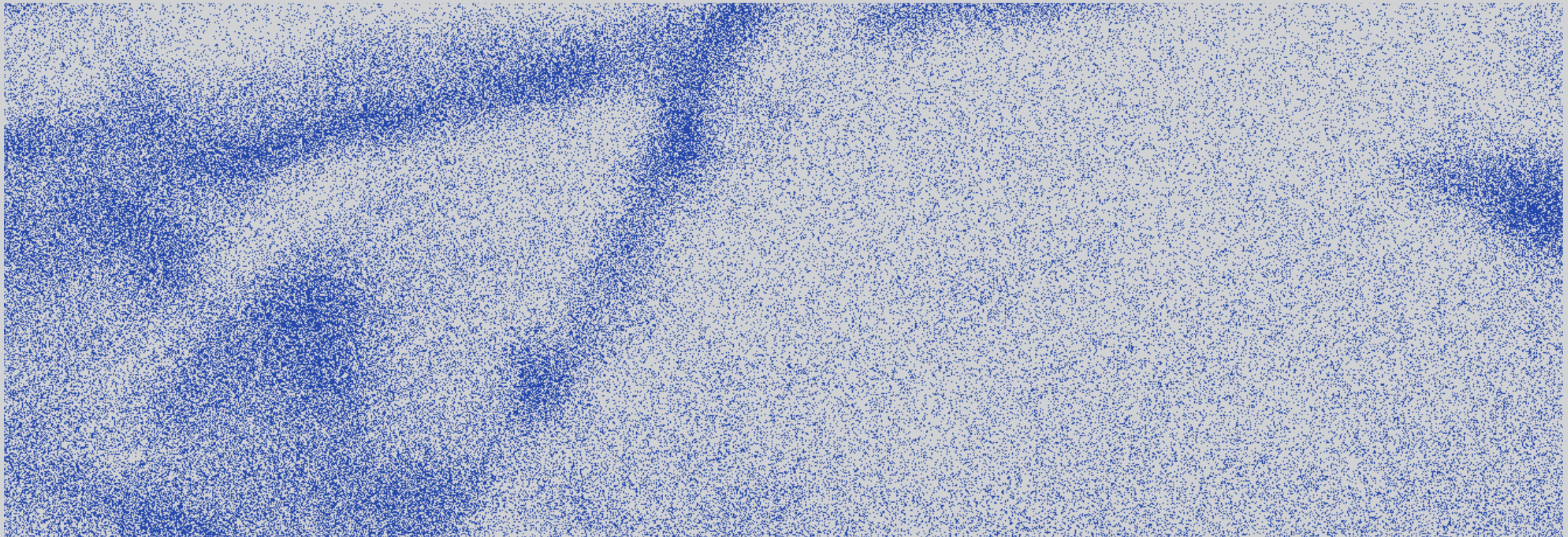




CADDISFLY PROJECT

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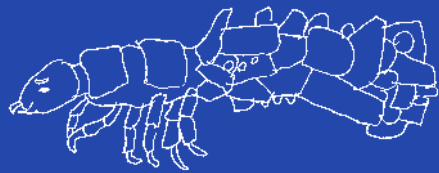
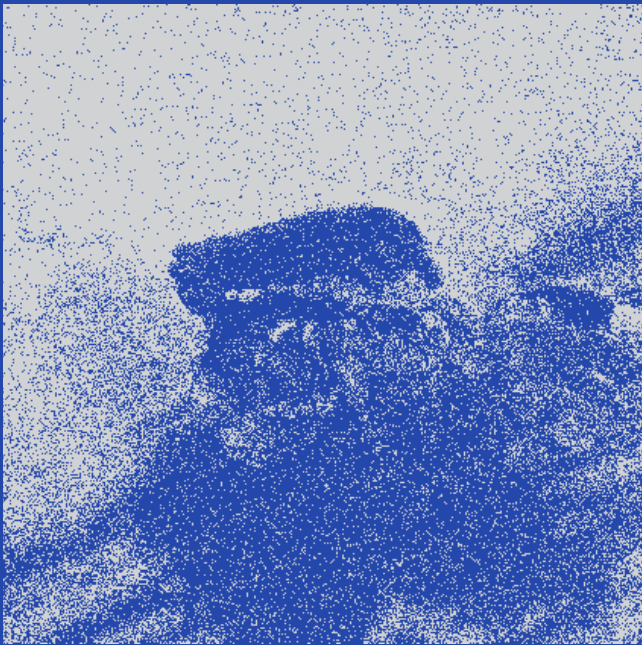
Whitney Ramage

Frank Zadlo

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For more information, visit us @caddisflyproject on Instagram.

Caddisfly Project is based in Brooklyn, NY.



FOREWORD

Caddisfly larvae are peculiarly industrious insects that build sculptural protective cases for their bodies. These structures are made of anything they can find in their aquatic habitat, including rocks, plant matter, twigs, and other debris bound together with silk. Similarly, artists often build their thoughts and artworks out of things immediately available to them.

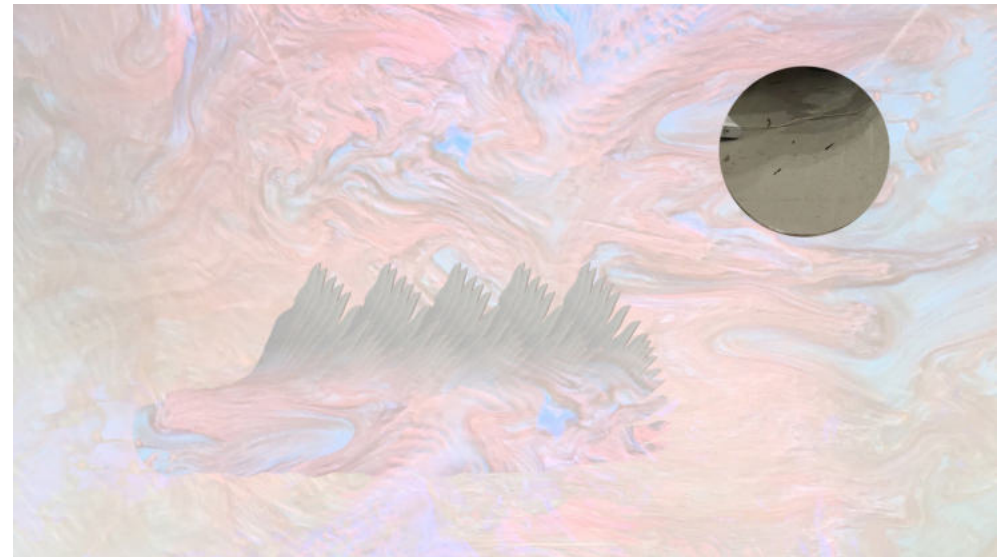
We conceived of this project as an accretion of the various outputs from the studio. We, like the caddisfly, sculpt the detritus of art-making into something reflective of our environment. It is our hope to highlight the things that artists make adjacent to their art-making and to shed light on the process of thinking and its role in the production of art. We asked artists to send us outcomes from their studio practices, including poems, essays, sketches, ephemera, drafts, lists, experiments, or finished work.

