

Under the expanse of celestial indifference, countless lives come to pass. Waxing, waning, personal histories crumble under the weight of millenia, candles burn down into luna pools.

Artists perform an alchemical feat, transposing our objects of finitude into symbols that disturb the relentless flow, forming anchors. They craft beacons, flickering beams that land on the third object, that one beyond sight. The light picks out incongruous edges, edges composed of past and present, unstuck from time. To shed light on the unseen, to distort and warp the world, challenges our relationship to the now. The eternity of a symbolic form projects outside the limit of our person, leading to a recognition not just of the beyond but also of our own dwindling mortality.

*Paraffin* becomes a reassessment of our fixedness, our centrality in the swell of time. Derived from petroleum, the crude, crushing composition of aeons - *Paraffin* serves as a metaphorical medium, symbolising the malleability of our human experience - moulded, melted, flickering.

In the crucible of self-discovery, we confront our attachments - recounting lost heirlooms, and relics of days gone by. Melting them down unravels the moments of our lives, dissolving the boundaries between the self and object, memory and matter. From the molten remnants of the old, a protean form emerges, the once meaningful - now obsolete, the obsolete - now potential. A shape yet unknown.

Harry Hugo Little turns oil and turps into discrete entities, slices of the real that shift in and out of focus. A long exposure, Harry's paintings capture beyond the moment, allowing hallowed light to linger in the blurred strokes. His marks meld matter, merging time and object into one inseparable phenomena. A candelabra stutters, picked out with a precision that can't help but dissolve into fragments - human structures, no matter how grand, always succumb to the eroding waves of entropy. Harry's vibrant hues blur reality, creating a surreal dreamscape where memories meld. With an infrared gaze, the artist's brushes perform a transformational rite, paying tribute to time's march and embracing the profound beauty of impermanence.

In a stark reversal, Jesse Pollock's sculptures resist their own liquidity, solidifying on the brink of collapse. Melting and distorting, aluminium alloy becomes amorphous, clinging to the rim of recognition, fusing metaphor with matter and melding new forms from old sources. The result is a huddle of disoriented, ill-faced creations, crystalised uncertainties that shine from every angle. Like jewel encrusted crustaceans from the deep, Jesse's forms glitter through their own disfigurement. The sculptures act as metallic memento mori, simultaneous reminders of collapse and elevation. As the outside world darkens, distorted forms reply with what little light remains, chromed realities refract and time slips away.

Harry and Jesse poke holes that let the light in. Illuminating a hidden chronology outside of time. Symbolic eternities and dissolving ontologies. Their works both act as distorting mirrors, mirrors which reflect more than their material opposites. A candle dwindling, the flame still flickering, even once the paraffin is gone.