

**INTERIOR CADILLAC, RAIN HEARD FALLING ON CAR.
FRANCES READS TO MARTIN AND BOBBY...**

FRANCES

I struck up a conversation with Mr. Martin at a skate park. I noticed he had a book called *The Art of Seduction*. Judging its cover, I had to laugh; it was remarkably vaginal. I promptly jumped to the conclusion that this was one of these creepy self-help books for men about how to effectively play women. So, here's this guy who, FYI is at the skate park without a skateboard, and he doesn't exactly look like the type that needs to employ special tactics to attract women, if you know what I mean. So what is the point of a book like this? I asked if I could look at it. Flipping through the index I found that Casanova had many entries. For example: "calculated surprise of," "direct approach of," "indirect approach of," "mirroring by," "mixed signals," and "spiritual lures used by." "So for you, the point of seduction is manipulation and not pleasure?" I asked. "Yeah, if you want something from someone," he said. I didn't have the slightest clue what this Mr. Martin would really want from a woman, and I didn't feel like asking. I felt instead vaguely offended by his book and a bit protective of my benign, beloved Casanova, having been under the impression that his epic promiscuity was something of an exemplary nomadic philosophical practice. I haven't gotten far enough into his lengthy memoirs to be able to assert this with total confidence, but I go on believing it because it's something I myself have been exploring. For example, I recently made an artwork consisting of nine different erotically oriented conversations I had conducted virtually with young men. These were set to the music of an aria from Mozart's opera in which Don Giovanni's sexual encounters are enumerated in a ridiculously long list. It's well known that the fictional character Don Giovanni, AKA Don Juan, was based on Casanova, yet they had opposite viewpoints on women. In a nutshell, Casanova loved and adored them, Don Juan took advantage of them. Their stories have been conflated and are even, to some extent, reversed

as a result of Mozart's opera and of Casanova's known participation in writing it. Thinking about this reversal, this mix-up, made me wonder, maybe my little gospel of free love isn't as benign as I think it is. Maybe I'm just a user, or whatever the female term for womanizer is, milking men to help me write. I felt this striking young man and his little pick up manual could possibly avail me of the opportunity to discuss my virtual engagements in a different, more self-critical light. I had an excellent excuse to query him about this Casanova business since I had just been commissioned to make an audio piece. Mr. Martin was game for an experiment and seemed to quite like the idea of trying something out in an art studio and yet when it came down to it, I could tell he wasn't going to be the most reliable of subjects-cum-collaborators. I felt it best to abandon the plan, which was apparently the right move seeing as how he completely stopped responding to any of my text messages. I decided instead to just make something with the mockingbird that lives outside my window. I never laughed so much at a bird in my life. Nightly, he would have me in stitches after about two minutes of listening to his absurd array of offerings. I often pictured him as a kind of peddler of samples, like an intelligent synthesizer perpetually expanding and demonstrating his repertoire. I rarely thought of the little sounds as bird vocabulary words, but just aural forms that may or may not work, so to speak. The amount of times he would repeat something seemed solely based on whether he was proud of it or good at it; and if he had a kind of ho-hum one he would only do it once and then offer up the next riff for appraisal, or if he seemed to blunder he'd force himself to repeat the blunder, a soloists trick. I thought my mockingbird's offerings could be a good way to bring out the aesthete in the art fair VIPs, without actually offering them any art. I mean, art on the way to art—who needs it really? When I went to record the mockingbird it sounded very different. It was now springtime and the bird was singing at a different hour and seemed to be giving a much different performance. Another bird in the distance would answer the call in the exact way he delivered it. All

his little samples now seemed to have a purpose. I guess he was trying to mate. It wasn't funny or captivating anymore, it was just nature. I don't actually know how mockingbirds get together and mate with other mockingbirds—which I have to assume they do, but it never occurred to me that if all they really need is another mockingbird then why go beyond your flock? Why mock at all? I don't totally get it. I should try to get it, because I really, really disapprove of the metaphor this just turned into. Anyway, when I played back what I recorded, it just sounded like generic bird chatter, meaningless and un-commanding. So plan B was out. I didn't have a plan C. All I had was regret that plan A didn't allow me to give my \$500 artist fee to that enigmatic young man who needed it more than I did. Despite him not knowing I had abandoned the idea of working with him, he remained entirely out of touch, which was a real blow to my ego, him just walking away from my lucrative offer after expressing such enthusiastic interest. I halfheartedly tried to enlist some other unlikely collaborators; not surprisingly, they flaked. I was starting to feel rather desperate. I was like: "What is wrong with these guys?" The question should have been, "What is wrong with me?" They weren't really abdicating responsibility, I was. Just as I was on the verge of killing the whole thing, I received the following text message: "Hey, damn I just got out of jail, police are so fucking disrespectful! I've been in here for five days. How you been?" Being the inappropriately overgenerous person that I am, I went to pick him up at a Metro station to take him to a friend's house, as he didn't have enough money for the train and his car had been impounded. I pulled up and as he was getting into the passenger seat he apologized for what he was wearing, which was black sweatpants and a black hoodie. Hoodies were in the news.*

