

We live in a time of survey exhaustion. There's no ethnic group that hasn't been neatly encapsulated, no far-ung city that hasn't been given a biennial to host. For a while, it was just Dakar, São Paulo, Istanbul, and Osaka, but now even the tertiary and quaternary hubs, Ouagadougou, Antananarivo, Ulaanbaator, and Manaus, are booked solid. The same goes for earth's cohorts. Every time you turn around, somebody is giving us a glimpse of what's going on among the Aleutians, the Maori, the Ainu, the Uzbek diaspora. There's nobody left to survey, and nowhere left to do it.

So we figured our only option was to do a show of Jews, and do it in New York.

UNTITLED and Zach Feuer invite you to join them as part of their summer long foray into the contemporary work of America's Jews in their natural habitats - the Lower East Side and Chelsea - and help make all of our mothers *kvell*.

Shalom.

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