

September 28 to December 7, 2018

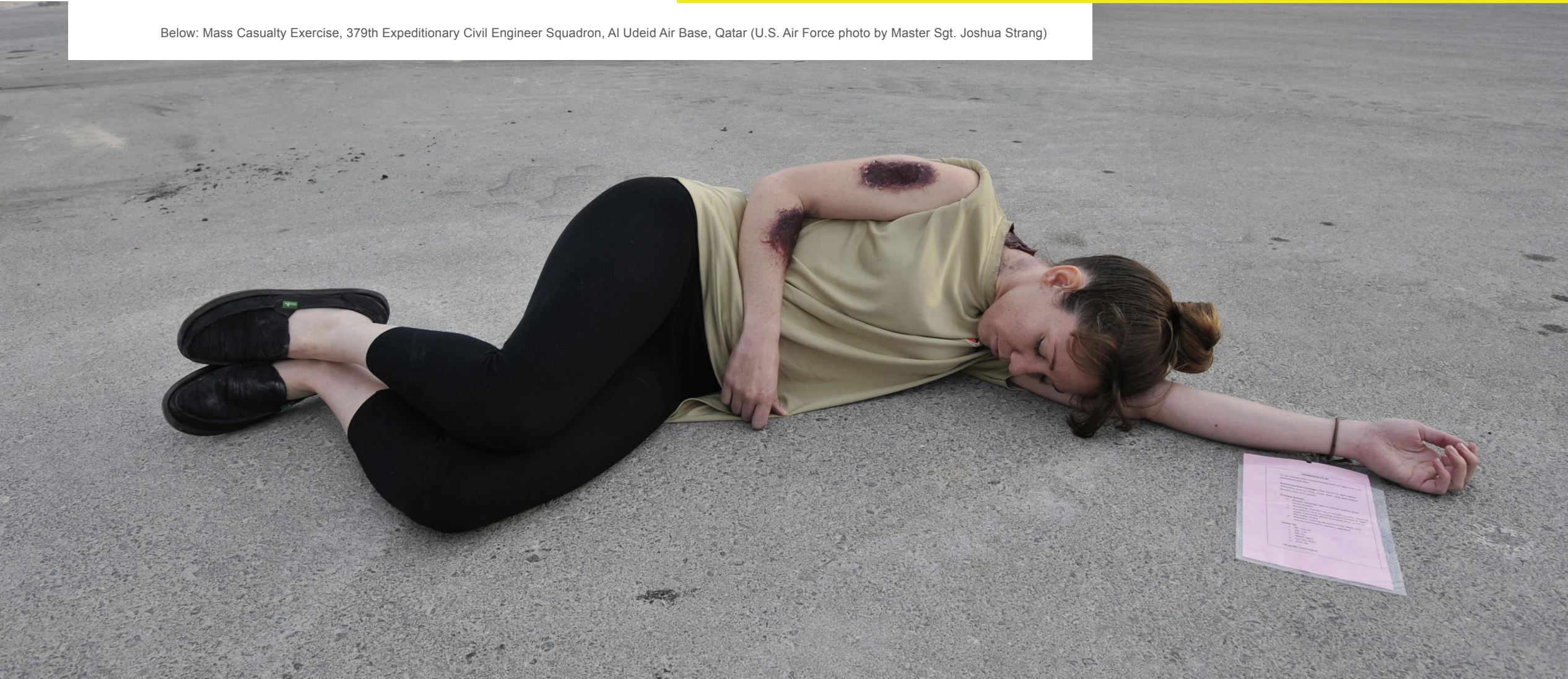
Radiator Gallery

Category 6

Deric Carner
Molly Dilworth
Scott Kiernan

Alone once more, he surveyed the tidal wave of vegetation which flooded his hallway; the species were all mingled together, crossing swords, spears and curved daggers with one another in a massive display of green weapons, above which floated, like barbarian battle-standards, harsh and dazzling flowers of every colour.¹ **JK Huysman**

Below: Mass Casualty Exercise, 379th Expeditionary Civil Engineer Squadron, Al Udeid Air Base, Qatar (U.S. Air Force photo by Master Sgt. Joshua Strang)



..those who don't refuse to understand will get no explanation from us...² **Tiqqun**

