

FOREWORD

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There's structure, and then there's this. This explosion of everything.

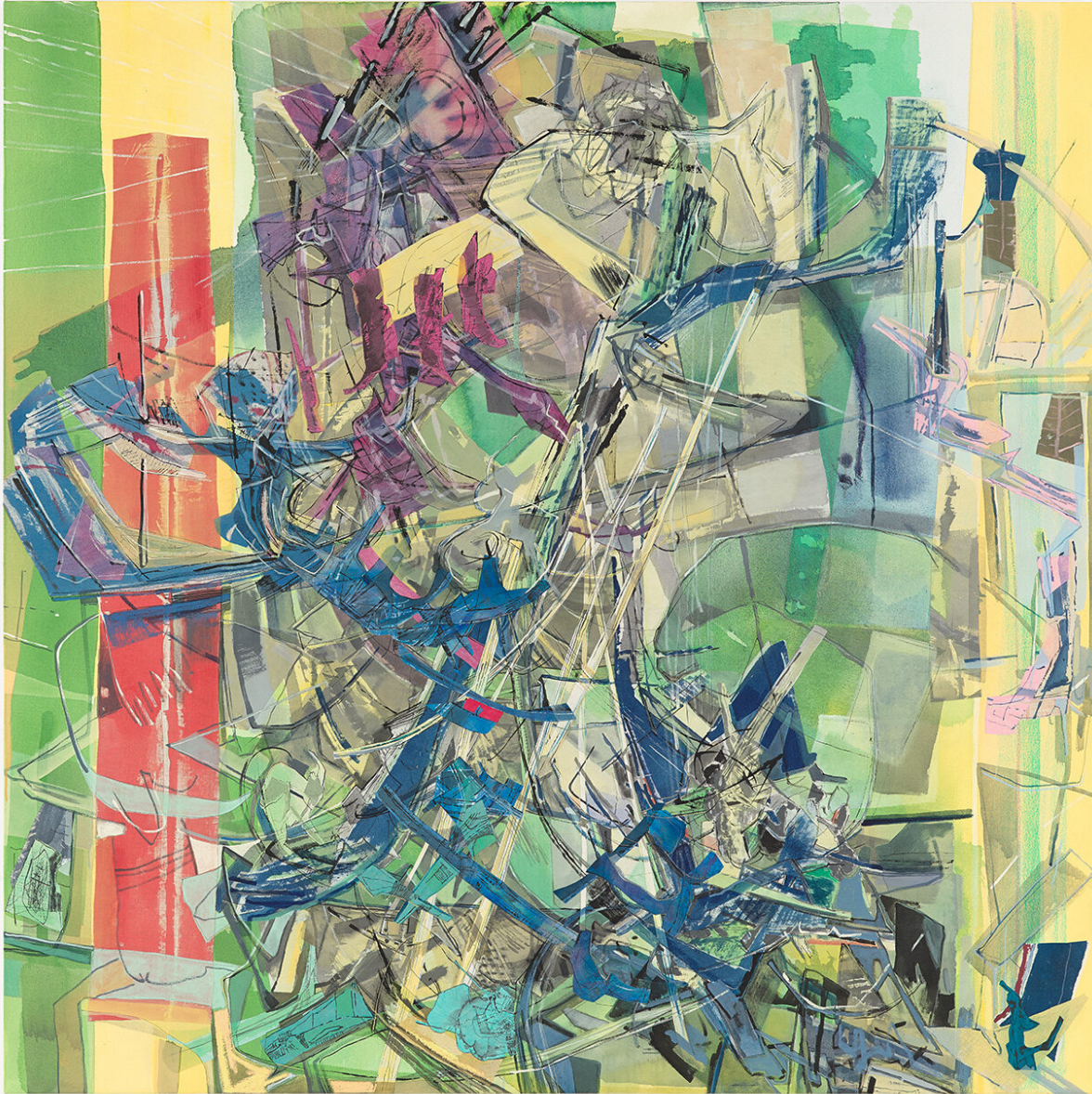
Are these pools? Reflections? Stars? Shooting stars? Sunrays? Other things? Bars and pillars and bridges and oceans. Simple lines. Scratched lines. Projected bullets and sweat stains. Two dead friends. Maybe even three. Our odd behavior trying to rest under stern structures. Is there celebration?

Detonation with no redemption, an anatomy of chaos. Ekphrastic creation derived from everything. This is that. This and that and back and forth, and this summons us into a circular prison. The process of nonstop. Everything digested and everything examined. Some sort of executive council meets even when you are sleeping, whispering into your ear extractions of noxious data. You provide your summaries in sweeping, frozen, hurt moments. That pond stays constantly in the wind. There's no room for a field. There's no room for a mountain. And in this spot, little pea pods grow out of cracks, because you presided over the sunrays. But do you want this to function so well?

This one has sentences, parts of Donald Barthelme. This one spits up Derek Jarman, with his breath on our faces. Another one is heating up to an Ervin Nyiregyhazi crescendo and drowns in layers of nerve after nerve trying to be tamed. House, child, husband. All of these are realities. Expansions of something infinite housed within those walls. And it's all pounding, burning.

You're not exactly cursing, but you've shouted through that entire race. Epic trauma haunting each move. Do you remember the woman who fell from that roller coaster? Her children in the seat behind her? And this, while your enemies chased that man through every street of your city. You know Repulsion. You know what floats in that ocean. You can see Gargantua climbing amidst your trove. And it is a trove; do not be fooled. Back to those pea pods.

But what is it about chaos? Doesn't it comfort the few? It drinks in others, and then everyone drowns. Some things are still standing, but you can't count on much. Have you ever seen a highway after an earthquake? Have you ever seen a city after an explosion? Has your heart ever stopped?



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