MARTIN

And then...

BOBBY

We're recording, we're live.

MARTIN

Out of nowhere they're telling me I'm wanted for robbery, that I fit the description. A lady pointed me out in a lineup, to where I'm telling the detective "How the fuck is there a lineup to when there was never no, ain't nobody ever approach me through questioning." I ain't never had no law enforcement, no authority figure even come at me, as in, "Oh, can we take you down for questioning or come in or..." Anyway, he said he showed her a picture of me and she said that's him. After she described me, light skinned, 'bout this tall, with curly hair and tattoos. Then they pulled a picture out. But anyway they arrest me, saying that I'm going down for burglary. This is Tuesday, the detectives come see me Wednesday, the next day, to question me saying they have me on video, the footage, everything. They had no footage, they had nothing, they ain't even show me nothing. They were telling me to write a statement, write where I was at through the whole previous week. I'm like "No thank you... um." Deputies took me downstairs and the deputies were like "Yo, you still got a robbery hold."

MARTIN INTERRUPTS PLAYBACK. HIS LOUDER VOICE BEGINS:

The thing is everything from what I was saying is, like I said, it sounds like it's, like it's really being scripted, to where I didn't even get a chance to, like you said, I didn't tell the car part. I didn't tell the part to where... It's like, it's crazy man... I, I left a lot of shit out to where if I just really...

BOBBY

Go ahead and speak on it.

MARTIN

Like in time, like I said, I could really tell a good story.

FRANCES

Tell about the car. What happened to the car?

MARTIN

There you go.

BOBBY

Like what were you saying in the car?

FRANCES

The car that we're in right? It's this car, right?

MARTIN

No, the car that they kept?

FRANCES

Yeah.

MARTIN

It's not this car.

FRANCES

Oooohhhh... I see.

MARTIN

That's another thing, I was trying to let you understand, like...

FRANCES

Ohhh...

MARTIN

It's not this car.

FRANCES

Ohhhh, I didn't know.

MARTIN

The car that they kept is another. They took my car! They... it's gone. I'm not getting that back.

FRANCES

Oh shi... Wow.

MARTIN

Know what I'm saying, and I still got property, clothes, schoolwork, books, everything in there... So I mean I left that out. The reason why they took it is because they searched the whole vehicle. They tried to open the trunk and while I'm sitting there in handcuffs, talking about, thinking it's just for a warrant, they're gonna let me go... It's like, they tell me "Ok we're gonna come up with a charge," and then still the cop pretends to be like, "Oh, I'm gonna call the detective handling the case to see if I should tow the car or not." And they lie, and be like... "Oh, ol' girl"—the person I'm with, the driver, they like—"Oh she has a suspended license, we're gonna take the car." And the black guy, the black detective was like, "Man I'm gonna call the person handling the case and he'll let you go. And he pretended to call them and came back and was like, "Naw, he said take the car if we can't get the trunk open." Basically they took the whole, they took, the reason they took the car is because they wanted to search the trunk. They figured, no, if we can't get it open we're gonna get it open in the impound. So I don't know what they did to get it open but my car's gone and I owed two months on it. It was repoed and all my things were in there, all my belongings, IDs, everything. And like I said, there's a lot of shit I left out, so we could still...

BOBBY

Another day in the hood...

FRANCES

Ahaha.

MARTIN

You know what's crazy too? [SCRAMBLED] got pulled over today.

BOBBY

Yes sir.

MARTIN

Right before he came and picked me up from my house.

BOBBY

What?!

MARTIN

My boy got pulled over, right.

BOBBY

Ya boy, ya boy?

