

*I can call this progress to halt*  
is a project composed of an exhibition,  
a series of screenings, presentations,  
performances, and a publication at LACE  
(Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions)

with

Ayreen      Anastas      &      Rene      Gabri,  
Marwa      Arsanios,      Alejandro      Cesarco,  
Michelle      Dizon,      Shadi      Habib      Allah,  
Sharon      Hayes,      Rosalind      Nashashibi,  
Nashashibi/Skaer,      Georgia      Sagri

screenings looped weekly include

Chto      Delat,      Phil      Collins,  
Jibade-Khalil      Huffman,      Maha      Maamoun,  
Raqs      Media      Collective,  
Subversive      Film,      Jalal      Toufic

presentations/performances include

Jessika      Khazrik,      Gelare      Khoshgozaran,  
Dylan      Mira,      Joanne      Nucho,  
and      Kandis      Williams      with      Josh      Johnson

& publication contributors

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Sharon      Hayes,      Jibade-Khalil      Huffman,  
Gelare      Khoshgozaran,      Dylan      Mira,  
Maha      Maamoun,      Rosalind      Nashashibi,  
Joanne      Nucho,      Raqs      Media      Collective,  
Georgia      Sagri,      Jalal      Toufic,  
and      Kandis      Williams.

The project borrows its title from Ayreen  
Anastas & Rene Gabri's ongoing work,  
*The Meaning of Everything* (2008).



Michelle

Dizon

*I am the daughter of immigrants  
I am no one's daughter  
I have no needs  
I see nothing  
I will forget  
And this makes it possible to continue  
And this makes it possible to continue  
—from Civil Society*

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Michelle Dizon contextualizes and expands upon her video installation, *Civil Society* (2008).

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Dizon

*Videre*, in Latin, means "to see." The word video can be traced as the first-person singular present form of *videre*, or "I see."

Etymology reveals what is assumed in the apparatus of video as we know it. It tells us that deep within the linguistic foundation of video is the presence of an "I" who sees. But, who is this "I" and what are the politics of seeing and not-seeing, being seen and not being seen? While the politics of visibility and invisibility might be related to images, it might also be related to the way people become fixed as image, modeled in a colonial project of Western modernity through temperings and enframings of space and time. After all, a necessary counterpoint to the colonial expansion of space was precisely that the colonized might fall out of time, an operation that marked the colonizer a subject of the present—a properly historical subject—contemporaneous with the progress of history and the nation-state. For the rest remained the fall out of time, exteriorized to the other side of History.

*Civil Society* began for me in 2005, when Hurricane Katrina and the revolts on the outskirts of Paris happened within a month of each other. As these events reached me through the television, I had just moved back to Los Angeles, the city where I was born and raised. Both Katrina and the revolts in France revealed something important about the idea of race: far from being essentialized in the body, race was more clearly what the scholar and prison abolitionist Ruthie Gilmore describes as "the state-sanctioned and/or legal production and exploitation of group-differentiated vulnerabilities to premature death in distinct yet densely interconnected political geographies."

Just as this constellation of occurrences between Katrina and the revolts threw the operations of race, racism, and racialization into relief, they also reminded me that the city in which I was living had been the site of an event with similar resonance: the 1992 Los Angeles Uprising. Even as I was born and raised in Los Angeles to parents from the Philippine diaspora, and even as I was a teenager at the time of the uprising, when I tried to remember anything about the event I found, nothing. Try as I might, I had no real memory of it—no real memory, except for the Rodney King tape. Some twenty-five years later, I began to try to understand what had happened in this lacuna.

CIVIL SOCIETY

ands upon her video installation, *Civil Society* (2008).

