



Attention is the beginning of devotion, 2017. Blown glass, copper wire, chains wood, watercolors.

(L) Figurine, 150 x 45 x 40 cm; 59 x 17 x 15 inch;

Bird figurine, 55 x 45 x 13 cm | 21 x 17 x 5 inch;

(R) Figurine, 140 x 45 x 40 cm | 55 x 17 x 15 inch;

Mural, 300 cm | 118 inch

THE LIVING WATCH OVER THE LIVING











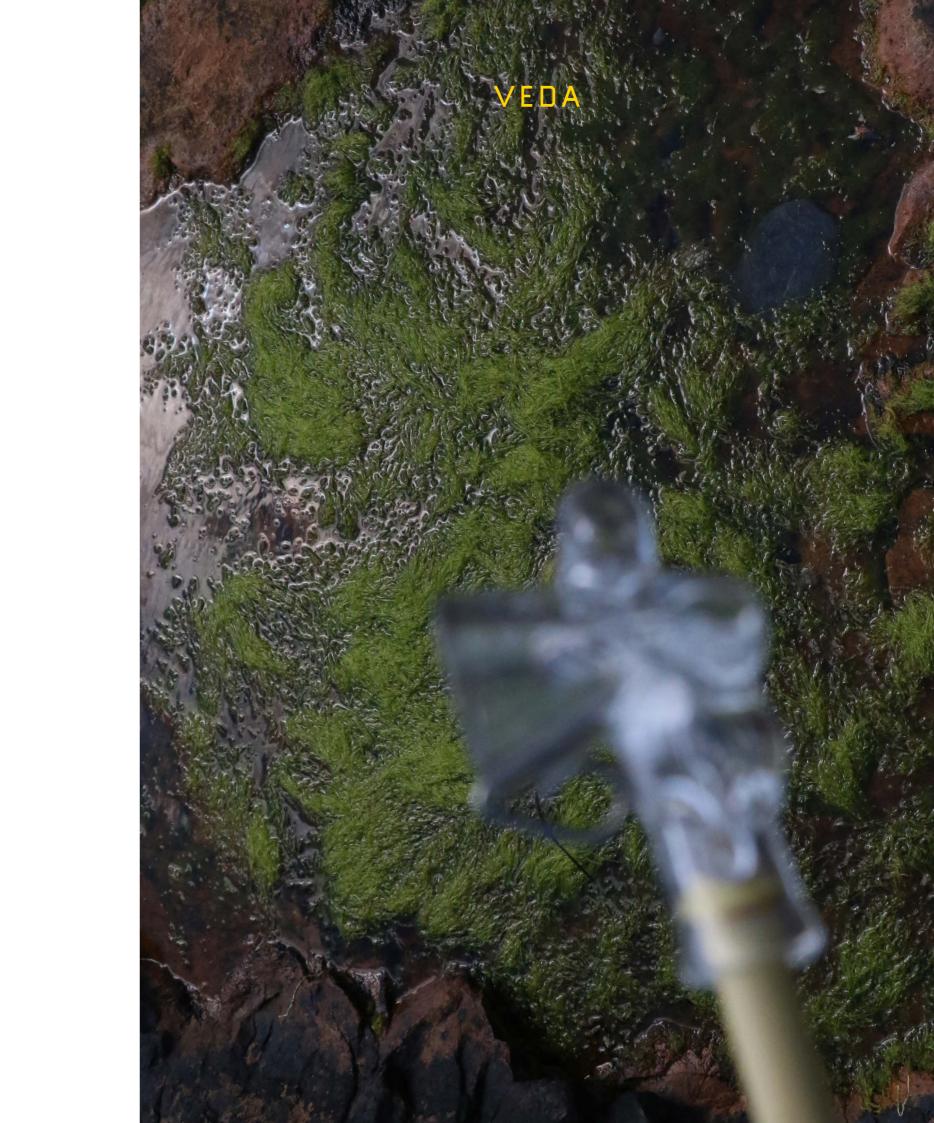


The living watch over the living, 2017. Inkjet print.  $83 \times 73$  cm





Cable bouquet, 2017. Marine optic cable. 51 x 7 x 4 cm



### TIME IS A FLAT CIRCLE

A conversation between Aviva Silverman and Damon Zucconi

## VEDA

AS: So I think it's interesting that we are both atheists, inspired to make work surrounding the spiritual. Atheism and spirituality aren't diametrically opposed but I have been thinking about what it means to be a non-believer philosophically interested in belief- - I'm guessing it has a lot to do with our backgrounds (you in Catholic school, and me in Hebrew school). For this show I've been reading about recording angels, which in Islamic, Judaic, and Christian angelology, are assigned by God with the duty of recording every person's "good deeds" and "bad deeds" which basically means all actions/events that transpire over the course of your life. More specifically, I have been thinking about how angels follow the experiences of your life and note them in a book.

DZ: Yeah, one of the aspects of Catholicism that's been very difficult to escape, is that sense of being observed, unceasingly. I like that about the angels—recording them in books, always, everywhere... like just existence itself is an act of publishing.

