

Title: uminoko on Their Work: *IS ANYONE HERE?*

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uminoko on Their Work: IS ANYONE HERE? (2024)

(Black and White Photographic Print 8"x10")

uminoko

Let's play a game. We wish we could do something more; we wish we could say something impactful, something worth your time, but to tell you the honest truth, we have tried that already. And we failed. But we had fun doing it, so we were thinking maybe you could join along.

Imagine a game of chess, except there's no chess board or chess pieces, and there are not even two people playing against each other. There are three. So that leaves us with three players wondering what the fuck they are gathered here for, yet there is still the clock ticking. It's Somebody's turn.

Poor Somebody. They are confused, and they are expecting to do something with their hands, so they begin to write. They probably write something like, "Everybody is an Artist." Then they whack the clock; they pass the responsibility onto the next player.

Nobody knows what to do. Or rather, Nobody knows what to write. It's not hard to counter when the page before you is no longer empty, especially when you are Nobody, emptiness's accomplice. "You mean 'Everybody wants to be an Artist,'" responds Nobody.

Now Everybody is up; they were thrown into this game without much consent, and their name has already been written. It wouldn't be right if they didn't try to make sense of themselves. Plus, Everybody needs to have a little fun, so they join in accord. "No, that's not quite it," writes Everybody. "You see, we are better off adopting the role of the Artist. It's a tricky situation we are in, but we are in the same situation nonetheless. Whether or not it is necessary to adopt the role is beside the point, what's important is that we all had to write something; clearly, there's a certain attitude that we share."

From here, the game may become more defined. Somebody might quip, "there is no such thing as important people; there are only important players." The players may continue onwards toward a proper delineation of who will take the next turn, they may create rules limiting how many words can be said, and they may even conceive of a name for their newly found game. But that's just one possibility.

Maybe Nobody will play out of order. Maybe they will point out how the sky appears differently to eyes that only wish to look; maybe they will wait for

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the wind to blow the pencil across the paper; or maybe they will write “I already know The End,” as they proceed to smash the clock into a million little pieces.

The fact of the matter is this: the game is different for Everybody. However, they know it must be played, for Everybody knows that we cannot escape the finger that points both skywards and inwards. So, they ask the onlookers where they want to go, they seek guidance from their friends, and they knock on the door of Eternity’s single wish. And if they find it? They laugh and go hide again.

That’s all we have for you: a game we tried to play in the hope that we could write something useful. Or maybe what we really wanted was to find another player. ...

Anybody?

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.

Today is for tomorrow; and tomorrow can be seen with shining ocean eyes.

Until then,

uminoko • 海の子 • ocean child