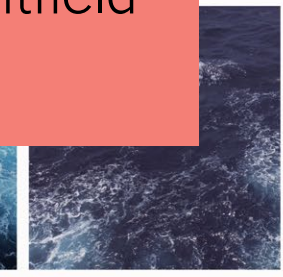
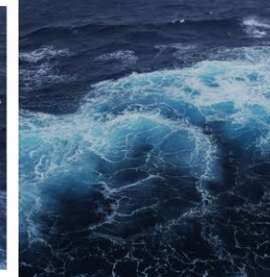
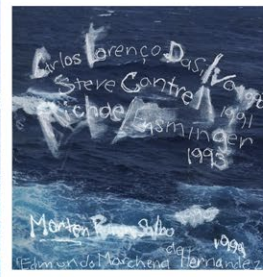
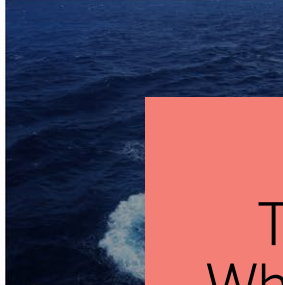
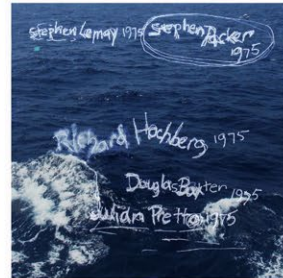
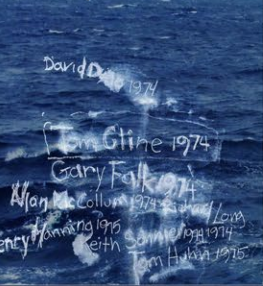
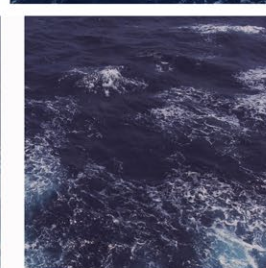
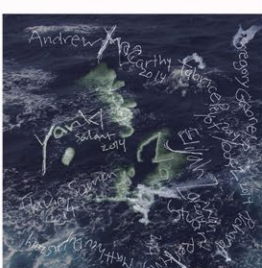
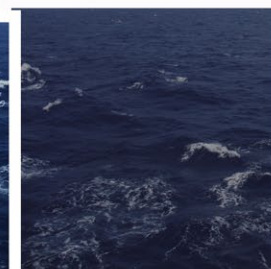
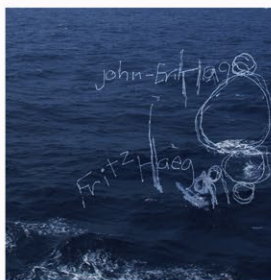
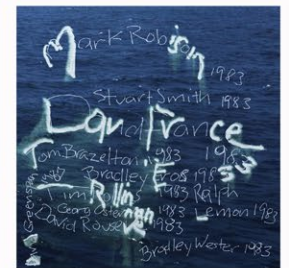
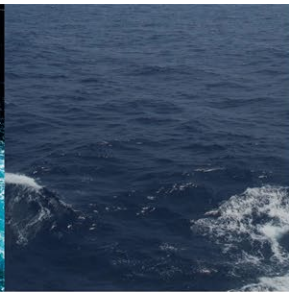


Tony Whitfield *Ruminations: Notes on New Love*



Tony Whitfield







Tony  
Whitfield

Howl! Happening takes its name from the unpredictable, free-form happenings of the 60s and 70s, where active participation of the audience blurred the boundary between the art and the viewer. More to be experienced than described, Howl! Happening curates exhibitions and stages live events that combine elements of art, poetry, music, dance, vaudeville, and theater—a cultural stew that defies easy definition.

For more than a decade, Howl! Festival has been an annual community event—a free summer happening in and around Tompkins Square Park, dedicated to celebrating the past and future of contemporary culture in the East Village and the Lower East Side.

The history and contemporary culture of the East Village are still being written. The mix of rock and roll, social justice, art and performance, community activism, gay rights and culture, immigrants, fashion, and nightlife are even more relevant now. While gentrification continues apace and money is king, Howl! Happening declares itself a spontaneous autonomous zone: a place where people simultaneously experience and become the work of art. As Alan Kaprow, the “father” of the happening, said: “The line between art and life should be kept as fluid and indistinct as possible.”

Tony Whitfield  
*Ruminations: Notes on New Love*

Published on the occasion  
of the exhibition  
Oct. 17 - Nov. 11, 2018  
Howl! Happening:  
An Arturo Vega Project

Howl! A/P/E  
Volume 1, No. 26

After the Flood  
Carlo McCormick

The waters are rising. The personal has become global, the global personal: a politics of desire and denial. Tony Whitfield, alienated and outside, has sought higher ground, the overview as a matter of introspection and retrospection. He sees but cannot stem the flood. His art, consistently about the boundaries he has faced and recognized around him, is about that journey through these zones of cultural trespass—what we carry and shed along the way—moving through the autonomous into the reliant...each gesture reactive to an implicit danger, something all-subsuming like an impossible passion or the desperate choreography of drowning.

Something of a formalist and craftsman, exact and exacting, Tony Whitfield's art charms and beguiles in subtle ways that go far beyond his uncanny, sophisticated design acumen. This is for the viewer the difficulty of reading the work, and indeed his art demands a kind of reading, a textual seduction and compositional dexterity that remains most evident in every piece he assembles. Lacking a better way of describing this, I can only suggest through a narrative force within the art itself that Whitfield, who has continuously migrated through so many practices—including performance, artist books, fine-art objects, installations, curating, writing, furniture design, teaching, arts administration, and likely a few other adventures in his storied career I'm forgetting—is primarily a storyteller. But even that assessment is problematic, because Tony tells us that his art is in his own mind quite non-narrative.

