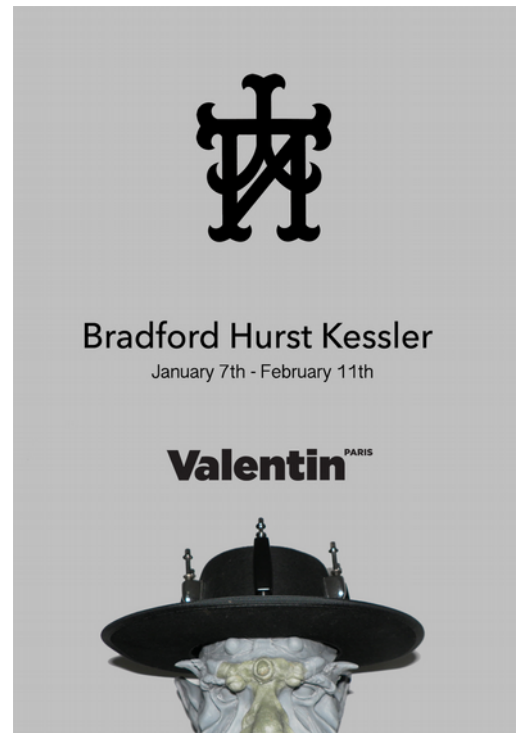


Bradford Hurst Kessler

January 7 to March 11, 2017.

Opening Saturday January 7, 6-9pm.



1 Behold ye helpless patients inside the city walls! 2 Here within the cold steel and stone the liars of the ancient school dance in divine costumes from which value has been masqueraded in for centuries. 3 Those old gents rhyme with threats, curses, criticism, mockery and create rampant wrath from East to West and North to South. 4 For the fatal fallacies of this faculty and its pallid pupils, a child hast birthed whom floats like a mist above and about these nervous structures. It gathers moss and dirt upon this arid wilderness until the metal master doth sink. What man has made, a child can destroy! 5 Slowly, it shall consume every last person thus resuscitated them from the false folktale they have envisioned. No ideal human standeth sure! 6 For only the involuntary momentum of eating and getting eaten continues the plot of symmetrical digestion in which all species transform from predator to prey and back again. 7 I am forever close by your ear ever reminding you of your deepest of deep decomposing identity impregnated with thoughts, images, memories, regrets, fears, wishes, resolves, all tightly tuned to the constantly evolving mythical pageant of exterior sensations. 8 My sweetest friends, I am more than a hallucination; 9 I live inside each and every one of you, connecting all with earthly necessities. 10 Happy is he whom they frown not, for why bathe in the artificialities of civilization where other's drama is thy own? 11 Come away from these cities of death! Grab hold of my hand and live more bestial than any beast before. 12 Give up your beds and allow these four-legged creatures to feeleth the life beyond the wild, for the time is such as they requireth comfort. 13 It would mean everything to me and everything I want is every part of you.

-Metropolitan Book of the Dead