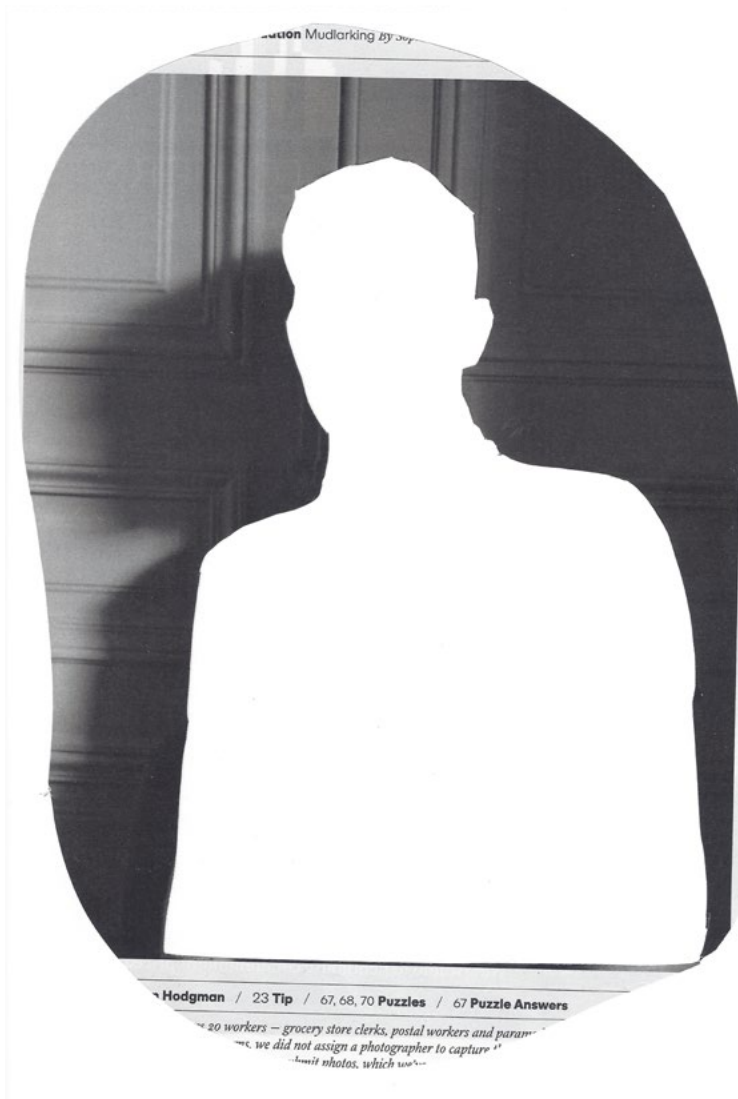
Around a lake in a place named for the trees that disappeared, in view of a mattress under some neoclassical architecture where a person had made their bed, my friend tells me about an art student in their ecology class. After a sudden shift in their writing my friend approached them and learned the student, for whom English isn't native, had begun collaborating with the AI Grammarly.

The second chapter of *Heritage and Debt* is *Synchronization*. Here, Joselit traces three historical genealogies outside the West that articulate a relation between tradition and modernity differently from Euro-American modernism. In brief, they are the postcolonial double bind, cultural revolutions, and unofficial art.

Is this overly concerned with categorization? With periodization? With power relations? In a corresponding talk at the Walker, Joselit scoffs at the idea of talking about art at the individual scale in the face of a global trillion dollar industry and an immeasurable mass of geopolitical power. I wonder if a global, god's eye view of circulation is a responsible scale of apprehension. Does this constitute an appropriate relationship to art in the contemporary? It feels endemic to an age of big data, and seems to signal a rupture at the scales of the individual, local and global. How does one begin to suture a subjective relationship to particulars? It's interesting to see the question of art at this time, at the individual level, performed as a vector for massive information aggregates and subsequent structural and data analysis.

Senghor says, 'assimilate, do not be assimilated.'

And from Glissant: mondialité.





