



*And Feed It Uomo*  
Excerpt/*Sans Image*  
WIP  
David-Jeremiah  
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I promised no more acronyms *ever*. Then I declared no more acronyms until Lamborghini produced seven new models. Ergo seven new hoods to pull shapes from. No dice at the time. However, they did eventually unveil a fresh three. From those three I was able to abstract not just seven but 15 new shapes. Some were complete hood outlines, while others were segments. Let me prelude for a bit. The achievement I've appreciated the most in my practice thus far was accomplished in the previous body of work titled: *I Drive Thee*. Initially, it teased my baser sensibilities by harkening "balance." Since its beginning, my practice has had to referee—by function—a very unoriginal dichotomy that I've very unoriginally been dealing with the majority of my turn at beauty. This tension between my nigga-in-America side and all the inclusions that trademark involves. Race politics, identity quests, and allegiances—real and fake—of Prince Yahshua proportions. Then the other side. The side that knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that I could've been born lime green, polka dot or see-through and still find myself romancing aesthetics. Having those childishly biblical imaginations of my *right* and *destiny* to slay—again if they're already dead—every contemporary art giant *solely* because my name happens to be Da'vid. Or that yearn of high performance natural to this time trial of not merely being an important *black* artist but an important *the* artist. The bigger side.

Does me or I get my art? A flawlessly muddled placeholder for the type of plausibly deniable, inspectional games we play with ourselves. And the answer to that limp riddle—at least for me—has been around way longer than the rare times I've worked up enough shaken stubbornness to gradually prove I've already had it solved. Determined to pass itself off as one of those revelations so densely "come on now" its obviousness circles around from the back, back to the front, refusing to let you think you hadn't realized it all along. *I Drive Thee* was the first time I could tangibly connect past simply contemplating these two opposing sides to full-blown visualization of their bout's outcome, skipped past all the actual clash it took to get there. It was the first time that I was able to be the nigga *and* the romance. That's the foot it disingenuously put forward. As I mentioned earlier, it struck baser chords. That ability to have two versions of the same discussion simultaneously within the same context of concept. On one side a concise narrative leveraging exotic symbolism with the "west" of them. And carrying the torch of rehash concerning an unflattering definition of black masculinity in perpetuity. All while a monochromatic version of hemostasis got me the closest I've ever been to licking Rosso Arancio out my wound. The other side? Something artlessly grander (see *I Drive Thee* p.N/A). It was able to be what it seemed on the surface and more at the same time. Go black artist! GO! That in itself was very rewarding for me. Coveting the most and the lesser while actually being the most and the lesser. Foreshadowing the fundamental difference between male and man. Either way doubt *should* be forced to prove itself. Now the art is closer to being alive like us. And I'm closer to

fuller creation therefore redemption. But, again, I was mistaken. This wasn't "balance." This is bigger.

It's not that I've been systematically revisiting *every* previous body of work encompassing my practice and forcing retroactive refinement on their pedigree. Hoping to raise them above the main way they're pigeonholed contextually amid myself. This most-and-the-lesser gear of communication is a thing for me now. At the very least the new status quo. Why not—if the opportunity within said body of work proves fitting and unironic—accelerate the work's lifespan a bit? Further their flesh out. How could I turn down the making and witnessing of as much of the work's evolution as I can? It's surreal in that whimsical Lorca way to behold something that will undoubtedly outlive me being closer to death at the moment of creating it than I was. I'm not dead writing about work I already made is my point. The original acronyms find themselves imported within the confines of America's—and my own—favorite version of black and white. Admittedly there's few highs like the race game. The big-big business. Identity has always been the main drug we cluck on. The sentiment housed by the original acronyms represents the most "racist," hateful, and overall fuck-you sentence/statement a certain type of black person could get off their chest towards white folks as a whole (see I.A.H.Y.F.F.A.W.D./N.F.D.B.J.W.B.D. p.N/A). That being the case wouldn't we want to never know the most "speciesist," hateful, and overall fuck-you sentence/statement a fighting bull gets off its chest towards man in general as well?

From here on out the rhetoric will jump around between the anthropomorphic and zoomorphic a lot. I created a bull alphabet to replace the original acronym's English one. Even though the term "bullphabet" is hardbody, it also sounds like something a rosy zealot would blindly designate as more demonic than Saturday morning cartoons. We'll skip that coinage. I created the bull alphabet's letters by abstracting external and internal shapes from the bull's physical body. Initially, I tried to come up with ways to put together all seven hieroglyphic-like bull letters via different formations per *Soppierricone*. Paralleling the degrees of tone, nuance and inflection captured by the varying compositions the preceding acronym's ciphered (see I.A.H.Y.F.F.A.W.D./N.F.D.B.J.W.B.D. p.N/A). But each sketch I essentially wasted turned out ugly. And I mean ugly past nice. You couldn't have paid me to believe something that bulky and dookie could come out of a pencil. Although structural harmony being on the lower end of my aesthetic checklist, I wasn't able to clock that sweet spot of skillfully ignoring or coercing it to an effect. There wasn't enough space inside the needed variety. Not to mention the innate physical restrictions of commonly accessible wood panel. And I knew all of this beforehand. I've recently been sacrificing time packaged as reverence of process because I finally took a break long enough to understand the implications of certain folks' critique of how fast I make work. Lookin-ass.

Each ranch/breeder has their own custom symbol they use to brand their bulls. These different ranches also have extensively signature programs vouching their class of product via decades-sometimes centuries-of mastery. Hence one bull letter per shape. Yeah, it's literal but it compacts the foreignness of the sentiments tongue and function making it concentrated. A rancher's/breeder's singular brand says *everything* they're trying to say at once. The same with . Each brand of each *Soppierricone* says the same everything our Mr. Toro Bravo wants to say with the degrees of tone, nuance, and inflection captured by the various

compositions of the preceding acronym's code. That dual-clutch-like shift of the bull alphabet jerking from semiotical to orthographically sculptural. No vowels nor foundation of sequence to reference over and over again while you guess at something you slightly don't know more than you understand by default. "Well, it can't be this." "It has to be racist with or without the n-word?" and "I bet it's not even a real sentence!" All that inherited hope of understanding English pandered by the original acronyms. But in this world of beast letter is object. It is from itself form. Its languages' markings aren't that good at lying flat like ours. Yet. How are they pronounced?