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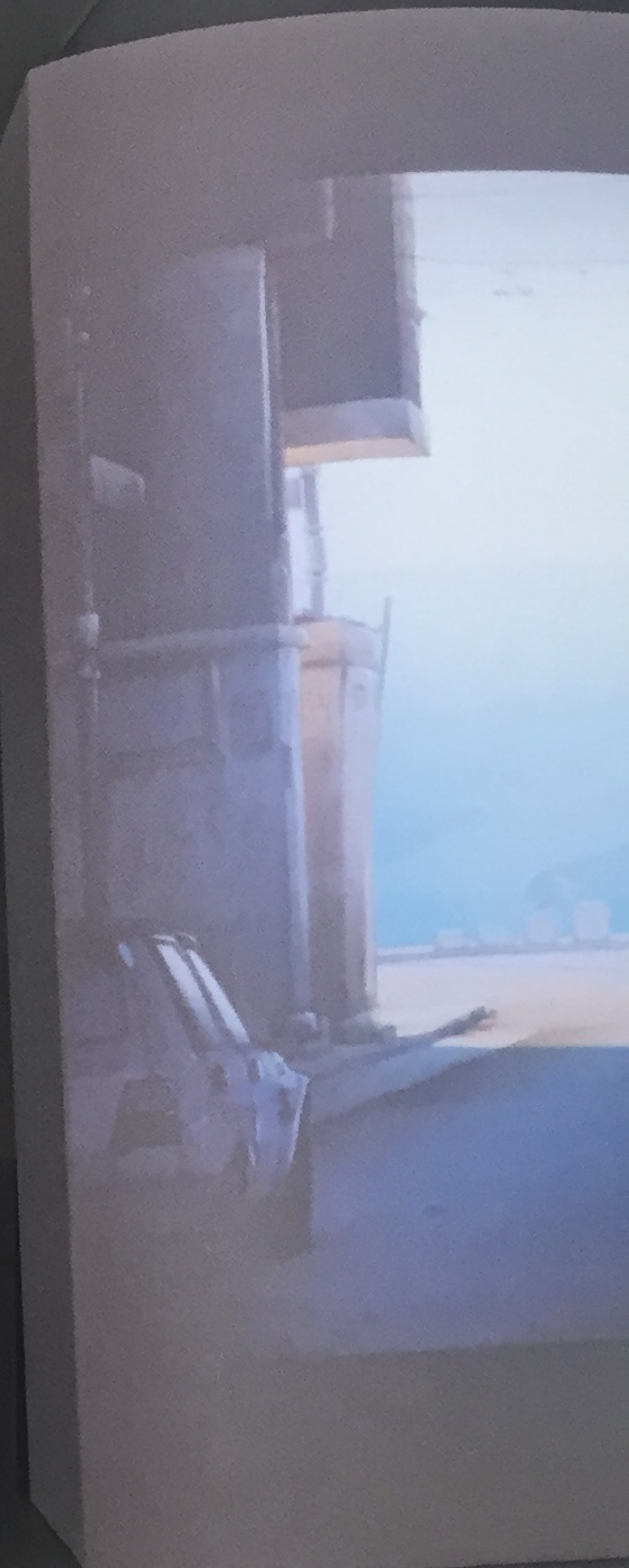