I'm developing a hollow feeling, which is not unpleasant. As if I'm too close, or grafted onto, or simply hosting these concerns. Engaged in a similar, dubious project. A similar vector. Lost in a woods of shifting centers and peripheries. A lonely dialogue with the unconvinced. When you hear the wind in the trees, do we need more words for this? Less distinction? More relation?

Komorebi describes the scattered light that filters through trees in Japan, and here.

A playlist based on Two Floating Koalas determines Kamasi Washington's *Truth from a Harmony of Difference*. *Tezeta (Nostalgia)*. *San Cesse, Mon Cheri*.

It's perhaps better to read this with a score. Something with 4 on the floor. Snapped to a grid. Quantized and animated.

See also [edit]

- Appeal to emotion
- Bread and circuses
- Catharsis
- Ethos
- Logos
- Pathetic fallacy
- Pathology
- Rhetoric
- Sensibility
- Sentimental novel

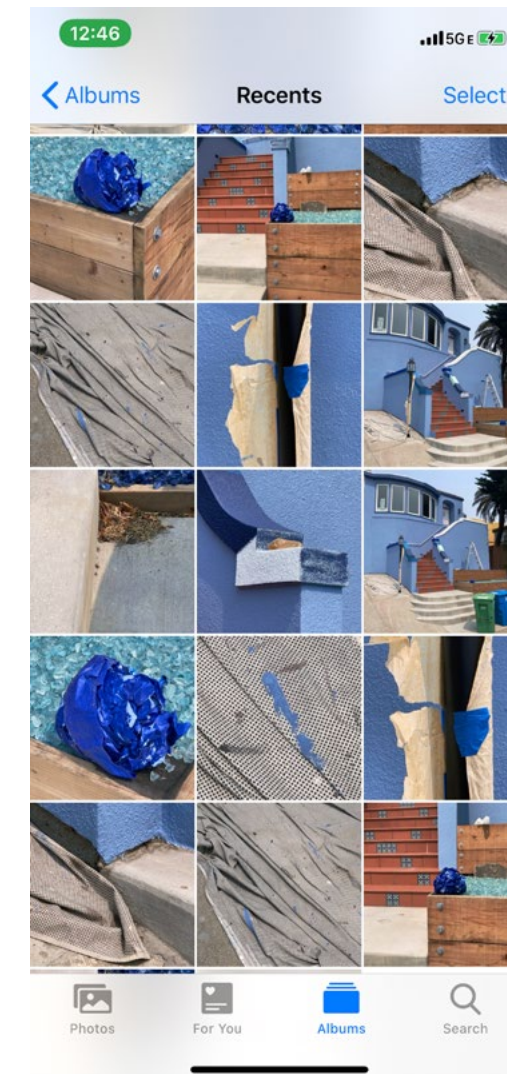
'You know how you sometimes realize it has been raining only when it stops, silence falling on the roof, forming rivulets on the glass? This is the religious equivalent of that, especially in music and applied fields, long meadows. Overwintering queens make wonderful pets, just don't expect them to understand your writing, how you've rearranged the stresses to sponsor feelings in advance of the collective subject who might feel them, good work if you can get it, and you can't, nobody can, that's why the discipline is in crisis, this cut-flower business, applied folds, false equivalence.' Says Lerner in *The Media*.