MARTIN

Yeah, they didn't find nothing on him but they took his ID, his driver's license. And then after he picked me up—he came to my house to pick me up—we drove back down to where all the police were kickin' it, at the C.R.A.S.H.[†] unit.

BOBBY

Uh-huh.

MARTIN

Right, there where the Jack in the Box is on 43rd, at the gas station, they were all there. Congo got all scared and was like all, "Naw man, naw man, don't pull up right there," and [SCRAMBLED] got scared too... and I'm like, "Look man, even though you got work and shit all on you, they just searched you and let you go, gave you a ticket, now is the best time to go in their face and show them like, "I was just released, I just got a ticket, they searched my car, they let me go, but one of you officers took off with my ID..." and the cops were talking about it, "Ahh that cop that searched him and let him go"—they were all like—"Ah man, he's a dick! Ah, he took your ID? Ah, he's a dick!" And I was like, "Yeah, ahuh!" We called, we waiting, we went down there and waited, talked, started talking, talk to 'em and shit, trying to get it back, like, "What are y'all doing today?" "Ahh, we're gonna chill here for a bit... 'til we do our runs." And, uh, after that we just left... Went to the bar, play some pool and I got picked up, took a friend to West Covina, actually pick him up from work and then drop him off in Pasadena... So... but... that crazy too. I had another encounter with them today so this time it was like, um, not harassment, just...

SNIFF SNIFF... [INAUDIBLE]

FRANCES

Hmmmmm, hmmmmm...

MARTIN

So basically, what you did is put the beginning part out... And started it from...

FRANCES

Ohhhh... the recording?

MARTIN

No, I'm talking about my part, you took the beginning part out and started it...

FRANCES

Yeah, we weren't trying to make the story yet, we just picked out the stuff that we thought sounded right, the voice...

MARTIN

That's another thing too. You don't want it too long. That's what I'm saying, I could give you another version of it... and you could take both versions...

FRANCES

No, we weren't gonna use that, that was just to say that's the kind of thing we like.

MARTIN

There you go, but still, like I said, I'm gonna give you another version of it and then just from even the first one, the whatever, the demo—whatever you wanna call it—you know the tester, you could still take bits and pieces from that too and just corroborate, bring it together as one.

BOBBY

That's my job, nigga.

MARTIN

That's the strong shit. I don't know how y'all feeling, but I'm just up, up and gone.

FRANCES

[Giggles] Uhhh, is the store going to be open?

MARTIN

Yeah, hold on, yeah the store gonna be open, it's 7-11.

FRANCES

Oh? Oh.

MARTIN

There's one right down the street.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

So he said he went back with a friend from out here, from California. Their car broke down at night like six to ten miles from his town and, mind you, they're in Alabama, back roads, woods, country...

FRANCES

Woahhhhh!

MARTIN

Hold on, even until present, today, 2012, if you're caught in Alabama late night, anywhere down south in the country... There you go, we have, they still today we have Ku Klux Klan.

BOBBY

Yeah, they lynchin'.

MARTIN

They lynching and burning crosses, they gonna string you up so fast. My father said two white men approached him with shotguns.

BOBBY

Damn!

MARTIN

And the guy that he had brung from LA, they were both living on the streets. Oh, and my dad said when he first came out here he met him and that fourteen years later they were still friends.

BOBBY

Hmm, he brought him out there, what happen?

MARTIN

He brung this black man from California, went out there, Alabama, he was gonna go see his family, his mother's funeral. Boom! Car breaks down. They're like ten miles from town, two white guys approach with shotguns, "Wachall doin' 'round here boi?" and my dad said, "That's it man... I just..."

BOBBY

In his head he knew he was done.

MARTIN

"I ain't try to say nothin', I ain't try to run or nothin', it was Game Over. I'm just thinking I'm dead!"

BOBBY

Already know, yeah.

MARTIN

Automatically to where that black guy was...

BOBBY

What the Cali guy do?

MARTIN

The Cali guy had a Freemason ring on.

BOBBY

Ohhhh!

MARTIN

Gave the white guy a certain handshake. And my dad said he was tripping out to where these two complete strangers... Hold on, Bobby.

BOBBY

Don't say no more.

MARTIN

Bobby, he said he gave him a handshake!

BOBBY

I already know the business.

MARTIN

And it went from shotguns in their face to, "Do y'all know where y'all at?"

BOBBY

Fuck, no!