For our first issue, we prompted the artists with the theme *Transitions* for its timeliness. We want to underline the ceaseless changes artists undergo as they negotiate the fickleness of making art within an increasingly unstable cultural/political/environmental landscape. In so doing, we hope to find commonalities and reveal idiosyncrasies in the way artists approach their work.

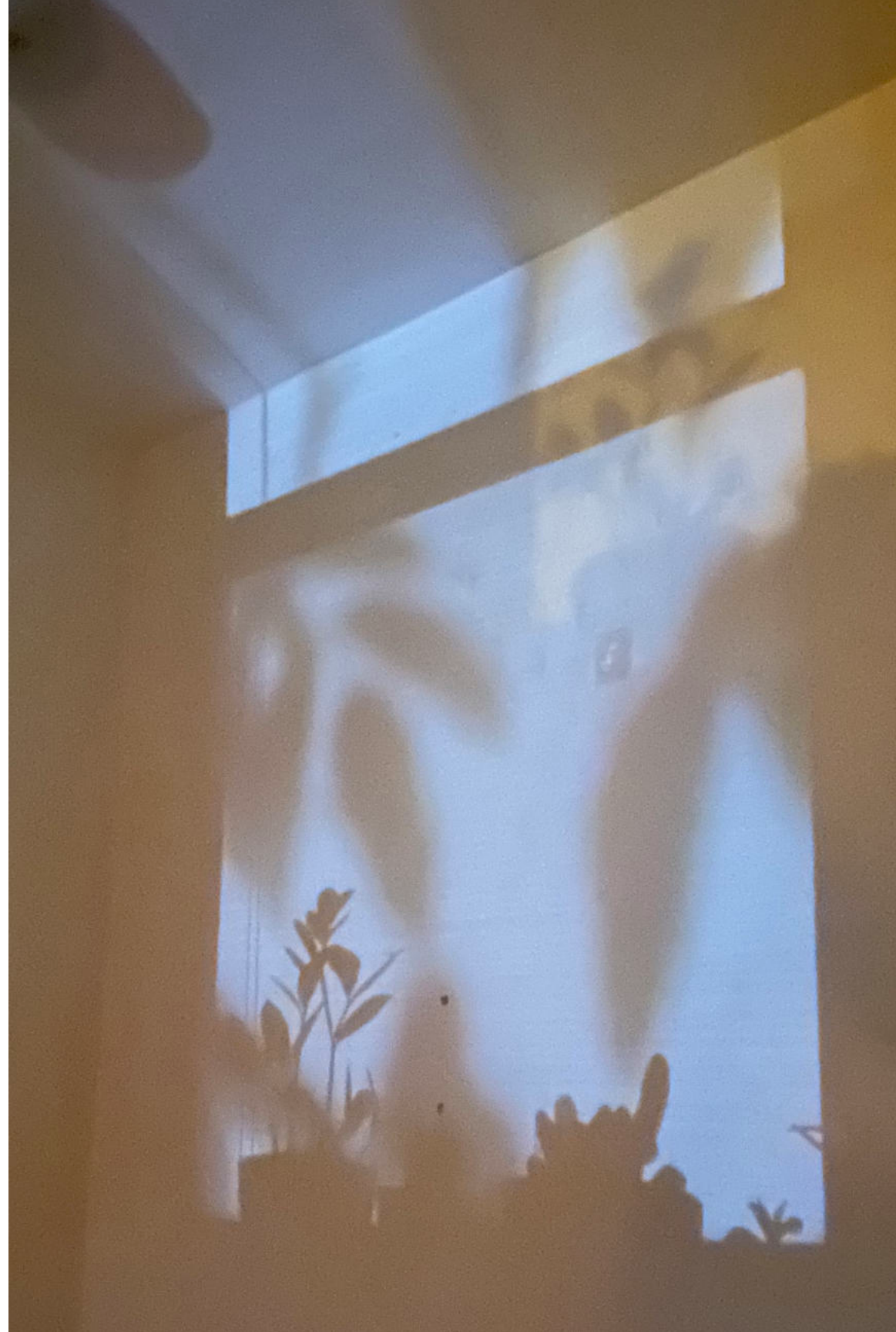


WILL YOU READ MY POEM

Will you read
my poem out loud
will you trace the lines
with your tongue
and rewrite what I wrote
with your voice
in places, the words
become furniture
and you must move them
to say what you
really want to say
and your pauses
will give me time
to wonder
time to witness
you sitting next to me
considering my poem
as I consider yours