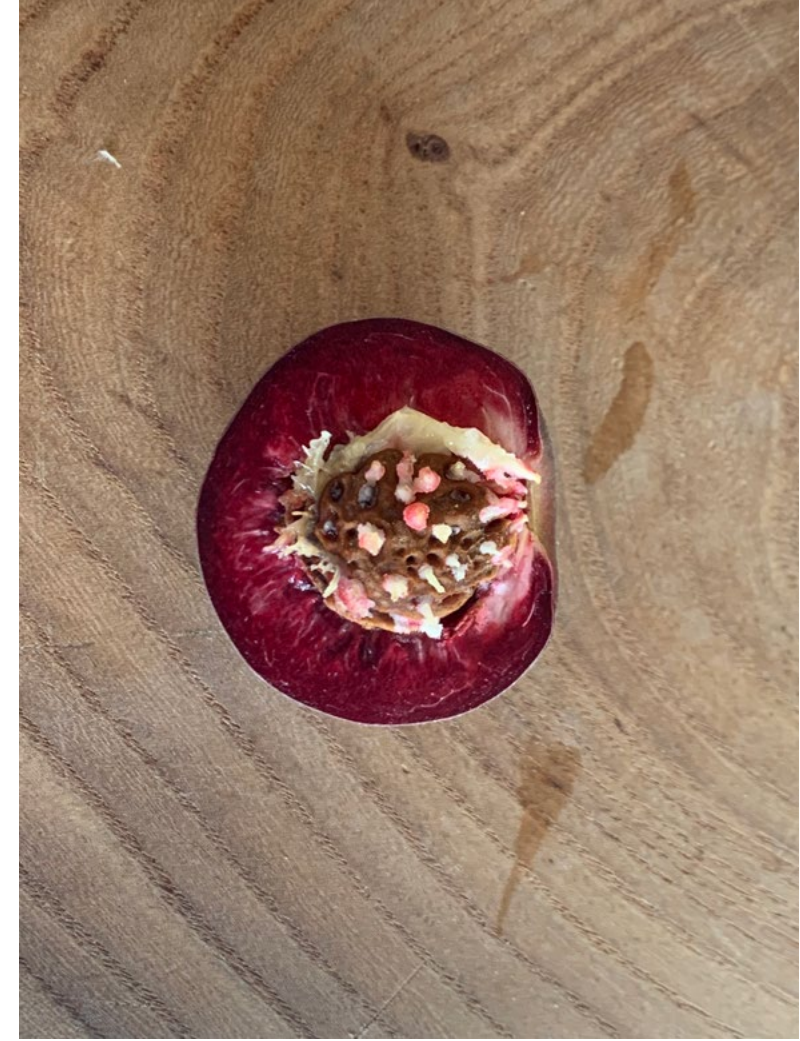
The chapter *Contested Properties* presents a concept of dormancy that's stretched to describe the revival of Pakistani miniature paintings to the 'dormancy' of material seemingly unsuitable for Fine Art on account of its mass cultural origins, like in the work of Takashi Murakami. Perhaps another framing could take something's mass cultural status as a sign of its activeness? It appears that it's from a provincial position of art market circulation that Joselit calibrates cultural significance.

A similar algorithm takes us through ambient piano music by artists with names like *water feature*, *trees etc.*, *column*, *keyboard*, and *Ross from friends* with songs with names like *John Cage* and *water decanter*. It feels like a flattened appropriative field, although the rules or vectors for participation tend towards the occidental.

Joselit's concept of synchronization seems to concede the obvious simultaneity and recursive cycles of varying forms of cultural production, though the measure of value is negotiated by the Euro-American established global art market and its machinations. As if the irreducibly complex hybrid forms of relations and aesthetic practices that exceed the historiography of the Modern period are only valid as art when commodified and allowed into the climate controlled orthogonality of white walled institutions.

There's a spice called everything that tastes like the breakfasts of my youth. I put it over avocado on buttered sour bread, sometimes with a glass of cedron tea. Shards of memories break the surface, textures, feelings, settings. There's a soft pleasure in the thought of everything is my madeleine.





Heritage and Debt doesn't succeed in provincializing Euro-American aesthetic discourse. It gestures towards that while recursively circling back to works that capitulate to the formal codes of Western market-based legibility.

John Agnew's conceptualization of the 'territorial trap' is an insufficient unit of social, political and economic measure in a globalized world.

Kiarostami, defending his use of European classical music in his films says, 'Art's responsibility is to pass over borders. Barbed wire only exists on the ground, not in the sky—you can't draw borders in the sky. Music is like the sky, it's like air.'

We could call this *Sama*.

