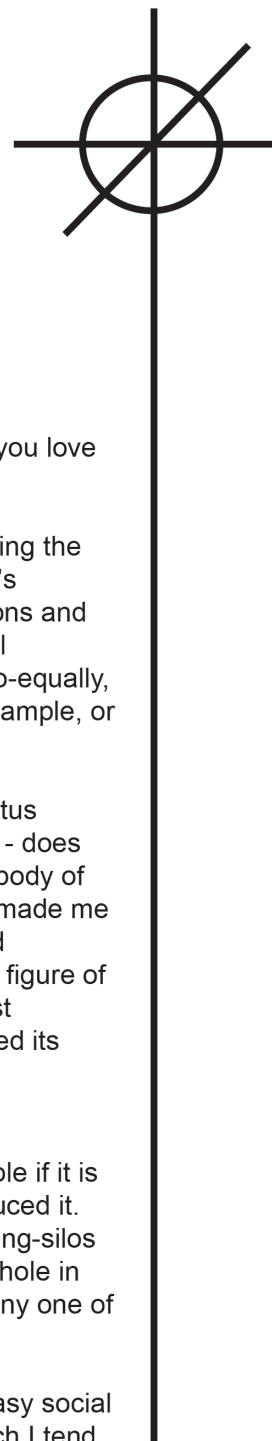


As the Blood of God

Bursts the Veins of Time,

Give your Avatar a Kiss;

*In Abyss Spits out Another
Abyss.*



I love you, and I hope your love for yourself and the love you share with those you love expands for the rest of your life.

Civilization has passed through four modes of attention (cultural regimes enabling the successive corresponding modes of production which generate the world-spirit's evolution): religious, classical, romantic and modern. As our society's institutions and history are inhaled into heaven, it is appropriate to midwife this process with full consciousness and freedom by participating in these four modes of attention co-equally, rather than collapse into privileging any one of them in isolation (critique, for example, or self-expression, or theophany).

By the same token, this show, which dramaturgically renders time - and the hiatus between its social and cosmic modes into which my life and this space unravel - does so as an architectural frame displaying an imbricated, ongoing and immaterial body of work, woven out of pain and yearning over the singular experiences that have made me who I am into concepts and compositions which float online through tender and perplexed hearts and minds. Art does not precede or explode the concept; the figure of a lightning-flash of art followed by a conceptual thunder-clap is a neurocapitalist ideological mystification, relative to a cultural and critical regime that has outlived its usefulness to *Geist*.

Art that aims for eternity can only do so while humbly playing its part in a *gesamtkunstwerk* that exceeds it; however at the same time it fails to play its role if it is unable to stand on its own, to unfurl and display the ache of the Laet that produced it. The "integration" between the modes of my work existing within different meaning-silos is synthetically disjunctive; the ideas, dramas and music form an interlocking whole in part by reciprocally disturbing the smooth consumption or critical reception of any one of them.

A note about the art world. During my adult life I've existed in a close and uneasy social and intellectual relationship to a particular corner of it (the lower east side) which I tend to regard as the only corner that matters, due to the prevalence of engagement with contemporary philosophy and an especially experimental and non-commercial ethic among its iconic artist-gallerists (even if the historical collapse of this world's legitimacy and prestige is an ongoing *fait accompli*). But just as with the music industry, my negotiation with its horizon encircles the discursive demi-estrangement which is the *sine qua non* of authentic prophecy and revelation (something I'm powerless to resist).

When Christ returns, the art world will fall away, and finally art will be our sole concern.

-Hunter Ravenna Hunt-Hendrix