AS: That's really interesting. Text itself mediates a relationship with God, as God manifests through text but is also at the same time unknowable and beyond representation. It makes me think about the space between language and meaning:

"Meaning wanders, like human tribulation, or like error, from text to text, and within a text, from figure to figure. What governs this wandering, this errancy, is defense, a beautiful necessity of defense. For not just interpretation is defense, but meaning itself is defense, and so meaning wanders to protect itself. In its etymology, "defense" refers to "things forbidden" and to "prohibition" and we can speculate that poetic defense rises in close alliance with the notions of trespass and transgression, crucial for self-presentation of any new strong poetic. (Kabbalah and Criticism, Harold Bloom (82))

This quote is specific to Kabbalah's formation through the exile of Jews in Spain, but I like thinking about it alongside the idea of "existence itself as an act of publishing". Fear of exile helped create this form of literary representation. I am still caught up on why angels keep a cumulative record in the form of a book\* (which varies from each religion in name) for themselves.

DZ: There's a moral dimension to this—a written account is available to multiple readings. If the entirety of existence is text, then what of the secrets that lie latent in any document. Is there an "angelic hermeneutics," where re-readings of our world create new parallel ones? That's something you seem to be involved with as well, with your work rewriting and restaging plays using dogs as performers. Your position there is angelic in a similar sense, the dogs ignorant of their real roles in your world.

AS: I love being called an angel, thank you! This all makes me think about human error, since reading always leads to other readings and inevitably mis-readings. There are two things at play here (and probably a million more), one being that reading re-writes the original. The text being read inevitably opens up a parallel new world and with it an embedded signature-- your interpretation. I wonder if text can exist outside of the paradox of being read. Which seems to unleash a quagmire on the philosophy of hermeneutics itself. But I like thinking about this idea where, "Whenever two discuss the Law their words are recorded above" (Ber. 6a)" by angels and the age of #altfacts in one stream of consciousness. Call-out culture in biblical times was crucifixion for being a heretic. Maybe the bible could only be written in a time without google, wikipedia, and network culture. The tools that share knowledge have created such different scales of discovery and punishment. "Change the instruments, and you will change the entire social theory that goes with them," Latour, 2009

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;a book of remembrance" — "In His infinite knowledge, God does not need a written record in order to keep track of human deeds. However, when He speaks to us, He often uses metaphor or parable to help us understand (Mark 4:33). As Malachi presented God's words to the people, they would have understood what a book of remembrance represented. The kings of Persia kept such books, records of those who had rendered service to the king, that those servants might be rewarded. The book of Esther contains a good example of this (Esther 6:1–3)."

DZ:Have you heard of Laplace's demon?

AS: Nope!

DZ: "In the history of science, Laplace's demon was the first published articulation of causal or scientific determinism by Pierre-Simon Laplace in 1814. According to determinism, if someone (the Demon) knows the precise location and momentum of every atom in the universe, their past and future values for any given time are entailed; they can be calculated from the laws of classical mechanics."

What I like about this is that the angels and the demon hold the same position. Knowing the absolute state of the world means that you can write the future.

With Spiritual Door, I had set up a system to capture and archive people's orientations from their mobile phones. I wound up aggregating this archive of hundreds of thousands of compass headings. Something I noticed, looking through the data, is that you'd see someone browsing a website for a while in the morning, facing one direction, then all of a sudden their orientation would flip 180 degrees. What I think I see is someone lying awake in bed, and then rolling over, switching sides. All of a sudden this sober recitation of facts became very personal and intimate.



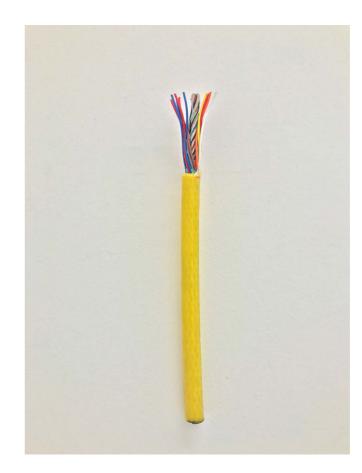
This story, of turning over in bed, is just an interpretation I'm imposing, but it's effortless to overlay readings like this. You can find any narrative you want if you have enough data. This age of alternative facts feels like a function of the amount of information we collect, which makes sense if looked at as just another step in the history of representation.

An angelic hermeneutics writes the future because the future is computable. The obvious question becomes: what kind of entity does this make Google or Facebook or the NSA or...?

Peter Thiel named his big data analysis start-up after the "seeing stone" in Tolkien's legendarium. Palantír, literally meaning "Farsighted" or "One that Sees from Afar."

AS: I'm sure we could ask some elders how they mythologize Google. I loved hearing my ninety year old grandmother explain what she thinks "the cloud" is in which she describes a place people can congregate and share whatever is on their mind without having to leave the house. This makes me think about science fiction and how everything that is happening in regards to corporate oligarchies and data collection has already been written in the 80's and onward. I wish I could remember what happens at the end of Stross's book Accelerando.