Jesse McCarthy from his 35 Notes on Trap music:

Number 19:

Imagine a people enthralled, gleefully internalizing the world of pure capital flow, of infinite negative freedom (continuously replenished through frictionless browsing), thrilled at the possibilities (in fact necessity) of self-commodification, the value in the network of one's body, the harvesting of others. Imagine communities saturated in the vocabulary of cynical postrevolutionary blaxploitation, corporate bourgeois triumphalism, and also the devastation of crack, a schizophrenic cultural script in which black success was projected as the corporate mogul status achieved by Oprah or Jay-Z even as an angst-ridden black middle class propped up on predatory credit loans, gutted by the whims of financial speculation and lack of labor protections, slipped backward into the abyss of the prison archipelago where the majority poor remained. Imagine, then, the colonization of space, time, and most importantly cultural capital by the socially mediated system of images called the internet. Imagine finally a vast supply of cheap guns flooding neighborhoods already struggling to stay alive. What would the music of such a convergence sound like?





A committed scholar of Duchamp, Joselit assigns *Fountain* an enduring modern example of the widespread 'techne' of appropriation, while, as I read it, pushing back against its status as a 'singular act of rupture' in a great individuals version of history. Nevertheless, his commitment to Duchamp's legacy feels part of an institutional inertia. If we concede a multilateral tendency to appropriate and hybridize as meaning is accumulated relationally, does Duchamp's Fountain then appear a vulgar, unimaginative punchline? Not unlike heritage, readymades can be viewed as both a challenge to hegemonic culture-markets and also a form of conceptually-flavored commodity arbitrage.

Sianne Ngai offers, 'As an aesthetic judgement, the gimmick possesses all of the features of this peculiar genre while writing some of them large: affective spontaneity, immanent discursivity, claims to normativity in the absence of norms.'

Byung-Chul Han suggests our smoothed over, hypermediated aesthetics of frictionless positivity obfuscates the sublime beauty that shakes us to our unknowable and deindividuated place in eternity.

The iPhone contains two-thirds of the periodic chart with elements formed by deep time and tending towards the accumulation of all recordable information and their markets.

[Note for narrator: a series of symbols, unintelligible to us standing in for the agentic force of the authors' fleeting microbiomes' constituencies, read in a manner they deem fit or simply the recorded artifacts of their stomach's rumbling]



I'm interested in art unweaved from power and capital at the geopolitical scale, while believing that Joselit is a great historian and diagnostician of their machinations. I'm interested in the liminal forms, the incidental beauty, the quotidian sublime, the artful forms of sublimation, the (de)cultivated sensibilities that can unveil the always already and unconstrained horizon of aesthetic wonder. To this we can add a capacity for appreciating and approaching the expanse of cultural production now exchangeable in a globalized, internet connected world. To this we can add the tools and media that support collective resistance to oppressive forces.

An art conceived so broadly that you can't and can't possibly not begin to apprehend it.

The epistemic violence of flattening local histories into token commodities (enhanced with cultural authenticity) that can zip to biennials and art fairs can incidentally or intentionally inscribe within these object-acts and their rhetorical accompaniments an invitation to unpack their contents, particularly with internet capacitated epistemological tools. It's their adoption of these market tropes that enables them velocity through contemporary art vectors. This capitulation allows for an agency and accumulation of resources reserved for capital and often denied to subjects.

The project of cognitive justice is a laudable if unattainable goal.

Anne Boyer says 'The exhausted are exhausted because they sell the hours of their lives to survive their lives, then they use the hours they haven't sold to get their lives ready for selling, and the hours after that to do the same for the other lives they love.'

In the cottage genre of brilliant, lyrical, political and theory laced epistolaries to the alienated diaspora of furious and cultivated literary proles, I've found a friend in Boyer.

Boyer's friendship starts in the inclusive space of suffering—which she carefully reminds us is unevenly distributed—and from there makes her way towards the particulars, with recurring intercourse to the structural and shared.





Boyer ‘... the condition of feeling like a city that is most interesting for its ruins.’

Ngai: ‘... the becoming-ergon of the parergonal discourse of evaluation.’