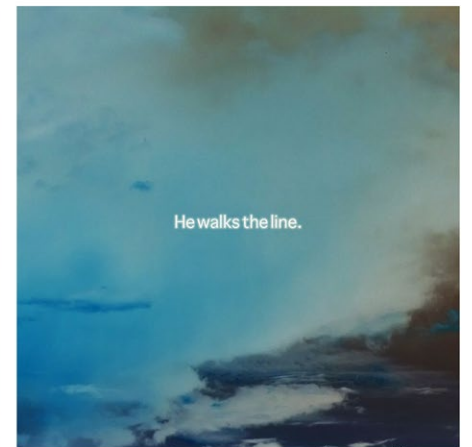
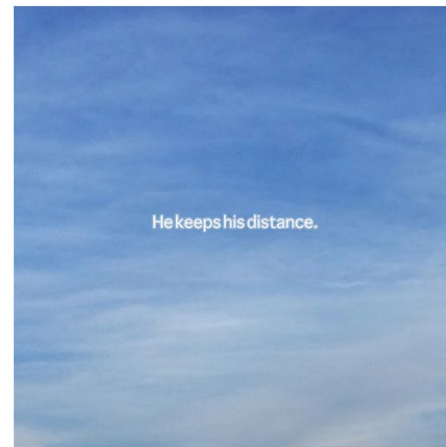
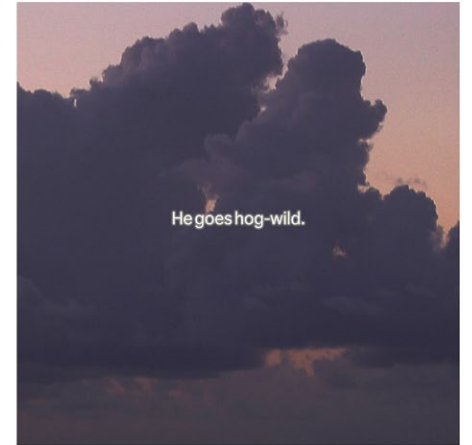
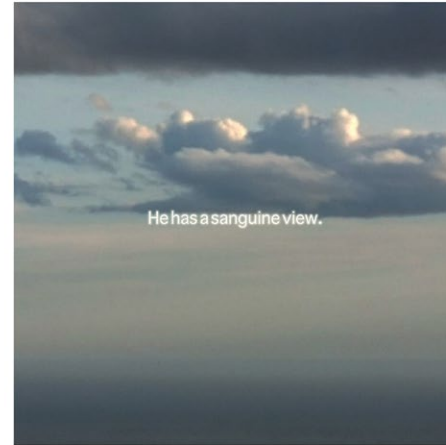
Taking Whitfield at his contention that his is not a matter or manner of fiction, the thorny issues of content that riddle his work speak more closely than to his original ambition (and study) to be a poet. Within this context, his is at once a language of rigorous brevity yet expansive meaning. Honest, almost confessional yet just as nearly hagiographic in its incorporation of other voices into a chorus of commonality, Tony talks from and to an empathy suited well for art and shamefully diminished in social discourse. This is the politics of an art that is not overtly political in the usual ways that discursive art can be, a body politic based off of personalized anecdotes, resonant experiences, and an abiding sense of mutual understanding. It is not narrative in the typical fashion of plot or linearity, but is

so inasmuch as it is about sharing truth, deeply coded and guised within innuendo as befits marginalized identity—in his case being both black and homosexual—born of fragments and alternative interpretations. Tony Whitfield addresses us in the broken language of a culture that never quite says what it means and speaks in denial, and does so to underline the complications of such communication by embarking on this with the greatest of simplification, finding clarity as a linguistic salve to all the confusion and misinterpretation.

The arc of what Whitfield is telling us is discontinuous yet contiguous, never so much straight as straightforward, finding completion in the gaps and interstices between thought and gesture, attaining a semblance of wholeness through the compound and composite. It is never so much about what is said or seen as it is about how it is experienced. Working more like a conductor, collector, and choreographer of moments, allowing them all the while to maintain what is inherently fragmentary and temporal about them, Tony is a weaver of memories and spinner of dreams, conjuring impressions and interpretations into the texture of something that feels absolutely concrete while it shimmers, diaphanous, elusive, illusory, and immaterial. Creation here, in Whitfield's later more mature work, is most proximate to the discrete skills of a highly aesthetic and sensitive curator, but maybe not so highfalutin as all that, and closer yet to the kind of organization we undertake when we need to get our shit together. He told us of this recent work that he "had no illusions of starting over," but more simply "taking inventory, assessment and review." As such it is the taxonomy of self, and recognition of pain both internalized and locatable in so many others. He offers up his hard-earned life lessons not to teach us but as a matter of inquiry, coming not from the parlance of instruction but the vernacular of our # culture, a language of identification.

Because it is open-ended rather than didactic, because even when his poetics dive into the narrative waters of allegory and metaphor, Tony Whitfield's profoundly impressionistic semblance of diary, dream, and delineation offers a social sounding board that is as much reliant on what we bring to it as what he reveals. It's old-time call and response delivered in the hybrid tongue of postmodernism, soulful as it is savvy, about finding joy through the inventory of

suffering. Watching his rhapsodic video of the Paris floods, when the banks of the Seine overflowed the banks of human endeavor, hearing Whitfield explain how for him it was a metaphor for the forces of desire, I was reminded how the old king of France, Louis XV, facing the rising tides of revolution famously said "*Après nous, le déluge.*" Perhaps as some have suggested it was an admonition to the chaos that would follow the rule of authority, but more likely it was the perfect expression for the lack of compassion or concern endemic to power dynamics. Karl Marx described these remarks as "the watchword of every capitalist and of every capitalist nation. Hence capital is reckless of the health or length of life of the laborer, unless under compulsion from society." And in this I considered how Tony brought to academia a program for social justice. When we asked him how such personal work could stand for such change, he explained his aims to "take these conversations into a bigger arena." Power and capital, we have come to understand, are not simply about lording over poverty and the working class, but also the way these same dynamics marginalize and oppress all manner of difference, including race and sexuality. The waters are indeed rising, the world is awash in our toxic unconcern, but somewhere between the tides of desire and dread there's a beachhead of compassion where I'd gladly go swimming with Whitfield anytime.