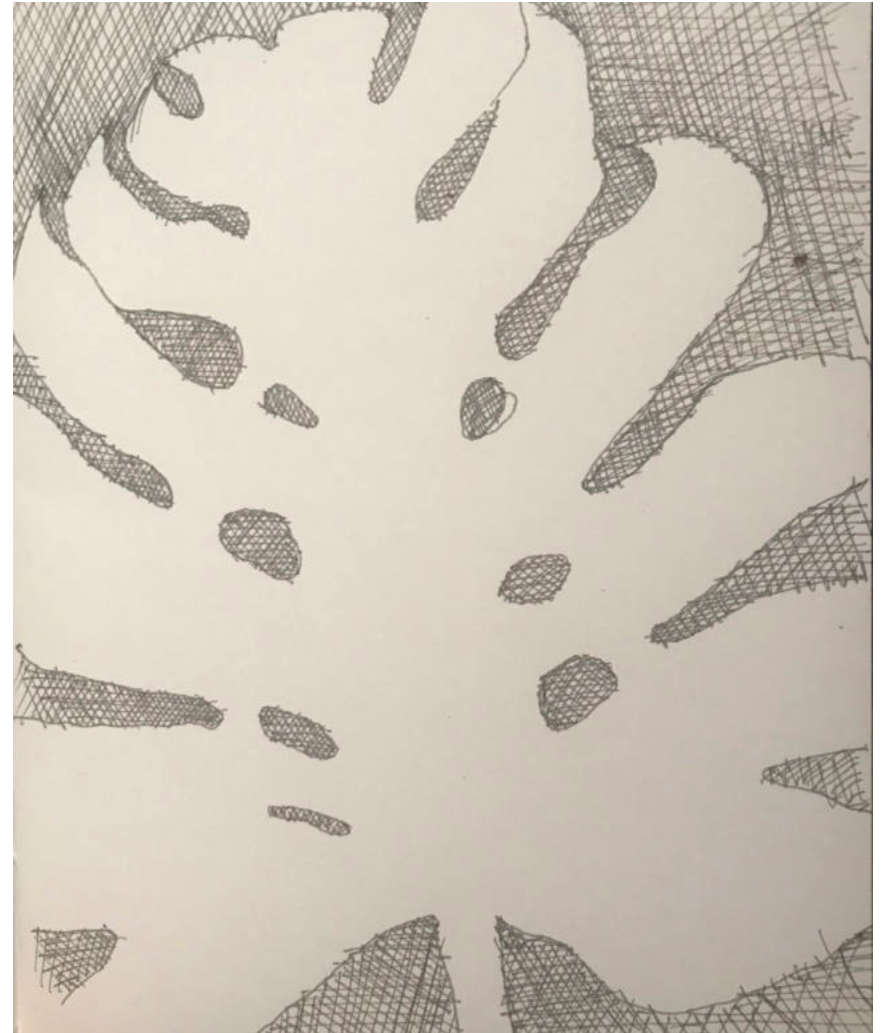


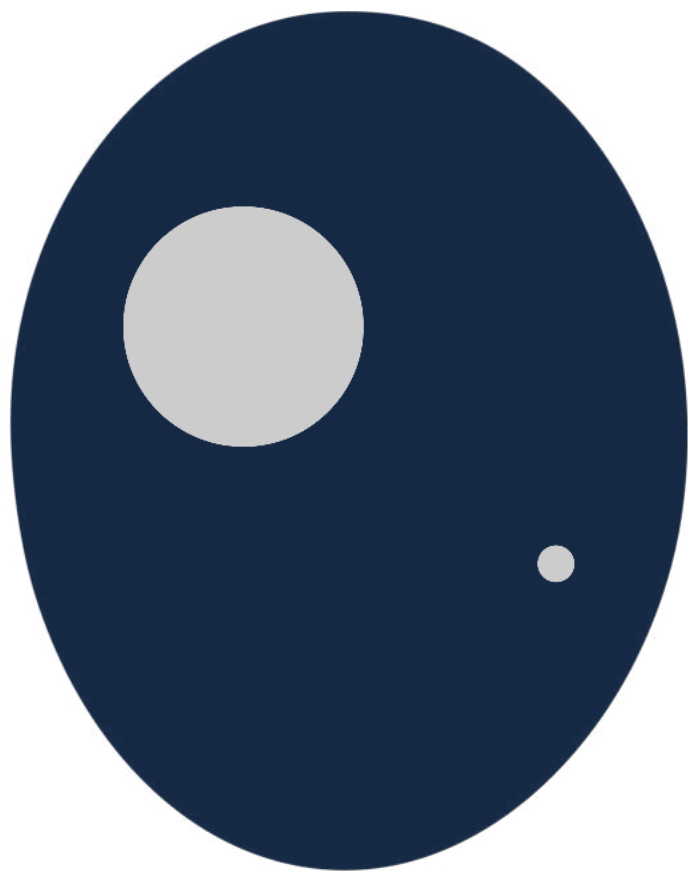




NOSTALGIC POEM IN BEIJING

I hear the leaves rustle
and think these must be the same trees
I swam near as a child
I think of pollen gathering in my wet hair
the way 哥们儿 sounds like gentlemen