MARTIN

My father told 'em "I'm just trying to pass through, I'm going through here, I'm trying to get through here, we have a flat." He looked at the other guy and seen he had a ring on, gave him a secret handshake, turns out they were all, like basically masons and the white guy told him: "You know what, hey!" He told his boy [snaps fingers], "Go get a spare tire, fix these boys' tires up and make sure they get to their town." My dad said he was escorted by that white man all the way to his town.

BOBBY

The white man that was just about to blow his face off.

MARTIN

Yeah, there ya go. Now let it go...

- * Trayvon Martin was an unarmed, 17-year-old African American male fatally shot on the night of February 26, 2012, in Florida. Martin was wearing a hooded sweatshirt at the time. Following the shooting, people across the country wore hoodies to protest the 17-year-old's death and to show support for his family.
- † C.R.A.S.H. (Community Resources Against Street Hoodlums) was an elite, but controversial special operations unit of the Los Angeles Police Department tasked with combating gang related crime.

I imagine the reader may be asking who are Martin and Bobby to Frances? I'd like to try to answer that while offering a bit of context and commentary for the two texts I have assembled here.

The transcript you just read text is from an audio piece commissioned for the Frieze art fair VIP cars. The invitation was to create a work to be played on the sound systems in the BMW 7 Series cars made available to the VIP Patrons of the fair in New York City—each feat. “DIRAC signal processing, a 600W digital amplifier and 16 high-end loudspeakers strategically placed throughout the automobile.” The recording was made on the opposite coast, in the inoperable Cadillac parked at the Highland Park home of a self-proclaimed hustler whose acquaintance I made at a skate park frequented by my preteen son. Martin enlisted the help of a childhood friend, Bobby, who was supposedly studying audio engineering at the time.

I composed a text and read it aloud to them for the purpose of prefacing an unscripted conversation about Martin's recent jail time, false charges, the loss of his vehicle and so on, in short, run-ins with law enforcement that typify life in the 'hood and calcify into immobilizing soul-crushing obstacles. While Martin's story of mistreatment by the LAPD never comes into full focus, what emerges unexpectedly is the retelling of one of his father's stories that borders on urban legend. Regardless of its authenticity, the story is striking for how it envisions a potential immunity from the racial profiling and abuse of power which has been killing and oppressing not just black but all kinds of mixed non-white residents of what Bobby dubs “planet hood” for generations. It's notable that neither Martin, who is half-white, nor Bobby, who is Chicano, are gang members, yet both have family and friends associated with gangs across the City of Los Angeles, some of which are infamous for their lack of racial tolerance. The fact that Bobby managed to stay in and out of trouble with Martin since second grade despite living in 33 different places from South Central to East LA, suggested that these young men attempted to operate outside at least some of the prescribed boundaries of Los Angeles street culture, while still being very much entrenched in it.

When I was trying to give them a sense of my own territory, I read another piece of my writing aloud to them, an essay called

Not Church, Not School, Not Home *that I'd written six years earlier about the art of a close friend of many years and colleague of mine at the University.*

Being a mother, I can't count the number of times people with kids have said to me "they grow so fast" or "you better enjoy this stage, it'll be over before you know it." The gist is that growing up is difficult to perceive—maybe precisely because it's happening all the time right before your eyes—yet given all its imperceptible slowness, it still happens painfully too fast. I suppose the degree of pain here depends on the ratio of what is lost to what is gained. If you've raised yourself a fine young adult who is a continuous source of pride, then maybe it's less painful to close the book on your child's childhood than if, conversely you've raised yourself a troubled individual, susceptible to drug abuse, whose most adult characteristic is his or her ability to reproduce or be incarcerated.

Many people probably believe that staying out of "trouble" is a moral decision made in some immaculate vacuum of the self. This is related to the "stay in school" mentality that assumes today's educational institutions are the rightful gatekeepers of legitimate culture and that the individual pursuit of higher education is the only reliable ticket to respectable adulthood.

My nieces and nephews think I'm sort of famous because they sometimes see that I made it into books or magazines, but that's about as far as my role modeling goes. Sharon, on the other hand, has this quality of using her fame—by which I really just mean her success—in ways that make kids *feel* like they should be famous, not in any delusional way about becoming celebrities, but in a grounded and positive way. She simply transmits to them the most positive aspects of having made a name for oneself: self-confidence and independence.

