

To name a place is to recognize its bones. Divorced from any landscape, geography, or municipal agreement, "place" is often established by what is at the heart of its inhabitants—the ideologies which guide their steps and make fertile the ground to plant their real and imagined flags. To name a place isn't to be skilled at titles or proper nouns. It is instead the process by which we understand the politics and care of being a community, or the rigor of being alone.

Artists manuel arturo abreu and Christopher Paul Jordan understand the labor of sustenance. Their shared impulses as gatherer and observer are admired for their thoughtful subtleties, and rewarded through an ever-growing collective consciousness. Through the making of their public works, they understand that material space is a poor container for the potentials of immaterial will. Navigating the multifaceted impact of erasure, they each explore the various bodily relegations involved in being asked to justify your belonging on paper or canvas. Their work situates their homes within the context of resource vulnerability and the needful ingenuity that follows closely behind. Stability is power, and lack thereof is an exercise in endurance.

*Place Names* the exhibition viscerally acknowledges the diligence required in grieving what is absent. The frailness of a half built garage and a tree stump missing its branches echo in *The Art Gym*

as unsatisfactory simulacra. The structure and its accompanying objects set their foundations on the quicksand of a future that aches to be exclusionary. Within each of the works, the artists tussle over literal and emotional real estate that's very dispute questions the indisputable value of those who have stood there for generations. The many collaborators they keep close serve as a coalition of resistance. They fortify a landscape of thought that has yet to be colonized.

*Place Names* the publication is equally diligent—this time in service of accounting for what remains. Its pages are a fraught and incomplete inventory. Its words teeter on emotional concepts that are difficult to pronounce. They represent a necessary slippage between quietness and urgency—between academia and the colloquial. The included images carry the weight of abstraction as conceived by Black voices with something precious to withhold.

This book, in spite of its smallness, is a place with many names.