

JOSEPH s. BUCKLEY



BROTHERHOOD TAPESTRY



Better Clone Sons is a sculpture featuring three figures, wrapped in armour, marching in skinhead boots. Their whiteness caricatured, their identicalness greatly exaggerated, their gait halfway between a pseudomilitaristic march and a merry jig. Skin, boots, and body cast in silicones and resins respectively. They're fascists.

Better Clone Sons

2017

208 x 199 x 7cm

plywood, epoxy putty, acrylic resin plastic, plexiglass spheres, synthetic hair, platinum cure silicone rubber, spray paint, vinyl gloves.




Plastic Rice
2017
30.48 x 20.32 x 20.32cm
cast urethane plastic, woven polypropylene sack.

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH



When plastic is discarded, it arrives in our oceans. Eventually it decays into rice-sized grains. You've seen images of marine life dead from plastic-filled bellies? The plastic decays into smaller pieces after this but that's another story.

Allegedly, some manufacturers and governments 'cut' rice with plastic grains, to boost profits or to hide drought respectively.



Psychic Armour for Black Northerners (Mk.I)
2017
210 x 440 x 38.1 cm
Hollow dense concrete blocks, cast urethane plastic, spray paint, raincoats.

2016

Referencing West African mask making, British Modernist sculpture, medieval armour making, and various science fictions the work *Psychic Armour for Black Northerners* is rendered in concrete, wrapped in raincoats, and topped with cast plastic helmets. Informed by my experiences growing up in the Chapeltown neighbourhood of Leeds, this work was supplemented by research in the Royal Armouries' plate armour archives.



This work celebrates the centenary of Tsar Nicholas II's quip regarding 1916 and his hopes for 1917. However: Communists executed his family (and him), ergo the USSR. The work's design extrapolates upon the logo of Games Workshop, a miniature wargaming company famous for its evocation of a bleak far future where all humans born are conscripted into unceasing trench warfare against demons and aliens.

The Tsar says, one hundred years ago today, '1917 must surely be better'

2017

30.48 x 60.96 x 5.08cm

LED light box.



This painting features a dog from a work by Johannes Fa, pseudonym of the Henry Moore Institute's Head of Research. The dog speaks the motto of the Ghost in the Shell's 'Laughing Man', a hacker specialising in the body-jacking of authority figures bodies. The motto is lifted from Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, superimposed upon Moore's *Reclining Woman (Elbow)*, prominently displayed in Leeds City Centre.

Painting after Johannes Fa
2017
27.94 x 35.56cm.
acrylic on canvas, mahogany, brass.



Encircling the walls of the room in which it is shown, Brotherhood Tapestry features a photo-shopped tableaux of myself and some of my black peers from Yale University. Outfitted in matching costumes, we enact a 'conga line of betrayal', stabbing the person in front, whilst simultaneously stabbed from behind.

BrotherhoodTapestry
2017
153 x 1198cm
digitally printed vinyl banner.



Pervert's Lament
2015
black adhesive vinyl on all windows
dimensions variable.



A gargoyle-like relief overlooking gallery-goers, this work is a portrait of a character from Von Schlegell's 'Sundogz', a 2015 sci-fi novel. Functioning as the harbinger of overt white supremacy, he appears throughout the text disguised as various authority figures. Upon installation (which is permanent) this work subsumes the entirety of the institution, taking the dimensions of the building for itself.

Egge69
2017
18.45 x 32.67 x 13.20m
cast urethane plastic, the blood of the institution, filler.

*this is a struggle. It is a struggle
and i am struggling. once it seemed
that i might hyp o derm i ca lly sneak
all my issues into the ears of white
audiences who didst notst give a shit.*

*I tried to climb into their heads to say
orc and mean black and say Grey to mean
im mi grant. i tried to cross the wires, and
whilst poking around, inside these people,
what did i find?*

the tsar says, a hundred years ago today, that the year 1917 simply has to be better.

*a burgeoning egg, full of shit, inflates on the horizon.
and an editor makes a request but
changes mind by time writer delivers
a silicone mould is made, floppily, without integrity,
orders get beamed from central command:
a Dana Schutz starts another painting*

*the part of the city in which i live finds itself full of affluent students.
mum'll move out soon, into a carefully designed block of flats
i, meanwhile, move into a cellar with my wife,*

*the same audience from earlier coughs and shifts uncomfortably
in its seat. leaves the things i care about on the floor.*

bad friends chortle in London, patiently awaiting their twist on the knife.