**X:** How do you say the title, David-Jeremiah?



**Y:** I have no fucking idea, Rosetta. I thought if anybody could speak fighting bull it'd be you.


The option to master this text of bulls pronunciation and translation simply by dominating its interpretation further by performatively vocalizing whichever noise I assign for this or that bull letter possessed the work with a familiar spirit. One that's doing *too* damn much. I already know what I say. It's trapped in the sameness of what we all belong to. Which of the following wannabes is the least trash, Mr. Toro Bravo? The first homo-vandal toy who bit your ancestors' tag and bombed that shit all over Lascaux? Maybe the suit of light who manipulates the flashpoint of your pitted blood and spirit by currency of mitigated risk? Or the one who figureheads the inculcation of our mundane words, thoughts, emotions, and predicament through every stage of your magnificence in hopes of eventually being able to afford that 211k baseline ticket for my favorite, matte white-as-sin, carbon-fiber-casketed, scream-my-name-from-hell engined version of your potency's exploitation? Yeah, fuck all that. Because the thing is it's already written that no matter how much we above culprits forced stolen magic to dedimensionalize itself against a ghetto-ass, piss-smelling cave wall, steward alchemized nobility —not because we actually are the best at what we seem to care about most but because we have to be, or that I give birth with hands that deliver what they could only never build a womb for. Neither one our bodies will ever constitutionally wield those two gore-struck horns and 15-inch dick we dream of stabbing everything to death with so bad.

At this point we're well past those irritating redundancies of meek denial comparable to affirming at a decimal you both can and can't half hear that "It's okay." Naw. It's not. If anything, it *not* being okay is what's ok about it. Because at the end of the day you're always what I make you, Mr. Toro Bravo. Even though this futility's irony promotes silliness the likes of a voluntary nightmare you wake up to start, it has maintained the show of being eternal. And I'm obviously proud to be another example of what cognitive estrangement has always respected enough to constitute as true. Again, and again...you are what I make you. I'm weak like that. Therefore, the least I can do is be professional about it and not divulge your lawful tongue with all of its earned viscosity. Keeping it sacred by never even beginning to idealize it for myself to nominally invent. I promise my goal has always been to barter my rendition of your ethnic image's perpetual theft with a seat in an arena already yours. A seat that elevates your status to that lofty, rarified category of the authentic. That quality proving you are worth being real in at least some small way. A seat making you the first bull man performs his most sacred ritual: unknowing. Not the posturing and stylized unknowing that dominates you and projects onto you like I'm doing in my way right now. But the kind that *admits* you. The initial acronyms were for us. These works

are for you, Mr. Toro Bravo. Swear. But shout-out to all your nascent executants who suggested how cool it would be if I *actually* created your voice.

### . Online Configurator:

As with the previous acronyms the bulk of each diptych's shape hail from varied, semi-abstracted Lamborghini hoods. The Externalized side and the Internalized side. Initially—and still potentially—I wanted to homage the absurdly convenient, and vicariously refreshing utility achievable within luxury for sport by designing a . version of Lamborghini's online configurator. Which allows you to Ad Personam the big homie in the sky obsolete from your cell phone. How would life unblur the mistiness of calling and purpose more than allowing the existence of technology that enables you to customize the Lamborghini you certainly can't afford while taking a gangsta in your intentionally doorless bathroom, which mid-key proves you're still endearingly institutionalized? The website would've provided a three-tiered "package" option per shape selected as your paintings base/"chassis" if you will. Kindred the stages of identity saturation captured by Benz's classes to AMGs and Beemers series' to Ms to name a couple. (To clarify, Lamborghini is *version* based not tier based. This concept nudges Lamborghini into an allegorical future of broader accessibility.) Per a limited edition cap each . shape could be combined through each package only once. The Lo Rosupro—entry level, the J-U/41—mid-tier and the Soppierricone—top-tier. Therefore, one shape could repeat itself through three renditions, productively increasing the quantity of the main body of this work from fourteen to twenty-eight paintings.

This build-your-own . feature would exclude every shape's Internalized side seeing how the Soppierricone package alone comes as a diptych. Confining the Internalized to the superlative ignites an explorative play on comical inflation of value. What's up with those incremental additions of amenity that continue to ravish our deference towards wisdoms like the first rule of digging a hole? And might as well justify finally not giving a fuck enough to go ahead and laugh at those poor-ass, starving-ass African kid commercials. I bet if your suppressed bafflement had a spirit animal it would present more pregnant from the buildup than the anti-food babies defying those African kid's gender and puberty for what seems to be their one-hundred-eleventh trimesters. Calm down. I African-kid. Ok. That was a bad joke and/or a bad decision in general or in this climate. Fine. Pick one. It's all I could think of. The point is I didn't just make that joke. I *made* it. And on top of that I *keep* making it. Watch.

**X:** You could've helped plenty of hungry children with the money you spent on that damn sports car, bro!

**Y:** Nigga fuck them postdated-ass African kids! I'm dropping the extra bread on the Tecnica! I'm doing it! Shrug emoji, nigga!

Why can't we look at this as the frugal same-difference of devouring the wishfully assumed guilt of a distinguished celebrity's pending downfall before the other foot of proof drops? I know starving African kids and rich celebrities seem to not correlate but the ubiquity of the amenities need to reflect cost.

What's a tad more sacrificial currency? You're already at the altar. *Spend* that shit. The best volunteers are victims who can afford it anyway. Right? But there's a tax attached to everything. Especially on impish wastes equivalent to an after-hours parking lot shootout you don't really mean. And there *should* be for not really meaning it. The question isn't why you spent what could mortgage a McMansion on a sports car, only for your escalating, after-purchase disappointment to confirm it didn't really mean what you *swore* to yourself it would. But why you spent what could mortgage a McMansion on a sports car you *been done knew* didn't mean what you swore it did. A tax of guilt, shame, abandon and etc., is collected at every "version/tier" of this cyclical exchange of loss for sacrifice or vice versa. Somebody having to be poor for somebody to be rich is common philosophy. We need folks driving Prius' to make Lamborghini's better the same way we need bad people to make the religious believe that saving up for a gated, unlimited time-share community like heaven will protect their souls from astral home invasions. Polarity gives currency its best exchange rate. I'm not saying Lamborghini *wouldn't* be Lamborghini if everyone could afford them but something has to replace something.