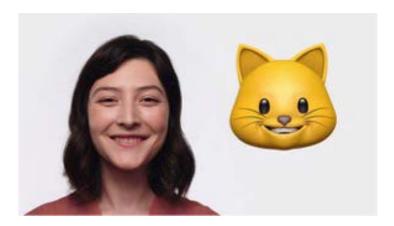
## VEDA



DZ: It ends with the protagonists having become refugees from the Singularity... which is appropriate. I want to ask about this bouquet of cables, which feels prescient, but I'm not sure how to make the leap from here to there? It reminds me of those images of deep sea data cables which have been cut.

AS: It is those deep sea data cables! I wrote to a company that manufactures electro-opticalmechanical cables and was able to get a sample of the ones that carry the internet under the sea. I thought it was important in thinking about satellites of communication, that we see what they physically look like. My "Cable Bouquet" is a simple offering of something hidden that acts with God-like omnipresence. On the flip side, I'm like.. how did a non-bodied genderless messenger of God end up being drawn as a man with wings. I mean, I get it...maybe this circles back to the quote you mentioned by Kevin Kelly, "Vanity trumps privacy". No matter what people will scan their faces and fingers in order to see themselves as a cat on Snapchat.

Cable Bouquet, marine optic cables, 2017



St Paul to the Corinthians: "per speculum in aenigmate"—In an enigma by means of a mirror—we only see God now as a reflection. (1 Corinthians 13:12)



DZ: Technology is a mirror, is this what you're getting at with the title "The Living Watch Over the Living"?

AS: The title came to me when making the image that shares the show's title.

Pictured within it is a silhouetted figure gazing toward the viewer. They are standing between an open door and an image that hangs on the wall of Sputnik, the first artificial Earth satellite launched by the Soviet Union. The figure lights a stick of incense that's' reflected in deep space surrounding Sputnik. The title makes me think about the multiplicities of being watched.

DZ: I'm also thinking of this sculpture you showed me—where the mirror intercepts an angel's view of its "book of remembrance." It gives the agency back to the viewer—now you're the one that gets to re-read your existence. Is that what living watching over the living is, taking back our power from the heavens and giving it to one another?

AS: Haha, this just made me think about this whole text being some encoded ad for Hakim Bey's book T.A.Z.

DZ: So, what about surveillance, though? What to do with those multiplicities of being watched? Lately, something I've been wondering about is if it's possible to recast the loss of privacy as a productive force? Even now, as I'm typing this in our shared Google Document, I can see your avatar and cursor, hovering in the paragraph above this one. I don't really know if you're watching... are you?

AS: LOL. I 'checked in' but wasn't...watching. I guess when thinking about these two scales of surveillance- both the Angelic and Big data - - there's nothing to do necessarily. Being weary, being scared, being given tons of hail mary's: these are some of the effects of their power. Your lifestyle is an outcome of how much you believe in them to some extent. What do you think of when you mention losing privacy as a 'productive force'? Immediately I think of Edward Snowden and other whistleblowers exposing mass surveillance.

DZ: I don't know, the obvious response to these trends is that they are all \*very bad things\*... but these aren't forces that are stoppable so, what are some upsides? For example, is it possible for a loss of privacy to create some mutant form of collectivity?

Kevin Kelly has spoken about this at length: "The remedy for over-secrecy is to think in terms of coveillance, so that we make tracking and monitoring as symmetrical — and transparent — as possible. [...] with transparent coveillance where everyone sees each other — a sense of entitlement can emerge: Every person has a human right to access, and benefit from, the data about themselves."





https://www.are.na/damon-zucconi/nude-figures-as-seen-from-space

DZ: By authoring this document together, we're making use of coveilling technologies. Those indications of the other's presence, watching, creates a situation where we're holding one another accountable.

AS: I'm happy google docs can be a co-veilant success. The idea that "... every person has a human right to access, and benefit from, the data about themselves." definitely lives in an alternative universe without Peter Thiel and this extreme age of billionaires having the social capital and political influence to censor journalism.... I like that when we started we were questioning the idea of text living in a space without reading and here we are thinking about Free Speech. They both share this concept of unadulterated expression which is tricky since nothing is without influence (or maybe that's the question...?)....Speaking of which I just googled the phrase, "does God know the future" and found the most popular follow up was, "and still give us free will." The public wants to know!!!

DZ: "Those primed to hold a deterministic view by reading statements like 'Science has demonstrated that free will is an illusion' were less likely to give money to a homeless person or lend someone a cellphone. [They were] less creative, more likely to conform, less willing to learn from their mistakes, and less grateful toward one another." (There's No Such Thing as Free Will, The Atlantic, June 2016)

Maybe they want to know, and maybe the future is written... but it's still a secret. Some secrets are information that's in the world, but inaccessible. We've just been "given" free will in the form of our ignorance.



