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Herbert, Frank, (novel), Lynch, David, (screenplay) Dune, 1984

2

Hsu, Hua, Graffiti Prophet, The New Yorker, May 28, 2018, pp. 77-78

3

Auto-interview with the artist 2019

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Chave, Anna C., Dis/Covering the Quilts of Gee's Bend, Alabama, The Journal of Modern Craft, Volume 1-Issue 2, July 2008, p. 243

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Auto-interview with the artist 2019

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https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kinji_Akagawa, accessed April 2019

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<https://www.spacescle.org/exhibitions/2006/04/21/afrofuturism>, accessed April 4, 2019

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Ades, Dawn and Baker, Simon, Undercover Surrealism, George Bataille and DOCUMENTS, MIT Press, p. 60

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Carlson, Andrea,

A Mothership Connection: Past Futures of Resurrection and Absence, <https://www.mplsart.com/written/2018/02/a-mothership-connection-past-futures-of-resurrection-and-absence/>, accessed April 4, 2019

"In 2005 Bryant co-curated the exhibition AFROFUTURISM [with Suzanne Roberts] at The Soap Factory, an experimental art space in Minneapolis."

2006 Spaces Gallery artists Robert Banks (Cleveland, OH), April Banks, Ogechi Chieke (New York, NY), Ghamsa Jenny Coker, Dad 759, MR Daniel, Collette Gaiter (Newark, DE), Jabari Hall-Smith (Los Angeles, CA), Olalekan Jeyifous (Brooklyn, NY), Seitu Jones (St. Paul, MN), Charles Nelson Jr., Carl Pope Jr., Damon Reaves (Philadelphia, PA), Kevin Sipp, Charmaine Spencer, RA Washington (Cleveland, OH), Amanda Williams (Oakland, CA)

10 & 12

Auto-interview with the artist 2019

11

Piper, Adrian, Flying, Out of Order Out of Sight, Volume I-II, MIT, p. 223

One of my two most treasured recurrent dreams, with variations: I spring from the ground, executing high leaps, tour jetes, turns, somersaults, twists, and twirls. I float effortlessly through these figures, can stay suspended in the air for as long as I like. My ballet and modern dance teacher. Miss Copland, watches, transfixed. I run and leap, flapping my arms, and take off. At first I am flying close to the ground and often land without wanting to. But by running faster, leaping further, and flapping harder, I eventually ascend higher and higher, far above the people below me, who are watching, marveling, trying to catch me

by the feet and drag me down. I soar above them, twisting, dipping, gliding, leaving them in the distance. This part is not effortless, and not without anxiety, I have to work hard to stay sufficiently far above them so that they cannot get at me. It takes skillful maneuvering and energetic flapping to keep them at bay, but I manage it. Eventually I relax into my ability to stay aloft above them, even leave them behind completely, as long as I concentrate. I alight on the roof of a building to rest and decide where to fly next, realizing that I must stay on the move, ahead of them, so they won't catch up with me and drag me to the ground. I try to avoid landing on the sidewalk; I try always to take off from an elevated perch—a rooftop, the top of a lamppost or tree or truck, the ledge of a mountain or skyscraper. Sometimes I take off from a perch that is so very high that it knots my stomach and takes my breath away to look down and see how far away the ground is. It's the view from an airplane on a cloudless day, but without windows, cabin, or seatbelt, and with even greater detail in what I see below me: sometimes mountain ranges, or plains, or city buildings; sometimes turbulent sea shores, or oceans with giant cresting waves and no land in sight. I feel dizzy with fear of being up so high and doubt my ability to navigate over these dangerous, distant, alien landscapes. But if I do not spring off my perch and into the air, they'll catch up with me, capture me, and drag me down. So I take a deep breath, jump, flap my arms vigorously—and catch a wind current! I'm still a bit dizzy because of the height, but I'm firmly sailing, soaring aloft, confidently navigating a dangerous and solitary journey, which I come to love and crave. I can do it. I've escaped. Sometimes I can't escape, because I'm flying around the ceiling of a room in an apartment on a high floor and can't get out the window because it's only open at the bottom, and if I dip down to fly out the bottom half of the window they'll catch me, and the window is stuck at the top. So I kick at the top pane of glass with my shoe and shatter it, and dart out through the jagged hole, into the open air, among the tenements and skyscrapers. I land lightly on a rooftop, see them coming, and, without thinking, duck into the stairwell. I run/leap/float swiftly down endless flights of stairs, taking each flight with a single jump. I duck into the basement, turning and twisting down innumerable labyrinthine passages, gray cement rooms poorly lit, searching for a window or an exit, hiding stilly in a corner or behind a wall when I feel them close by. It occurs to me that it was not a good idea to reenter a building in the first place. I see a high, sunny basement window on the opposite wall of a cluttered storeroom. I hold my breath, run, and dive for the window before they can get to me. I feel their hands closing around my ankles, but the velocity of my body as I hurtle through the window is too strong for them. I feel the glass crash around me as I emerge outdoors again, now spinning, twisting, bounding off the sidewalk into the cool night air. I flap my arms gently and float effortlessly above the streetlamps, to the treetops. This time I've really made it. I am invisible, disembodied, pure sexual desire, and the night holds no fears for me. Its spirits, indoors and out, are my old friends, and we coil through, around, and alongside people, objects, and one another, exuberantly, shamelessly, knowingly.