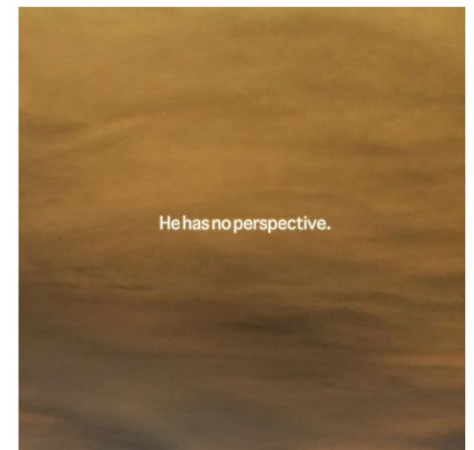
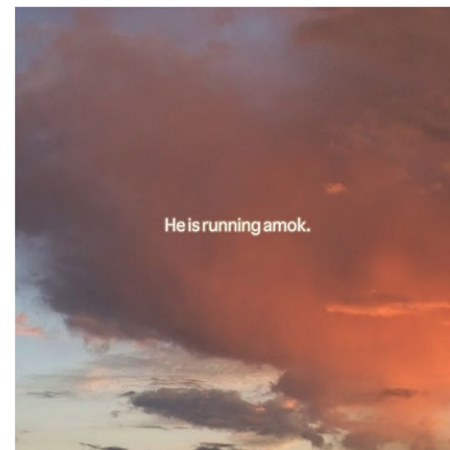
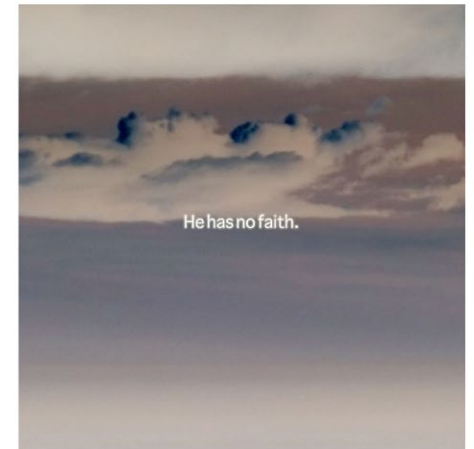
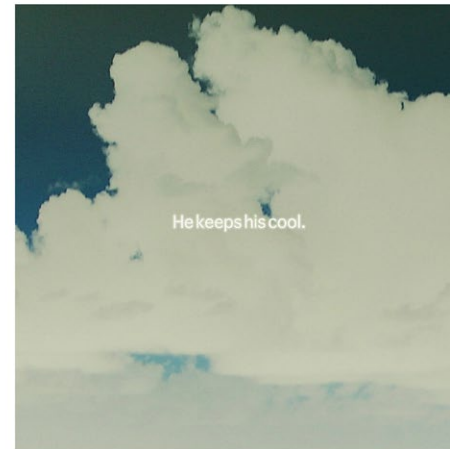
**He Lives Every Day Series**

*He has a sanguine view.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He keeps his distance.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He goes hog-wild.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He walks the line.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

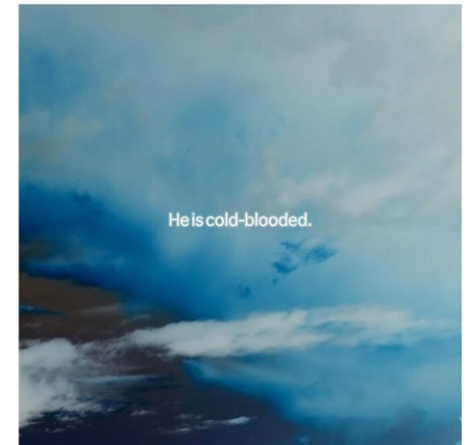
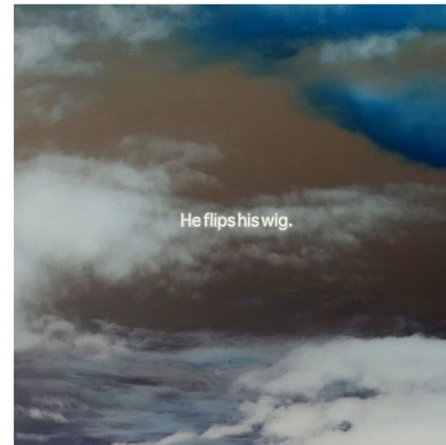
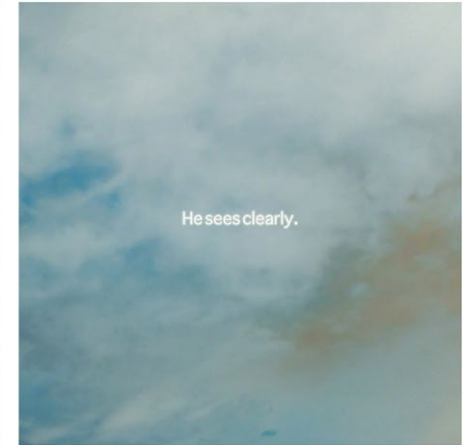
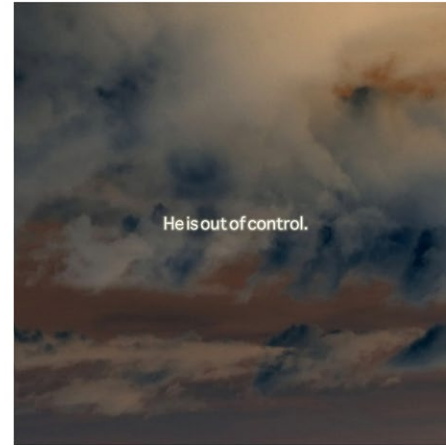


*He keeps his cool.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He has no faith.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He is running amok.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He has no perspective.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches



*He is out of control.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He sees clearly.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He flips his wig.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches

*He is cold-blooded.*  
Archival digital print  
18 x 18 inches



## Everybody's Something Else Sur Rodney (Sur)

We both can easily recall how we were seen as exceptions to everybody's something else. Our black queer, creatively-inspired, and intellectually dexterous minds could produce possibilities for something more than what many might have anticipated possible. Admired for our tolerance, our courage, our rage, and sometimes seeming outrageousness, I'm admiring of Whitfield's love for people, places and what he has to say about them with words—what's revealed in what's spoken and left unspoken.

### PEOPLE

Who infatuates Whitfield and what does he remember about them? What happens when we fall in love? What do we discover? Waves of emotions move as waves within a much larger body of water surrounding his psyche. The stories revealing and encouraging others to tell. He would like to hear yours. It's the queer ones that matter. We observe his long dive deep into the waters of remembrance. The trials and tribulations. What's gained and what's lost rock him on a sea of emotion triggered by what other people had to offer, or not. The ones he's loved, several captured in this exhibition. And, what he fears. Fear in the love we hold dear. How do we escape. Where do we find pleasure? What does it mean to be queer wherever we are? Wherever recognized, or not. How do we survive. What hopes and dreams do we share? The love we share keeps us alive. Invigorates us but will never protect us. A truth we're forced to live in as everyday people.

### PLACES

Whitfield reconciles the world in which he lives, recognizing what we all know. We don't all hold what's in evidence in the same way when it comes to recognizing evidence of cruelty. What do we learn when we examine how we live in the world as black queer men? What does Whitfield learn when he hears stories of a life lived and how life comes to an end? How close is he to that life's end as a black queer man? We all

know what's at stake wherever we are. Crossing over, into segregated art worlds back then, somewhat differently than today—we still find some haven.