Anxiety_disorders_world_map

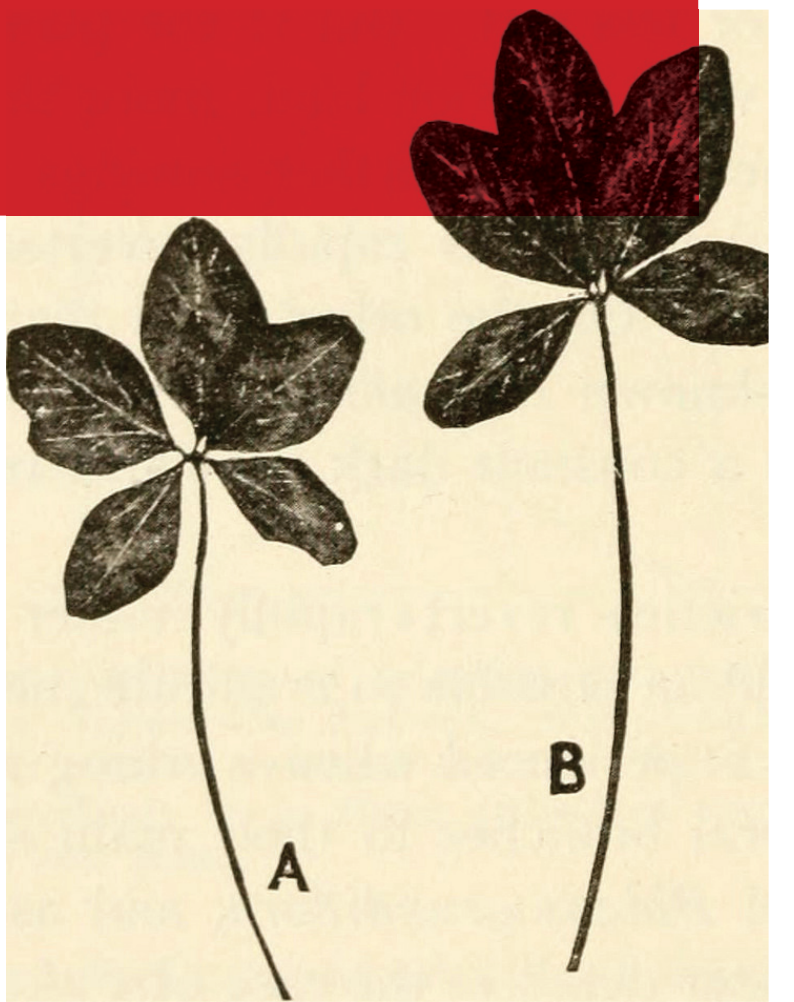