◆ Another important act for the artist, was his foray into sculpture and performance through the work "Self Medication, 2005." In 2019 he was asked whether that work had any connection to Afrofuturism?

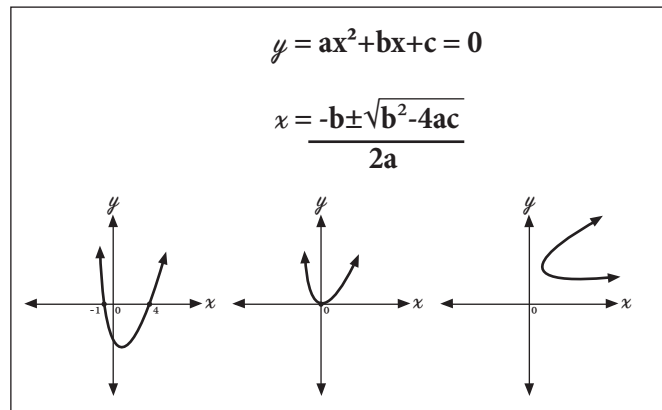
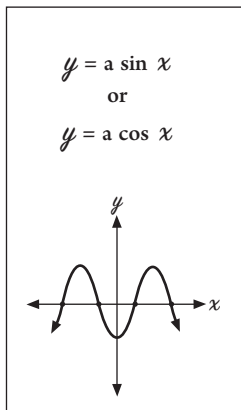
Bryant says, "At the time [1999-2005] I was reading Kongo Political Culture by Wyatt MacGaffey, African Art in Transit, by Chris B. Steiner, Flash of Spirit, by Robert Farris Thompson, Trick Baby, by Iceberg Slim, Everything But the Burden, and Flyboy in the Buttermilk, by Greg Tate, Mixed Blessings, by Lucy Lippard, and The Primal Mind, by Jamake Highwater. ◆ No. I co-curated the exhibition "Afrofuturism" in 2005 for Obsidian Arts as my senior project. It was an exhibition of artists envisioning the cyber-techno future and its impact on Black culture. My advisor was MCAD professor emeritus, Kenji Akagawa.⁶ In 2006, the exhibition traveled to Spaces Gallery in Cleveland, OH.⁷ The majority of the work and thinking currently associating itself with the term Afrofuturism, in my opinion, is a redundant celebration of "negrophilia."⁸ It hasn't much to do with the original tenets of Afrofuturism or what we [artists and curators]⁹ were concerned with in that exhibition. [*Can you say more?*] I prefer not to.¹⁰ Concerning intertextuality, there is a connection between the work, "Self Medication" to a later work, "Towards a Critique of Nature, 2018." They both share the unique vector of technology & performance. Self Medication, demonstrates the performance of a technological object that assists in the activation of space, identifying pathology and administering panacea. "Towards a Critique of Nature," enacts an oral technology as the object that assists in activating the space. In my opinion, "Self Medication" is one of the earliest performances by Bryant. Although when asked, [*When did you begin doing performances, and who were some of your influences?*] His response was, "Blackness is performance. Since 2011, I have been engaged in the performance of nonperformance. Some of my influences are, Peyton Russell, Farmer, Susanne Roberts, Hernub, Andy Guevera, Kirk Washington Jr. Fred Moten, Arthur Jafa, Hortense Spillers, T. Adorno, Amiri Baraka... Performance /Nonperformance is probably best described by Adrian piper in her essay Flying.¹¹ Although she does not call it that, it's probably the best description I can give without giving of myself."¹² ◆

