

Hilton Als talks about the next six months at The Artist's Institute as an emotional retrospective. For more than thirty years, Als has archived his feelings about those he's encountered intimately and from a distance in two books of essays and in publications like *The Village Voice* and *The New Yorker*. Art, he says, has remained a relief from language; expression he has sought variously as a photo editor, graphic designer, curator, and visual artist.

Still, Als continues to seek creative positions where these distinctions matter less, using photographs, sound, and installation to sustain his mix of memoir, portraiture, and criticism. He speaks of photographs specifically as "concrete shadows" but this might apply to all his work in the coming months at the Institute—something that has happened out there, recast as feeling from within.

*One Man Show: Holly, Candy, Bobbie and the Rest*, March 2 – April 24, 2016

Several months ago the great star Holly Woodlawn died in Los Angeles, a far place, temperamentally and architecturally, from her hometown of Miami. Of course, that fact had been made famous by her friend, Lou Reed, in his iconic song "Walk on the Wild Side," which I love because of all the people he remembers in it, including Holly's sister, Candy Darling, who appears in "Candy Says," Reed's aching beauty of an ode. Reed, of course, lived for a time with Rachel, a third transgender star, and Rachel always reminds me, somehow, of Marsha P. Johnson. Johnson, poor and black, did not have the art world behind her (or the music world, which Sylvester had behind him) but when Holly died I started thinking about all these people again, as they were such an important part of my growing up and living, albeit from a distance, and it has taken me many years to understand how deep my feelings are about these various personages who lived in a pre-Transparent, pre-Caitlyn, pre-anything world.

*James Baldwin/Jim Brown and the Children*, May 2 – June 18, 2016

There is too much to say and I don't want to say it.

The experience of making visual things, or creating an environment in which artists get to speak, is a part of life I prefer not to crowd with words. Words are my job. Words pile in on one another and involve various qualifications, elisions, the disaster and tension inherent in being stuck in one point of view.

*Note:* Read more of the press release texts and see the programming lineup [here](#).

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