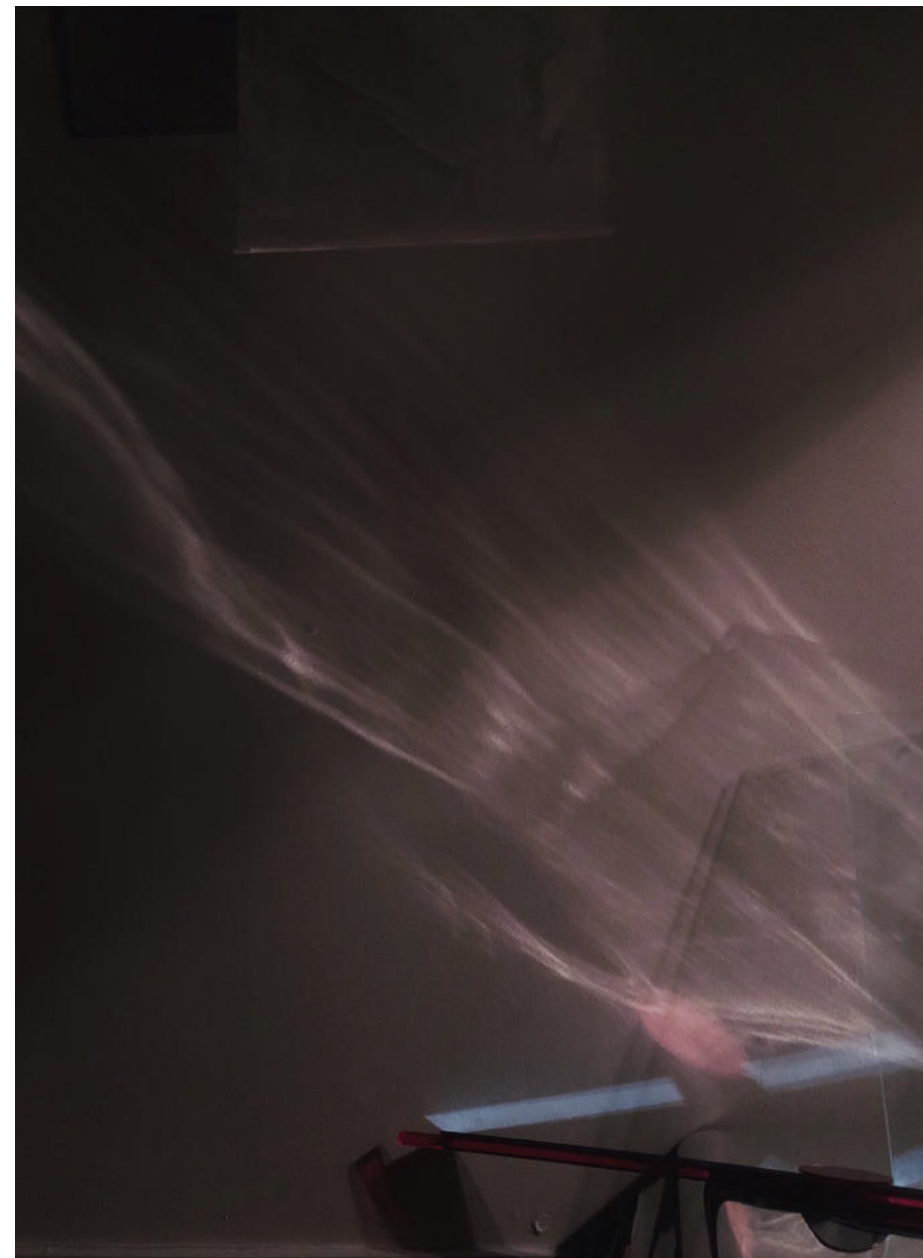
Sitting in my studio
Sun droplets like dew
The light breeze

My reflection in a prism
The light splayed endlessly
In rotating shapes

Time does not move
But can be seen sporadically
When you forget to think about it
And then remember where you are

