

Gustavo Martinez

Artist Statement

We are in a constant stage of transformation, becoming who we condition ourselves to be. The environment we live in has a massive impact on our character and outlook on life. We condition our mind, or settle for how our environment conditions it for us.

These abstracted figurative expressions are vehicles for my mind as I seek knowledge and gather strength in times of fear, uncertainty, and confusion. I seek clarity within my mind through the process of meditation and contemplation while creating with different materials.

Some artworks reflect dreams and embody personal narratives. "Bear-Jaguar Avatar" is in response to a dream where I became a bear-jaguar that eats away the cancer of a dear friend. To my surprise the process of eating the cancer was nothing like I imagined. I pictured the combined fierce energy and power of these animals devouring the malignant tumor with passionate rage in response to how cancer has affected us all. I calmly took bites of the tumor until it was all consumed. My avatar was calm and collected; it was a methodical act full of nurturing motherly love.

The exhibition "Guardians, Warriors, and Allies" consists of artworks that reflect seeking from within to break away from my own limitations.

Christopher Paul Jordan

Artist Statement

As we experience displacement there are certain belongings only we can know the significance of. This project is a long distance phone call with the past—sifting through the simultaneous nostalgia and dysphoria of the landscape; telegraphing images between eras of migration as we and our next-of-imagined kin are forced to remember how we invented home in the first place. Toward that end I'm reintegrating components of my artistic practice that I abandoned as a teenager, developing photographs I left unprocessed since high-school, reclaiming evidence of our presence to carry on and leave behind.

Central to this body of work is the architectural salvage yard Jones Glass, located across the alley from my childhood home. The place of my earliest daydreams, the place where I learned to take photographs; a labyrinth of wonder which speaks to me aloud through the living fragments of my former neighbors' homes. Jones Glass is one of the longest running Black owned businesses in Hilltop. Its land was purchased by Mr William Jones (1918-2009) after his property was condemned to make way for the construction of the Tacoma Dome. Gwen Jones, an expert glass cutter and long time photographer, is the heir of Jones Glass and the chief of its archive. This salvage yard is the place where my journey in optics began. I see the past and future refracted between the yard's stacks of screens and panes, between the belongings these windows held in, and the landscapes they once kept out.

BIO

Born in Tacoma Washington (1990) Christopher Paul Jordan integrates virtual and physical public space to form infrastructures for dialogue and self-determination among dislocated people. Jordan's paintings and sculptures are artifacts from his work in community and time-capsules for expanded inquiry. Jordan co-directs the grassroots youth arts organization Fab-5, which empowers young people as creative leaders who inspire change in their surroundings.

Jordan is recipient of the 2017 Neddy Artists Award for painting, the Jon Imber Painting Fellowship, the GTCF Foundation of Art Award, and the most recent summer commission for Seattle Art Museum's Olympic Sculpture Park. Jordan's next residency is at the Museum of Glass in Tacoma, his next large scale exhibitions include #COLORED2017 in Trinidad this December, and The Art Gym at Marylhurst University spring 2018.

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LATENT

Voices echoing down the LAN lines of a long distance call. The lag in a game of Counter Strike. The time you spend shaking a polaroid. In engineering, latency describes time delays on the impact of a force within a given system. In photography it's the state of an unfixed image, a body of light which has been captured but not made permanent, outwardly visible. Physiologists measure reaction times for human reflexes; responses to danger, to changes in the surrounding environment. Epidemiologists discuss the "latent period", the time interval between infection and appearance of symptoms from a virus. Latency is information's commute. In photography due to what's called "reciprocity failure" some information gets pulled over on the way. Latency is distance, bandwidth, separation, sample-rate. It's the months it took for Sammy to get played on west coast radio stations. The digital life expectancy of a Black idiom. The era between the conception and colonization of jazz. The vulnerability of exposed negatives. Precarious, precious, pending, in-between time.

Chris, THIS IS GREAT. WHAT HAPPENS WITHIN THE WAITING? WHAT UNIVERSE RESIDES WITHIN THE LAG? WHAT IS MOBILIZED? WHAT IS CONSIDERED? HEALED? DECIDED? I FEEL LIKE MAYBE THERE'S A CHANCE TO THEORIZE LATENCY AS SOMETHING OTHER THAN AN UNKNOWN OR DEAD(?) OR IN-BETWEEN "REAL" TIME/SPACE. AND APPLY THIS THEORY TO WHAT YOU ARE DOING WITH THE NEW/LATENT WORK.