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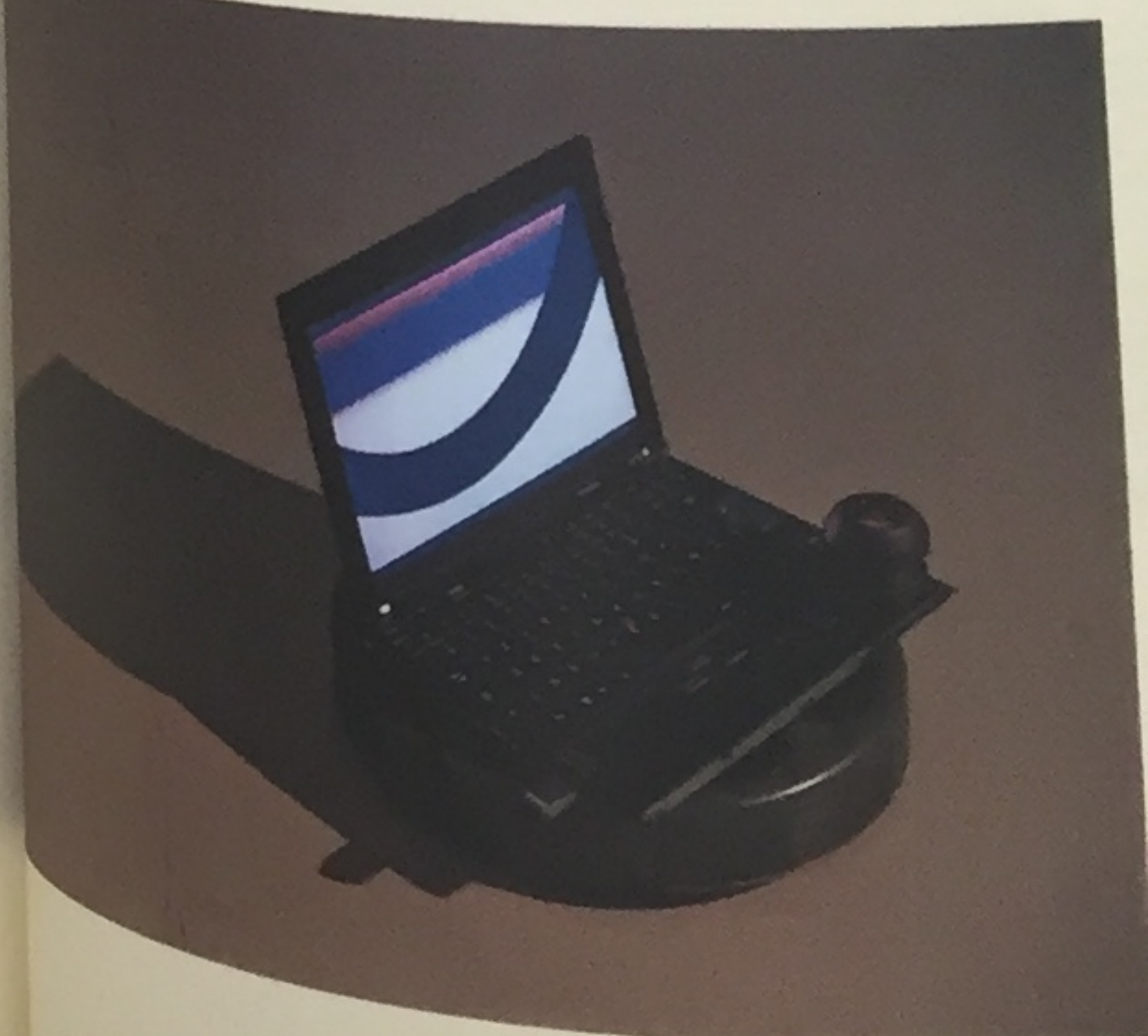