After the experiment in the Cadillac I offered Bobby something akin to free school and he offered me free schooling in return. The following text is the "lyrical" component of a large-scale audiovisual work spanning our field of study entitled Bobby Jesus's Alma Mater... These words are meant to speak for themselves.



*BOBBY
AKA ANDREW
AKA DREW
NÉE ANDRÉS
AKA G. BUSINESS
G=GREEDY*

*GREEDY BUSINESS
WENT TO UNIVERSITY
OF SOUTH CENTRAL
ME?*

*I 'PROFESSED' ART
NEARBY AT S.C.*

*S=SPOILED
NÉE SOUTHERN*

*C=CHILDREN
NÉE CALIFORNIA*

*BETWEEN OUR SCHOOLS
WE CAME UPON*

*A SIDEWALK MEMORIAL
SOME MOTHER'S SON
DEAD*

*FIRST MEMORIAL
MY SON SAW WAS FOR A
TEENAGE NOVICE GANGSTER
IN HIS PRESCHOOL'S BACK ALLEY*

TURNED OUT
BOBBY KNEW THE KID
LI'L MIKEY
AKA GHOST
YEARS LATER
MY SON RE-MEETS THE R.I.P.
IN A PIC
ONLY THIS TIME
HE'S WITH OUR HOMIE BOBBY

**OUT IN L.A.
AIN'T NOTHING GOOD
TO TALK ABOUT
EXCEPT DEAD HOMIES
AND HOW IN '82
WE HAD ALL THE MONEY
THAT'S FREEWAY RICK
AND THAT'S CIA SHIT**

THAT'S DJ QUIK
AND IT'S HIS CATCH-22
AND THIS HERE YOU HEAR
IS HIS SHIT
AS IN GOOD SHIT
NOT THAT'S SHIT
BUT THE SHIT
I'M ALL OVER QUIK'S
LIKE A FLY
A FLY FLY
BUT A BITCH

*BITCH THAT DOGS
REFUSE LOVE*

*MISUNDERSTOOD
PECKERWOOD*

*WHO AM I
TO MAKE QUIK'S PEN MY MIC?
AND JUST GO*

BEAT BEAT BEAT BEAT

*CLAIM
ART FOR ART'S SAKE*

*CLAIM
WHAT'S GREAT*

*CLAIM
TO RELATE*

*I AM A
HOLY WHORE*

*PLAYERS HEAR ME OUT
THAT GUN*

IN MY MOUTH

*I'M TAKING IT OUT
DICKS WILL COME IN
TRUTH WILL COME OUT*

*I DON'T GIVE A F**K ABOUT
YOU, YOU, HER, HIM
THAT B***H, THAT N***A
Y'ALL, THEM*

*THAT'S QUIK ON THE MIC
BEING HEARD*

SAID HE'S A SHEEP-HERD

SAYS HE'S QUITTING SOON

ME TOO

HE LEADS ME

TO BELIEVE

& I'M SICK OF SCHOOL

CAPTIVE:

SHALL WE REALLY GIVE UP HOPE!?

CAPTOR:

HURRY UP WITH CHAINS AND ROPE!

I'M BEHIND HIS 16 BARS FROM WITHIN

PAYING FULL ATTENTION THEREIN

LOVE IT WHEN HE SAYS

F**K YOUR GRAMMY

STICK THE BELL PART UP YOUR ASS!

THAT BELL'S AWFULLY BIG

OUCH!

IT'S THE BUSINESS END OF UNIVERSAL'S DICK

YEEZUS SAYS UR BETTER THAN WHAT UR FED
SUGGESTS MAKING OPERAS INSTEAD
SOAP PEDDLER, PLEASE!
REJECT THEIR PAP?
WHO'S ACTUALLY GETTING OFF THE MAN'S LAP?
SCREW YOUR SOAP OPERA
& YOUR BIG ASS MEDIA TIT!
THAT SUCK WRECKS YOUR BEST SHIT
PRINCE KICKED YR LAME-ASS
PRINCESS OFF THE STAGE
CUZ SHE CAN'T DANCE
BUT STILL WANTS A PART IN YR REVOLUTION
WILL IT BE TELEVISED?
OH AND I MADE A SEX TAPE TOO
IT'S IN THIS MUSEUM, FOOL!

**U DON'T NEED NO MONEY
U DON'T NEED NO CLOTHES
THE SECOND COMING
ANYTHING GOES**

STAGE AN OPERA?
DO THE MAGIC FLUTE?

