



1. *Boreal Chorus* 2017-2020
52" x 73" Oil on Canvas
2. *Helix for Sleep* 2016-2021
47" x 57" Oil on Panel
3. *Land Lord* 2021
Birch, ply scraps, acrylic,
grow lights, mud
4. *Puck* 2017-2019
24" x 29.5" Oil on Panel
5. *BISHOP (Technates Wedge)* 2016-2021
25" x 28" Oil on Panel
6. *The Body Collects* 2016-2021
43" x 54.5"
7. *Inverse Orbululum* 2015-2021
47" x 57" Oil on Panel
8. *Variation* by Risto Milner 2020

The evening dilation is a path of inversion, unshackle your mind and body from the techno sphere. Become malleable, become permutable, like jelly or clay or sweat seeping into the cracks of your palm as they grip the sheets for departure. Millions of fibres intermingle upon granular atomic display, cloaked in the remaining fragments of neon refractions creeping through the warbled framework of lead and craft, dusted carbon, spotted and webbed arachnid excretion. Forming patterns that dance over (s)pores, follicles, scars, soon dissipated or engulfed, envision under layers of paralysis, the ritual, a doorway that has no border. Tonight you decide to go deep for you insect the earth wingless. On the surface it is just a hole but when you are in it you are zooming. You just keep digging and they just keep laughing and forgetting. A continual excavation of aggregate matter; dirt, rock, sand, silt, blocky, columnar, crumb, granular, massive, platy, prismatic, single grain, cavities, micro fauna, fungi, and bacteria. Enraptured. "Any system which says, This is a rotten world, wait for the next, give up, do nothing, succumb — that may be the basic Lie and if we participate in believing it and acting (or rather not acting) on it we involve ourselves in the Lie and suffer dreadfully ... which only reinforces that particular Lie. I imagine that if Sweet Jesus is listening to me He is becoming very angry now, but if He follows his own philosophy He will fold his hands, look tragically toward heaven, and do nothing." PKD. Will I come out the other side or will I enter a cavernous chamber of thick magma and organs dissolve into a mass of digestion. Travelling through viscous skin, muscles and fat, bones and organs dissolve into a mass of digestion. Travelling through viscous passages into a womb of centric archways leading to a basin, where lady demon sits on a three legged stool, notebook in hand, glasses tilted with specular concern. "You must take care of yourself. You must listen to your body. Let me amplify this for you from head to toe." The words travel through every ailment in the form of heat, "your lungs excrete tar, vestigial wisdom extractions, onset kyphosis, tension, anxiety, migraines, heart palpitations, pudental neuralgia, osgood schlatters disease. You are quite human and don't forget you come from this place." It is easy to disregard. It is easy to spill over and mechanize, to let intelligence mask all intrinsic connections to this place. Don't forget the eyes wide deep in the thicket, peering out curiously, are not so alien to your very own. Linked through liminal mesh in carbon form, molar, molecular, entombed without choice, we writhe in tandem, churning, colliding, configuring the spaces inhabited through the night.

Text written by Feven Kidane and Jordan Milner