We're honing in on that unnecessary extra throttle of this particular grade of wrong. That same slight against know-better that green lights you buying three—instead of just two—pairs of Js rather than handling those four Chase overdraft fees. The same pull to endlessly re-soil our virtue's collective albero with yet another horned numen's plasma despite man's deathless jeopardy of the eternal. Or firing off not one, not two, and not three but *four* slugs at African youths running around in what might as well be the world's most liberally colonialistic, pro-life campaign sketch. That's five. Maybe repeating an act, you were debatably never supposed to start is the quickest way it turns into something attached to a "right" thing to do. To *you* at least. So, let's repeat, in a sense. Of course, the systematic breaking of the negro in America wasn't right. But boy did it lead to some great, user-friendly, black figurative paintings both sides of the Mississippi. A lot of people would contend that killing animals beyond necessity is one of those forbidden things we are not supposed to do as well. But we did it so much that bullfighting was born. Finally, there's no doubt that carbon fiber manufacturing shows raw-naked-ass regarding CO2 release and fossil energy use. But now you can own and drive a transitioned tractor that hunts pavement like a bull and whose pronoun in eagle for around "this" much and the fuel analogue of vegetarian for "that" much.

All of our decisions, purchases, and idols are just as indoctrinated as we are with the selfsame false power we used to create them. Why would they stop? And the price we pay for them through other people should behold you to reevaluate their worth from time to time. It's in the fine print. People kill me with the whole "Life is what you make it," quip. *How?* You were brought to *it*. *It* wasn't brought to you. It's *been* here. Plus, modern technology has made that adage outdated as hell. It's more what *other* people make it now. I'll give you an admittedly extreme case in point. It rhymes with: School. And it sounds like: Shooting. If solitary confinement is one of the worst punishments you can inflict upon you as a human then it makes sense to give everything and everyone apart from your life ample credit or penalty for how they

help you experience it. The bottom line is you're already paying more than "we" can afford for "our" Lamborghini. We all know it's not *just* yours. *That's* why you sacrifice even more of what we can't equally afford to make it seem so. It's not just a Lo Rosupro it's a *J-U/41*. Only you can hit that hoe huh? How much further would you have to go to attach its worth to the aforementioned "right" thing? How would that look? Be as unreasonable as humans *have* been. Go for it. Shoot. Ok. What if a package is *so* elite...it comes with *two cars*?




**X:** Wait? ...You got two Lambos for one? You bought one and got two?

**Y:** Naw, nigga. That's the package. One price but you get two of the same Lambos. But one is different. It's the same but different.

**X:** (Pause; perplexed as hell) N...Nigga what?!

The worth and justification of an amenity that gives you two cars as one would be hard to dispute no matter how staunch your moral, financial, or existential opposition to high-ticket items that roar may be. It might be the funniest aspect of the concept for me. There's a savoriness to its hilarity. And I'm very much so infatuated with this play of hybrid, "complimentary," reparational, down-trickling of mitigated consumerism, facilitated by a package so developed and cutting edge it's designed to reinvent itself outside itself to ensure our/your comfort of you inside it.

### **Lo Rosupro:**

I'm partial to the unseen/unrealized elements of my narratives (e.g., the above hypothetical  online configurator). They pop off a constructional play with the beginning processes of how something is left behind and how it's kept around. And when this unseen/unrealized element is intentionally unmanifested it then, by default, presents a moving case as to why you should showcase the same poetic faith when accepting its ownership of a soul as you would your own. Hell, hope is a concept. It's not that it's not there, it's just not there yet. This along with the blending in of non-archival materials humanizes the works. Non-archival channels the decay of flesh while obscured, conceptual mechanics claim soul. Allowing the entity to live or die longer in our verified and more graceful way. Out of sight. At least that's the invocation's objective. I purposefully do not make immortals. Yet. Merely beings whose select parts can last longer the way select parts of us can. The Lo Rosupro embodies that bootleg Frankensteinian dynamic in a few ways but mainly by physically bridging the gap between the acronyms from man to the acronyms from bull. Considering the stretch our nonexistent website is pulling in limbo on my behalf, for however long, I owed its missing function of option concrete examples. That being one Lo Rosupro and J-U/41 of the  base form. And one J-U/41 of the  base form.

The Lo Rosupro is almost all black. Three different blacks to be exact. Each with their own saturational limits of disposition, contest, and indoctrination. All within a subdued and extended pigment-based study concerning the degrees of black authenticity broached in G'ordivante Fold (see G'ordivante Fold p.N/A). Lo Rosupro has to be black. Because black is

devoid itself. Especially when corrupted by any of the many forced, supposedly "reappropriated" self-aggrandizing, equivocal perspectives defining what it *isn't*. Take how black is purported to be the result of absorbing all colors, for example. It reminds me of my short-lived association with members of the Nation of Gods and Earths, formerly the Five-Percenter. It was nonstop: "I'm a God!" this and "I'm a God!" that. "We're Gods!" walking to chow and "We're Gods!" sitting down right now. "YOU are a GOD, nigga!" and "I am A GOD too!" I still can't make eye-contact with that point of personal and group desperation. I wish I could juice it and claim hindsight showed me how most of that was a protraction of misplaced fight, but I'd rather wait for corroboration before lying like that. All the same I don't judge it in a toxic way. Rationale got me ostracized soon after it started extorting the literalness of my questions? Why do we gotta pretend to be Gods just to do basic-ass shit like brushing our teeth? If I'm a God, why can't I leave this bitch until I make parole? If we Gods why we can't keep from getting jumped by the white boys and eses if a race riot turn up?

**X:** Naw. See...*That's* because they know *deep down* how mighty we are. How much *more* than them we truly is. They *have* to jump a God to win. They *mongrels* tormented by *fear*.

