INTERNATIONAL

ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE

Alice Khalilova
Axon Budged

November 15, 2018 – January 6, 2019

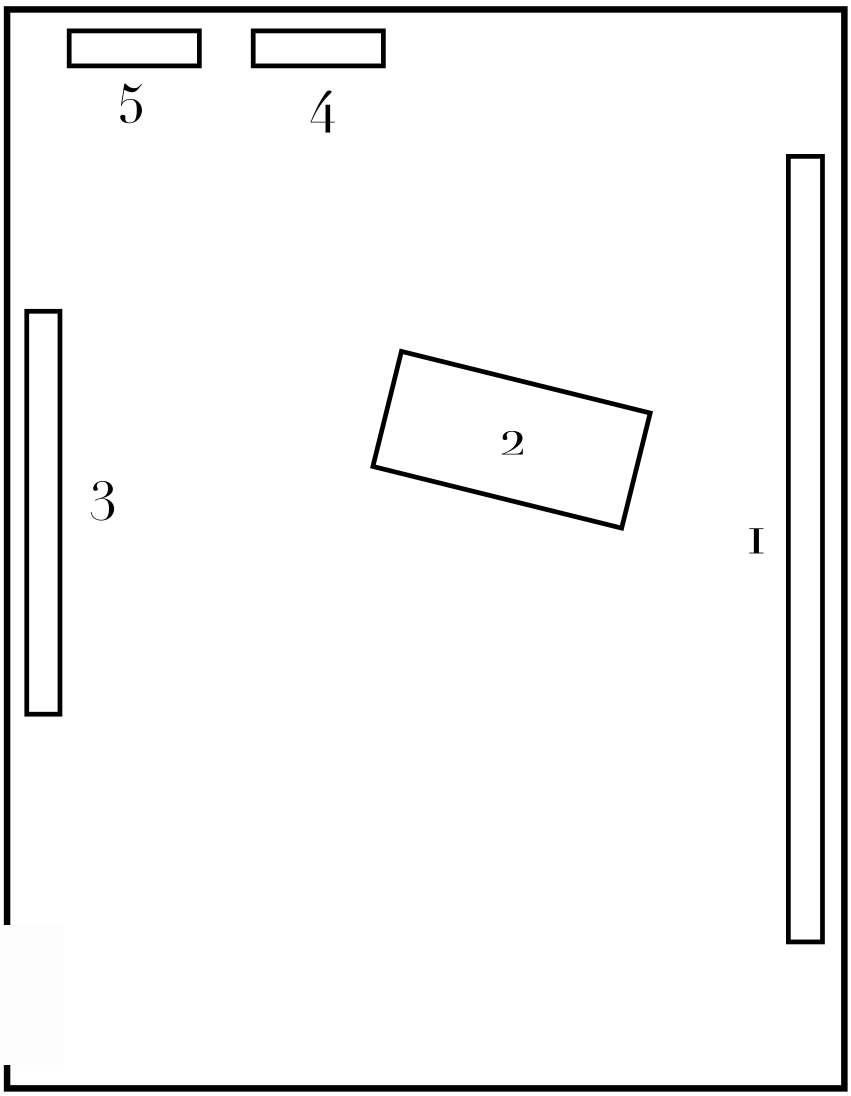
ABOUT ALICE KHALILOVA

Born in 1991, Anglo-Russian multimedia artist Alice Khalilova lives and works in London. Working fluidly across print, sculpture and video - Khalilova's work critically explores the intersections of technological advancement, spirituality and philosophy. Since having graduated from Chelsea College of Art in 2014 Khalilova has participated in a number of group and solo shows including 'Broken Tusk' with DAM projects, 'Reboot Horizon' at CellProject Space, London 'Apricot', Ba-sic Space, Dublin and OpenSource Festival London. She is co-curator and participant of 'Clubdead.io' an online/offline exhibition concept dedicated to redefining abandoned spaces in post-austerity Britain.

The Rapids

I'm Landing; we are about to break the sheath of clouds. Stomach flutters as the landing gear drops. I think I'll see *it* any moment now but another sheath of clouds appears. Pressure mounts- quick drop. Grateful body is here. The window goes white with mist. An elderly lady gazes out onto that infinite sheath. Curved legs under like a cat. When, When will *it* happen? There could be anything below any place. Maybe there is no place left. In some films and in some other instances in real life also, things happen on earth whilst we are in heavens. Wifi on planes will destroy that bastion of freedom that is to surf in sheaths of nothing with no anchor. My eye scans the scratches on the glass, trying to unfocus them and create and figure out, some image of where I am. Blobs and patterns appear from looking at the light and if I focus hard enough I can see floaters or something of the sort in my field of vision. More proof I am dissolving. This sheath is like a desert. The desert seems to always forget itself. Deserts are more often rocks than sand.

We are all rocks in the desert, the sand is making us flat and smooth. Soon there will be no scratches on our surfaces - we will be flat and smooth. How high do we climb before seeing that we are a rock in the desert on a rock in the desert?



WORKS

1. Relinquishing my load as rain, 2018
   Concrete and resin climbing holds, spray paint, varnish, Uber Numb 5% lidocaine, vaseline - dimensions variable

2. Crucially, a swamp
   Etched Aluminium, galvanized steel, mouth blown glass with 24k gold fuming, bottled water, aspirin, ceramic, incense, Saudi Arabian oud, cork, wire, foil, ash, latex Pinocchio nose, wire, grappling hook, embroidery, utility rack,

3. Delicious Skew
   Print of Vinyl, Bespoke Glass, resin and stone climbing holds, spray paint, push pin, wire cable, wire, needles, thread, egg shell, latex thumbs, utility rack

4. Lyre and Bow
   Etched Aluminium, Insulation Foam and Dart

5. Bow and Lyre
   Etched Aluminium and Dart

GESTURE

'If the motion of the wind were to be slowed as weather is slowed briefly when an animal is born, we would notice a man building and destroying his own house'

- Ben Marcus, The Age of Wire and String, 1995

ENANTIODROMIA*

'Men do not know what is at variance agrees with itself. It is an attunement of opposite tension, like that of the bow and lyre'

-Heraclitus (540-475 BC), fr 51(via Hippolytus, Refutation of all heresies,Book 9) translated by John Burnet 1912

********* DRIFT *******

"No matter how many times we turn a coin, we never see the other side as the other side… Objects encounter each other as operationally closed systems that can only (mis)translate one another…"

-Timothy Morton [in reference to Husserl and Graham Harman], Here Comes Everything,2011

HYPEREMIA **********

"In the eyes of many human beings, life appears to be a unique and special phenomenon. There is of course some truth to this belief, since no other planet is known to bear a rich and complex biosphere. However, this view betrays an "organic chauvinism" that leads us to underestimate the vitality of the process of self-organization in other spheres of reality. It can also make us forget that despite the many differences between them, living creatures and their inorganic counterparts share a crucial dependence on intense flows of energy and materials. In many respects the circulation is what matters, not the particular forms that it causes to emerge."

-Manuel De Landa, A Thousand Years of Nonlinear History,1997

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Above all Thank you to Anthony- for your relentless hard work, true friendship and helping me realise my work in every sense of that word.