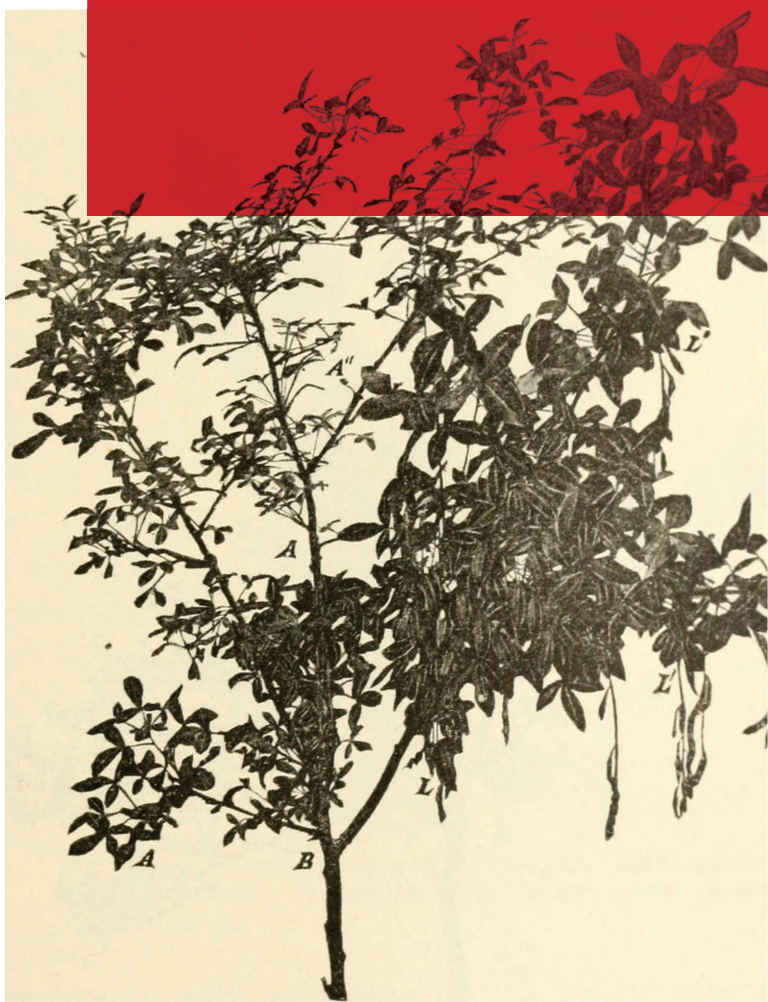
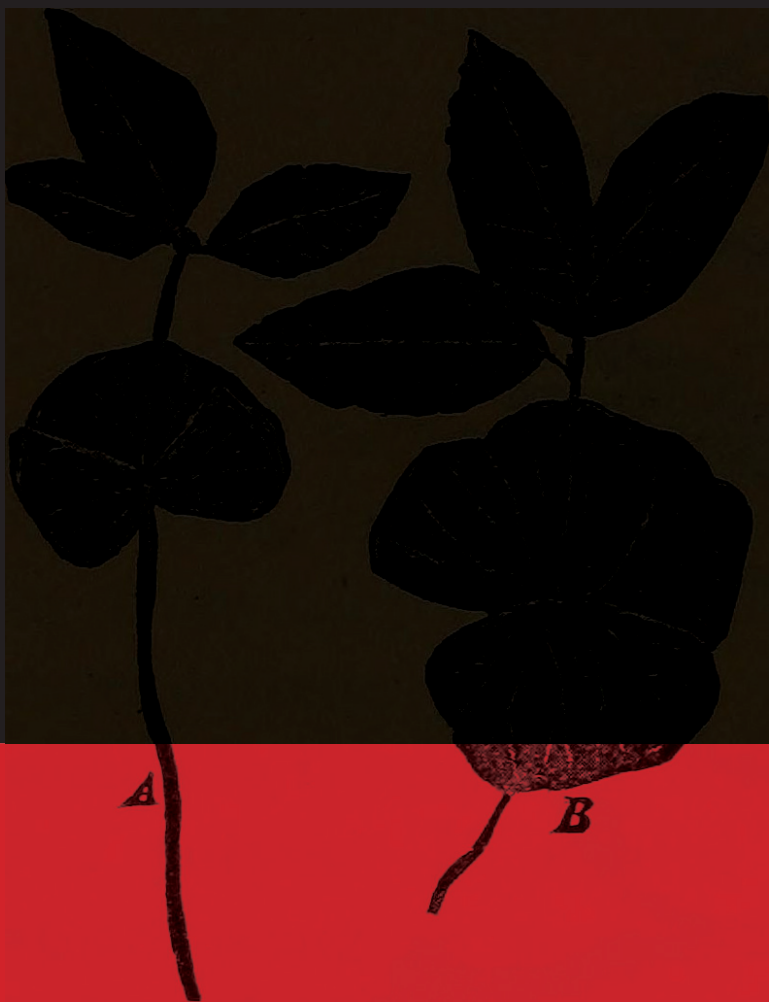
Areas exposed to:

