

John Beadle

Painter, Sculptor, Printmaker



- Born in 1964 in Nassau, The Bahamas to Jamaican and Bahamian parents
- Holds a BFA and an MFA in painting from Rhode Island School of Design and Tyler School of Art of Temple University
- In 1991 Beadle was named Emerging Artist of Latin America and the Caribbean in Nagoya, Japan
- He has exhibited in The Bahamas, United States, Germany, France, Dominican Republic, Brazil and New Zealand

Artist Statement

“I tend to use materials that are or have been a part of the everyday experiences or have been. I see it as a song one knows some of the words to... this part knowing/ familiarity allows one to sing along...allows partial access which, I think, may lead to a more meaningful engagement with the work. Material... the found, already weathered stuff carries with it a fragmented narrative that makes for very interesting placement possibilities. Space is an important part of our experience... we are granted more of it at times and at others it's stripped from us, so to use this as working material is very interesting for me... even in the close confines of a sculpture or an installation. The idea of head space, body space and out of space is the material of one's life time.”

We Live at the Undersides: Resilience in an era of climate crisis

September 17, 2019

by Natalie Willis



Mass Transportation (1998), John Beadle, acrylic and mixed media on canvas, 71 x 53 inches. Part of the National Collection.

Two years ago, I wrote an article on the impact of Hurricane Irma on the loss of cultural material and the devastation of the landscape, lamenting the single death we sustained here, how we “lost two cultures that day”. I spoke about how many of us, in light of the nature of our dotted, disparate geography, felt the smallest sigh of relief that the more inhabited islands of New Providence and Grand Bahama were not hit, though it did little to soothe the loss of life and property in the Southern Bahamas.

This year, I write about another Category 5 storm. This year I write about such heart-piercing loss of life that it’s hard to contemplate how much material loss there is. This year, I write about what happened to one of those “more inhabited” islands, the island I have called home for most of my life, and how the culture and people I grew up with Grand Bahama are underwater, and Abaco all but washed away.

There was a sad irony in 2017 hearing about Ragged Island, the name feeling like the sting of some poorly-made cosmic joke in looking at the devastation they have and continue to endure. Inagua was left without its one school. That pair of islands in the southern part of our archipelago have a population who are still largely displaced, and largely left without hope of rebuilding - despite the stories of how Ragged Island could have been The Bahamas’ first “green island”. Another sad irony there, because in my experience growing up in one of the hardest hit islands in the hurricane belt, storms turn everything that you once thought of being green to a salty and unbearable brown.

Words at times like this feel clumsy for some, forced, or lacking the eloquence to do the horrors and pains of situations like ours justice. Sometimes, for some of us anyway, visualisations help us to parse through the muddled and complicated feelings - feelings of being so grateful for life whilst simultaneously utterly devastated at the loss of your home and livelihood.

Click here to read more: [We Live at the Undersides](#)