Despite the many mutual acquaintances and friends Tony Whitfield and I shared, it took decades for us to seize an opportunity to spend time together alone. We'd each known of the other, but never taken the opportunity for any real engagement. We were both admired for our brilliance and creative exploits, recognized by members in the white art world establishment that mattered, to us anyway. Our dance partners found in the modern and contemporary art fields blooming in Lower Manhattan. We benefited from all that it had to offer, along with service we provided for some flowers blooming in the field. What currency do we carry in our black queer body, in the places we visit? The white art world? The integrated art world and other social settings. Or, the world we're expected to behold—ours.

We revisit places we've been to again and again, discovering somewhat differently. A flood marked in one historical disaster in Paris—has Whitfield discover a legacy of queerness. A mass shooting in Orlando another historical disaster—had him reminded of a legacy in queerness. His.

### WORDS

When disastrous things happen, words are spoken that reveal the heart of the matter. Who is speaking and where they are matters, and have an effect on our understanding. The headlines, and how they speak to what's being said. What we are left to hold onto and what we remember. Whitfield brings us back to words, what they mean. What impact they have to our lives living in a black queer body? Our tolerance, our courage, our rage seemingly outrageous to so many implicated in the territory we navigate.

Following pages:

*Inquiries, Statements, Listings* was initially conceived as a window exhibition at Printed Matter, Inc. that would be installed from June 2-24, 2016 during Gay Pride Month. It was based on Tony Whitfield's artist book, *Inquiries & Statements*, a meditation on violence inflicted upon LGBTQ people—questioning the ways in which they have been brutalized and proposing the possibilities of such victimization as one's own experience. For the window exhibition, Whitfield brought those ruminations together with the ways in which hideous events against queer people are transformed into listings on the internet.

This exhibition was installed on June 12, when 50 people were murdered and 53 were injured at Pulse, a gay nightclub in Orlando, Florida. In response to this, Whitfield altered his window installation as a memorial and protest against this massacre.

On view here are the artifacts from that window installation.

The largest mass shooting  
in U.S. history in Orlando, FLA.  
More than 100 murdered or injured  
June 12, 2016.

## SPEAK OUT AGAINST HATE

2012

was found 14 August in Chicago. She had died from multiple stab wounds, and was found only a few  
body was discovered. Both murders are still unsolved.

How many of our bodies were driven out?

2014

Rosa Ribut was found beaten to death in an Edmonton, Canada, hotel on 24 November. Police arrested  
charged him with second-degree murder.

Gizzy Fowler was found shot dead outside her car in Nashville, Tennessee on 12 November.

2014

You will be driven out.

The largest mass shooting

Nadine Stransen, a woman of Sydney, New South Wales was murdered in  
apartment soon after on February 6, 2010.

Success in  
in Jamaica, the

How many of our bodies were found hanging?

uchi

as soon  
id's  
to men  
in  
ol"

that included

You will be hanged.

Sacayán aged 40 of Flores, Buenos Aires, Argentina 13 October. Sacayán was a prominent transgender activist  
board of the International Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Trans and Intersex Association and was a leader of Argentina's  
Benton Movement. She was found in her apartment with multiple stab wounds. Her death is being investigated

AVID

**Kedarie/Kandice Johnson**. On March 2, Burlington police discovered the body of 16-year-old child Kedarie/Kandice Johnson  
black gender-fluid teen who went by both names. Johnson, who used the gender-neutral pronoun 'they,' had been shot several times  
and their body was left in an alley.

2016

The largest mass shooting  
in U.S. history in Orlando, FLA.  
How many of our bodies were scared to death?  
More than 100 murdered or injured  
June 12, 2016.

**PURSUE JUSTICE**

Panel, a 21-year-old, died May 18 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, after being fatally stabbed in the back and neck by Baham  
who was the boyfriend of one of her roommates.

2015

You will be scared to death.

red.  
E

How many of our bodies were made mute?

**Kiesha Jenkins**,  
student at Temple  
designing tattoos  
her 'comfortable'  
family members.

You will be made mute.

in U.S. history in Orlando, FLA.  
More than 100 murdered or injured  
June 12, 2016.

# CREATE EQUITY

Stacey Blahnik, a 31-year-old trans woman, was found murdered in her Orlando home by her boyfriend on October 14, 2010. Blahnik was remembered by friends as a "postmaster and a caregiver" who "would give the shirt off of her back to anyone."

How many of our bodies were blinded?

Police  
was murdered 3 October in Los Angeles during what police considered a robbery gone wrong, though the attackers did not and advocates believe she was targeted due to being transgender

May 2012 - Max Pelofsky, a 21-year-old gay man, was beaten by a group of youths at a party in Minnesota. Pelofsky filed a hate crime, but police disagree

You will be blinded.

authorities  
had been

How many of our bodies were scalded?

Maya Young  
Veronica B.  
south side of

41-year-old black trans woman, died of gunshot wounds. Eugene Carlos Duke was arrested and later that month

You will be scalded.

April 22, 2011 - Chrisey Lee Polis, a 22-year-old trans woman, was beaten in a violent struggle by two African-American women entering the women's bathroom in Baltimore County, Maryland, which triggered her to have a seizure. A McDonald's employee, who was later fired, filmed the encounter and released the film on the internet. It since went viral. Teonna Monae Brown, 19, pleaded guilty to the assault.

How many of our bodies were stabbed?

...ion for choking

...largest mass shooting in U.S. history in Orlando, FLA. More than 100 murdered or injured. June 12, 2016. BELIEVE IN CHANGE

You will be stabbed.

Washington DC

November 17, 2011 - Cassidy Nathan Vick, a 22-year-old trans woman, was killed in Hollywood. Her killer, who is still unidentified, was a woman on the same day.

How many of our bodies were starved?

...by a group of attackers on 9 September in Medellin, Columbia.

You will be starved.

