

Satya Paul & Jackson Denahy

My Handwriting

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A gored matador falls to the arena floor and writes the story of his life in blood. He runs his hand across layers of sediment stacked up, caked up, with scattered spangles dancing here and there. *Touch: the lost sense; the last sense; the first sense.* Dilated pupils reflect all the years he took it for granted as he caresses the stucco-like surface. A single hair rests in the shape of a spiral. Black clouds and splattered red seep into pictures half-recognized. Forms double back and fragments repeat and ocular degeneration produces the shimmer of a downcasted vista. A handprint unearths a smoothness like granite and it's all suddenly clear in the thought of *I'm here.*

Painting lies somewhere between will and illusion. What's understood mustn't be explained, yet script imparts context, temperament, soul.

An urchin looks on as the matador's body is carried out through the *vomitorium*, his black suit of lights awashed in red, tassels bobbing in silent vigil. Entering the abandoned arena where rays beat down from a pinnacled sun, leaving a world shadowless and blinding, the urchin soon finds himself divinating viscera, foretelling a life of pain and beauty and ultimately redemption.

- Gage Frink