A Rose, Dr. Dain L., Tasker, 1936.

#### "of God

the form hides
gleaming motion:
a shaking roaring
wall glimpsed
behind film.
massive leonine
an infinity
of hairs
uncoiling muscular
disc bisecting
glories and sundrops,
solar spitting
tarified ribbons,
matchstick song
—an unending shimmering skeane
tearing the thousand worlds
through the interiors,
cutting ghosts and treasures
in twos:
martial sigh
and martial gasp.

To whom all flames shall shake, to whom all flames shall beg, to whom all flames shall bow

-Nathan Hauenstein's magical practices range from the hellenistic, goetic and Catholic. This poem is related to persona visions of the spirits

# ENTERING HEAVEN ALIVE

January 13-February 18, 2018 Bodega, NYC



In the Book of Malachi and the statements of R. Shila the angel is a witness, an agent of surveillance; likewise, a recording angel in Judaic, Christian, and Islamic angelology takes account of a person's actions, thoughts, and feelings. Divine protectors that are also observers, observers that are surveillors, surveillors that ensure the social order or other orders of support: whether monastic, cosmological, or of a physical language behind the liturgical scene.

Angels are said to leave material traces or questions of their materiality. For Duns Scotus they are immaterial, subject to a physics without body, but with the place, nitude, and laws that act on bodied, nite creatures. In depictions, they appear as desireless, genderless beings. In Islam, they are described as spirits blown into light analogously to humans, who are blown into form. They transform through civilizations to suit the particular vein of protection they are to embody.

"The inner life was like a haunted house. But what else could it be? It contained everything. Everything extraneous had been put into it. The entire history of the individual. Everything that had previously belonged to everybody, everything that had been collective property and had existed in the world in which everyone lived, had to be contained by the individual. It could not be expected that things would be quiet in the inner self."—J. H. Van den Berg



### Next pages:

Installation view of the show featuring

Shrinking World, 2018, bronze, pearls, brass chain,  $50.8 \times 73.7 \times 17.8 \text{ cm}$  Restraint is Support, 2018, security glass, wood, ceramic gurines, strings, rubber, wires, electrical parts, LED lighting, Mylar,  $91.4 \times 55.9 \times 35.6 \text{ cm}$ 

Service Destiny, 2018, ceramic angel figurine, miniature hand mirror, 12.7 x 7.6 x 6.4 cm Shrinking World, 2018, bronze, pearls, brass chain, 50.8 x 73.7 x 17.8 cm The Custodian, 2018, Digital C-print, chrome frame, 33 x 45.7 cm Entering Heaven Alive, 2018, glass, phosphor coating, xenon, 66 x 22.9 x 11.4 cm To Exist is to Survive Unfair Choices, 2018, hand blown glass bird, Raggedy Ann doll, LED light, 15.2 x 63.5 x 35.6 cm





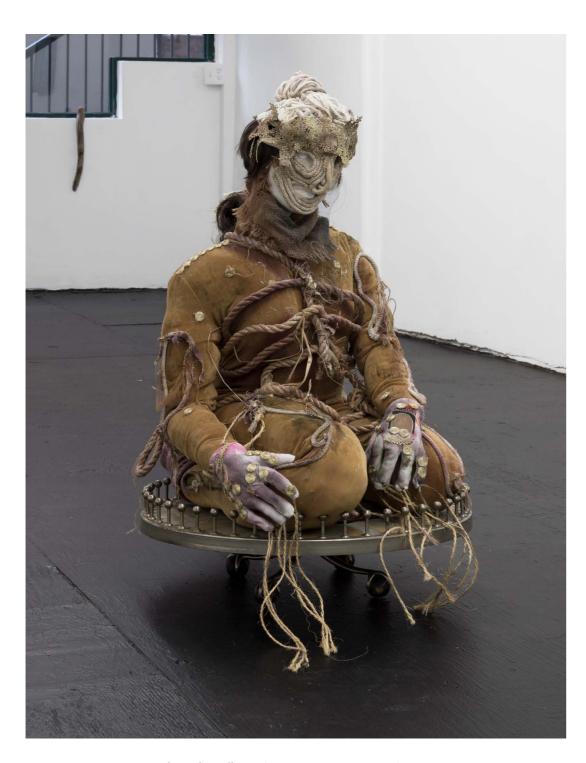






SELECTED WORKS

THE DEBT COLLECTOR 2016



The Debt Collector (Tomorrow Aways Comes), 2016 Copper coil, cotton gloves, sisal, ornamental brocade trim, fabric, roulette gambling wheel, (with Jeannine Han)  $76.2 \text{w} \times 152.4 \text{h} \times 45.7 \text{d} \text{ cm}$ 





Whatever You're Pushing Against You're Stuck to, 2016 Georgette fabric, ink, wood, hinges 304,8w x 182,8h x 5d cm.

