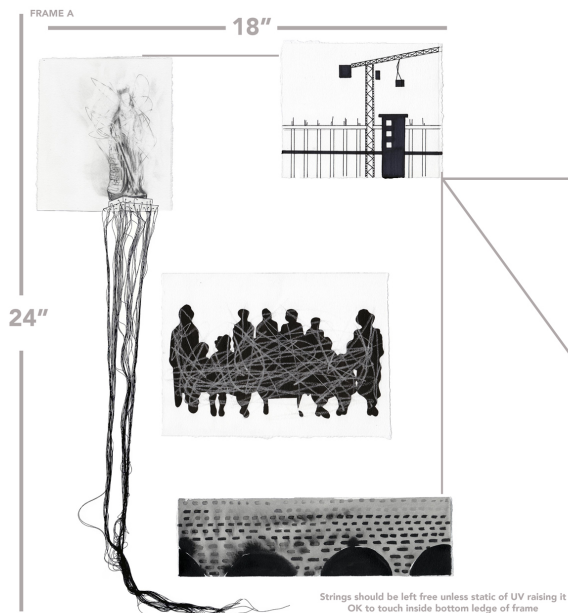


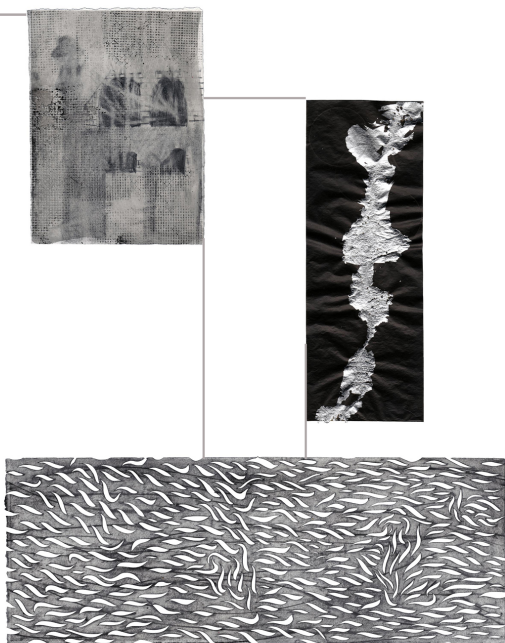
Frame Instructions for The Greater Common Good



A first set of lines emerges boldly as directions for how we should frame the work. More lines scramble across figures, arrange themselves into bars of steel, delineate sites of destruction. Lines trace, erase, disorient us. Lines can also lead us astray, like the loose ends of string that *should be left free*. What happens when stray lines lead us to overlapping pasts of dispossession, violence, and migration? If we tether ourselves to those strings, can they lead us towards other archaeologies of place?

Each image in the triptych demarcates Indigeneous and Asian American histories of dispossession, colonial and postcolonial projects of environmental devastation. Or more precisely, Rehman's lines compel us to look across, turn back, glance sideways. Like the carbon lines stacked one on top of the other, these images necessitate a sedimented reading. What *should be aligned*, as Rehman tells us, is not simply the historical wreckage of the Mission Dam in Santa Barbara and the Tarbela Dam in Pakistan, constructed three hundred years apart – but those ties of affect and labor that delineate our relational encounters with each other. As artists, as poets, as critics, and as curators, we hold onto those lines that move us towards futures yet unseen.

FRAME C



Frame B and Frame C lowest works should be aligned

Aligned. Equidistant. OK to touch
In these guidelines, what figures?

The plinth unravels black thread
and red lines trace across frames.

The map of the Mission shows no
people. The scheme for the Dam

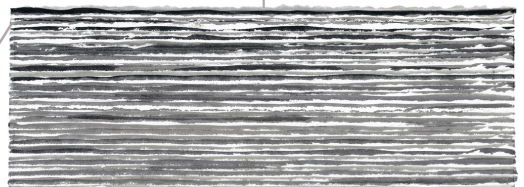
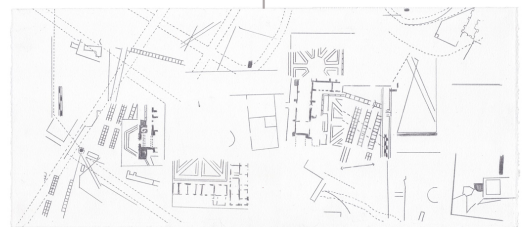
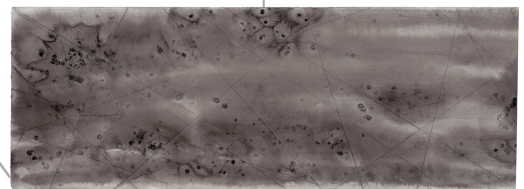
shows no river. We look to return
with our bodies of water

but these scales are designed
to keep us small. Empire dreams all

the way to Mars, as in to mar, as in
to god war. In the shadow of drones

FRAME B

Equidistant from one another



we walk from one violence to another
holding scraps. Our lines are also

instructions. How to track a different
direction, stencil a new window,

pass through names for home
as through portals? Your river bends

this paper so it can't remake
the likeness of itself. Where we

meet, I'll have a lot to learn.
We might become friends.

This will take the kind of love
I could never prepare for