ORCHESTRATE AND/OR FELLATE

I KNOW I'VE GOT NO BUSINESS HERE

NO SIS
BUSINESS-LESS AS MISS SOLANAS

MOMMA SAYS
YOU AIN'T NEVER BEEN SH*T?

WELL YOU HAVE BEEN
THAT'S JUST IT

FATHER G'D, MOTHER F'D
ALMA MATER'S ALL THAT'S LEFT

STILL FAILING TO MONETIZE?

**STAND UP EVERYBODY
THIS IS YOUR LIFE!**

**U DON'T NEED NO MONEY
U DON'T NEED NO CLOTHES**

EMPERORS'LL BEAR BARE HEIRS
BUT PRINCE RULES
BECAUSE HE CARES

PRINCE ASKED

***MAMAS, ARE U LISTENING?
LEADERS STAND UP ORGANIZE
REPRODUCTION OF A NEW BREED***

*BUT WHO AM I TO JUDGE?
WHO AM I TO CRITIQUE?*

*AS I PRANCE ABOUT CLUB IN HAND
SEEKING NEW IDOLS TO SMASH*

*I AM PRECISE MAN
AND I TAKE A CHANCE MAN
DO YOU TAKE A CHANCE FAN?*

***SAY IT!
A MAVEN AMAZING***

***BRIGHTER THAN THE FOREST
WHEN IT'S BLAZING***

***ASTEROID
PAST THE VOID***

***KEEP IT PUSHING
THAT A BOY!***

(COMPLEXITY IS A BITCH)

*PUSH
PUSH
PUSH
PUSH*

*"NAS LOST" CUZ FORBES
ASSIGNS THRONES?*

BONES'LL GET THROWN

*PIMPIN' LVMH WITH Z
IS CONSIDERED RULING, G?*

*UR ALL TRAPPED IN THE MOTHER F***IN' VIP*

LI'L MOTHERS GETTING F'D HARD

UNLESS THEY'RE MOGULS LIKE B

CONK IN THE FAN CAN'T MANGLE A VERSE

*OH I DO DARE DOUBT
ANY QUEEN OF THE UNIVERSE*

*ROYALS JUST WANT YOU
TO BE ALL YOU CAN BE*

E.G. PAWNS

OR POOR ASS BABY MAMAS SIPPIN' PEPSI

*COVETING K'S
(AS SEEN ON TV)*

WHERE ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING?

*IT'S JUST A BRANCH ON THE
TREE OF SHOW BUSINESS*

*WORDS ARE FLOWING OUT
LIKE ENDLESS RAIN*

INTO A PAPER...

WHERE ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING?

THEY SLITHER AND THEY SLIP AWAY

ACROSS THE UNIVERSE

NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE MY WORLD

Trapped in the VIP

Published on the occasion of "Frances Stark: Bobby Jesus's Alma Mater b/w Reading the Book of David and/or Paying Attention Is Free"

March 1 – April 19, 2014

Gavin Brown's enterprise

620 Greenwich Street

New York, NY 10014

www.gavinbrown.biz

Trapped in the VIP and/or In Mr. Martin's Inoperable Cadillac (2012) debuted as a specially commissioned audio work for the Frieze Art Fair's "Frieze Sounds" in May 2012. The sound piece premiered in the BMW VIP cars that operated shuttle services from Randall's Island to Manhattan during the first edition of the fair in New York. This audio piece is accessible at friezenewyork.com and available to download. This booklet marks the first publication of the textual transcript.

Bobby Jesus's Alma Mater b/w Reading the Book of David and/or Paying Attention Is Free (2013), debuted as a video installation included in the 2013 Carnegie International, October 5, 2013 – March 16, 2014. Courtesy of the artist; Galerie Daniel Buchholz, Cologne and Berlin; Gavin Brown's enterprise, New York; Marc Foxx, Los Angeles; and greengrassi, London. The original artwork work centers projected text on to a printed wall mural and features music by DJ Quik. The lyrics are based on conversations with Bobby, a self-described resident of "planet 'hood" who has become her studio apprentice and friend. This booklet marks the first publication of the lyrical transcript. Bold text denotes direct lyrical quotations by DJ Quik, Prince, the Fall, and the Beatles.

Printed by GHP Media, West Haven, Connecticut

Designed by Chris Svensson, Los Angeles, California