The *Curated Cultures* chapter is strong and could stand alone as a structural and materialist analysis of burgeoning museums grappling with colonial histories. The National Gallery of Singapore is used as a case study of an alternative to the ‘universal museums in the West and to the nationalized post colonial museums’ that particularize colonized locales in ethnographic miniature. Two colonial era buildings of administrative power, a city hall and court building are linked by an atrium and stratified above and below with museological amenities. Where Joeslit declares an appropriation of the colonial buildings as readymades in service of a cultural excavation and site for reimagining Singaporean identity, it’s hard not see a papering over of consolidated power and the museum as the continued site for the realization of the hegemony side of the ‘curatorial episteme.’

There is a conceptual or associational schism where signifiers become wildly divergent based on discourses contained within. This leads to the appropriation of other signifiers to begin anew the demarcation of a site of association and discourse that tends towards the exceeding of the signifiers capacity. Or, ‘...that makes me glass, soft glass bending in long meadows, a fallacy each generation reinvents and disavows, reinvents and disavows, a rocking motion.’ Says Lerner in *The Media*.

So if these words fall further from their time towards oblivion maybe these images can moor them to these fleeting feelings.

Depth is computed as an absence, a non visible differential between two positions. The illusionistic space of perspective. Data gleaned from penetrating waves. The compounding volumes of anisotropic data collected through instrumental logics assembles in dangerous effigy the vestiges of ethics and ecology alienated from meaning.



As I progress through *Heritage and Debt*, it becomes unclear if I'm reading Joselit the critic of neoliberal art markets and a history of Euro-American supremacist colonization and canon-making or Joselit the consultant of contemporary museology towards the realization of soft power, art world contemporaneity, cultural capital and entrée to post industrial knowledge-based economies in special economic (and symbolic) zones.

We could call this *Catachresis*. Intellectual cashmere for genteel Marxists.

We bring a small bluetooth speaker into the convertible for our drive. The algorithm puts on *Got to Be Real* by Cheryl Lynn which always makes me think of the last night of *High Fantasy*, a Tuesday night drag party in San Francisco. I would sometimes drop in to watch the shows and dance to Miles' DJ sets. This was the bittersweet last song of the last night of the party. M said it reminds her of *Shark Tale*, an animated film from 2004, and recounted scenes from it as we drove around the lagoon watching the 40 million year old pelicans skim the surface. We arrived at the pandemic deserted financial district to see the immigration lawyer. We walk through the buildings grand facade, through its cheap interiors, and down a long, thin fluorescent hallway to an office filled with prehispanic jewelry, corn husk dresses and a figure of death covered in monarchs from Michoacan—another stop, like our tenuous home, on their diminishing generational migration.





From Wikipedia:

Homero Gómez González grew up in El Rosario [Wikidata] in western Michoacán.[2] He came from a logging family and was a logger before becoming an environmental and anti-logging activist. He was a skeptic of conservation efforts, fearful that ending logging activities would lead to poverty.[3] He studied at Chapingo Autonomous University and became an agricultural engineer.[4] Gómez later saw the potential for tourism and formulated the idea of a sanctuary. He collaborated with conservationists at the World Wildlife Fund and scientists.[3] By the early 2000s, Gómez stopped logging and convinced others when the impacts of deforestation became apparent. Logging is now illegal in Rosario. [5] He became the mayor and commissioner of El Rosario and was succeeded by Miguel Angel Cruz.[3][5] Gómez managed and served as spokesperson of the El Rosario Monarch Butterfly Preserve, a component of the Monarch Butterfly Biosphere Reserve.[3][6][7] He used social media to share images of monarch butterflies.[3] Gómez was a prominent butterfly activist. He led efforts to keep loggers out of the reserve and organized marches, demonstrations, and anti-logging patrols.[8] He worked with the government to increase the stipend local farmers could receive for preserving trees. Gómez managed 150 hectares of reforested land. He encouraged 260 communal land owners to reforest corn fields.[8] He was a representative of the ejido in El Rosario.

From the Guardian:

In one of his last videos, shared on Twitter a day before his disappearance, Homero Gómez González stood amid a cloud of butterflies. “Come and see this marvel of nature! [The butterflies] are lovers of the sun, the souls of the dead,” he said, referring to indigenous legends about the migratory butterflies. Speaking to the AP, Homero Aridjis, an environmentalist and poet who is a longtime defender of the butterfly reserve, said: “If they can kidnap and kill the people who work for the reserves, who is going to defend the environment in Mexico?”