## A Reluctance to Text Tom Huhn

Throughout Tony Whitfield's long and fecund art practice one finds a persistent dissatisfaction with words alone. This hesitation registers itself not so much as a complaint against language—indeed anything but—when one recalls that in his early years Tony was mostly writing poetry, thanks in part to the proximity of his mentor and friend Jean Valentine. There is, rather, distributed throughout Tony's work, a pervasive sense of the insufficiency of words, especially when considered in light of whatever task is at hand. I'm hesitant to describe this as an ambivalence about language tout court; it strikes me instead as an insistent discontent with what words on their own can accomplish. This reluctance then is not an unhappiness with language per se, granted that the whole of what language encompasses is far more than words alone, including for example tense, rhythm, temporality, tone, etc. Language contains as well all the rhetorical, figurative magic of words in their shaping and shifting of things rather than just in their making and declaring what is to be the case. And, philosophically, most famously, language at times even performs chores, words become acts and actions in the world. Consider then the initial continuity in Tony's practice from the poetry of the early years along with the paintings he made in the early 1980s, in which he often made marks, gestures perhaps, on large, wall-sized, billboardesque sheets of parchment-like paper. (The parchment quality of those early paintings is found again in the recent *Infatuations: Deep Water Chronicle* which uses Tyvek as its support.) The early paintings evidence the practice of a mark making that refused to coalesce, refuses to resolve itself into marks becoming words, writing that is.

In Tony's more recent work, words reappear with a vengeance, even names, like in *Infatuations: Deep Water Chronicle*, and in the series titled *Lessons Learned*. Words and names (perhaps a name is just an especially insistent word, grasping, as a name is wont, for one particular thing only) demand to be seen, and not just heard. The writing in these works becomes not just visible but visual things. A question that occurs to me often in Tony's works: why this duality of ambivalence and ambition regarding words?

Tony stretches words to make them yield something more than what they denote or refer to. It's not so much that words need to mean more, it's rather they need to do more. The writing of text, the scratching of names, the printing of phrases, all attempts to make words visual things by inscribing them on waves or printing them on posters. Somehow it's as if this addition of the visual will enhance what the words might accomplish on their own as mere sounds or

ideas. This additional laboring that Tony subjects words and names to is not only in service of making language do more, it is also a means of revealing what we often cannot hear or especially cannot see already contained by the words themselves. Their meaning is not synonymous with what they denote. In text alone there's something insufficiently, inadequately human. Even the lowly emoji is a symptom of the incompleteness and inadequacy of text. In Tony's work text enacts its emphatic connection to mark making and that means to the visual, and thereby the physical. The physical thus becomes a kind of final rebuke to the meanings supposedly circumscribed by text. The unavoidably physical existence of Tony's texts points and testifies to the otherness of meaning.

I'm thinking of *Joy Manifesto*, a proclamation blocked out in vibrant primary colors and printed on silk (which comes into existence as something to caress the skin). This manifesto is itself a manifestation of joy, one that can't occur as text alone. Consider too the white etching titled *Something Else* from 1974, a page awaiting writing, yet already opened up and transgressed. So too the *Life Lessons: Tool Kit: Reminders* series, in which the words from deep inside become proclamations, things to be seen and witnessed. The physical existence of text throughout Tony's work contains the demand that words yield what they seem to promise.

Tony's desire and frustration toward words puts me in mind of Stendhal's famous definition of beauty as the promise of happiness. The key term here of course is promise, and this means that though beauty cannot ever give us happiness, it nonetheless somehow sustains us in the expectation of it. Beauty is not then the mere waiting for happiness, but the very active suspension of ourselves in relation to it. Tony's work is often an encounter with a quite similar promise, but in words rather than in beauty, as if words—now made physical—might deliver us, finally, to that place and that peaceful closure of meaning that they seem to hold out toward us. In his work I find not only Tony's own ambitions and desires but something more. The works become the vehicle, the attempt to make present in the here and now what words set to voice keep whispering to us: I will deliver, and thereby deliver you.

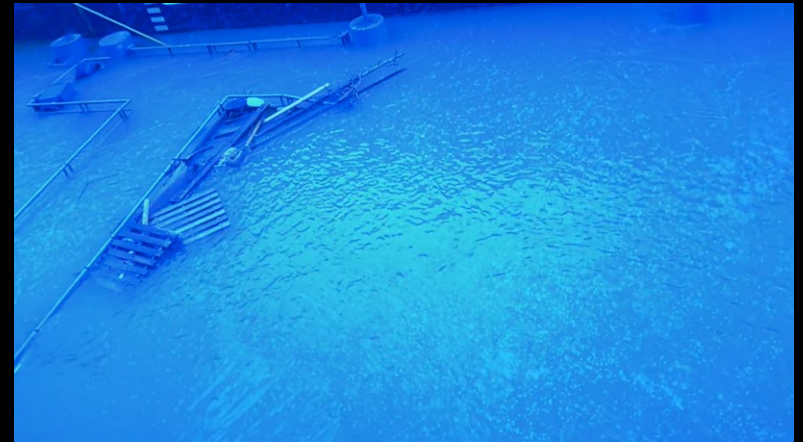
A last word on behalf of desire: the emphatic desire I often feel in Tony's work never seems to belong to him alone. It's really our mutual longing; it's the desire we carry on behalf of what words keep asking of us. The desire, for others, for joy, for justice, for beauty, that we see and hear and feel throughout Tony's work ought to be our common project.

# JOY MANIFESTO

**IN ACTIVE PURSUIT OF JOY, I: REJECT VICTIMHOOD• MAINTAIN A SENSE OF HUMOR• AM AVAILABLE FOR LOVE• AM WILLING TO TAKE RISKS IN RELATIONSHIPS• LEAVE BAD RELATIONSHIPS WITHOUT REGRET• ENJOY SERENITY• RECOGNIZE HAPPINESS• TREAT OTHERS WELL• SEEK THOSE WHO TREAT ME WELL• AM WILLING TO FAIL• LEARN FROM MISTAKES• LOOK DEEPLY INTO THE DARKNESS• ACCEPT MY POWER• LEARN TO PLAY • REVEL IN MOMENTS OF PLEASURE• SEEK TRUTHS• APPRECIATE AND SUPPORT DIFFERENCE• TAKE CARE OF LIVING BEINGS• SEEK CLARITY• DO WHAT I DO WELL AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE• LIVE IN THE PRESENT• ACCEPT THE BENEFITS OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE• REMAIN EXCITED BY THE POTENTIAL OF WHAT WILL COME• ENJOY SLEEP• NURTURE GOOD HEALTH• GIVE EVERYDAY WITHOUT RESENTMENT• ACCEPT GIFTS GRACIOUSLY• AM THANKFUL• EAT PLENTY OF FIBERS AND FRUITS OF THE EARTH• AM ACTIVE• DO NOT FEAR THE WORLD• HOPE LESS• DO MORE• NURTURE BODILY PLEASURE• AM SOBER• MAKE AN EFFORT• ACKNOWLEDGE BEAUTY, GENEROSITY, KINDNESS, LUSTS, COURAGE, SHAME, FEAR, LONELINESS, COMPASSION, PAIN, WILLFULNESS, SELFISHNESS, NARROWMINDEDNESS, SMALL AND LARGE MANIFESTATIONS OF LOVE• MANIFEST WELL-BEING• RECOGNIZE AND VALUE ECSTASY, RADIANCE AND THE EXTRAORDINARY•••**