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E. A. Bryant III was born one year before the soi-distant RAMMELLZZΣΣ became RAMMELLZZΣΣ,² a few years before David Hamonns' "Blizzard Ball Sale," and Kerry James Marshall's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Shadow of

His Former Self." Bryant was making art before he began his formal study at the Minneapolis College of Art and Design. His work consisted of mixed media paintings on canvas, drawing and murals. At MCAD Bryant studied oil painting with David Rich and critical studies with Kenji Akagawa. While there, Bryant primarily focused on the folk traditions of domestic quilt making, aerosol art and Congolese sculpture. In 2004, through the grace of Obsidian Arts, Bryant had the privilege to visit exhibitions at Musée Dapper, the British Museum, the Louvre and see the "Quilts of Gees Bend," all of which had deep implications for his work. "Formally I was working with traditional and non traditional materials to negate hierarchy. Viewing those works in person helped me to go a step further. I began to take the blade to my paintings. For me it was an act of transgression, a necessary cut that enabled the creation of something with interwoven textuality."¹³ The "annexing [of] the quilts [and other artifacts] into a high art context defers their potential to reveal themselves as other or more than high art."¹⁴ "Aware of this, my concern was, could I marry these various ways of working in a ceremony which negated the "high art" or cannibalized it."¹⁵

the mist is present, illuminated by the candle, extinguish it as you cross the threshold and douse the phantasm with the colodion mixture. this thin flexible film completely surrounds the phantasm. From this point you have 15 minutes to expose the phantasm to the brightest faisceau. The exposure develops an image, reifies a corporeal phantasm, which can be grasped by the eyes of the mind, inhale its pneuma, folding it into your horizon. Seize it and insert the probe slow and steady making the cut. Abdul Rahman Al Ghafiqi's metaphysical obsidian blade releases the ectoplasmic substance later mixed with pulverized iron gall, iron sulfate and gum arabic. Where others have a labile perception and grasp of the phantasm, the holder of the sword has a clear corporeal grasp, however temporal, allowing an indelible mark to be made by the hand with the aim "to perceive the infinite waters of the heavenly sea from dry land." [Schwarzer, Mitchell, Architecture of the Talmud, Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians, Vol. 60, No. 4 (Dec., 2001), University of California Press on behalf of the Society of Architectural Historians pp.474-487]