**Y:** But why we steady worrying about being a "God" when they only worried about us being *man*?

**X:** (Fucking crickets)...

According to physics, if black *is* black that means it finished absorbing everything it needed to. Right? If I'm black *too*, what am I missing? Because I'm obviously not *just* myself. What's left? I ateth of his flesh and drunketh of his blood for years, Mr. Sallman. Maybe I've absorbed all the colors of ideology except for one. The one where I turn myself into an ideology then absorb yours truly. But turning myself into a God *can't* be it. "Gods" don't have the lethality to beget a monster so dreadful you gladly pre-eat yourself to aid its digestion—AKA The System. But *man* did.

Black isn't feared. The potential blowback of what it "absorbs" is feared. Therefore, I propose that that fear is actually precaution. Said fear is no more partially fear than black is inadequately black. Because if black was really itself it wouldn't need everything else to declare its identity. Think about it. Back when I was in a more materially volatile racial climate, I didn't just want to be feared the way homies claimed other races feared us. I wanted to be feared the way they fear themselves. So who was the first goddamn Mr. Toro Bravo? I'd wager he was on his best shit. Flexing on a few chumps here and there, might've had to leave one puddled in the grass. Macking a heifer or two and their sisters and besties that kept flodging about how "*ain't shit*" he was. Bro was undoubtedly big chilling. All while probably not even being black. But guess what he damn near can't not be now? How many things and concepts have to be black for you to begin comprehending them? I'll leave your list to you, but if I asked you to imagine a fighting bull dude is definitely going to be black in most of our minds. And not because you closed your eyes to do it either. Centuries of mortal projection and lack makes him the darkest version of himself. Where if we'd never come along on our wannabe bullshit, he wouldn't have any acronym paintings for us. And he still doesn't. This is conceptual art. He obviously doesn't know of and could care less about David-Jeremiah's latest body of work scapegoating him. He's

a fucking bull. This is where his nobility of character comes into play. Through manmade trials of reckoning he stays what he's always been.

**X:** Well, the corrida brings it out of him.

**Y:** Naw.


It's *been* already present. The corrida is *all the ground* we had to cover as humans to witness it. The bifocals of fragility and regicide we need to clearly see what we misunderstand about awe. We compare ourselves to them, they don't compare themselves to us. It's always been that way. He rejects all of our colors. You might accuse me of a safer, mischievously verbose, equally dependent version of what I instructively threw the Gods and Earths under the Urus for. Same. And I'm very aware of how we all have had to weaponize delusions against our limits until said delusions can be humbly performed on the same stage as everything else. But I want to brainwash myself in a way that's beneficial for *me*. The way the system brainwashed me in a way beneficial for *it*. My goal is to brainwash myself into *man* if anything. If man isn't available, I'd choose bull. Bulls are better than Gods. The bull is blacker than God. Black embodies him, not the other way around.

The Lo Rosupro is the first step in the acronym's evolution from man to bull. Therefore, it's a bridge by design though a foundation by result. The three different blacks of the Lo Rosupro represent a diversity of the recently conveyed, unadulterated black that remained what it already was during its recent, more widely accepted, generalized characterization. Blacks that were already black before the explanation of them became obstructed. I imagine these blacks so spurning their pedigrees are regulated to a crux of representational extinction. Whether that takes the guise of ebonizing how we picture negative space, our beloved Mr. Toro Bravo's hide or whatever clone number you conspire Kanye to be on. They confidently dominate the space of what we don't know they are. Our iconical misconception of them in unlimited forms. Needless to say, they don't play well with each other. As you can see on the Lo Rosupro's surface each self-anointed "pre" black is competing for prominence. I view their bout as a materialistic probe of hue and texture into the paltering blame game surrounding Africans inability to unite way back when and black's inability to unite now. Why not Tweet the argument that if bulls would've just teamed up, got organized and willed opposable horny capsules our heads would be mounted somewhere in their querencia instead of the other way around?


The Lo Rosupro has to already be as black as it can to capture the absurdly unobtainable naturalness of Mr. Toro Bravo's indomitable, fixed upon integrity. Yes, these three blacks are distracted with their battle of self but at least this stage of stunted development, quasi-vulnerability or lagging pride is isolated by literally being dry. A current, referenceable moment in time made of *them* via acrylic, latex, and oil-based enamel. Their apparent ceaseless state of flux is indefinite. Ideally, they'd have however long they need to unite, defeat, or outlast each other without the mask of whatever color I pour over them to represent all the aspects of some God claiming blackness. But the three black mediums working out whatever they're symbolically working out in this sequestered state is giving catch-22. Yes, there's the self-contained concentration of seclusion, influence, and empathy/apathy of procedure and growth on one hand. But then there's the distracted vulnerability that that reprieve of freedom of self-



development entails. All the while, outside forces are flanking their ass to sizzle cheeks with the custom branding iron they had all the time in the world to fabricate and make oppressively hot while they were focused on an, albeit important and natural, behind-the-8-ball process. The risks of stunted self-governance? Only lava orange, hissing steel intended to meld, forged into the symbols of a tongue we need for them, can barely draw their nonchalant ire. I imagine the slight rev of a scoff-like growl, maybe accompanied by a dismissive tail flicker and sinking head shake, replacing a meme-worthy sigh of insight. "Fucking man. ...You *would* rape me with fire. Wouldn't you? Fucking weirdo."


The Lo Rosupro also carries the conflicted representation of the initial acronyms' clothes hanger facet (see I.A.H.Y.F.F.A.W.D./N.F.D.B.J.W.B.D. p.N/A). These blacks are so anti-absorption they wear the botched, forced implant of the hangers along the Lo Rosupro's curved verge like their favorite battle-scar. It was a gross experiment against his nature in the guise of the familiar linear sequences of energetically minimalistic, tricolor automotive decals. They bulge with blacks wavering refusal of their assimilation. The only exchangeable section of this insignia is the top, farthest right, or bottom, depending on the orientation of the piece and our left-to-right approach. Theoretically, you would be able to customize this segments color representing the bulls shade of failed human infusion on the  online configurator. The gold and white hangers in the sequence are immutable. These hangers are made of white plastic as opposed to the black plastic hangers used in the original acronyms.

