

“Ditch Presences”
Joshua Petherick

19 March – 23 April, 2016
Opening: 19 March, 4-6 PM

Press Release: “At Your Disposal ... A Serraglio” Mark Von Schlegell (with ST Lore)

p>This holotext assists the self during transition. Hours and hours are available for your self to enter the husk — We don't want to steal anything, we just want to make an overhaul — I have no responsibility on any self I link to. I have no influence on the content of these selves.
 THE END<p> ©2016 Azul Enterprises

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... As read, the text fields break,
not horizontally, but vertically.

New branches opening up into backstories,
interiors, into dozens of pseudo-spaces,
piling upon the illusion of depth until words clarify nothing ... underneath, a
wilderness of building agitates free

<p align="center">_____ Impressum and Contact _____</p>

Strange vistas glitter from portals all around;
silver, crimson, most of all azure colour-fields stretching horizontally onto the
impossible horizons. At the same time, a corresponding switch takes place — a
mortal languor, of greenscreen dreams, of mainscreen mazes, the ground is long,
and at short intervals, follows in parallel lines. A triangular cut sweeps to the bottom
right corner; an oblique slash extends far in the southeast.

Nothingness widens into Space Between.
Out of this widens a diamond shape vaster than the inner distances of the
subatomic world. “I enter this landscape. And at less than 5 meters distance, my
retina freezes solid — fixed, obdurate, implacable — I remember how happy you
were that day. Running around, descending down the hallway with your eyes all
wide. It seems like the last of that happy time. And I suppose, of that period, of that
dream we all had. Obviously it's out now, gone, squelched as you might say.”

>Ideas dawn with a sudden brilliance

>ragged tunics of green imbued with three diamonds and an axe

>argent azul with arrow (shafted) beneath which dirty mail glistens like fire in the
falling sun

>mechanical heads emit a voice

“We're all alive many many times,” she answered. “Alltimes, in fact. What you call a
self or a life is a matter of inter-layered ignorance of the Flux, as flux. Selves, almost,
but not quite exactly like us, are all faces of the same — just as observable tree.”

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