Because the entire landscape
Has shifted
While you

Were just sitting here

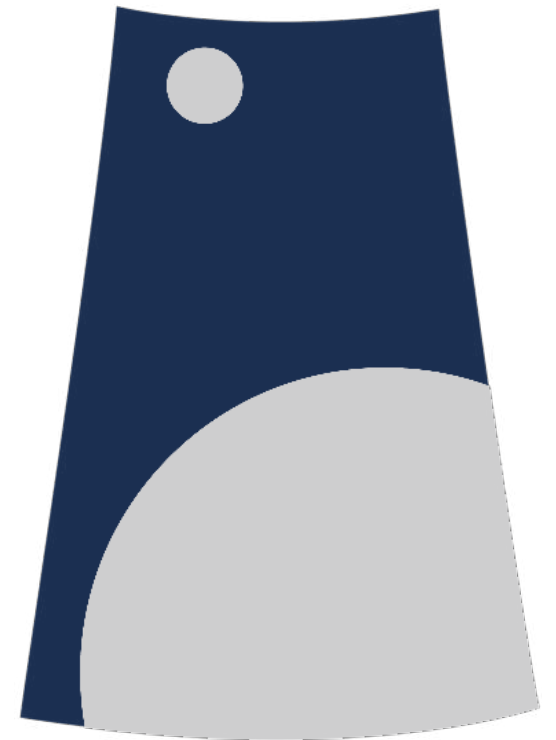




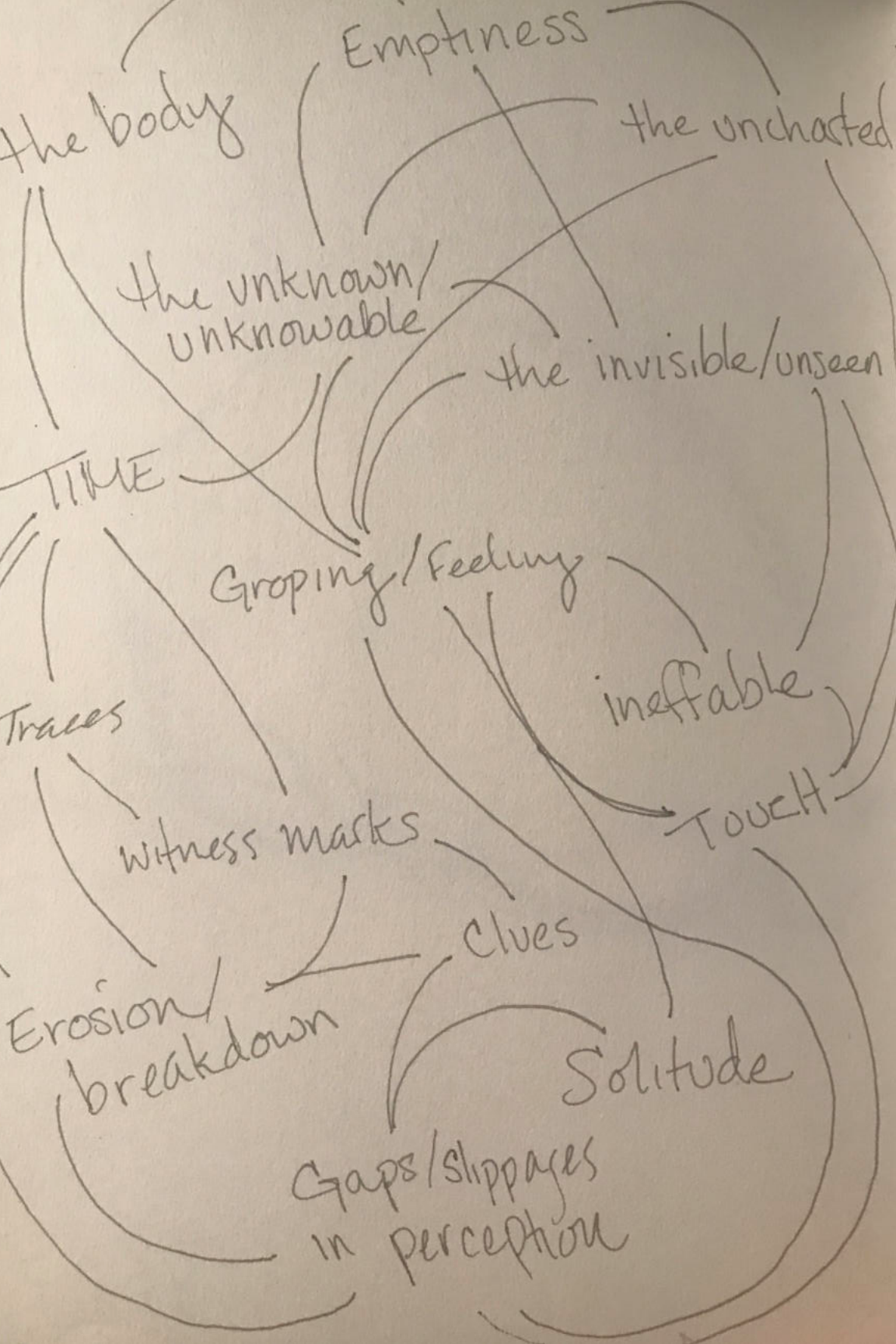


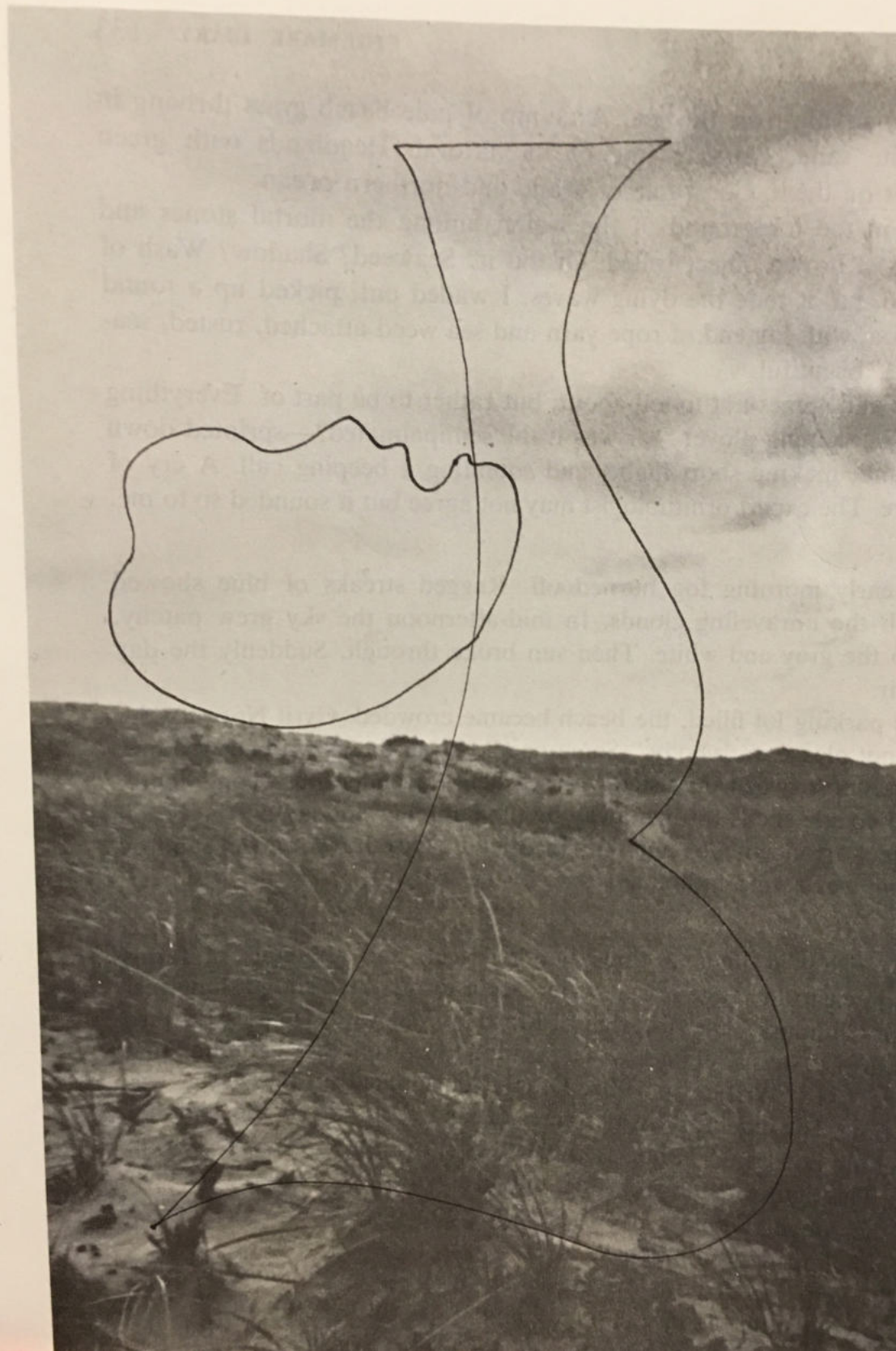
JAN 2020

Ted/ 280
Tsakanikas/ 1100
Peloponissos/ 2250









Art Words

Tempera paint 温和油漆 wēnhé yóuqī

Acrylic paint 丙烯酸漆 bīnxiānsuānqī

Watercolors 水彩画 shuǐcǎihuà

Clay 粘土 niántǔ / Colored charcoal 彩色

Charcoal 木炭 mùtàn, 炭笔, 炭画

Thin-tip marker 薄尖端标记 bó jiānduān biāozhì

Oil Pastels 油笔粉 yóubǐfěn

Plaster of paris 石膏 bāitǔ shígāofěn

Plaster cloth 石膏布 shígāofēn

~~Paint palette~~ Paper cutter 裁纸器 cǎizhǐqì

Ruler 尺子

~~Paint palette~~ Paper cutter 油漆调色板 yóuqī fāsèbǎn

Wire 线 (金属 jīnshǔ metal)