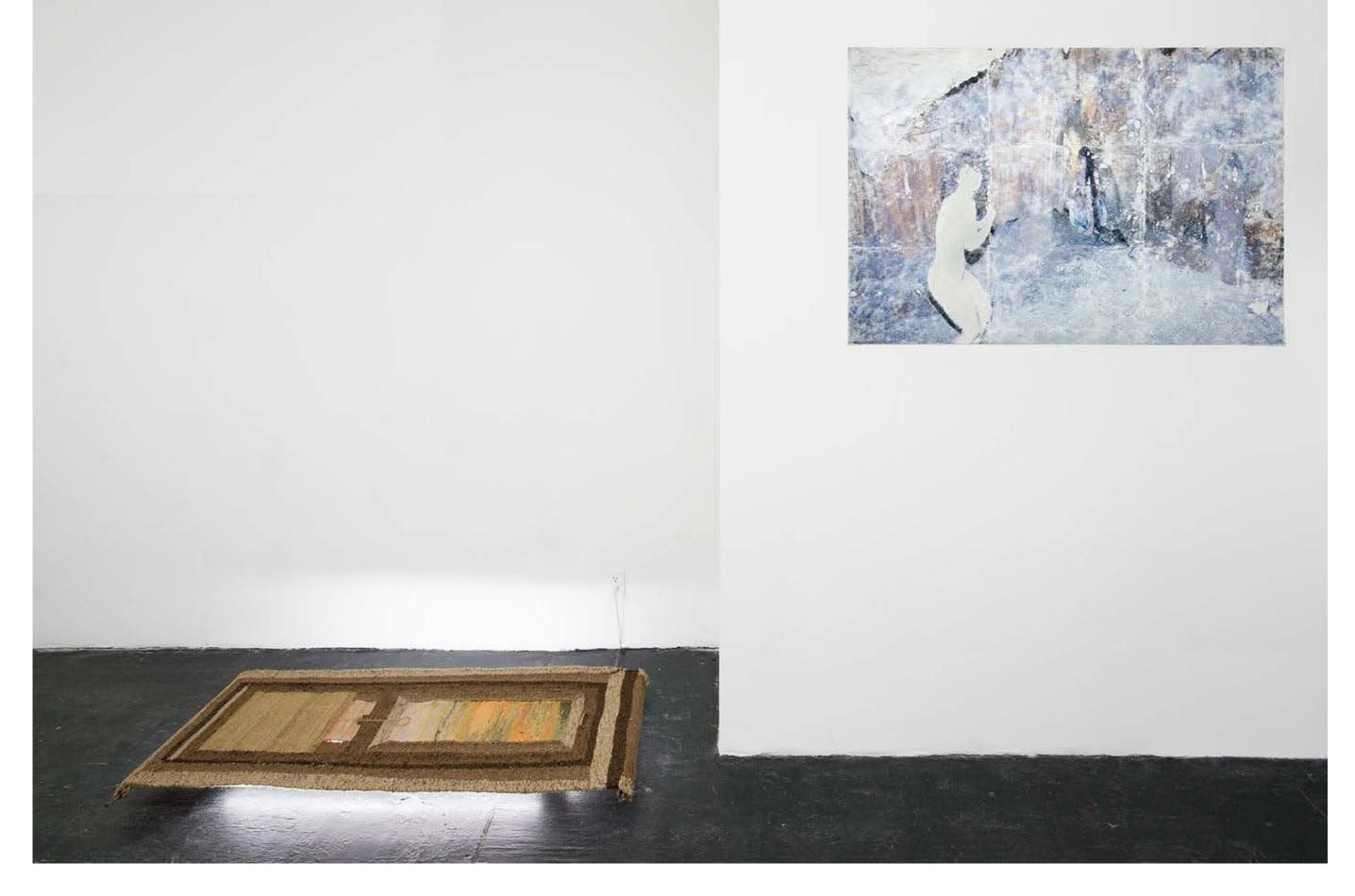




CRUDE CURRENCY (the real price of everything/what everything really costs/ to whom wants to acquire it/ the toil and trouble of acquiring it/ what everything is really worth/ to whom has acquired it/ and wants to dispose of it/ or exchange it/ for something else/ the toil and trouble which it can save/ which it can impose upon other people), 2015, coin currencies (Chinese, Greek, Swedish, Canadian, Israeli, Russian,...), energy currencies (lumps of metal, rice, spices, bee pollen, berries), wheelbarrow