#### **J-U/41:**

As I mentioned before, Lamborghini differentiates more through version than tier. A common practice of this strategy is to temporally stagger their packages' release. There's no affordable Lamborghini like the C Class is to Mercedes. Fucking with Lamborghini you might have to wait a grip for whatever ever model to come out as a SVJ, opposed to simply upgrading it the normal way. I don't know how long it took for the Lo Rosupro to go J-U/41 but it made it. The J-U/41 personifies  version of a mid-tier package. Set in the more advanced stage of methodologies exploiting the bull's body and mettle. It reorganizes the sequential flow of emblematic color supported by the Lo Rosupro's hanger play. Platforming a shift in the colors' symbolic leveraging from an outside, foreignly related object into a high-speed chase between a powers-that-be form of aesthetic code switching and transfusion of culpability. Which ties into the prior summation regarding the parasitic vinyl of gradual, captive association wrapping multifaceted icons with fabricated black. The acquisitive shifts of color task sparks the play of what I'll refer to as Visual Culpability. Culpability is a hot topic. It's big-big business too. And it's one of those things that doesn't necessarily have to be earned to be deserved. It's always been larger than us. Its fairness befits being unfair, in my opinion. This fledgling practice of Visual Culpability attempts the recognition of culpability expurgated through color. And a visual discourse around the spatially tactical schemes, patterns, and designs used to paint color as a medium of fraudulent, redemptive allure. For example, the J-U/41 package configures an example of the repackaging, redefining, and repositioning of true negative space. Which is white, according to multiple art theories. Also, a large amount of the same sciences that classify black as the absorption of all colors defines white as the true color of negative space. White space. More specifically the white of Lo Rosupro's surgically bestowed hangers.

The J-U/41 keeps the blacks as brand ambassadors for the painting's chassis. Their unbroken campaign visible by patches of defiance, reclamation, and bravado impermeable to my poured color in the form of paint. The blacks also have sway over every "eyelash," bar one fallen to the color gold. At this stage white publicizes it's a fiery, retrospectively penetrative coup that repositioned it as the space immemorial of the J-U/41's context in a way that mitigates why it started hiding that fact—kabuki reveal style—in the first place. White is not a plastic clothes hanger anymore. It's now the deepest color the brand's scorch could reveal. What can that mean? Narratively, this part of the J-U/41's progression is akin to the sad tale of black America. The J-U/41 embodies the doom of a bull that isn't as noble as it can be, for whatever reason, making way for his coveted apex of spirit to be consumed from the ground up by the applicational upgrades gleaned by the color white during the interim of its aesthetic code-switching expansion activated with the Lo Rosupro's hangers and the too late development of Visual Culpability's analytics as a hopeful deterrent. *There* the color white is again. Docile and innocent like stab-free keratin to shroud the trendiness of its brainy resurgence. Seen through the indentation of the branding iron's deconstructive burn, rewinding the material like an overheating VCR that smells like mephitic char. Claiming, unclaiming, disclaiming, and reclaiming any position that suits the positivity of its space. And being the foundation does that. I see you, white. ...Done being a hanger are we?


### **Soppierricone/Externalized:**

We've finally grossed enough parabolic currency to intellectually Turo the finest package . has to offer. The Soppierricone. What would be the top-tier of other manufactures. Firstly, I'd like to conceptually establish the Soppierricone's individuating colors. All of the Externalized/Internalized Soppierricone's joint, differentiating colors present a manifold extension of my recently developed Miura Treatment on the colors I use. The same nascent Miura Treatment launched during the S-7s of *IDT*. To quickly recap: At that point in time, I kept coming across a lot of discoveries concerning the Miura fighting bulls of lore. The Miura bloodline has a reputation for being the most frightening and deadly bull breed ever ceremonially goaded. They were murderers. Quick to whack something with abandon. If you let the matadors who eventually refused to fight them tell it, they were too large and ferocious. Having not been steeped in bull breeding and fighting as much as any non-supplementally indoctrinated, per common vernacular of phantasia standards, dude from the hood, I was *shocked* that not only are Miura's/fighting bulls not *just* black, they're also roan, dun, white-patched, gray, red, chestnut, etc. This ties back to the prior assertion about the omnipresent color of the fighting bull you closed your eyes to see. *Damn...*He might *not* be black. I might've profiled the brakes off his ass and he's really just *dark-ass brown*. This occurrence's socioeconomic interconnection should be evident. In short, the workings of said Miura Treatment involves measuring six paints, symbolizing these alternative hues of the Miura's coat, reputation, and essence. Then mixing them with whatever antedated principle color used in the first acronyms. Even a black psychosomatic is enough to remain godlike opposed to falsely divine (see I.A.H.Y.F.F.A.W.D./N.F.D.B.J.W.B.D. p.N/A). This is second time I've utilized custom, handmade colors but also the first time I've customized colors series wide and across a chromatic spectrum.

So, the "lashes" edging the top and bottom of the Externalized are derived from the haters concerted diss following Lamborghini's unveiling of the Miura at the '66 Geneva Motor Show. It embodied damn near everything. Even the goldfish. So, of course, folks had to point out how this metallic bovine, pumping flammable ichor and abyss through its V12 heart and barely one tire off the racetrack had the unmanly "eyelashes" of a whore encasing its headlights. They just *had* to find something to pick on. They brought the locker room to the car show since the car show couldn't fit in the locker room. I've used wood in nearly every body of work. The thing about wood is that it's hard and soft simultaneously. It's one of those materials that has an innate dynamic balance. Also, it has enough complexity to hinder being pigeonholed. The Soppierricone lashes are both hard and soft conceptually. Dick is also hard and soft at the same time. A substantial part of my practice explores masculinity from best to worst. The thing about black dick is that it has this widespread mystique. It's envied, oppressed, milked, wasted, coveted, bamboozled, damned, just to name a few, all at the same time. My Soppierricone lashes are abstracted by way of elongated inches and "ideal curve" juxtapose the Miura's electric hair clipper guard aesthetic. Mine the make-it-hurt phallic while Lamborghini's minatory flutter-flutter with the "pause" at the end of a mannish gay joke. I digress, but hopefully my continued studies will affirm a comically engaging reason behind the Miura's headlight lashes inception. And an explanation more inspired for their discontinuation—via the Miura SV—than having to do with economics and production time. Our lashes, and their inhabitant feuding blacks, represent this pawned symbol of black male vigor, endowment, and threat bound within a sheath of architected emasculation and profiteering.

