

Lucas Ajemian | Andrea Marie Breiling | Ross Caliendo | Ian Davis | Hayden Dunham |
Aimee Goguen | Anton Lieberman | Jake Longstreth | Lila de Magalhaes | Chandler McWilliams |
Dominic Samsworth | Marian Tubbs | Alice Wang

Apocalypse Summer

Opening Reception | Saturday | 29 July | 6-9p
26 July – 9 September 2017



Under the sweltering heat of the nuclear sun, our imaginations run away into fever dreams, erect on gas fumes and bio-engineered water substitutes, our perception of reality mutates, as if perpetually melting, burning and decaying in an endless apocalypse summer. Our hallucinations worsen with each passing day of blinding sun, no SPF can save us from the banal fate of eating sunscreen by the bucket in a futile attempt to survive life on earth's blistering surface.

OUGHT, a beacon of what-ifs is perched above the gallery entrance. Its sky-blue neon, barely visible during the day, luminously glows during the night's stillness provoking consideration of the slow apocalyptic drip, the onslaught of social collapse and environmental decline. Shifting grey horizons blur the distant wildfire. Islands of sea plastics are home sweet home. Our eyes behold *the shock of the new pure, oil down, in unobtrusive, feckless splendor.*

Will the drip be manipulated?

Will the matrix be misled?

Familiar objects evolve in diagonal directions, manipulated beyond their original functions. Our own bodies *at once virtual and tangible, inorganic and alive*, our thoughts, energies, and ideals filtered through activated charcoal and left in gilded-gutters. This everyday strangeness, this burgeoning lie of "fact" – a continental drift towards end-times and another doomed Pangea.

Or maybe. . .

Like a bird that mimics a dial-up modem. Like an auto-reminder to see a dentist in a thousand years. Like microwaving a poem. A personal ritual, a specter of the inevitable, a clerical error.