Tin foil

Easel 画架 huàjià

Scissors 剪刀 jiǎndāo

Feathers 羽毛 yǔmáo

Plastic drop cloth 塑料滴布 sù liào dī bù

Drawing pencils (F, H, 2H, 4H, 6H) 画铅笔

Shading pencils (2B, 4B, 6B, 8B) 阴影铅笔 yīnyǐng qīn bǐ

Blown kneaded eraser 捏橡皮擦 niē xiāngpí cā

Blending stumps 混合

Sulphite paper 亚硫酸盐纸 yà liúsuānyán zhǐ

Canvas 帆布 fānbù

Butcher paper 屠夫纸

Roll of paper 卷纸

T-square 丁字尺 dīng zì chǐ Clip 卡子, 夹子 kǎ zǐ, jiā zǐ

Drawing boards 图板

Masonite board 纤维板 xiānwéibǎn

Plastic wrap 保鲜膜 bǎoxiānmó

Palette knives 调色刀

Rag 抹布 mābù

Papermaking - screen frames

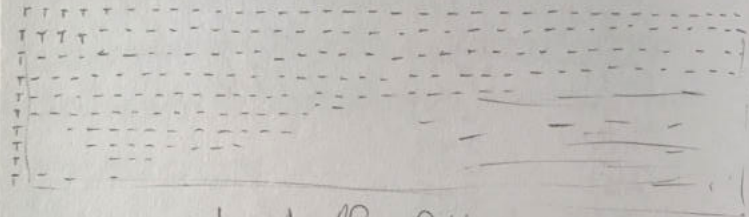
Light box

Display rails

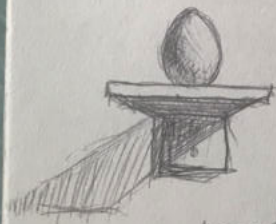
Wall display / infographics - color wheel

Phoenix Brand v. popular

360 plaster eggs cast from real
eggs sit on shelves each one
balanced in a divet



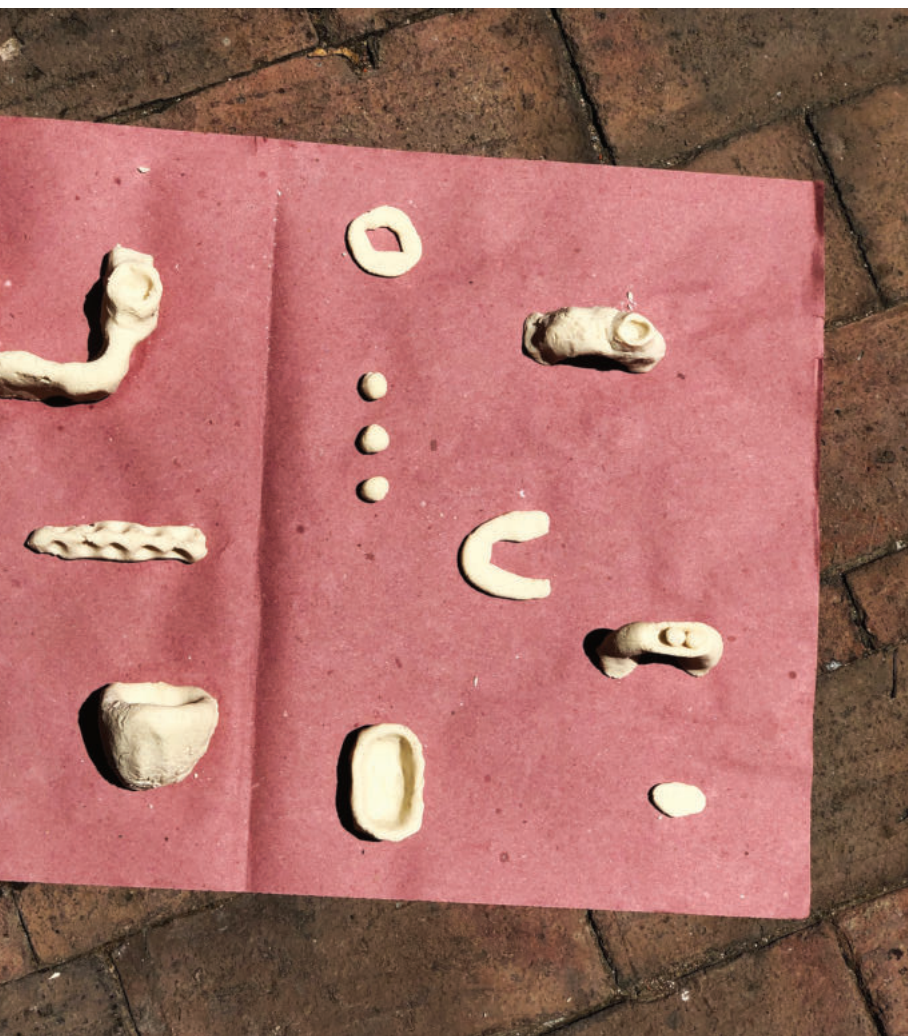
or maybe half of them are
Piled on the floor
Maybe 156 shelves - 204 eggs on the
ground