**CRITICAL JOY MANIFESTO ADDENDUM:  
I VALUE AND SEEK RELATIONSHIPS  
WITH PEOPLE AND INSTITUTIONS THAT  
CONSCIOUSLY EXHIBIT DESIRE TO  
CONTRIBUTE TO MY HAPPINESS AND  
WELL-BEING.**





*Notes on New Love*  
Total running time 33 min 59 sec

Malique 1  
1 min 0 sec

Malique 2  
1 min 10 sec





Fabian 1  
2 min 40 sec

Noah 1  
1 min 14 sec



Daniel 1  
1 min 31 sec

Daniel 2  
19 sec

Daniel 3  
26 sec



Mas 1  
11 min 33 sec

Oisín 1  
53 sec



Mike 1  
11 min 33 sec

Phillipe 1  
45 sec



Jeff 1  
1 min 18 sec



Jeff 2  
24 sec

## Deep Waters Hugh Ryan

There is a melancholy that runs throughout Tony Whitfield's work. Mel·an·chol·y, from the Greek, melas (black) + kholō (bile)—a dark water, a dangerous water, a water that threatens to pull him under. It is the ocean, and it is alcoholism, and it is love.

Bodies of water have always been central to my life. New York's rivers, the harbor, the Seine in Paris, water water water. I love being near water. But I never really learned to swim.

I'm terrified of drowning.

—Tony Whitfield, *New Love: 1910: World Out of Kilter*

A fear of drowning is the thread that connects many of the works in this exhibition. It is there particularly in the pages of *Infatuation: Deep Water Chronicle*, where the names of the men Whitfield has loved are scratched into pictures of ocean waves breaking, receding, and endlessly reforming—a cycle without end. The spiky letters jag this way and that across the cool blue photos, suggesting the prickly nature of desire, how it sticks and hurts and scars, despite the best that time—that great healing water—can do.

And it is there, too, in *Notes on New Love*, a series of audio interviews with queer men from around the world, layered atop videos of water of all kinds. But as the voices multiply—as man after man explains his particular pain, the dangers that queer love held for him—that pain begins to gain a political edge. One story is a tragedy; three is a pattern.

But then I developed an attraction to a man. I knew I was attracted to him and it made me feel very uncomfortable.

—Jeff

When you're a black male, specifically, and you find out eventually that you're gay, it's just like a whirlwind of terror, just surrounding you, forever, I think.

—Malique

My brother came, suddenly, and then he kicked the door to my room, and then he found us on the bed.... He kicked Sam out that night and I was [held in] that room for a month and fifteen days. He took my phone...everything was gone...I didn't see anyone.... I cried to my mom, if you keep me in this room, I will die the next day.

—Mas

If love is the ocean, then what does it mean to never learn to swim? Each man Whitfield interviews explains his own stumbling first steps towards queer love and queer identity, and in outline they are almost always the same. They are unsupported, untaught, denied role models, and punished for their desires. No one has taken their hand, walked them to the water's edge, let them splash in the shallow safety of young love. Instead, each has found themselves thrown into a dark water that threatens to drag them under. Through Whitfield's interviews, individual pain is revealed as the wages of institutional homophobia, transphobia, misogyny, and racism.

Whitfield most fully grapples with this legacy of pain in the theatrical work at the center of this exhibition, *New Love: 1910: World Out of Kilter*. Here, he confronts love, and the lack of love, and how his own search for love often ended deep in a dark water of a different kind: alcohol. There are, in Whitfield's work, many ways to drown.

But there is also the possibility of eventually learning to swim. In *Joy Manifesto*, Whitfield provides a short list of personal rules for attaining happiness, which includes "look deeply into the darkness"—the exact work that the *New Love* pieces are doing. By looking deeply into his own personal darkness, as well as into the shared darkness that is imposed upon queer men generally in this world, Whitfield is able to pull it apart, and to reach a measure of self-forgiveness. It's not that pain shared is pain halved, but rather, these pieces form a recognition of all the ways in which pain or a lack of love can have structural, as well as personal, roots—a realization that can help free the viewer (and perhaps the artist himself) from some of the recriminations that keep all of us from manifesting our joy.



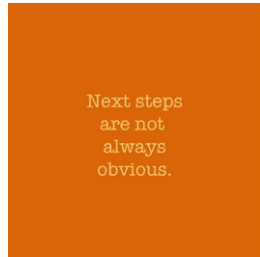
*New Love: 1910: Behind Closed Doors/ Tossed Out\**  
3 min 37 sec

\*Credits at back of catalog



Stills from  
New Love: 1910:  
World Out  
of Kilter

Credits at back  
of catalog



## Lessons Learned

DA & TW

Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
12 x 12 inches

In 2017, reflecting on his life to that point, Tony Whitfield began *Ruminations: Lessons Learned*, an ongoing image/text (self) portrait project reflecting his experience and how that experience is shared and manifested in the lives of others. The result was a catalog of *Lessons Learned* and when he learned them. Recognizing that one's presence in the world is understood in relationship to people, places, and things—and the ideas that bind or separate them—in this project Whitfield asks other individuals to create portraits of themselves consisting of selections of any number of *Lessons Learned*, constituting shared (self) portraits. In this exhibition, Whitfield's collaborators are men in his life of different ages, races, sexualities, and creative professions.

