

Read it if you feel like.

In Other Words

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When we try our best to be present all of a sudden someone goes absent. Then we can't bring him or her back to the moment of creation. Where did he or she go in that moment? The answer

to this question lies in the enigmas and ambiguities of the meaning of this creature, in its bio-genesis. It is lie prostrated on glass; it stares out of frame as it cringes terrifyingly. It has no feathers, no furs nor scales, just a piece of membranous sheath wrapped around its irregular

skeleton. It is uncertain of its being or rather its non-being. We can try to escape the implications of its presence by genuflecting into self pity or by the conjuring up of vacuous self assertions and liberal platitudes.



Perhaps an existential deep dive into the black collective consciousness and ethics would be a better option of us surviving in this catastrophic age riven by bellicose beasts. The creature reminds us that our lives have been drastically reduced to a kind of Darwinian struggle to survive. The creator Trishauna Henry perhaps wants to entertain as well as elucidate through her creature, the socio-genesis of the present global vulnerability of black people, it might be

laughable but it is certainly is not a joke. Like the fleckless creature, black peoples' weak and sickly conditions were created by Europeans and is still being maintained at all cost. Our present condition was once describe as "soft black" by the young poet N. Smith, in one of her highly intellectually crafted poems.

Trishaunna sculpted too with a sharp intellect and poetic imagination. Her strongest and most magnetic impulse as a creator is that she best bridges lofty scientific ideas with commonsense consequences. She puts all the professional shades of negroes: the poetasters, the belletrists, the academics, theorists of dance hall, and the lumpens too, all in the same place of vulnerability.

They will all go down together; this is the commn and prophesies of her high art. On the experiential aspects of this work, there is a heavy sense of art meeting science, resulting in a veritable aesthetic activism aspiring to perfectibility and completion. This is aptly achieved in a global landscape where black lives are inundated by disappointment, compromise and tragedy, while the rest of 'humanity' pampered themselves with a plethora of slick emptiness masquerading as culturally relevant artistic expressions.

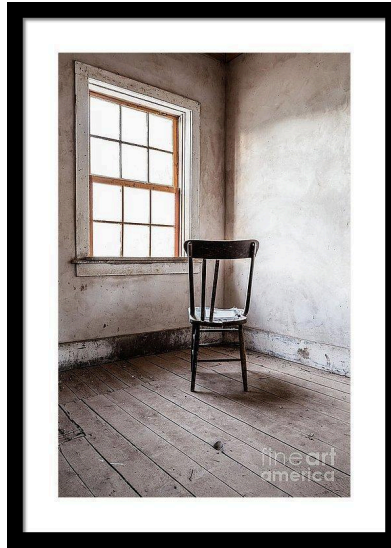
We can save ourselves and go back to our original selves, but **iff (reads if and only if)** we become vocal, vigilant and blacktive. We, like the creature are living on glass. Silence and gleeful waste of time will only ensure that we become as cringing and hapless as Trishaunna's "Untitled" creature.

Brad Pinnock's installation *Race Apocalypse* | *Mixed media collage on paper, wooden chair*, establishes a sense of visual security in its artistic, philosophical and intellectual accomplishments. Each part corresponds well with the totality of the piece. The installation reflects a creator who is most at home in a lineage of is respectful, passionate and optimistic black philosophers, creators and scholars whose deep thoughts and brilliant insights suggest a way of being in the world. This young creator seems overwhelmingly unmoored from his past, and that is a wonderful thing as it is our black past that is the wellspring of all we do.



Brad Pinnock | *Race Apocalypse* | *Mixed media collage on paper, wooden chair* | 96 x 51.5 inches | 2021.

Below is a photo by entitled: “Ghost Town Chair” by Edward M. Fielding. Fielding says I often use empty chairs in my photography work to imply the human occupation of space – past or present, or the absence of humans. The chair is a stand-in for people, a character to occupy an otherwise empty space.

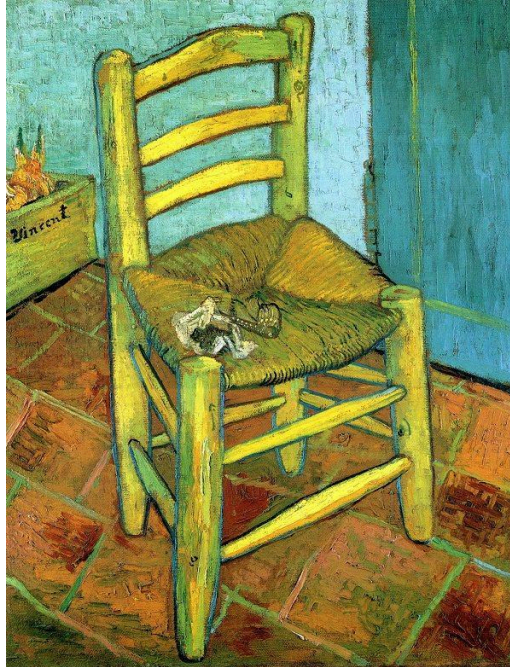


“Ghost Town Chair”

The chair can symbolize loss or the hope of a return. A chair in a remote unexpected place can provide evidence of nearby human companionship or it can represent evidence of long-absent occupants in an abandoned space.

A chair is a familiar object one that is distinctly created for the human body. The chair is a physical reminder of human occupation of space, a proxy for humans not currently in the space. A chair can have character based on its placement in regard to other objects around it.

Van Gogh painted this picture as a pendant to another painting he made at the same time as Gauguin's Chair when the relationship between Gauguin and Van Gogh had become strained.



Van Gogh *Gauguin's Chair* December 1888,

“Take a seat Iceland” by Edward M. Fielding, A single white chair in the middle of the dramatic, remote and harsh Iceland landscape can be seen as an oasis. This barren landscape provides no other place for a human to stop and rest for miles around. “*Symbolism of the Empty Chair in Art*,” PUBLISHED 07/10/2018.

<https://www.dogfordstudios.com/symbolism-accessed/3/9/1022>



But none of the above three works bring home the human predicament embodied in the empty chair as Brad's work does. In Brad's work there is an eerie disquiet, a destabilizing vector if one contemplates the piece beyond a glimpse. It is an extraordinary instance of propelling a most familiar object beyond the realm of its ontic necessity so that it comes to represent a whole race of people in dire straits.

The psychogenesis of this disequilibrium is in the fact that we have, most black people have not come around to the simple fact that the World does not want us here and that each passing day our lives are a gamble with the deck stacked against.

I have already introduced the Roman concept of Homo sacer "the sacred man" or "the accursed man") this is a person who may be killed by anybody, but may not be sacrificed in a religious ritual. The Italian philosopher Giorgio Agamben has brought currency to the concept in his writings. The status of black people in the world is as homo sacer. But Jamaica produces more

murdered black people per annum than any other country. Black people have become Homo Sacer in Jamaica devoid of collective black self realization. Joni Gordon gave us a glimpse of this wanton disregard for black peoples in the photo below. The photo, “untitled” (Beyond Expectations Series), magnificent in its formal heft depicts black body parts strewn among other utilitarian detritus and objects. The sole complete image decked out in black and slightly off-centered in the composition as been reduced to Lilliputian status.



“Untitled” (Beyond Expectations Series), 2021

Though the photo is rooted in her personal travel experiences the relevance holds out to all of us. In other words, we must Be, or perish.