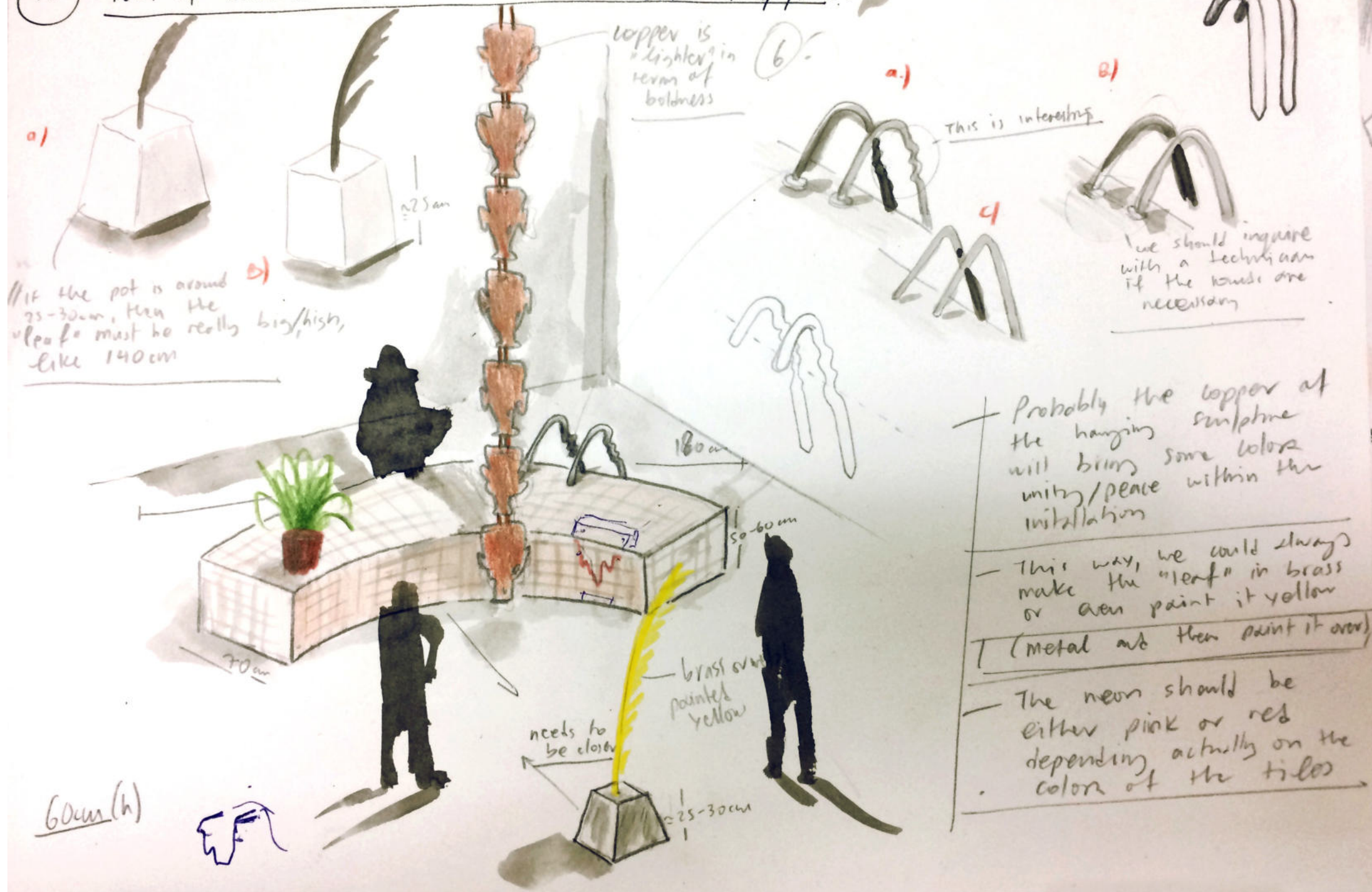
Plaster egg sitting
on a shelf

"goodbye sweet angel"





(16) "Bowl of cherries" - Thessaloniki Biennale - 2019 - May/June





TITLES

Wrinkles and Stains

or

Riddles and Stains

Stains, wrinkles and riddles

"The Book of Hints and Wrinkles"

(Notes, journal entries, to-do lists, suicide notes, goodbye letters, love letters, graffiti, poems on napkins from the bars)

