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some medusa nebulae stop by to swirl like selfish presences. they sacrifice real time, create lasting arts of feather light sensations to tickle the eye, and tempt the ear. we submit to their chaotic spaces - become higher levels of disorder on surfaces that can barely contain us.

the dance doesn't look to the left or right, but it relieves gravity of its need to limit motion. it creates certainties clothed in random mutated shades - colors that make life possible, that return us to the profound beginnings before form was tied down by matter.

Arthur Freed