Bulls have the whole lipstick set up like dogs when it comes to their equipment. That's a signifier for you before the upcoming sheath reverie. The multiple sheaths of the Soppierricone are all white (this is the most symbolically literal I get in this body of work). According to Visual Culpability white's been an industrious little color, ain't it? Resurfacing as a mechanism of refined potency. They're white like the ostensibly lamented construct of this county's function. A construct that vicariously uses black dick better than black dick uses itself. All the while adorned with the gold of premature and misplaced materialism. Gilded to the brink of manufactured scar tissue remnant of crueler testicular coercions. We could create a Visual Culpability file on the color gold. But gold is just gold. It doesn't mean what it should. Even the poorest cats got gold chains. I can vouch. It makes torture look rich. Funnily enough, I kept having to break from making the prickly texture of the sheaths to chuckle at myself. Here I am straining the hell out my lower back, gingerly stabbing gooey latex getting nauseous like a la putana. I'm not saying I imagined they were my balls while sculpting the bull reproductive amalgamation. Or that I suffered from whatever scrotal synesthesia would look like. But anytime balls are involved there's an imaginative panic. I'm just saying. Chill.

To reiterate our anthropomorphic and zoomorphic rhetoric, the body of the piece isn't just the 'chassis' or a symbolic stand-in for "da hood" but Mr. Toro Bravo's body as well. A body encased by "eyelashes." I've always been intrigued with the dynamic of my physical body being held captive in *the* eye. Not the eye of others, that's almost whiney. And not necessarily *my* eye, which might as well stay shut until I bolster my connection to what it can make seen in the dark. *The* eye works best. The collective eye, I guess. The *all-seeing* kind of eye. What if the black male's body tagged in for Mr. Toro Bravo in this context? He might as well be made out of headlight. Right? Created to illuminate. Stationary. So restricted in design you can put eyelashes

on it without fear of being blinded. It's synthetic need to shine diversely judged as if there isn't a whole fucking car behind it guiding the light. Gtfoh. By this point I imagine those lasting projections onto these black bodies of bull and man and idea so multiplied that said bodies are literally held physically within the eye. Or that the projections longevity has evolved them into being so self-contained and self-possessed with the objective of bearing witness to what's happening to their being that they can only see *through* their body instead of seeing *with* it. A aphantasia so progressed it can only continue in the physical. Imagine your body being looked at so hard it turns into a literal eye just to fit in with the stare. A more matter-based mind's eye. There is so much engineered sight of it that *it* becomes the only way it sees. Its body mutates into its eyes so it can better see what all this shit involving it is about. The body is held physically within the eye. The same difference of the "burn-in" that happens to modern LCD and LED monitors when their screen retains a still image looked at it too much. It's a reflective sight through the body it's entrapped in that miraculously bounces past itself. All the ways black men have had the vision to stake claim within the concept of man in America, comes to mind. But of course, this  version of the *Lord of the Rings* eye thing has its own repurposed dick and other domesticated symbols of raw life for eyelashes. Its amalgamation looks as unbelievable as being publicly buck broke probably felt. This beautiful form, with a shitload of prickly white sheaths along its edge, lipsticking black dicks that present as eyelashes. Viewing within the trappings of his nature that can lead or mislead his power if he's not careful. The trappings that's causing him to be led and misled because others *were* careful. At least Mr. Toro Bravo is alive and fighting in the Soppierricone/Externalized. The branded sentiment of his acronymic expression throbbing in the very moment of our human inability to translate it. He means it *right now*.

### **Soppierricone/Internalized:**

The Soppierricone/Internalized are the butchered duplicates of the Soppierricone/Externalized. The "second" car of the "top-tier" package. Comprised of the exact same shape and amount of structural materials used to form the Externalized. I have no doubt whatsoever that an answer as concise and true as: appetite for the underlying ontological inquiry of *I Drive Thee* and *I Drive Thee*, was a blessing. Even though I choose to act like it's not. I need a point just like you. We all know how repetitive this shit is. The goal is being existential in a freshly stale way. For play. But I do appreciate solidity of knowing something in your bones. What sucks is how collective our appetite is. It has a taste for everything therefore you potentially could as well. What's the unluckiest one to hunger with? My inner-child theologian wants to call it sin. A sin that in order to blame on the devil you'd have to give him more credit than you're worth. Then unaccountable shit like: "The devil didn't make me do it. He made me to do it." starts blabbering out our mouth. How does appetite sin? In this context the answer is waste. Grudge by consumption. Don't get me wrong. Appetite is the "pure" fuel of "fuel" like the pure black shit I kicked up paragraphs ago around colors and paint. It's very important. It keeps us putting food in our mouth. It keeps us having children. It keeps us striving and evolving. But the breathless meat of the Soppierricone/Internalized wasn't butchered for nourishment. It wasn't grilled to perfection. It was excessively sentenced to a pit devoid the coals of justifiable punishment. Then ritualistically plated and left on the TV tray beside the recliner a God hasn't sat in for years. Entertainment of waste. There's no sophistication in them past the presumed dexterity of the butcher.

The Internalized have been conceptually butchered by the Grutaglipadas (Cleavers). The Internalized are victim to appetite's character flaw of the beyond necessity. With no foothold in respect for what was sacrificed to not even be eaten. Pre-seasoned rot. So far ahead of its needs all it can do is look back at decay for relaxation or entertainment. Humanity is appetite. A few folks unwelcomely recommended that I "seal" the pieces. I've been against that from the jump. The Internalized's burnt spoil *is* supposed to potentially get all over the place. The same way any rotted, overcooked hunk of flesh's muck, aroma and curse would if you handled it all willy-nilly. Another connective dot for Visual Culpability to trace. That's why you should maneuver waste with humility. It's never too late to be respectful. Again, I'm not into making fully archival work. I'm selectively and budgetarily non-archival in the ways that matter conceptually to me the most. I'm interested in bearing objects that are more durable than myself yet don't escape the plight of the body. I like thinking about the interest rate of physicality as well. And how that would accumulate and disperse over time and inability of collection. Because if you take up physical space, that amount of space is owed back to the physical. Of course, some beings, objects and matter are able to duck that debt longer than others. Igniting this honed panic of transmutation. The transposition of colors from one shade, form and blame to another.