In an ever growing folder of e-flux announcements I find:

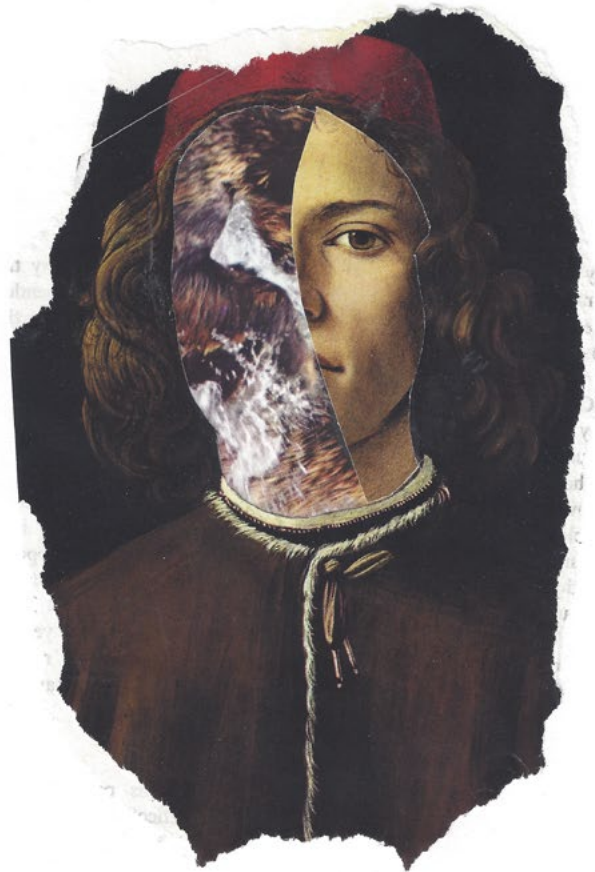
The Para-curatorial Series of Guangdong Times Museum presents the Fleeting Union of Portals

'The inherent hierarchy of museology and historicity has been a continuous subject of artistic interrogation. In light of this, the 12-day trip will focus on historical sites and hearsay, folk rhymes and memories, which accommodate the complex interrelation between personal and national identity, the unbounded flow of things and the regulated bodies of migrant laborers, the abstraction of the global free market and the uneven distribution of freedom. A critical study of state-run museums and their museological narratives and displays will be implemented to chart how dislocated bodies and narratives of coolies, Tanka, women, pirates, and exiles were submerged by the currents of nationalism, liberalism, and imperialism.'

Curated Cultures continues with the irruption of counter hegemonic aesthetico-political acts within the institutional setting as evidenced by viral videos of ISIS destroying forms of cultural heritage in a Mosul museum. The act, aimed at western audiences, poses a challenge to the assumption that these artifacts are more valuable than the lives of the people in the region. 'Indeed, terror requires for its efficacy a developed media culture...'

A digitally-modeled replica of the Palmyra arch, destroyed by ISIS in 2015, gets installed in London's Trafalgar Square in 2016. As Boris Johnson declares its status as cultural patrimony for the (Western) world, millions of refugees from the conflict in Syria remain shunned by the West.





Curated Cultures makes a perfunctory address to the ‘archival turn’ and the archive’s potential as a provisional and interpretive site to redress hegemonic narratives. Projects like Santu Mofokeng’s *The Black Photo Album / Look at Me: 1890-1950* compile an archive of marginal vernacular portraiture in South Africa at the same time as the German entrepreneur Jochen Zeitz opens the largest museum of African Art in the world in Cape Town.

A fictional museum filled with beautiful things, unusual things, clever things, things that make one question received knowledge, things that quicken the heart. The proprietor sits in the rooftop garden filled with doves playing a stringed period instrument.

We’re living with ‘digital conditions of near universal capacities of remediation.’

This archival turn emerges coterminously with the great leap in access to competing epistemological and representational modes, a condition characterizing the internet age.

