



**(everything must go) on
Lucas McMahon**

Rocky Mountain College of Art + Design's Rotunda Gallery presents *(everything must go) on*, a solo exhibition of new works by Lucas T. McMahon.

Through the layering of complex and discordant images McMahon's mixed media and video works create densely textural static-scapes that vacillate between coherence and chaos. Cars, buildings, flowers, and fields are just some of the transmogrified imagery that can be seen mingling and mangled in these scenes. Various disparate and contrasting subjects are combined in each image like the formation of random equations; formulas for predicting patterns in entropy.

Art, as life, is a sprawling and vibrant ecosystem of often irreconcilable truths. Though they can seem at times contrasting, contradictory, or contrary in nature; these truths are not necessarily diametrically opposed like some orbiting inverted binaries. They simply exist. The trajectories of these ideas are sometimes parallel, they may slightly skew, intersect and overlap, or even oppose. But they mingle, constantly and fluidly; a clamor of conversation in a large room.

These works are non-didactic. Their equations remain unsolved. Some are, but have no proofs. Intentionally vague and paradoxical, *(everything must go) on* lulls the viewer into a stimulation overload, an anxiety induced trance-like meditation over: the mechanisms of late stage hyper-capitalism, the intricacies of global politics, armed conflict, and monopolized state violence, the incalculable effects environmental catastrophe poses for future (human and non-human) generations, as well as the improbable beauty of the evolution of intelligent life in the universe, the unpinnable interface between biologically formed consciousness and its experience of an outside world, or the underlying forces of our cosmos which bring everything into being through sheer computation. Existence is a really strange and beautiful place.

incomplete, inconsistent, and undecidable

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

Axiomatic systems can come up with more problems than they can solve. There are things that can be said that are true but unprovable and we don't know what all of them are. Is mathematics a universal language or a pure expression of the human mind?



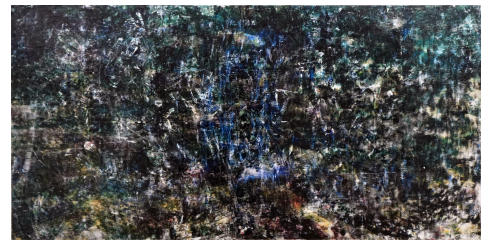
where is our place in this hell? (one electron universe)

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

All electrons have the same charge and mass because the universe only contains one electron. This electron is everywhere at once simultaneously throughout spacetime. The worldlines drawn by this single electron are an impossibly elaborate and untraceable knot that connects everything in existence. There is no you or I, there is only consciousness, which is that which we all (sh)are.



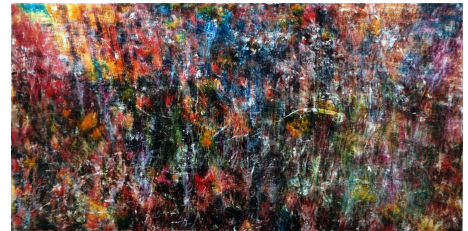
the clouds that rain upon you water everything around you

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

A carcass feeds the forest and all of its inhabitants. Forest fires bring in light, create space, and give nutrients to the soil. The layoffs saved the company. Wait, what?



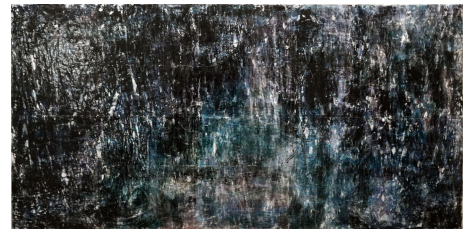
the infinite problem of towers (after Diana al-Hadid)

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

al-Hadid recalls the story of the Tower of Babel in her works, *the problem of infinite towers* and *the tower of infinite problems*. al-Hadid talks of human fallibility and the follies of our own history as well as our doomed fate to repeat this cycle. Modern interpretations suggest that god's actions weren't just a penalty for human pride, but an act against cultural and linguistic homogeneity, the creation of multiplicitous cultures birthed at the cradle of civilization.



my feelings! (this is what my body feels like)

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

An aggregation of ladybugs spilling like blood from a mouth on an ancient redwood that is slowly rotting. August. [Au] colored hemolymph. [Ag] is silver, not pee. A golden tea made by you of us. We taste disgusting. A gust of dust that just must anywhere but here or bust. The flavor of iron in hemoglobin doesn't taste like rust. I wish I could trust my guts. Feels like bad luck. Oh, fuck.



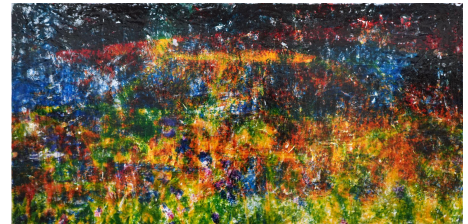
exhausted manifold

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

The exhaust manifold is the first section of the vehicle's exhaust system. A leak in the exhaust manifold can allow gasses to escape, posing hazards to the car's occupants. This can result in erroneous readings by the oxygen sensor, triggering the check engine light. How long can you drive with the check engine light on before even the mechanic can no longer help?



