

A gusset sewn into the joint between fabrics,
joining two parts: the moth eaten floral negligee, a mute silk scarf - worm threads brittle with time. The fabric combine is draped over a wicker chair, a violent disruption to said wicker making it unusable.

Aeolian dust, particulates of erosion, dust that catches the light, an entropic illusion.

A coating lays over everything, over the transfigured garments, over mutoid assemblages; over peat-bog stained boots (hobnails rusted), over the papier mache horse mask (newspaper clippings from the gulf wars), over.

Everything- possessess an unfinished beauty, the brutality of time acting as a reversal, a reduction to base elements, pristine textural becoming. Flakes catch the emergent light, bouncing and dancing, an antidote to inactivity, a microcosm of movement among still objects. A great cavalcade, the discrete matter playing schoolyard games in the damp glow. Over.

Still.

Still there are indents, divots in the bluff, grooves that partition and snake through the clutter. Still, a sympathetic system, poised at the edge of a concentration gradient, a tension on the verge of piloerection (hairs ready to stand on end). And these minor infractions, these trace elements, build into each dimension, not through time only but all of the above, adding presence through negativity; nails that press into skin, dominos ready to fall. A more than human presence, a verge, teeming like lice in a sherry glass, never quite reaching the rim, pushing at the continuous tone, a high pitched gusset sewn between two fabrics; now and then.

Here and there, both simultaneously, the drama and the distance, the comfort and relief, Andrew Kernan's work slots into place, finds its nook in the corner of our familiarity and sits there in disquiet. The melancholy object, a memory and a prediction, Andrew's work deposits his own granulated experiences into yours, rainy afternoons and sombre nights, hands that ferret into moss on a drystone wall, the cold and wet, the soft pleasures. Merging experience; sound, texture, hoarse voices and frigid rust become dry paint, become avenues of light on old wood. Scattered, an eyelash on the pillowcase, connected, one glass slides into another, a perfect fit.

Murky, black mould, that smell of damp, so familiar but so unwelcome. When you lift that thing you forgot about, the one in plane sight, lost in its own ubiquity, and the creeping sensation of what lies underneath: This is where Frederico Arani's creations lurk, in the mildew of the mind. The cosmic horror of shadows underwater, of an until now unnoticed low droning that deviates unexpectedly, building in intensity, wobbling at the peripheries. Frederico's work, inserts itself at unnatural angles, a filmy coating, an oily deposit, an organic compound that defies the laws of biology as we understand them. The thing that scurries behind the facade, gnawing, tunnelling behind the hardwood. The thing that repulses you but you box it up anyway, saving for study and inspection.

Linked through annals of dereliction, these two artists construct a cabin and then demolish it again, leaving trace elements and debris, finely coating everything in the grime of an uncertain future and an obstructed history. Gingerly you can pick your way through, avoiding stains and tetanus, feeling the foreboding, the creeping and scuttling. You want to leave but you're curious all the same. Try not to step on anything.