



“We don’t see things as they are, we see them as we are — everything is everything.”

Art from the continent
may feel slow to
change,

with more
acceptable
tastes governing the market.

In turn,

the ideas exchanged around
the artwork itself stay the
same. Recycled.

Not to be
confused with reimagined.

“Ah yes! The artist’s body
of work has always been
about erecting lost myths
and ethnologies —
people’s differences,”
in their most colonial of
Englishes, they’ll say.

Art, as always,
represents us right now
and at this moment in time.
The trope of unearthing
has been overused;

and

my...

...there's nothing left
except more vapid conversations
about how a potential market
of buyers should value work.

All the same,
Boring,

we present.
not lame.

“Something always goes missing
when you're on a trip of your
own, looking in at yourself.”

16/16

presents work by

Osione Iteboje, Yadichinma —

— Ukoha-Kalu, Vofo, and ~~Myles~~ ^{fuck Myles} Igwe —

two people and two people united
by a collective history — the
inevitable human process of being
banded together by nature.

Frank
Myles

Edmund

The artists' language
of expression is graphic.

Actions more than words.
More than arguments.

They live side by side with
the material world. Amassing
weight, then drawing on it.

They're in fact saying: "I present what
I do. My graphic nature is material.
I carry lightness with heaviness."

Our fleeting lives rest in harmony with the material world around us whether we battle it or not.

How then can our collective histories be so easily skewed away from forms that make sense?

Don't our interactions with the material world leave residues?

Why does the human need to make a point if an imprint is left behind?

Things always go missing.

“Symbolism was for cavemen.

And now we have women.”

In this sea of need for the *black body*,
of representational desire by the
non-Black, what has gotten lost?

Was there any real
need to paint the self?

Represent a scene?

Wasn't it about the language
we used, the pieces of objects
that were collected and
amassed in the real world?

Rather than looking in and
curating the self?

The presentation of art is now
more than representation.

“I mean we know how to be the virgin, and pose like a god, and hold out our hands above the bible and pray.”

But can you sing colour? Vomit sound? Speak as if deaf? Tell us more. Tell us something else we haven't heard before.

Invent a new word.

That new word is the old world.
The old you forgot because you were busy running around looking

at yourself doing things.
Jerking off in hopes that the cum
splattered canvas in front of you
will be in your likeness.

It is not. Period.

Cum is DNA – is a helix, is a circle
– is a roundabout merry go round.
And now I feel like vomiting all
over again, the graphic nature now
giving me immense pleasure.

Yadichinma Ukoha Kalu

John O'Donohue said, "beauty isn't all about just nice, loveliness like. Beauty is about more rounded substantial becoming.

So I think beauty in that sense is about an emerging fullness, a greater sense of grace and elegance, a deeper sense of depth, and also a kind of homecoming for the enriched memory of your unfolding life."

Watching yadichinma create is seeing this becoming unfold. She is quiet, reflective, this gentle nature belying a creative tempest raging

just beneath the surface. Ideas escape through the surface, coming up for air before they dive back into her mind. It's quiet again, before another bubbling over, which will soon come.

Her works take on a three dimensional nature. From a flat plane, layers are being built up. Layers of colour and god knows what else. It's all so beautiful; embedded in the visual, settling in the visceral.

Excited to see where this all heads. No goal, however, is ever clear in sight.

Perhaps abstraction is the process of thinking even deeper rather than wider, as if to place a cone in front of your eye.

You are aware of what is being obscured but are mostly thankful for less noise.

I watched her demurely sucking on a lollipop she bought from the hawkers in traffic.

Queue unwrapping of the sweet treat: it broke apart into a million little pieces.

She sucked on larger, loose shards that remained. The rest looked like a pile of cocaine on my keyboard.

Paathewww, she spat it out. Fructose glued to her skin in light's yellow dusk, again.

Yadichinma is experimenting.

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: Someone said the piece reminded them of this

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: That's the biafran flag

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: And I thought it was interesting that more than one person thought that

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: My piece isn't political sha

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: It's literally about a sunny day

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: But I like this idea of image relationships?

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: And symbols

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: And how things point us to the past, and pain perhaps

Yadichinma Ukoha-Kalu: And politics



[upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/...](https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/)

Visit

Images may be subject to copyright. [Learn more](#)

Related content



Nchamere Nd'Igbo: The Po...
Evidence Of Anti-Igbo...



VERY SUNNY



OCTOBER 6, 2022

YADI, 2022

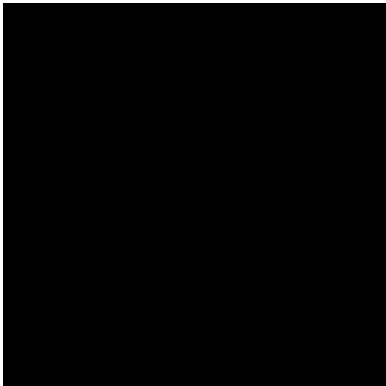
Myles Igwe

dark and brooding
but full of colour. dramatisms unfold the same
way he flourishes a paintbrush.

eratic, but you know where it's heading.
life unfolds like a play,
the dance of nature is a cotillion ball
and we are all dainty damsels in distress.

court has begun, Pinnochio has won.

or is the boy who lied really the one who never
has to hide.



VOFO

what is the artists process apart from
pop till you stop.

till that drip just drops.

till the ruby-red anxiety-licking cells denature
from technological kinesthesia.

we're now on the moon.
we're now in hell really.

and the spiritual will is for the divine masculine
to emerge.

the divine feminine has been waiting.

an MDMA infused nightmare,
salve for our woes.

a seizure during the day gives way to mind
expansion at night





Osione

a jester,
a vulture. a crying angel, decided demon.
player in darkness.

in quiet noise. not for lack of trying but for lack
of lacking all goodness
life and death merge beneath the skin.

fermentation occurs naturally in the eyes
the aqueous humour

but somehow
passes through the urethra before and during
ejaculation.

and there is a lot to vomit,
the sheath of so many consumed mangoes.

for all animals like fruit and the tarter they are
the better to digest.

a fart really a rose blooming through the sebum
in your pores.

WTP

WOK
DIS
POOSIE

~~BITTCH~~

THURGOOD

YOU PUNK

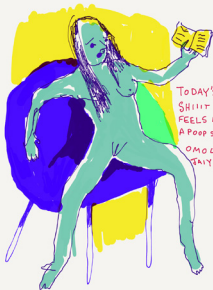
BITTCH

ASS NEE GAAAAAASS









TODAY'S
SHIT
FEELS LIKE
A POOP STAIN
OMO L'OPC
TAYE LO





An Incomplete History

5th November 2022

Curated by Tushar Hathiramani

Presented by 16/16

www.16by16.co

IG - @16by16