What else is one’s past and present if not a living archive?

Jalal Toufic says

“On 3 January 1889, on coming across a horse being whipped by a coachman at the Piazza Carlo Alberto, in Turin, Nietzsche reportedly threw his arms around the horse’s neck to defend it, and collapsed. Had this philosopher who signed the following day several of his letters with ‘The Crucified,’ and who was discerning enough not to view himself as the owner of ‘his’ body come across Twelver Shi’ite participants in the yearly ten-day commemorative event ‘shûrâ’, would he have intervened likewise between them and ‘their’ bodies as they whipped and slapped the latter, exclaiming all the while, in the words with which Saint Francis addressed and referred to ‘his’ body: ‘Brother donkey!’?”





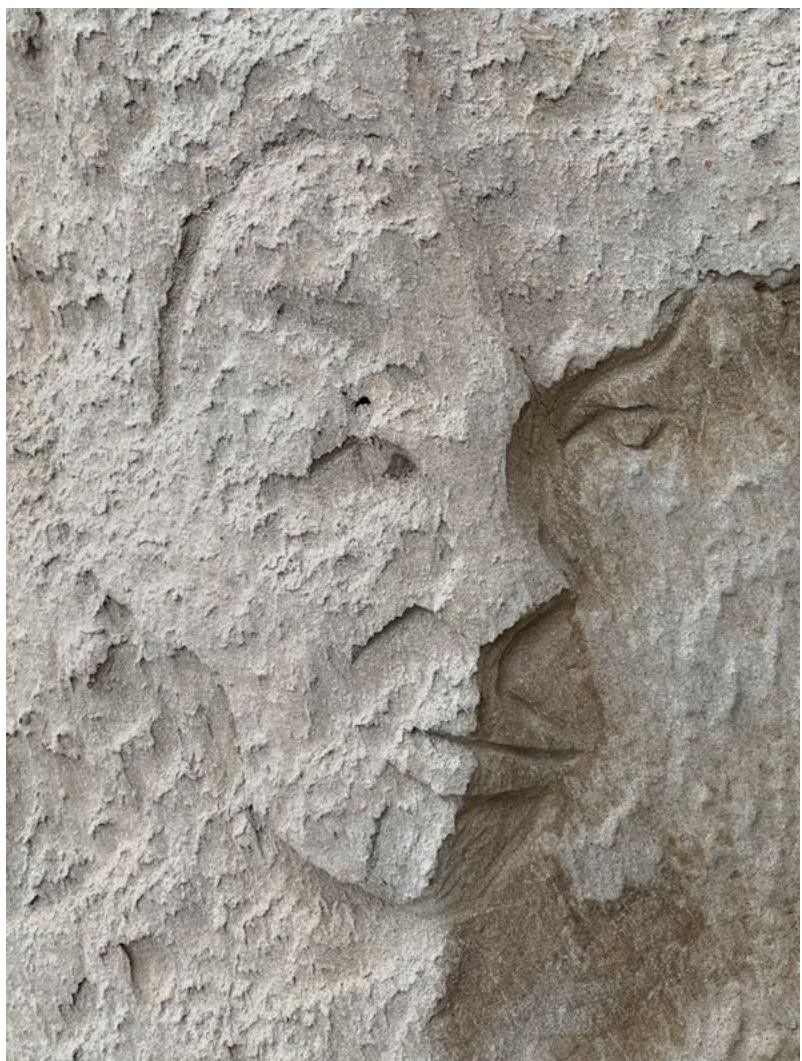
Joselit offers Kuan-Hsing Chen's distinction between decolonizing and deimperializing, the latter being a 'thoroughgoing transformation of the imperial values and cognitive structures that underlie the relationship between colonizer and colonized...' to which I would extend the dismantling of that set of imperial relations within any structure predicated on inequality and exploitation.

Tim Morton offers '... art is actually a tiny but still recognizable fragment of the kind of larger world, the mostly nonhuman world of influences and designs that go beyond us and violate our idea of who 'owns' what and who is running the show, such that causality seems to have something animistic or paranormal about it. It's not a glue that falsely fixes bourgeois dichotomies such as subject and object. I'm talking about a substance that is a dangerous toxin to anthropocentrism and mechanical causality theories and the law of noncontradiction and default utilitarianism.'

