

Tilling

May My Fiction Rule

Angélique Heidler, Isabella Kressin, Calla McInnes, Amy Stober

Co curated by Connor Bokovay & Chris Andrews

September 3-October 8, 2022

I'm browsing Depop in a meditative state. I dote — pine over rivals, juggle open tabs, stoke stale conversations. Send meagre offerings late in the night. A widow's mite in a silken pageantry.

My closet is fanfiction. Through collection, these objects are eclipsed. I build polyester anthologies, regurgitate histories into self-mythology, delivered with a stale pink Starburst melted to the hem. A SandyLion sticker booklet suggests, "may my fiction rule (a quiet one)." Yet, a patient apparatus subjects its contents to surrender. A pretty girl cries on a clown's open wound.

Embracing ephemera, picking at the seam of what is unknowable. I tuck away my desires beneath the bed skirt. They will be withdrawn; dusted, pinched, and occasionally stroked, living unknowably to the naked eye. Reduced sometimes to a memory; an association with a sunset. I can be stern and patient. Never have I regretted duration.

The stain of the past will bob along time's surface so as not to be erased completely, although I have tried. In my next life, I'm coming back as a long-sleeve t-shirt. Panelled, ribbed maybe. Along the torso, I adorn myself with pins, textile scraps, and remnants of a stranger's passage, culminating now as armour.

Text by Connor Bokovay
Edited by Natalie Podaima