Penultimately, I thought it would be hilarious to cook a piece of art like you would a piece of meat. They were cooked on a very crude makeshift grill no one will ever be able to prove existed, then reconstructed backwards. I finished them off with a nice hand broil. Lastly, I view them as abstract bull busts.

### **"Visual Culpability":**

The spirit and intent of a material, emotion or concept, can easily be preserved or transferred through its color. Even if its matter is jeopardized. We play this game in reverse with colors all the time. Yellow is happy, purple is royal, and black is death. Visual Culpability proposes leveraging the tension of something being misused, framed, and, by default, culpable materialistically via the color attached to it. Imagine any piece of this body of work made with a translucent version of every material used. Said unreal materials would also be able to hold true to their proper density, texture, form, etc. You have the balance of wood, density of steel, rubbery firmness of latex mixture, soft coarseness of cloth and leather, and the dessert of paint, all magically translucent. How well would I be able to explain the representational blame linked to the two paralleling smooth globs closest to where the Grutaglipadas handle meets its blade if they were damn near see through? Colors already get to live longer than us. What's their trade off for lasting longer? Being seen longer? Maybe it's being inordinately trapped in their past longer than their past was around depending on how they're being seen. Visual Culpability downshifts the display of color's appearance with the insidiousness of a Ferrari-made Balboni android. All the while racing the outside elements persistently incorporating subtly cunning rearrangements to the optics towards the addictive, inspiring, and profitable sans guilt.

Now is a great time to demonstrate the deductive power and retroactive justice of Visual Culpability. I can't *wait* to make all these colors pay for the bad shit they didn't do to me personally before they dried! Which color should we subject to a political scale background check? As pimps would say: "If it ain't white, it ain't right." Follow me:

1. The color white somehow supplants the black of the black plastic coat hangers from the original acronyms which in the world of this narrative is odd, seeing how it was a black *completely* of its makeup and undivided.

2. The color white puts on a clothes-hanger disguise and attempts to infiltrate the Lo Rosupro along the paintings profile.

3. The color white finds a way to dig underneath the still defiant, though mostly coated, blacks of the J-U/41 Messines Ridge style. Laying claim to the appearance of true foundation, which can be seen beyond the fallen flakes of the Grupenepada's calcine brand.

4. The color white absurdly emerges as a fitting biomorphic appendage that controls epicene and subjugated black male fecundity on the Soppierricone/Externalized.

5. The color white fakes its own death in the grilling of the Soppierricone/Internalized.

Tsk tsk. This color white has a long-ass history of cancelable offenses, allegedly. Identity theft, attempted gang rape, cultural appropriation, black dick trafficking, faked its death for the illicit purposes of tax evasion, insurance fraud, and avoiding criminal prosecution, allegedly. And we *all* know there's a murder or two in there somewhere, allegedly. I really want to know what happened to the black of the original clothes hangers.

Next, we could use the investigative science of Visual Culpability to track the trajectory of how the former principle colors that screened the bulk of the bulls represented bodies, via the Soppierricone/Externalized, ended up fleeing the burnt imploding jail bars of the simultaneously inflamed and cauterized grates' combustible touch. You can almost hear the blacks' evil-villain-laughing as *everything* temporarily becomes their domain and likeness. And the formally elect colors scurry up the lashes as if scaling an aimless telephone pole getting shorter and shorter in a flooding lake of fire would be a viable option. The randomness of the pathetic. Forcing the lashes of the Soppierricone/Internalized to evict their originally assigned blacks with the corresponding color of the Soppierricone/Externalized's body. These poor displaced premier colors abandoning all pride as their vehicle of actuality is imploding on itself. Their perishing Externalized visualization of itself is fighting to stay on the other side of sight. And the last personification that hasn't been sucked beneath this sweltering retributive vacuum at the surface are the increasingly soot mascaraed lashes. The falsies of dick. Damn, homie. Black virility can't even keep its designated feminized operation when the surrounding property value is literally going up in flames. All the while the white sheath attempts to resist its blistering return to ash. This time it doesn't thrust the lash out for penetrative ownership of body image, to skeet one more nut or any of the things you could imagine a wooden, colorful eyelash-dick conceptually achieving. This time its reaching for aid. But it ain't packing enough for oblivion. When we get to the Grupenepadas and Grutaglipadas you're own your own.

Visual Culpability is joke of fancy on the art world classification and genre of colorist/colorism, which I've been called before and I appreciate. I don't expect you to take the joke of it as seriously as I obviously have. It fluctuates for me. But I do expect you to take the world of the

narrative seriously. Because turning the art historical practice of being a colorist into a narrative *is* my version of actually being one. Now I don't have time to create the complete alternate reality of its function. I have to physically make work too. And I'll choose art-by-hand over anything as long as live. But it's all intentionally underdeveloped. The narratives just need to make enough sense to invite you to finish your perspective of them. Or until I possibly do it more later. Another good example of this would be the spatial play of distance between the Soppierricone/Externalized and the Soppierricone/Internalized's install on a presumably white cube-gallery wall. And considering our usage of the art world's definition of negative space as white space and the correlating connotations of that within the context of this body of work, the span of interspace between the diptychs halves represent the whole of the same story told in possibly different ways. Comparable to the way the brand says everything at once. What do you see in the negative space between the Externalized and Internalized? Why is the space between this bull shorter than the space between that bull. What happened differently in his repetitive life compared to *his* repetitive life? I gave you his beginning and end. They're all the same. I just gave you the narrative of what the varying distances of white space could mean. You have to imagine what's different in their same story yourself. What didn't I see?

All of the underdeveloped and intentionally withheld what-ifs against our reality that's not fair enough to judge the tree and rope that wrongfully hung strange fruit the same way we do the man that did. Everything that can burn should. I bet that's what fire thinks. And we do it to each other all the time. Therefore, color can get it too. Nothing gets a pass. We pay our debt to the physical. It can too. Now all we have to figure out is how to get inside and see them thoughts. Ultimately, it's interesting to think about a color having fate.