Cecilia Vicuña offers

The poem is the animal

*Sinking its mouth
in the stream*





If we can free ourselves from the imperial (and anthropocentric) gaze we're left to determine our aesthetic values in relation, across a global and increasingly (precarious) entangled world.

Citizens of Information names and cautions against the erasure of heritage by a western tradition of deconstruction and negation—or creative destruction—as the constitutive force of the avant garde.

Citizens of Information maps Azoulay's Civil Contract of Photography onto a broader visual culture while seemingly capitulating to the positivistic doctrine of data as the universal quanta of which to form one's civic responsibility in relation to.

Azoulay's *Civil Contract of Photography* imagines the advance possibility of photography to prefigure emancipatory and more equitable sets of relations and representation. Through inclusion in visual representation, disenfranchised peoples are given 'a right to have rights.' A bizarre formulation that somehow becomes more appropriate as visual representation approaches and perhaps supersedes Being as an ontological category.

'Only by acting as citizens of information can artists and spectators come together to make art both global and political' is a statement that conjures some chilling lyrical possibilities for a contemporary art international anthem and also the innumerable forms of art that one might value at different times outside that purview.

I'm not ready to concede that art ought to be valued according to its social or political efficacy. I offer instead that art persists in a quantum state of potentiality, ready to be activated by subjects, objects and time. Within this greater field of possibility exists the imperatives to collectivize against the manifold forms of social and ecological injustice and the corresponding aesthetics we develop to build and share archives.



Tehching Hsieh, the day after concluding a 13 year long performance where he made work but didn't share it, offered a collaged poem that read, 'I kept myself alive.'

And so, we gradually turn towards immersive, phantasmagoric, augmented world building. Images appear to abandon their material supports. The emplaced image suggests a paradoxical presence, perhaps echoing the condition of memory. I begin collecting my observations on heritage and debt.

My friend Lani shared the news from an art gallery in an old bath house where the artist Lee Ufan wrote a response to the pandemic:

The virus is artistic in that the fear and confusion caused by its incomprehensible nature makes the world look new.

Reality constituted only the things that are clear enough to be entered into a computer, and anything doubtful or uncertain was treated as nonexistent. To that extent, life in the contemporary age had to be backed by certainty. The reason why contemporary people have difficulty coping with death is that they do not understand it—

Let us refine our capacity for remorseful reflection and self-control so we can avoid annihilation and survive.

To put it another way, by transcending individual will and state control, and cultivating a dialogue between humanity and nature, we must awaken to the interrelationships of the living world.

We could call this the *june of everything*. A significant combinatory and its unbounded remainder.



Gratitude

thanks and love to gabriela, agnes, pat, mordechai, mirta, brian, aidan, anne(s), fred, frank, fidel, peter, june, jalal, joey, lani, sophie, matt, janis, heraclitus & shao

Bibliogeography













Search Perry Shimon

PLAYLIST
Heritage and Debt / The June of Everything
 Created by Perry Shimon • 63 songs, 5 hr 10 min

PAUSE

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TITLE	ARTIST	ALBUM		
Chouchin	Meitei	Komachi	6 hours ago	4:24
GAZZOO	Pedrodollar	Zero Feel	6 hours ago	7:37
.22	Wesson Desir	.22	6 hours ago	2:15
Contractions	Keyboard	Small Island Music	6 hours ago	4:48
Gisèle	Emma Péters, Jui...	Emma Peters (Re...	6 hours ago	3:16
Lush	Four Tet	New Energy	6 hours ago	5:12
Bird Box	Geju, Acid Pauli	Bird Box	7 hours ago	8:27
Don't You Want My Love	Moodymann	Forevernevermore	6 hours ago	4:24

2:57 4:47

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/6Dgwd6BTjSwQbZUjhXHHQt?si=hJI6pmpOTDa9Ulhk9yKFvQ>



film forthcoming