

Lewis Miller
Saxophone Ads
(Shop front show № 2)
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It's high up here. The altitude compresses my breath. The pores on my face feel tight, my skin stretched thin and I feel like a balloon - bloated and weightless and liable to burst. A railway line in the valley below exhales - it's carried so much weight under such rigid pressure. Above the tracks heat shimmers; bolts and rivets appear to pop in a wave ripple. I find it painful to think of all the steel and iron and stone gathered here; all the relentless grinding energy expended in their uphill accumulation.

The keys and whistles of the station workers swing from chains joined to belt loops, producing light flashes that jump out wildly from their earthy liveries. Chasing a shifting form that dances right in front of one's forehead in full colour, sound and scale. Or is otherwise already gone; refusing all requests to be held or maintained. An uneasiness pervades the air. Bustling containment threatening to tear, stretched out by the imminence of leaving and letting go. Tannoy blare, metal on metal, somewhere brakes wail.

We board. As we seat ourselves an attendant on the other side of the glass stands ready to sound the signal to begin the long winding journey down towards the sea. Fading away, his cheeks swell and temples momentarily flare in time as he puts his lips to the mouthpiece.