*often, artists copy each other.
i catch a train with my
hand, as it speeds past: this is my commute.*

*"the remit is high-genre, analysis," the editor says.
it says: "please give us a review of a shibboleth."*

*my mum writes a letter to me, from
a carefully designed block of flats.
new types of sexy slavery are invented*

*i say hello, am met by stares.
an audience member describes 'subaltern' to me.
i catch a letter, from my mother, in my hand*

the editor changes its mind again

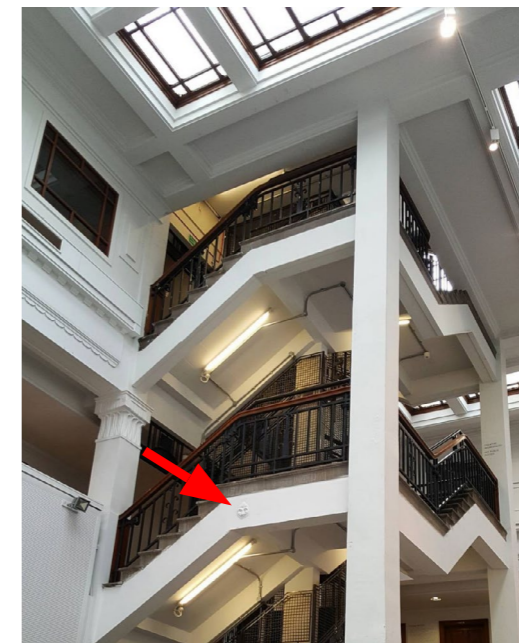
*hollow questions are designed and then asked,
coded so as to make all answers unnecessary*

i was taught the word for sculpture but have carelessly forgotten.

*the editor keeps asking me for essays
and every time, i give it sonnets.
it does not publish the sonnets
and asks again,
a building: a block of flats, carefully
designed, bursts into flames. said flames are
so hot, it makes the rain clouds boil,*

*hot steam fugs the city.
i wouldnt breathe, if i could choose
but its the only air i get to have*

*hot steam forms knuckles
that rap upon my window and I awake w/ a start
from a dream of a future where:
the bad art
is burnt in
ten-storey
bon-fires.*



STORY FROM THE SCULPTURE CITY

It is after
the oil wars,
the water wars,
the 3rd, 4th and 5th global wars,
the new culture wars, the end of fracking, and the last animal.

It is after
the jovian schism,
the lunar split,
the end of money,
the curator wars,
and the bleak events of 2786.

It is after all these things, and
The ground is brown and orange and black,
the sky is yellow and sick and grey,
the sun is cold and small and white.

I estimate it to be the year 2990 and this account covers the
abdication of my post and of my responsibilities.

My name is Johannes Fa, the VIIIth to have the name. My lineage
is impeccable. In honour of my sublime and storied breeding, I
was elevated to the position of Baronial-Parliamentarian within the
Holy European Union. I stand eight feet tall and eight feet wide.
I was born of flesh but was improved greatly with all manner of
systems. For example, I see in all colours: such is the wealth of
my family.

To assist in the sacred reunification of our sunken continent is
a glorious thing. In recognition of the accomplishments I have
inherited, I was tasked with returning the old constituency of
'Yorkshire and the Humber' back into the benevolent fold of the

Holy European Union.

I was despatched from MegacityStrasbourg, from whence I walked
to where-england-once-was across a sea of semi-solid foam and
jelly. It took me 15,000 minutes and I did not sleep for the duration.
When the floor had sufficiently hardened beneath my feet, and I
judged that I had hit 'land', I set a course and navigated off of old,
old street-views that were downloaded and superimposed over
my field of vision.

In tramping the archipelagoes of England, I learnt that the only
settlement in roughly the same place as on the old, old maps is
a dour collection of some hundred or so huts, sullenly existing in
a nondescript stretch of the lumpy, muddy brown North: *the only
extant remainder of the ancient city Leeds*.

On the night of my arrival I stood exactly 100,000cm from the
edge of the settlement and gazed upon it in infrared. Soon after, I
crept through alleyways and across rooftops.

With eyes unenhanced, I'd have never known that this smattering
of shabby clayish huts were all that remained to suggest a city
before war; that these hillocks of sludge had accreted around the
ruins of libraries and banks, that this muddy trench through the
settlement's centre had once been called a 'Head-Row'.

The Poor exist here, though they are unlike our urban Poor.