### **Grupenepada/s (Branding Iron/s):**

The Grupenepadas and Grutaglipadas provide an independence of being for the plastic coat hangers of the original acronyms. And how the two main connotations of a hanger's function—to hang on (display) or to hang up (put away)—were strategically overtly focused on (see I.A.H.Y.F.F.A.W.D./N.F.D.B.J.W.B.D. p.N/A). The potential material action of them was extracted through argumentative misuse then weaponized into a completely different tactic of corporeal domination. The plastic coat hangers of acronyms past metamorphosed into metal, self-hating and hurting stabilizers of device. They're not victims. They probably said: "*Fuck hanging in the hood*" like I have. So *this* is what happened to the original black clothes hangers?! You mean to tell me they were the plastic coat hanger version of the black people who owned slaves? Don't do this to me Visual Culpability! Don't *do* this. I'm joshing but instead of gladly pre-eating themselves for man's monster they busted a move and struck a deal. That's real in a lot of ways. The hangers hooked head and triangular shoulder act as the Grupenepadas and Grutaglipadas custom handles respectively. They've become the wielded leverage for the goriest outcomes. The Grupenepadas and the Grutaglipadas are adorned with the authentic, ritualistic Spanish red cloth used to wrap the handle of the espada and the Turkish leather used to blanket the sword's miniature wooden pommel. Their grip is also fixed with my stock pour-over technique with the two colors symbolizing the Matador's duel sided muleta. Both the Grupenepadas and the Grutaglipadas are "state-of-the-grotesque" plays on the espada used to slay the charging bull related through the fraternity of pointed and sharpened metal. The dynamics of intimately invading flesh. Branding, piercing, slicing, chopping, stabbing, etc.

Remember when we imagined that a bull scoffed at man being a weirdo wanting to “rape” him with fire? He was referring to the Grupenepada.

### **Grutaglipada/s (Cleaver/s):**



The Grutaglipadas were culled from the surplus of shapes remaining after selecting the main seven used for the bases of the Lo Rosupro, J-U/41 and Soppierricone Externalized/Internalized. There’s eight in total despite my usual operational ideal of sets of seven. The Grutaglipadas have a self-contained diptych going on, seeing how they’re a dual-motif. They say your brain remains active after you expire sometimes. From seconds to minutes to hours. I imagine the brain of a recently spilled bull whose body got freshly dragged across the ring to the butcher at the ready. If his brain is still present, I hope he cognitively matches the defiance he so nobly displayed physically, during each edged, hacking impact conjuring pain so shocking and bright his brain would have had to isolate the feeling within its domain of the mind anyway, if he were still alive. The pain multiplied by the lack of option presented by his body’s departure. His brain left to feel and deal with it all in lieu of the locations of bodily injury distancing the process. I hope he’d charge these punishments out of his mind with thoughts so *him* the pain would have to survive centuries and create the equivalent of what man did with the bullfight in his mind of annihilation to stay. Have you ever felt a pain so keen you see it? What’s it look like? Would it effect the water our brains are mostly made of so much it tries to reverberantly drown it? In the world I create for the bull’s fading mind it’s vibrational. Pain that judders into patterns of kinetic resonance. More movement to test the man behind it. The texture of the Grutaglipadas designs is based on that S Curl-meets-cowlick wavy grain of hair crowning Mr. Toro Bravo's head. An external anatomical conceptual marker for the bloody meta-drama happening in his skull. They’re his Rorschach test.

The Grutaglipadas make the cultural blame game more tangible. Their literal smaller size makes them aspects of the “hood” they represent. There’s a lot of lazily fatalistic, generic blah-blah-blah about how “da hood” is butchering the carcass that’s already itself. *And?* From what it seems ya’ll need that shit to be that simple more than we do. At least we’re anti-victim enough to butcher the meat of us personally. Because there’s no system of oppression, right? We’ve *been* the problem, right? We can travel through time and space to get *all* the generations of black people on the same page, right? No? Yes? Well can niggas at least get some credit for killing themselves and fixing said problem in house? See. Doesn’t that shit read ludicrous? How about we don’t flatten the argument too much below nuance. Because that’s an extreme. And certain unbecoming things thrive in the amusement of those. And that’s the thing about the system. It gets you to prove it right for it. Because in the overarching conceptual narrative of this body of work the smaller pieces of the “hood” *did* butcher the larger ones. I’m the first one to agree that the system *shouldn't* matter. Not because it doesn't and really shouldn't but because it *can't*. If life really cared, it would wait on you. The system is one thing, but the hood is another. The former a real prison and the latter a mental one. I have fair critiques of the hood. I see where it can be better. I hope I survived it. And who I’m the most comfortable being misses it every other day. It would be great if it could be isolated and contained—not surrounded and invaded—long enough to work out whatever it needs to work out. Which is what I alluded to with the black



mediums locking horns on the Lo Rosupro's surface. However that ends fuck it, because that's how it's already ending up anyway. Now you can hold your nuts on me and generalize that as a bid for segregation if you want. You can duck a sick from the back too. It's not that simple. I mean four-dimensionally. How did the white of the hanger adapt? Patiently...and together. Now that's a luxury we don't have. Brainwashing that's beneficial for the person doing it.

### **Basic Summation:**

 is an elevated continuation of I.A.H.Y.F.F.A.W.D./N.F.D.B.J.W.B.D. The I.A.H.Y.F.F.A.W.D./N.F.D.B.J.W.B.D. paintings contained a spiteful acronym never to be deciphered from one color of man to another.  is from many colors of Spanish fighting bulls towards man in general. It's an anthropomorphic and zoomorphic exploration of the body, culture, violence, colorism, masculinity, and negative space through the conceptual windshield of Lamborghini's iconic brand. A discourse between man and beast following the origins of an unspeakable tongue (Grupenepadas), Black-American constitution and perception (Lo Rosupro), indoctrination of medium and media (J-U/41), the life and demise of dominated potential and gift (Soppierricone/Externalized), appetite for waste (Soppierricone/Internalized), the accountability of both tangible and intangible objects (Visual Culpability), and mental anguish and communal murder (Grutaglipadas). It's a tale of fairly playing an unfair game.