



Title: Inside Art: *JUST FUCKING GETTING HER DONE, ABYSSAGAIN,*
and *HOWTORUNFAST*

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Source: *Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies*, vol. III, no. II
(Spring 2024), pp. 81-83

Published by: *Memorial University of Newfoundland*



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Janus Unbound: Journal of Critical Studies is published by Memorial University of Newfoundland

**JUST FUCKING GETTING HER DONE (2024)
(Mixed Media, Digital)**

**ABYSSAGAIN (2024)
(Black and White Photographic Print 8"x10")**

**HOWTORUNFAST (2024)
(Mixed Media, Digital)**

uminoko

So ... you want us to talk about images? However, quite frankly, we have only begun to scratch the surface of the real potential of the image. There is yet to be a master of the image, as far as we can see, although attempts have been made. Our aim for this statement is to present a constellation of four different images; we hope this framework may further illuminate the potential of the image.

Let's begin with the image we have all seen before: a picture of the sunset. This image falls under the category of the Natural Image; having all been armed with this ability to capture, these images result from an instinctual reaction to the Beautiful. But have you ever seen an image of a sunset, of the ocean, of a mountain that was so beautiful that you would prefer the image to the real thing? The best the Natural Image can do for the viewer is to bring on the feeling of "I wish I was there." This feeling is an awakening; it can get one out of the door and under the slowly fading sky. It can ignite the desire to capture one's own sunset, and it has the potential to turn the viewer into the Artist. This Natural Image plays a valuable role in the quest for Art, as recognition of the Beautiful is an important skill to cultivate. But we at uminoko watch the sun come and go at least twice a day; we never stop seeing the Beautiful. Thus, we have outgrown the need to produce such an image. Sorry, Mr. Adams. But what if one has never seen the sun's furious exit from the sky? Their experience of the Natural Image would be fundamentally different.

This brings us to our next image: the Image of the Black Swan. This one screams, "I exist" to underdeveloped eyes; by giving visual form to the previously unthinkable, it creates a possibility of seeing the world from a new angle. The idea here is that the image of the Black Swan calls into question the notion that "All swans are white"; by doing so, it may lead the viewer towards a broader worldview, one in which swans might be black, or even pink. Awe, wonder,

fear, and terror all colour the experience of this image; they disrupt our worldview by expanding our idea of what could possibly exist. In the context of art history, this kind of image attempts to expand our notion of “This is art,” it points the finger in a new direction. This is Duchamp’s fountain and Warhol’s soup cans; this is our image of the construction worker labouring on the telephone lines. The value of the Black Swan Image is twofold: in challenging our previous worldview, it introduces a potentially new way to see. Additionally, this image can offer comfort and encouragement to ever-searching eyes; their guidance reminds us that there is always something more to see. This kind of image is far more complex simply because our eyes have been searching at different intensities throughout different durations: “Everything you like, I liked five years ago.” RIP Virgil. But remember, we at uminoko have inherited Ocean Eyes; we already see everything as “Art™.”

Perhaps the older, wiser brother (or maybe the younger, impatient sister) of the Black Swan Image is the Image of Nothing. This image almost isn’t an image because it cannot be captured using traditional methods. It points because we inherently want the image to point, but its contents cannot be commodified. Brought on by a strong disdain towards the hypnotic tendency of the image, at the least, this image seeks to annoy or disrupt, and in extreme cases, it obliterates itself. It can be a 4-minute-ish-long song of silence or it can be a wall of text that refuses the reader’s readiness. This image wants to say, “Hello??? You fucking idiot, I was always right here”; sometimes it is better to let the image—and the eyes that seek it—rest. After all, the harder one seeks union with God, the more distance one creates.

But we are afraid this isn’t always possible; sometimes we are trying to get back to a place we have been, and sometimes we are trying to get to a place we have dreamed of. If so, the Guru Image can be of help. We have heard that some yogis take a photograph of their Guru when they depart from their Presence; the image offers itself as an object of meditation, an entry point into a certain state. A return to a state, this kind of image is the first thing the LSD subject sees after breaking through into emptiness. It is the sight of “I Am That.” An image can remind someone who they are or who they might be by pointing back toward a certain state. This image offers itself as an object to cling to, and it can provide shelter from the storm. Are the dream image and the created image any different? At uminoko, we don’t think so; the image itself is inseparable from the flash that brought it into existence. This image can be a portal into a new world, reminding us of the Garden of Eden from which we sprung.

All of the images we have described so far seem to have different purposes, so naturally we are curious about what happens when you combine them into One. Maybe the potential of the image can only be seen when this synthesis occurs in a breathtaking flash. Maybe the Image of the Soul can be seen. We have caught enough glimpses to believe it is possible but are not arrogant enough to say the quest is complete.

Even so, we at uminoko still can’t help but ask: will these images ever be enough? We wish we could give you more than this, this question filled with

equal amounts of despair and ecstasy. But to tell you the truth, this question is all we have; we are still searching for the real potential of the image. Maybe you can help us.

So, I will leave you with this true happening. Before I sat down to finish writing this statement, I got a text from my mother. It read, “Beautiful sunset tonight. ... Thought of you.” It was the kind of text where you feel someone’s love for you, but it was just a text; there was no image. At that moment, I was left wanting only one thing: a picture of the sunset.

Biography

We are uminoko (u-me-new-co). uminoko is a network of writers, painters, photographers, and designers; we are a network of teachers, janitors, butchers, bankers, and welders; we are a network of thinkers, dancers, actors, and architects; we are a network of anarchists, capitalists, communists, and criminals; we love this world but hate its ways. What unites us is that we share a common hope; the goals we mark for ourselves stem from this wish. We bring ourselves into form when that wish may be fulfilled. We still are not quite sure what this wish is, but we all know it is there. We bring it with us wherever we go. Maybe you do too.