- hurricanes
- desertification
- small islands & deltas subjected to greater surf (some islands will be completely submerged)

Jump cut to Cobra helicopters hovering over mass graves, zebra wipe to shopping malls, mosaic to spam filters, SIM cards, nomad weavers; spiral effect to border detention, child care, and digital exhaustion.³ **Hito Steyerl**



*The invention of the ship was also the invention of the shipwreck.*⁴ **Paul Virilio**



Hurricane Warning Flags and Illustrations from *The Mutation Theory; Experiments and Observations on the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom*⁵
 Composition by Deric Carner

*Dread is intimately related to the sublime. Because it's about the limits of ratiocination. It's about the limits of explanation. There's always a surplus value that you can't explain. 'Why are you full of dread?' 'I am full of dread because of this, because of this.' Then you can rationally break down the extent to which that should lead to legitimate fear. And then there is the surplus. That's where the dread comes in for me.*⁶ **China Miéville**

THE CATASTROPHE OF THE BAOBAB

By Anna Badkhen

I ONCE WALKED past a baobab that lay on its side.

In the sparseness of the Sahel, where every rare tree stands out against the low skyline in openwork lace, there was an immense vulnerability to it. Baobabs live up to two thousand years. They grow big as houses. This one had a trunk the size of a school bus. Its roots reached skyward in tragic *pis aller*, like someone drowning. I don't know why it had died but it was difficult to rationalize such a fall, and it elicited a greater sorrow than I had imagined any tree could merit. Like a cooled meteorite that never again would be of the sky. Like thinking of a lost language—the irreparable chasm in its wake. I felt guilty, as if I had arrived too late to avert some monumental loss.

I feel this way a lot: in many kinds of love and inadequate to the grief and suffering of the world. And there seems no end to it. There is no precedent in human history for the current, manmade geological changes that are destroying human and nonhuman lives and livelihoods, and for the yet worse catastrophes that climate scientists predict, new unimaginable calamities that will extinguish more species, erase more habitats, kill and displace more people. The majority of modern wars are both the result and the cause of climate disasters. All the migrants who come to Europe today are essentially climate refugees, fleeing from drylands, where the fight for dwindling resources degenerates into depravity, militancy, atrocities.

Curious how it happened: the more we learned about the world the more we lost intimacy with it; the violence simply persisted. “We’ve rocketed beyond the age of miracles,” the poet Jynne Dilling Martin writes in her collection *We Mammals in Hospitable Times*.

This divestment finds its most eloquent expression in language. When we talk about the natural world as *something* that *we* are destroying, or *something* that *we* must safeguard, or *something* that *we* need to conserve, we imply a kind of a binary relationship, a reality in which rather than being a part *of* nature we somehow exist *outside* it. We suggest that nature can be external to us, that nature has boundaries, and that we can choose to act as nature’s mindful guardians or reckless destroyers while not being of nature. I see a direct correlation between the gradual fraying of the bonds that once existed between all humans and the rest of the natural world, and our increasingly disassociated attitude toward the erratic landscape of our changing planet. It is a myopic dichotomy that continues to enable the violent greed and abuse of the Anthropocene.

“Nature is what is, everything that is, everything that has been, and everything that is possible, including human actions, inventions, creations, and imaginations,” writes Pattiann Rogers. “We are thoroughly nature. To claim otherwise is to attempt to place human beings and everything we do in some rare unimaginable realm beyond the universe, thus rendering the power of our origins lost and our obligations vague.”

In other words, a reimagining is in order: a reimagining of a world in which we are constituents of it and not its occupiers, in which we reassess our sense of moral impunity. In his environmental manifesto

The Rediscovery of North America Barry Lopez eulogizes such synergy: “To memorize and remember the land, walk it, eat from its soils and from the animals that ate its plants.[...]To be intimate with the land like this is to enclose it in the same moral universe we occupy, to include it in the meaning of the word community.” A next-stage decolonization of the global mind, if you will.

In the face of a peopled world so overwhelmingly volatile, what is the obligation of artists, and what can we hold onto and how, and what for, and are we too late? Seeing beauty amidst iniquity seems a tall order but I insist we must—otherwise we will not survive our own history of violence, we will stop falling in love and die off as a species. Making art is not enough—but no one thing is, or can be, or should be, and instead of vanishing into the gray without astonishment or hurt, wouldn’t you rather weep before a fallen baobab tree, wouldn’t you rather die of heartbreak?

Here is one way of thinking about art: it is a means of reflecting the world back at itself at unexpected angles. Art is an intimate investigation that invites the audience to ponder and question and perform inquiries of their own—and, at the same time, it reminds us that we are not alone, that someone else is as perplexed and bereft and amazed as we are, and that they believe in the obligation to take their sense of inadequacy and their confusion and maybe even their fear out into the world so as to probe: are you there, is anybody there, are we listening?

Anna Badkhen’s latest book is *Fisherman’s Blues* (Riverhead Books, 2018). The essay takes its title from *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.