

We might imagine mutant time as a temporal transit away from the fixed axis of the picture plane. In the absence of a central axis, one can produce a history of the image that looks like a constellation, biocraft, or a house whose dimensions are unknown. Mutant time also names what it is for a body to move in the indeterminate space between the relationships of images. We can give ourselves over to a plurality of dimensions. We can also think of mutant time as the possibility to simultaneously render the minute, the psychic, the geological, and the deviant.

One can think of these paintings as channelling or taking place in mutant time, where the mutant might equally be a speculative technology or an agent of grace: mutant time is also mystic time.

In these paintings we live in mutant time with the leak: leaky drips, leaky light, leaky matter, leaky life, connective fluid runoff between images. A purple night leaks onto the surface; a brick wall leaks downwards. Leaks make fugitive conduits for labor, intimacy, knowledge, or biological life between discrete zones and precise historical realities.

Between flesh, image, and architecture, a shape can have multiple opposites; so can “today”; so can a landscape or a style. With the alien or rogue desire of the paintings we can worm ourselves through a concert of living and past and divine things: the studio, the interface, the history of looking.

- Tess Edmonson