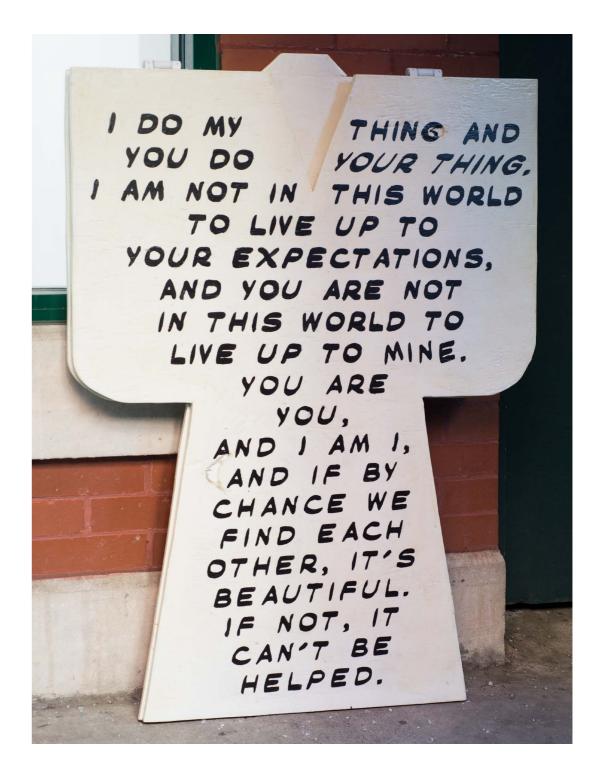
149 w. x 55,88 h. x 71,12 d. cm.





Untitled (for Jo Jo) [left], A Sly Birth [right]





Sun Stand Thou Still, 2015 Laser-transfer, canvas 81,2w x 54,6 h cm.

Disgusting letters we have received (2015) housepaint, wood, hinges



Here are some things to put in soup: green lentils, the tiny speckled flying saucer ones; greens that taste rich and dark like blood-iron; a stick of celery cut into small dice; an onion and saltwater tears; vegetable stock; a shake of the jar of dried thyme; maybe a carrot, for sweetness. Sit close enough to the hob that the steam fogs your glasses and the smell of the cooking pulls your appetite to the tip of your tongue. Leave it as it is or, if you crave muddling and oneness, take the blender to the soup until it is as smooth as silk. A squeeze of lemon at the end defines the edges, and pulls the muddied flavours into line.

Soup is pure matter. It exists to be transformed. What about the brutality of the killing, plucking and harvesting that lands the ingredients in a heavy stockpot, or of drowning those ingredients in liquid. And then consider the flame that the pot is set over. Heat is a violent disruption, serving to break down the integrity of the building blocks of the soup. So carrots and onion soften and meld, and become carrot-onion-broth. This joining is violent, and so soup, by its very essence, is brute, destructive physicality. It is stuff.

Hold the stuff in your mouth and it will wrap to your gums; let it sink with gravity, and feel the warmth of it linger in your throat. Eventually it cools to the temperature of blood. It acquiesces, and draws into your cells. The body tears it apart into the finest shreds of substance, and these molecules subsume to the fabric of flesh, bone and bile. You eat soup; soup is eaten by you. It is to be taken in, undone, and used up. Eat. Make the soup become you.

This brutality isn't coherent with the tenderness that characterises the home kitchen, and yet this duality – violence and nurturing, destruction and growth – is at the heart of the act of eating. First there is the artistry of the cook, and the subjective, careful tactility with which she feels, tastes and smells her food. The aim is not just sustenance but pleasure. To share a recipe is an act of charity. To share a plate of food is a gesture of love. The metaphorical and folkloric weight of soup is well-known: chicken soup, hot borscht with sour cream, sinigang, groundnut soup, minestrone – each of these is rich with the promise of healing.

And yet soup is also Soylent. Soup is smoothie bowls, bone broth, nutrient pouches, an intravenous drip, jars of baby food, energy bars, protein powder, caffeine pills and breast milk. Soup is gasoline. Soup is the streamlining of nutrition, by recasting food as fuel. This is not food that resembles food, but substance minimised to condense pure energy. The debasement of the self-conscious artfulness of cooking, gastronomy even, is total. This is the other side of the duality of food. Food is both the physicality of brute substance, and the transcendence of the metaphysical questions that overwrite it. Soup is the essence of this conflicted food – reduced and distilled.

Soups occupy a special place within food writing, catering and home cooking. Sometimes this is a return to rustic simplicity. Other times this represents a clarification, or a symbolic unblurring: the tomato soup with garlic, bay, marjoram and salt, that tastes more like tomato than tomato itself. This is the note that rings clear against the discord of physicality that characterises the reality of what it is to make, and eat, soup. Soup is definition, becoming, and essence, and it moulds the bodies that it feeds. You make soup, and soup makes you. Your soup makes you strong; it makes you Iranian, or German, or Ghanaian; it makes you warm, heavy and full; it makes you a disciple of your parents' cooking; it makes you colonial violence; it makes you native; it makes you a chef; it makes you an animal; it makes you softer across the flesh of your belly; it makes you soup.

-Ruby Tandoh







Courage, 2017 Scalloped serving bowl, polyurethane food ingredients (soba noodles, shiitake mushrooms, radish, carrots). epoxy resin, porcelain figurine, plastic flora, LED base, 19.1 x 29.2 x 29.2 cm.







Order, 2015

Metal bowl, polyurethane food ingredients (bratwurst, carrots, cauliflower, red peppers), epoxy resin, taxi light, crow, doctor and patient figurine 38 x 22.8 x 38 cm.