2525*

The mouth organ

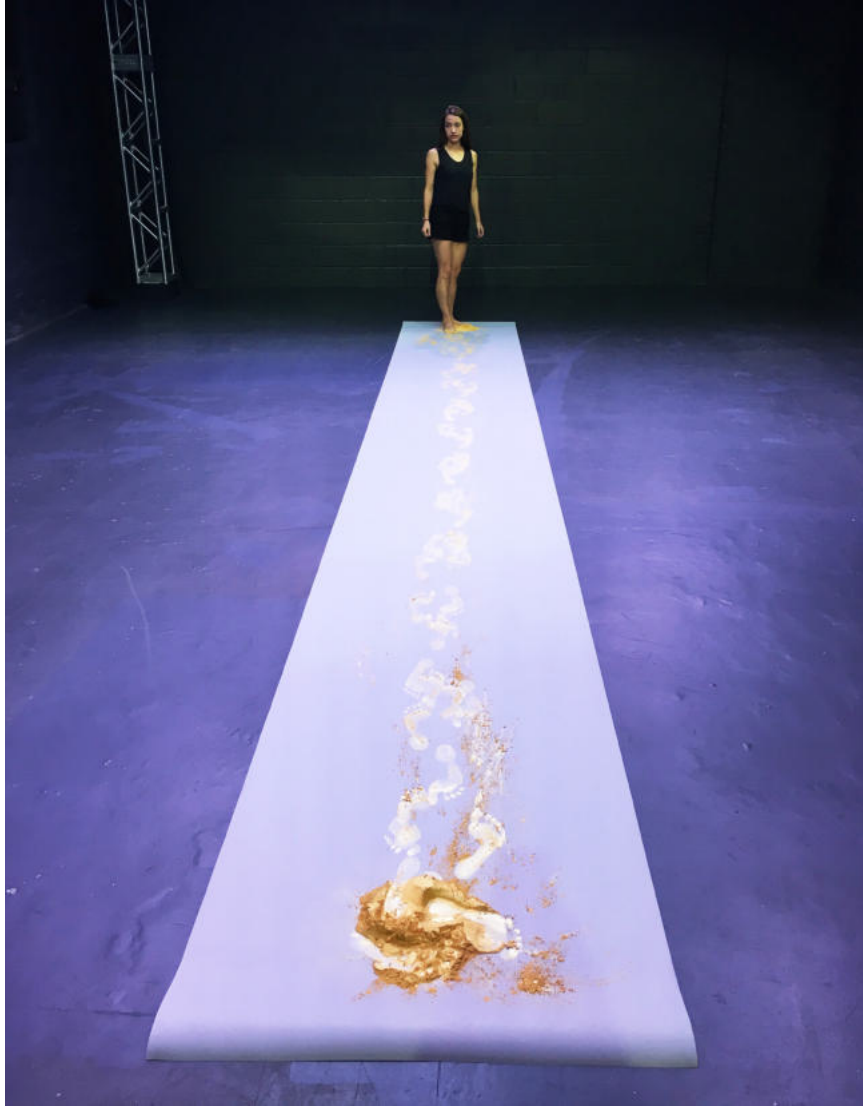
Lushly

The ultimate screw

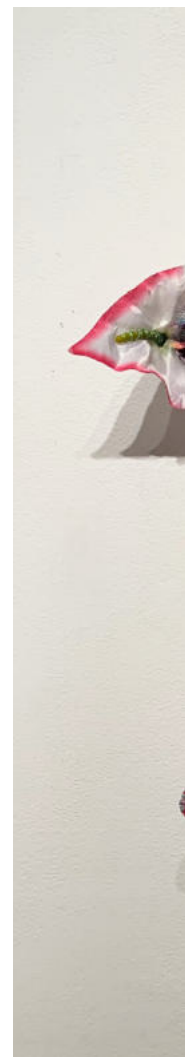
Brick Layers

Really useful box













Amalya Megerman
Press release for 文玩: *Cultured Playthings*
June 27 – July 4, 2018 (revised for Caddisfly, April 2020)

PIL 公共形象公司
北京东城区鼓楼东大街 206 号
No. 206, Gulou East St, Dongcheng District, Beijing

As a little girl, I hated pink and I hated glitter. It stood for all the weakness, all the traditional femininity, all the stereotypes that could be expected of me as a girl. To this day, I still find glitter revolting, and I wanted to explore that discomfort.

In 2017, I began collecting walnut shells while living in Xinjiang, China's second-largest walnut production region.

文玩 (wénwán) - plaything, curio, objects for enjoyment and appreciation - often take the form of whole polished walnut shells. In imperial times, emperors, officials, and other elites used them to promote circulation in their hands. Between 2008 and 2014, a walnut “bubble” emerged and burst as China’s newly wealthy looked to them as an investment commodity, re-enlivening walnuts’ role as a status symbol. At one time, they could be even more expensive by weight than gold. Today, men (most often middle-aged or old) can be seen rotating a pair in their hands while walking down the street, wearing them as bracelets, or hanging strings of tiny ones from their rearview mirrors.

While I don't know if I've ever seen a woman in China revolving a pair of walnut shells in her hand (though I'm sure there are those who do), I've certainly seen hundreds, if not thousands, of men do so. In this way (aside from, of course, the none-too-subtle innuendo of rotating a pair of balls in one's hand), I see walnuts as having accrued a certain masculinization here. But as I've sat with my collection of split-open shells, I've begun to read various kinds of “femininity” in them. In their shape - yonic metaphors around holding, filling, bringing forth life. In their muted hue, their roughness - the “don't speak unless spoken to” ethos that femininity has often been confronted with. Glitter holds its own set of metaphors around femininity. Perhaps the contrasts and complements that come forth in combining these aesthetics can refigure other systems of playthings.

Since the 1600s, foreigners have been coming to China to teach English. However, it wasn't until the end of the Cultural Revolution

in the late 1970s that a strong fervor for learning English began to develop. Today, English education is a huge, multi-million dollar industry in China. For many people, learning English represents access to better education, career opportunities, economic mobility, ascension into the elite, as well as the ability to make not only oneself, but China as a whole, more globally competitive, particularly within the global north. However, in addition to aims of competing with these countries, the desire for English fluency also speaks to the cultural capital that emulating European-ness or whiteness holds.

What is that tone, that eye-roll, that quiet but audible judgement when someone hears another say they are an English teacher in Beijing? What discomforts are they speaking to? This show has many facets for me, but one important element is that I hope for it to be a jumping off point for conversations about race and foreigners' daily engagement in China. While conversations about white privilege are a big part of discussions of life in the US, it has been my experiences teaching and living in China that have made me the most tangibly aware of the privileges my skin carries and asserts. Particularly in a city like Beijing, with the wealth and privilege it is home to, I feel there is often an unspoken hope that my classes will not only provide a space in which to learn English, but a space in which to learn whiteness and American-ness as well, a space in which to absorb by osmosis my mannerisms, my privilege, to make students' paths to success a bit more tenable.

These hopes and others often allow for situations in which any white body, regardless of credentials, will do. Abuses of these circumstances inevitably result, to the detriment of students, parents, teachers of color, and beyond – the consequences ramify. When women, both foreign and Chinese, constitute the majority of teachers at the primary and secondary levels in China, we must also think of how these women are particularly impacted by this imbalance. As a white foreign educator who teaches English, this work was a way for me to think more critically about my participation in this system, the choices I made as I engaged with life in China on a daily basis, and both of these impacts on others. I recognize that in doing this work, in the words I write here, and my engagement beyond, it is near inevitable that I have and will speak or act in ways that may be problematic. But I'm working through it, and hope you will share your thoughts and reactions with me.

These new wenwan I've made - delicious, grotesque, indulgent, rough, dazzling - they can be played with in their own way as they ooze and and shine. Perhaps the foreign teaching industry is yet another bubble that will burst, an explosion of textbooks, glitter, and walnuts.



A quick thought about ghosts—

Maybe ghosts can be thought of as any remnant of a presence, as the imprint of an absence. In this way after-images are ghosts, warm pillows and bus seats are ghosts, the armchair (worn from repeated habits and hours of sitting) is a ghost. Coffee rings are ghosts. A Sunday afternoon usually spent with a good friend now departed is a ghost.

A ghost is an acutely felt absence—in this way a moment in time can be a ghost.

I don't think memories are ghosts. Memories are happening now. They live too strongly in the present to be ghosts. They are an action on the part of the rememberer and are therefore not ghosts. Memories are not absences at all.

I want my art to be composed of ghosts. Each work should be designed to convey an absence, to leave witness marks like those left by repeated use. I want my work to be like the shiny spots on bronze statues, accreted from thousands of hands touching the surface.



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