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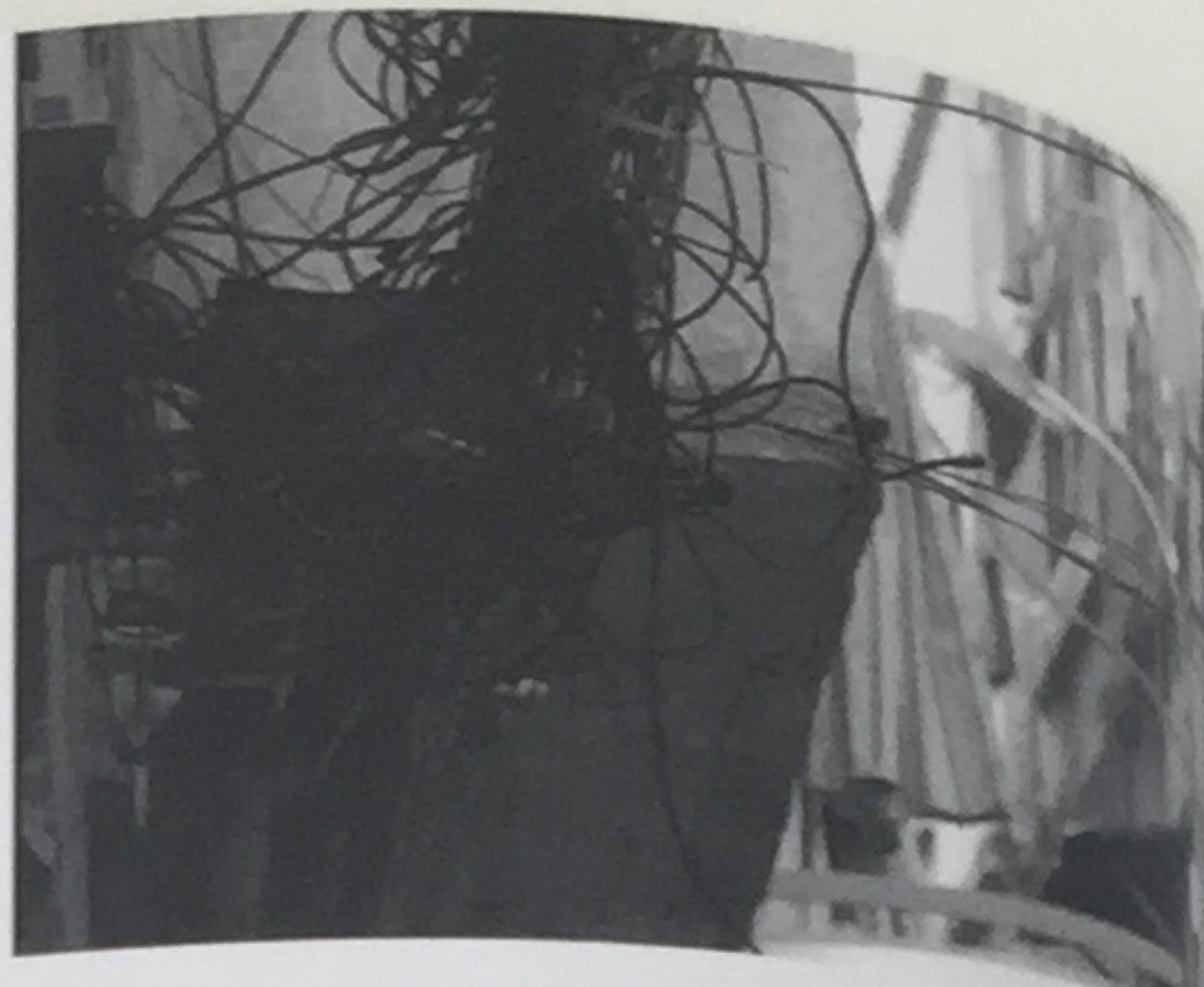
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I did not have any real question. I was intrigued. I wanted to spend more time with the energies, the patterns of its days and nights, lit by shop owners in the morning and by streetlights in the narrow alleys after school. I wanted to see the cables dangling over the street and the generators kicking in when the power went out (occurring several times a day). Over the years, the place changed that early perception. I met the people I spoke with share their stories of the place, even and despite the difficulties. It is a place of *survivors*, a concept repeated and remembered daily. It is a city where the survivors survived was actually *taught* to survive. I did not speak it, but instead spoke a minor village dialect that is not Lebanese, Armenian, the standardized dialect. It has survived for hundreds of years ago, survives in difficult conditions, if water is scarce, if the usual trades of shoemaking and tailoring are means of living, my friends insist it is a *safe* place.

That safety was more meaningful than I told me, but for many of my friends it was today. They referred to the Lebanese civil war 1975–90 and claimed so many lives in the city. Those were the days when the parameter of the city with its boundaries (if they were lucky enough to have them) was

Can I admit that I, too, understood it? When I crossed that bridge and saw the city that ensured that I belonged to it, it was something else too. And this became a theme over the years: What was that feeling that gave people a sense of safety, a sense of a small close-knit network of community? And would that feeling of safety be the neighborhood: the rampart that was eroding residents' ability to stay in even in places they had lived for generations?

One way of thinking about it is in terms of or meaningfulness is to turn to the map of Lebanon in general and in Beirut in particular and mobility is profoundly so. It is a space, navigating by map. I have seen that. The maps do not work well in a city with no names and there are no landmarks in relation to others, to landmarks like "the blue awnings," or "I live in Ashrafiyeh." One simply cannot find the people. In some ways, that is about straying too far from home. It is exacerbated in Beirut by the war, compounded by more recent events.



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