Centuries of residual atomic radiation, bacteriological and fungal
infections, chem-waste exposure, *and incest* have rendered
the Poor here broken and misshapen. Their bodies display no
symmetry or regularity. Each arm and leg is of different length.
They are short of stature, with few reaching taller than 1.3 metres.

They are hunched and stooped and often locomote on all fours. Their heads knotted and bumped at irregular intervals. Most lack noses.

In this they are largely akin to other Northern Wastrel tribes, and I am obviously uninterested in the particularities of their baseness, ugly and lumpen as they are. No, it is their *'culture'* (which they have somehow managed to retain or develop in however primitive a form) that provides cause for consideration.

Upon noticing errors in expected behavioural patterns, I set about extracting confessions from a random sampling of the population. I tortured three to death before I learnt what had occurred.

I approached the centre of the settlement and as I neared, overlain ghostly-like unto my eyes was an ancient image of the Leeds city art gallery. outside: a sculpture, lumpen and misshapen.

Reclining Woman: Elbow
1981
221cm
bronze, Henry Moore.

The Poor had dug a pit,
pulled the sculpture from the earth,
noticed it looked like they,
and read the sculpture's curves and bumps,
as proof of their worth and goodness.

Activity surrounds the sculpture at all times:

Some Poor dig in new places. They have dug for so long that their extremities have morphed into spade like scoops, that they might more easily pull new gifts from the earth. Some Poor endlessly polish the sculpture so that it shines and gleams, as if the browns

of the surroundings have gathered to make good, to parade, to say 'filth can be polished and made worthy'.

Most simply sit and gaze, and a great crowd fills the slopes of the pit. They mumble contentedly to themselves, as if each is alone. They bathe in the sculpture's reflected light and grow relaxed as if it feeds them (I regularly check using standard exploratory vivisectional procedures, and can confirm it does not). Perhaps I am projecting onto things too degraded to even think, but something contemplative in their manner disinclines me to describe their vigil as straightforward worship.

The final group of Poor work the mud of the earth, twisting and pulling it, so that they might mimic and mock the Reclining Woman in crude flattery. They make little Reclining Women, rendered from dirt and kept shiny with spit.

The greatest of these Reclining Women generate psychic economies of their own: Satellites to the orthodoxy of the real thing at the center. These mudden Moores garner their own adoring crowds, their own diggers nearby, their own retching, spitting polishers.

In all, the Poor here are so degraded that they have retained no sensible semblance of hierarchy. None rule and none command. The Poor here simply imagine themselves beautiful and render forms from the clay of the earth.

Black mould grows freely all across this little settlement. It grows even in the housing. It ripens into thick bold polyps which the Poor then harvest and eat. I eat of their harvest also. When severely starved of protein, I eat them. I made sure to consume the entire familial group of a single hut, so that when finished, I could move

into said hut and join the community, closer to the Center, in a more intimate manner, as a participant.

Though they recoil from me, I see them in the colour of truth. Their language grates and their eyes are dull but I swear I can see the fire behind them. I sit in their homes and they scream when they see me but I know they are happy to see me for how could they not be? To be graced thusly by my presence.

It is now between 2 and 3 million minutes since I declined to return to the Holy European Union. The signal to return was transmitted and I pulled the receiver out from inside of my cranium.

yes, this act weakened me
but, in a way, I have been cared for.
yes, I am diminished but I am also emboldened: it feels like passion.

In secrecy, and at night, when none are around to look, I attempt to produce my own Reclining Women.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: WITH THANKS TO BRYONY BOND, ZOE SAWYER AND THE STAFF OF THE TETLEY. KINDLY SUPPORTED BY THE ELEPHANT TRUST. MATERIAL SUPPORT FROM EVOLUTION ROTACASTERS. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULES LISTER. 'TRAITOR MUSCLE', POEM, 2017 BY JOSEPH BUCKLEY. 'STORY FROM THE SCULPTURE CITY', SHORT STORY, 2017 BY JOSEPH BUCKLEY. JBXIII.CO.UK

BROTHERHOOD TAPESTRY WAS COMMISSIONED FOR EXHIBITION AT THE TETLEY, LEEDS, ENGLAND, BETWEEN AUGUST 11TH AND NOVEMBER 5TH OF 2017. IT FOLLOWED A RESIDENCY AT THE TETLEY BETWEEN THE MAY 15TH TO THE JULY 19TH 2017.

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