Black is the color of pigment in the plaques imported from Switzerland. It’s also in the melanin in the skin of W.E.B. Du Bois. Black is a swatch of enamel painted on the steel frame of the Eames House.

Black is a tint that’s not printed* in the history books of graphic design. *Except for a token here or there, an inadequate symbolic gesture of acknowledgment.*

Bodies like mine. Faces like mine.

And here you come to ask me to educate you on fragility—triage because you can’t seem to grasp my own rage that you try to manage. Charge me with the responsibility of the plantation, but pay me only wages to pick the cotton.

They say white men can’t jump, but they sure can put a nigga down.

Did you tell me about that one time I was stopped and frisked in New Haven when applying to grad school? Asked for my ID and train ticket? How many spirits of students do you think Paul Rand exercised in all his years? After yet another stop and frisk I asked the only other Black student in the department who happened to be matched as my buddy if he gets stopped in town too.

Frank Ocean can you help? Do you have James Baldwin’s digits? I need to text that mofo: “my buddy” if he gets stopped in town too. For a few years he thought Paul Rand was Black. It’s a that image on the back of that Steven Heller book jacket. I don’t blame him.


“Can’t breathe.”

I’m on my knees. Tryin’ to get me some of that father’s milk.

Sally, are you OK!? Annie, are you OK!? O.J, are you OK?

Tasheka are you OK? George, are you OK? James, are you OK? Silas, are you OK?

CalArts, are you OK??!

Unseen Objects
Silas Munro