Candor, 2016 Enamel bowl, polyester stuffing, optometrist figurine, drunk hobo bar lamp, aerolux neon light  $44 \times 53 \times 44 \text{ cm}$ 

# PERFORMANCES



Twister, MoMA PS1, Queens, NY, 2016

This edition combines elements from the disaster film Twister, 1996, with Charles Dickens' Oliver Twist, interspersed with songs from the musical, Oliver!. Each dog carries a speaker that projects the internal monologue of its character, prerecorded by human actors, including Vaginal Davis. The play takes place against an apocalyptic backdrop, made in collaboration with Matthew Schrader.





Little Big Man, Ellis King, Dublin, Ireland, 2016

Little Big Man reimagines the contemporary myth of the Internet, recasting Mark Zuckerberg as a dissatisfied cowboy seeking love and fulfillment within a menagerie of Wild Western sets and characters. Unlucky in love—and preternaturally gifted with computers—Mark pairs up with a mysterious soothsayer known as The Master, who offers him counseling in exchange for a share in Mark's new business venture. But as he begins to learn The Master can't give him everything he wants, Mark discovers an unlikely, impassioned new self in the song-and-dance hootenany of Irving Berlin's musical classic, "Annie Get Your Gun!"

Lucy, documentation image, Old Room, NYC, 2014
Two small dogs and cat narrator re-enact the story of Luc Besson's Lucy. After her drug induced metamorphosis, Lucy becomes a one-woman human potential movement as her intellectual power rapidly increases and she spawns new forms of perception and agency.





The Great Slump on Good Friday, At Bodega, NY, 2014
Geo Wyeth sings naughty, gaudy, bawdy, sporty ... Alimony Sal. Sprung out of the era that sang, "Let's be Common", and "Why am I so romantic," Sal follows her heart to court, collecting divorces and alimony through ecstatic dance routines and an endless smile. "When I'm good I'm very good. But when I'm bad I'm better."

Bluebirds ft. "Make Believe", SculptureCenter, Queens, NY, 2014
Bluebirds ft. "Make Believe" debuts two Depression-era operettas, "Hallelujah, I'am a Bum!" and "We're in the Money" sung in tandem and carried by dogs. An original song, "Make Believe", was sung by its song-writer, Nettie Smith, and performed by a smaller pup swaddled in a jacket.

### AVIVA SILVERMAN CURRICULUM VITAE

Born 1986

Lives and works in New York

#### **EDUCATION**

2008 Bachelors of Fine Art, Maryland Institute College of Art, Baltimore, Maryland

### **SOLO EXHIBITIONS**

2018 Swiss Institute, New York, NY (forthcoming)

2018 yom asal yom basal, Sommer Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv, Israel (forthcoming)

2018 Entering Heaven Alive, Bodega, New York, NY

2017 The Living Watch Over The Living, VEDA, Florence IT

2015 Unmanned Lander, Bodega, New York, NY

#### SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2017 Céu Torto, curated by Attilia Fattori Franchini, Boatos Fine Art, São Paulo, Brazil

Protean Vessel(s), Ellis King, Dublin, Ireland

2016 Heavy Metal, Carl Louie, London, Ontario, Canada

I Surrender, Dear, Salzburger Kunstverein, Salzburg, Austria

The Castle Walls Are High but My Hair Is Long, Romeo, New York, NY

Exhibition by 31 Women, organized with Vivien Trommer, Philipp Pflug Contemporary, Frankfurt, Germany.

It Can Howl, Atlanta Contamporary, Atlanta, GA

Safety Deposit Box, Lock Up International, Frankfurt, Germany

Jumanji, Soft Focus Institute, Ghent, Belgium

Bitter Water, with Anna Betbeze and Willa Nasatir, DREI, Cologne, Germany

A Stolen Painting Found by a Tree, curated by Kodomo, Rope, Baltimore, MD

Walk Artisanal, curated by Miles Huston and Peter Harkawik, 3716 Eagle Rock, Los Angeles, CA

2015 Natural Flavor, Ludlow 38, New York, NY

Greater New York, MoMA PS1, Queens, NY

Time Inferno, Et Al., San Francisco, CA

System of a Down, Ellis King, Dublin, Ireland

Our Lacustrine Cities, Chapter NY, New York, NY

Cold Places, Galerie Andreas Huber, Vienna, Austria

Take Me Down, Goethe-Institut at Ludlow 38, New York, NY

OPEN, Studio Voltaire, London, England

2014 In Practice - Chance Motives, Sculpture Center, Queens, NY

MARS IS HEAVEN, Haydon Boss, London, England

In Its Image, American Medium, New York, NY

Grids, Gillmeir-Rech, Berlin, Germany

Is it Much Too Much to Ask, not to Hide Behind the Mask?, Old Room, New York, NY

No, You're Product, Slopes, Victoria, Australia

AIRBNB Pavilion, 14th Architecture Biennale, Venice, Italy

2013 Fledgling, Vault Gallery, Berlin, Germany

### VEDA

The Possibility of an Island, Import Projects, Berlin, Germany

2012 Dependent Art Fair, The Comfort Inn, New York, NY
Some Facts About Manhattan, Martos Gallery, New York, NY
2011111111111 Lab for Electronic Arts and Performance, Berlin, Germany

