



Light draws the eye while grafting itself upon surfaces — a visual roll call of shapes, forms, and spaces — but within these layers of measure and colour are disappearances and in-betweens.

It's through these seams our sight might slip, these points and fissures. Diving deep into small spaces as light envelops our attention, we drift with it across chairs and tables, structures and spaces. A roughness of form and shape abuts the soft immersion of hue and shade, building layer on layer; motion and rhythm disguise the forms over which they run.

Looking and seeing — we look at forms and see light, but also sense its absence — the negative spaces and unlit facades draw our focus. Eyes are pulled back to these narrow planes and fields as the colours delve into and around them, tracing their peripheries, passing across the splits and stitching loosely.

These spaces which refuse sight and measure invite a different way of seeing — one which embraces the nearly indiscernible. A skepticism of seeming. A looking that values an uncertain gaze — questioning, provisional, and indeterminate.

Joe O'Brien