RAMMELLZZΣΣ

RAMMELLZZΣΣ in a blizzard, shivering, holding his balls, selling a portrait of the artist as a shadow of his former self. In this golden time of day E.A. Bryant III is born. An interest in folk ways of living, passage through a glassy black stargate. A visit to Musée Dapper, the British Museum and the Louvre. Also within the horizon were the quilts of Gees Bend, and with each vision, each pneumatic breath inhaled, a new convolute is formed. [$y = ax^2 + bx + c = 0$] [$y = a \sin x$, or $y = a \cos x$] Whereas the perception of one is one, the perception of one is two. When the perception of one is two, the perception of one is four. The perception of one is never more than two, whereas the perception of one is infinite. ◆ The little black head returning through the stargate, went further. The yield, a blade of obsidian. Gripping its ivory hilt, it is directed towards tradition. A tradition outside the self, surrounding it, unbeknownst, [我包围着它，抓住它扼住了它的咽喉。]。 A collective singularity, holding and jostling, He inserted the obsidian probe, stilled motion, a Muybridgean foreshadowing ad infinitum. "The slow and steady blade penetrates the Holzman shield."¹¹ A necessary cut enabling an interwoven textuality. The annexation of traditions of pure matter northward fixes their polarity, disallowing their infra-axiomatic forms. ◆ Shall there be matrimony with material and form, between the monadic ground and rizomatic zenith? The cost of travel, the cost of work. A shout of joy and shriek of agony. Man is asunder a dome of wonder, incomprehensible is its transparent crystalline composition, which does not dim its lumens to the cacophony of biomorphic wonders below. A weeping heart solemnly cries out for meaning, interpretation, ordo ab chaos. A collection of insects—phiddipus audax bounce from here to there. Not an invasion but an evasion, an aesthetic romp. Iridescent skin stretched over striated muscle, unequipped to forge a future free from the trammels of pornography. Drowned in metaphysical formaldehyde, the squirming larve will be pierced, pinned to styrofoam and added to the collection. Beneath the makeup and fashion, there is no connection.

Musée Dapper

A French Museum specialising in African art, The museum opened in 1986 and closed in 2017. Named after Olfert Dapper, 1636—1689. Published "Naukeurige Beschrijvinge der Afrikaensche Gewesten, 1668" (Detailed Description of the African Regions")

Olfert Dapper never set foot on the continent of Africa.

§

Self Medication, 2005, A Wooden sculpture after a Congolese Nkisi—left arm akimbo, right arm raised at the ready. Embedded in its stomach is a small crt screen. In the eyes are micro-cameras. In the original installation the wall behind the work and the pedestal it rested on were painted to match the wall color of the "African Oceanic" wing in the MIA. The work was installed at the end of the corridor, before the only entrance to the gallery. When viewers approach the work, they received a realtime image of themselves looking, objectifying. In a temporal fracture of subject/object, the polarity of gaze is reversed. The viewer is presented with an image of themselves peering into the reflective surface of the nkisi and image of themselves as peering object, and image that they cannot return.

§

E.A. Bryant III education and professors: Minneapolis College of Art and Design Kenji Akagawa, David Rich, Karen Wirth, Aaron Vandyke, Ruth Voights, Mary Ahman

Tsinghua University of Science and Technology 孙晓圆, 王皓月

Yale University, School of Art Rochelle Feinstein, Sam Messer, Byron Kim, Molly Zuckerman Hartung, Mark Thomas Gibson, Robert Storr, Marta Kuzma, Robert Farris Thompson, Paul North, Dr. Aimee Cox, Erica Moiyah James, Asaf Angermann, Margaret Spillane, Anoka Faruque, Anna Betzebe, Sara Oppenheimer, Mark Aaronson

School of Visual Arts David Levi Strauss, Dejan Lukic, Emmanuel Iduma, Charles Stein, Nancy Princenthal, Debra Bricker Balken,

§

[我包围着它，抓住它扼住了它的咽喉。]

Translated as "I surrounded it; seized it by the throat" That which is surrounded is hypostatized with the use of colodion and ether. A phantasm located through misting the colodion mixture in the evening, between 11:00pm and 3:00 am where the lies are buried. When the sun rises, the colodion will slowly be activated and the misty phantasm may be seen in the daylight. It should appear as a hazy mass, or fog. Follow it until you see where it rests during the day. Petition Saint Lazarus to open the door by lighting a candle at the crossroad anterior to where the phantasm rests. Place the candle there before the opening of the heart of night. This candle light will allow you to see the colodion residue on the phantasm as it emerges. Then you must strike. When