- *CHRISTA BELL*

Christa, These are the questions. I feel like latency might be the distance between what we can see and what we know, a distance we experience as pain, peace, memory, hope - all of which fail when they stand alone. Right now I feel a calling toward a point of awareness and recollection prior to any measurable project or action. In this way latency for me carries all the power, and all of the futility of a moment of silence.

There is something diasporic to me about all of these windows, which have come from other homes, and may arrive to new buildings one day and/or perhaps spend the majority of their time in this very real in-between space. When they arrive at the next destination they will be in different configurations. They are no more precious to me as I imagine homes around them than they when stacked side by side. Perhaps its the space that the windows share rather than the space that they claim that enables them to belong. Not that buildings do not matter, but what if latency is an alternate dimension of exchange with its own set of imperatives and priorities?

- CHRIS

HOME is as much your home as your cousin is your cousin. And you miss them when they're away. The way first steps' tingle after taking off in-lines at the skate rink. The prick of resentment when a stranger's "known you since you were this tall". There's a feeling between these two growing louder. The vascular alarm of a sleeping limb scared the rest of your body's gonna forget and leave it behind. The longer you're still, the more possessed you become, yet in moving you can't escape. Blood lines shaking fails to wake. Place where shivers will not warm you-this extremity is long gone. Its nagging, imaginary-real pain spreads, envelopes your body like a wool onesie snuck under your skin...it's one size too small. Wander, it chafes and chastises. Wade, it soaks, it shrinks in the sun and it slows you down. The feeling of not feeling forming the felt hand-me-downs of a fugitive child. Numb to the sole, floating on ankles the way cold feet have something to do with circulation, and sugar, where you goin? Buzzing clicks crescendo. Static resonance of microscopic barbs clinging to you, a cushion of pins dropped and found as you feared by accidentally feeling years after. If only you could recover, sound senses, phantom itch remedy, limb out of touch, the roots that keep your soil from eroding, hill where you were born, the trails from here.

Wobbly. knotted. Burrow until you got ground to stand. Walk up til we can skate backwards. Here is a moment. Carry what you can.

MEMORY, DISTANCE, NOSTALGIA, DYSPHORIA, ABANDONMENT, UNPROCESSED, RECLAIMING--THESE ARE ALL POWERFUL IDEAS AND POSSIBLY ANSWER MY ABOVE QUESTION RE. WHAT LATENCY ITSELF CONTAINS. BUT ALSO, IS LATENCY IT'S OWN TYPE OF FORWARD MOVEMENT? AND, CAN DISPLACEMENT BE EXPERIENCED AS ANOTHER LATENCY, OR IS IT MERELY THE RESULT OF LATENCY? FOR SOME (BLACK PEOPLE, POOR PEOPLE ETC.) IS LATENCY LIFE? ARE WE ALWAYS WAITING? DO WE ACTUALLY LIVE IN THE IN-BETWEEN TIME? ARE WE TRAPPED? HOW DOES YOUR WORK RELEASE THE TRAP, AND TO WHAT END? IS THE WORK TOO LATE? ARE YOU/WE ALWAYS TOO LATE? IS LATENT/HOME A WAKE UP CALL?

Also, reading through my questions, I'm finding that I like the idea of interrogating the viewer. It lends a kind of call and response to the statement. and of course the interrogation can be rhetorical--doesn't need answers, necessarily. maybe the answers are in the work.

- CHRISTA BELL

Christa, I think its a way of moving forward absolutely but possibly also the rejection of time? When I see these old photos I see my life through the eyes of a ghost. I'm imagining here a dimension of possibility within the lag that differ from the limits of absolute time. Latency remembers how the process becomes the image. It may be latency's endgame to upend our ideas of development, dismantle our notions of objectivity, usher an alternate vision.

No I do not believe we're trapped, but I do see how the laws of normal time and space are weaponized against us. Could our own languages of familiarity be conspiring to free us? Right now I'm wrestling with graffiti as a form of scarification. It makes me think about how/where people and place names become one. My journey as a painter started with this kind of abstract, autobiographical painting affixing itself to the land...the reclamation of public space by Black and brown folks reshaping the desolate spaces they had been relegated to. Here I'm using the spraypaint to subtracting from the foam as I seek other ways for the painting to exist in the world. It also lives in transit, along train lines, occasionally in the deepest wilderness. As an anonymous practice it maintains a separate dimension of familiarity and commonality beyond what many outsiders have the capacity to discern. Clarifying and trusting our rites to guide and lead us through the interim, maybe this is a stray key, or an unfamiliar seed from another generation? Any answers here might be for later, or elsewhere.

- CHRIS