DW & TW

Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
36 x 36 inches

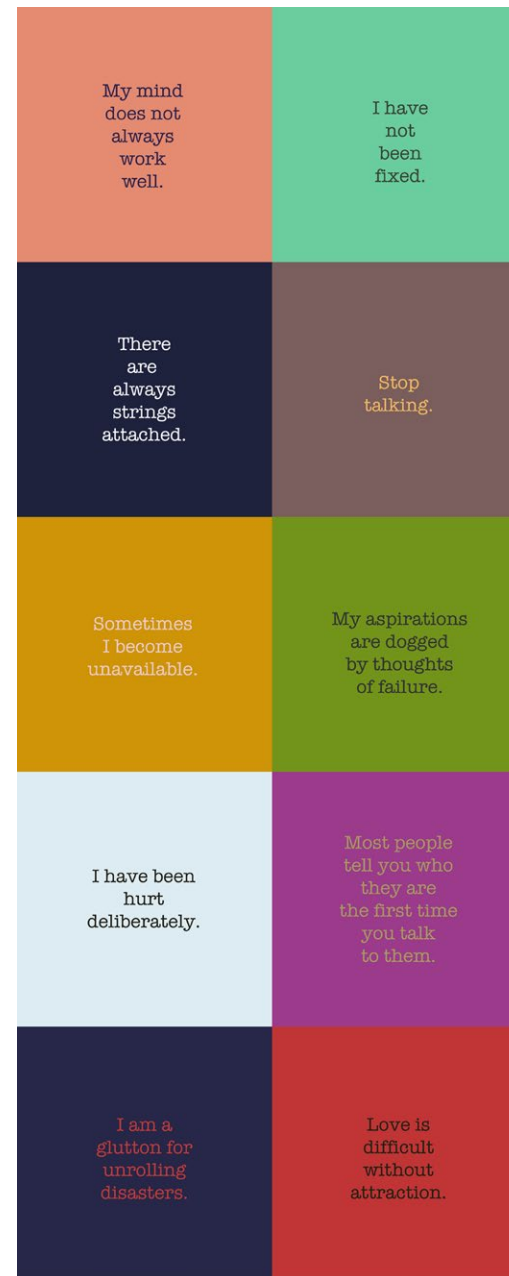




BA & TW  
Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
72 x 48 inches



KH & TW  
 Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
 48 x 48 inches

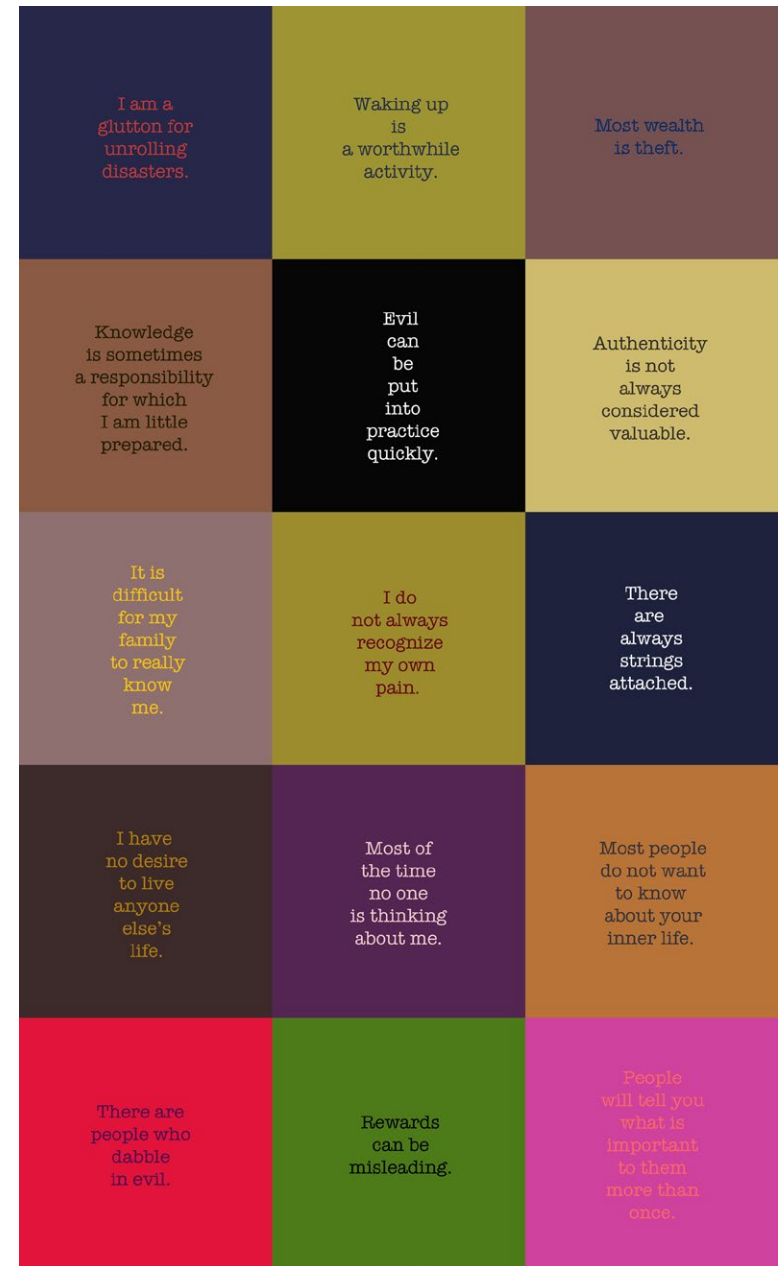


DMM & TW  
 Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
 24 x 60 inches





JGY & TW  
Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
48 x 36 inches



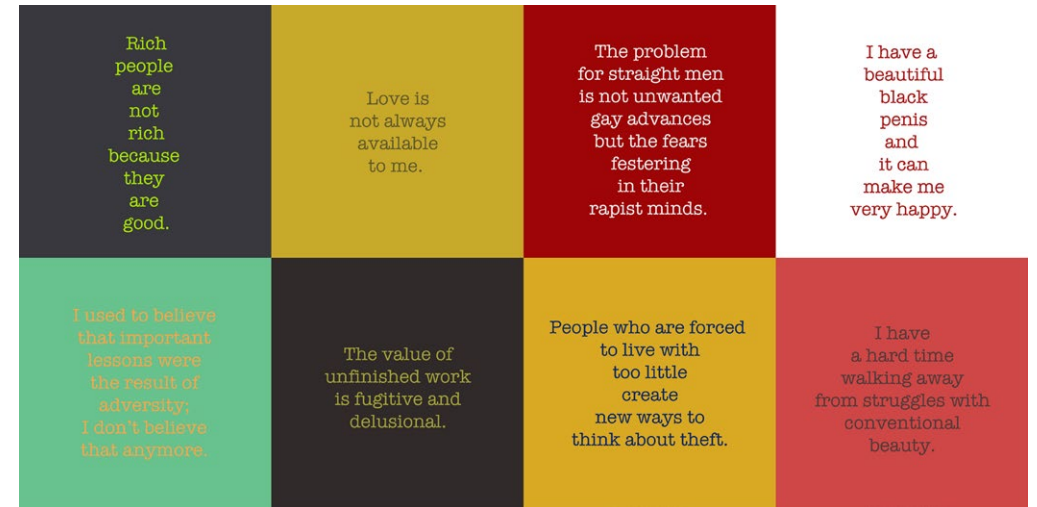
EB & TW  
Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
36 x 60 inches