2011 Not the way you remembered, Queens Museum of Art, NY Possession, The Art Foundation, Athens, Greece

2010 Translation as a Structuring Principle: If A Then B, Gentili Apri, Berlin, Germany Witty, lo-fi works with knotty thoughts, Netherlands Media Art Institute, Netherlands

2009 Agenda, Current Gallery, Baltimore, MD

2008 Dark Fair, Swiss Institute, New York, NY

### PERFORMANCES

2017 Crooked Sky, Boatos Fine Art, São Paulo, Brazil

2016 Little Big Man, Ellis King, Dublin, Ireland Bloody Mary, Liste, Basel, Switzerland Roughing It II, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY Twister, MoMA PS1, Queens, NY

2015 Vielen Danke für die Blumen, NADA New York, New York, NY Roughing It, New Theatre, Berlin, Germany Take Me Down, Goethe-Institut at Ludlow 38, New York, NY

2014 Bluebirds ft. "Make Believe", SculptureCenter, Queens, NY The Great Slump on Good Friday, Bodega, New York, NY Lucy, Old Room, New York, NY

2013 Fly Room, Appendix Project Space, Portland, OR

2012 Zhuanzi dreamed s/he was a butterfly, ii D-Center, Baltimore, MD

2010 Zhuanzi dreamed s/he was a butterfly, Gentili Apri, Berlin, Germany

#### **BIBLIOGRAPHY**

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"It Can Howl" at Atlanta Contemporary Art Center, Mousse Magazine, July 25, 2016

Hayley Silverman, Anna Sophie Berger, Blue Paper, May, 2016, Print

Cronies in a California Dream, Keith J. Varadi, Spike Magazine, February 2, 2016

Ten Artists Every Art Fan Should Know About, TimeOut New York, December 18, 2015

Hayley A. Silverman, Marta Gnyp, FOAM, December 16, 2015

Unmanned Lander, Flash Art, November-December, 2015

PS1's 'Greater New York' Gets Sentimental, Ryan Steadman, Observer, October 21, 2015

Greater New York, Andrew Stefan Weiner, Art Agenda, October 13, 2015

Greater New York Survey at MoMA PS1, Adriana Pauly, Autre, October 12, 2015

The Figure Is Back, Baby!, Andrew M. Goldstein, Artspace, October 11, 2015

PS1's Sprawling 'Greater New York' Show Broadens Its Purview, Andrew Russeth, ArtNews, October 9, 2015 Our Lacustrine Cities, The New Yorker, July, 2015

You Are What You Eat, Laura McLean-Ferris, Mousse Magazine, Summer, 2015, p276-283, Print

Artist and Curator Ajay Kurian's NADA New York 2015 Picks, Ajay Kurian, Artspace, May 15, 2015

Art Advisor Heather Flow's NADA New York Picks, Artspace, May 12, 2015

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30 Emerging Artists to Watch During Frieze Week, Artsy, May 12, 2015 8 Great Booths to Check Out at NADA, Christie Chu, artnet News, May 15, 2015 Hayley Silverman's Soup: a Play in Two Acts, Pablo Larios, Art Papers, March, 2015, p21-26, Print Hayley A. Silverman, Abraham Adams, Artforum, February, 2015 Hayley A. Silverman, Brian Droitcour, Art in America, February, 2015 Food in the Frame, Ruby Tandoh, BBC Radio 4, February, 2015 24 Artists to Watch, Modern Painters, December, 2014, p74, Print Forecast, Hayley A. Silverman and Emily Shinada, Info-Punkt, October, 2013, p24, Print How To Download A Boyfriend, Badlands Unlimited, 2012 Artist of the Week: Hayley Aviva Silverman, Vincent Uribe, LVL3 Gallery, September, 2011 Visualizing Community, Nicholas O'Brien, Wave Int'l, Issue 02, June, 2011 Collasus: Office for Collaborative Sustainability, Berlin, 2011, Print Post Internet: Notes on the Internet and Art, Gene McHugh, Brescia, 2011, Print Possession, Damon Zucconi, The Art Foundation of Greece, 2011, Print In der Konzeptschleuse, Dominikus Müller, Artnet, September, 2010 The Everything, Hayley Silverman, If A Then B. Ed. Pablo Larios, Penguin Books, 2010, p70-77, Print Younger than Jesus: Artist Directory. New York: Phaidon Press, 2009, Print Putting the I in Imaginary, Marisa Olson, Rhizome, June, 2008 Agenda: Queering Popular Media, Kate Barutha, Radar Redux, 2008, Print Splashes of Color (and Gender), Jason Foumberg, NewCity Art, 2008