TM & TW  
 Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
 48 x 72 inches



BW & TW  
 Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
 24 x 60 inches



MR & TW  
 Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
 48 x 48 inches

RSP & TW  
 Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
 48 x 24 inches



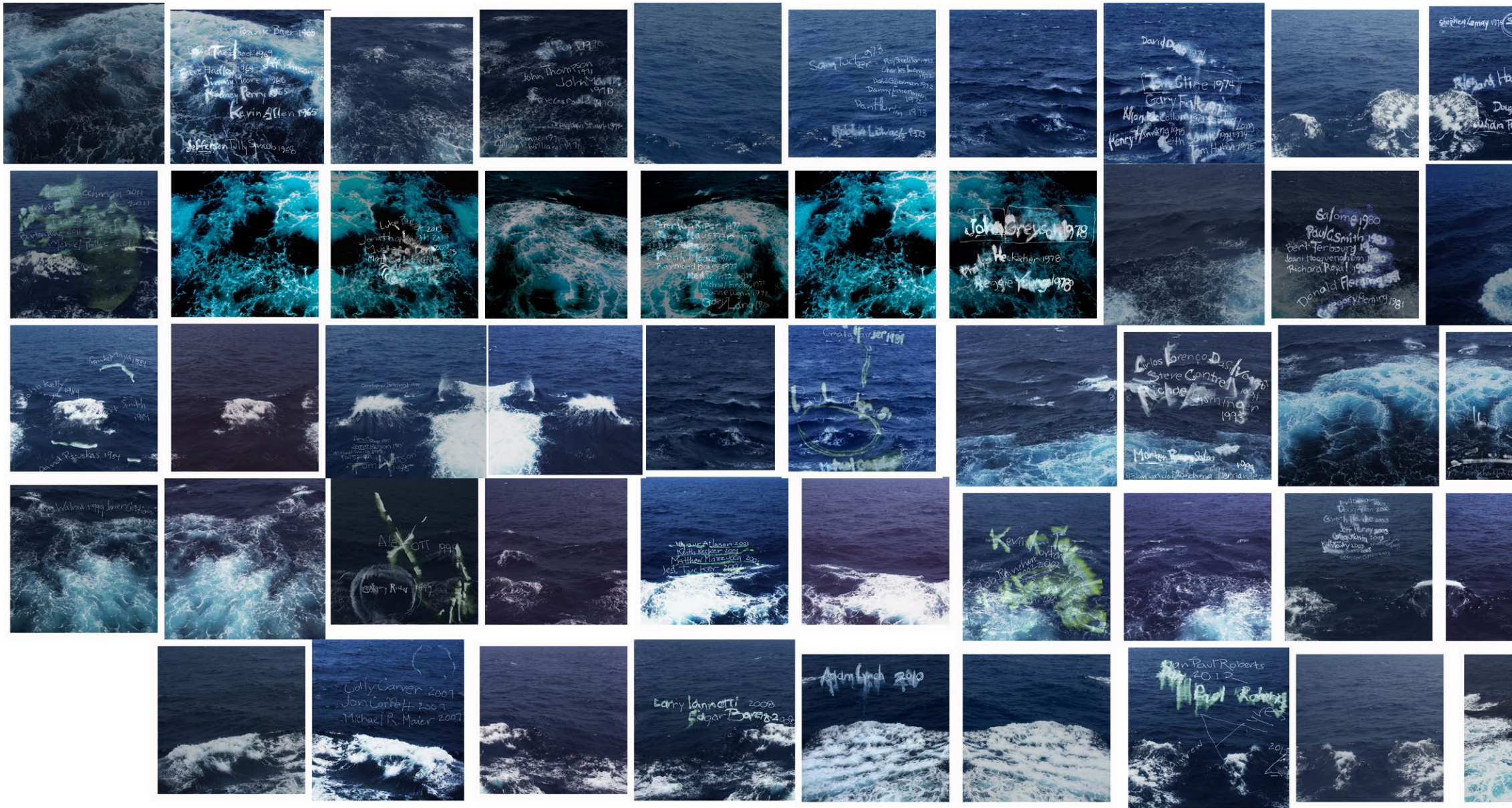
TH & TW  
Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
36 x 24 inches

JM & TW  
Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
36 x 48 inches



LL & TW  
Digital photographic archival print on wood panel  
48 x 60 inches





*Infatuations: Deep Water Chronicle*  
 Digital prints on rag paper mounted on Tyvek  
 185 x 65 inches

This work recollects 50 years of infatuations, surfacing the names of men who held Tony Whitfield's imagination.



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Tony Whitfield  
*Ruminations: Notes on New Love*  
Howl! Happening: An Arturo Vega Project  
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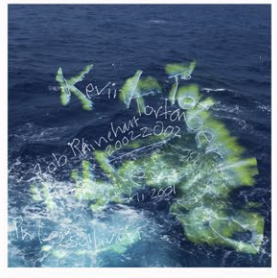
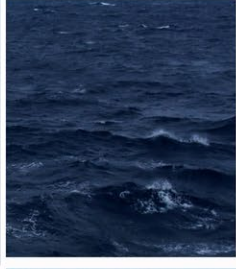
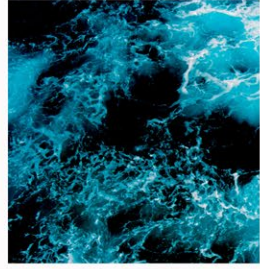
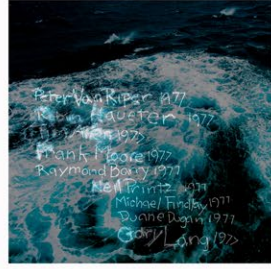
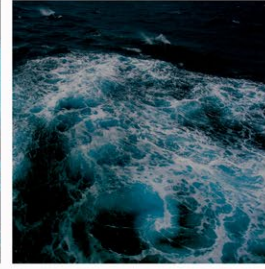
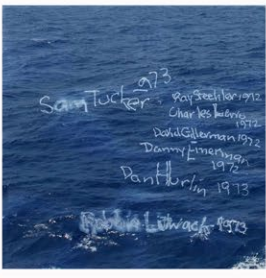
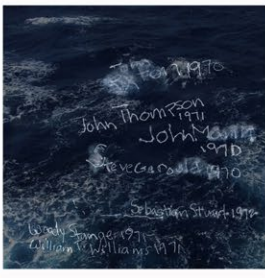
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