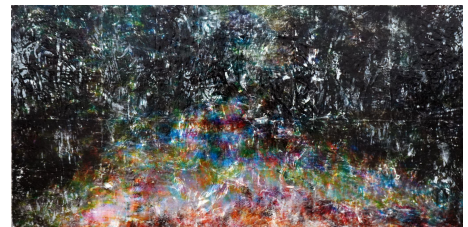
distant and indifferent stars, are we our mocking light?

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

Are the answers on the outside or must we look inwards for them? Is the universe just a reflection of ourselves? Or are we products of our environment?



***yr prolly tryna form a coherent narrative out the
random chaos that is your life rn***

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

When you look backwards it's easy to see the connections. Hindsight is always 20/20. But when you're in the thicket of it, it's hard to see the forest through the weeds. Am I just the energy generated from chemical reactions, or is there another god particle for my free will?



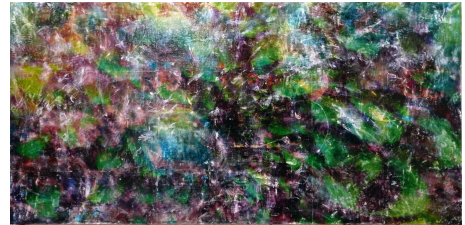
***buddha eyes or t.v. eyes, is there a difference
between a trance and a dance?***

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

From really close up the static (bugfight) on a television can look and sound as violent as an earthquake. From far enough away it just turns grey. Lots of people use noise generators to help them sleep.



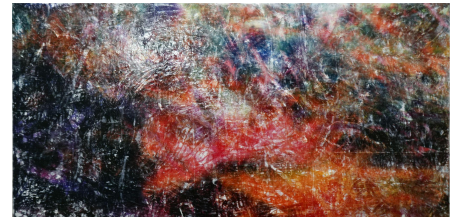
lucid dreaming equine sailing on solar breaths

gel media transfer from laserjet print

2' x 4'

2023

RZA describes in The Tao of Wu a theory that since the mass of protons in the universe is vastly greater than the mass of electrons, that the universe is overwhelmingly a positive place. "It's all good", he says. I('d) like to believe he is correct. Horses, cars, rockets; maybe before the heat death of the universe we can use Hawking radiation to transport us to whatever happens when this ends.

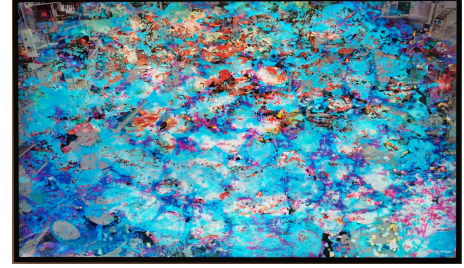


the knot

Video, digital collage, ai collab poem, text to voice, audio effects

4:08

2023



In the aria of twilight, a knot untangles, twisting in daiphanous hues that dissolve into ephemeral mist, leaving no trace of its enigmatic dance. It unravels a spectral recital, like the voice of melting dewdrops upon the tides of leaves and grasses, merging and emerging in a transient embrace through the essence of time.

Fluid tendrils and gossamer strands of sight seep through its woven bounds, a mesmerizing spectacle of formless whispers and shape-shifting dreams. In this shared hallucination of mankind, the knot's unraveling becomes a collective reverie, laced illusion that defies reason and blurs the boundaries of what is and what could never be.

Amidst this cacophony of lies and truths, a tumultuous symphony emerges, a chorus of cries and shouts. Lost in the labyrinth of distorted echoes, cosmic reverberations bend and fracture the world. Fragmented energies intertwine, intertwine like vines in a mad tango, entwined in a cosmic waltz that spins and spins and spins, spiraling through the infinite depths of imagination.

Within this phantasmagoric kaleidoscope of vision, the threads of certainty fray, the knot unfolds and falls apart but never resolves. Its shadows traipse across the temporal canvas, their fluid forms sighing secrets that elude the snares of comprehension.

The delicate veil trembles and moans, its forgotten strings resonating through layers of existence. The knot, once tied to the constraints of reality, now transcends its limitations, dissolving that which divides the tangible and the intangible, the known into the unknown.

These disincarnate wisps drift through the ether, evading capture, like celestial fireflies glimmering in the night. They flit and flicker, their light illuminating hidden corners of consciousness, elucidating the vast tapestry of human experience.

And yet, even in this surreal realm, echoes of longing and yearning persist. Muttered wails, fragmented and distorted, but their emotions raw and undeniable. They shout for meaning, for understanding, reaching out in desperate hope, even as the winding accelerates, blurring the lines between actual and imagined.

And so, the knot continues its dance, ever untangling and reweaving the fabric of reality. It whispers secrets to those who dare to listen, inviting them to explore the depths of their own existence, to question the illusions that bind them.

In the enigmatic symphony of all that exists, the knot remains a symbol of the eternal search for truth, an ever-unraveling puzzle that defies definition. It invites us to embrace the fluidity of our perceptions, to release the need for concrete answers, and to surrender to the beauty of the unknown.

the naught

Video, digital collage, noise collage

4:01

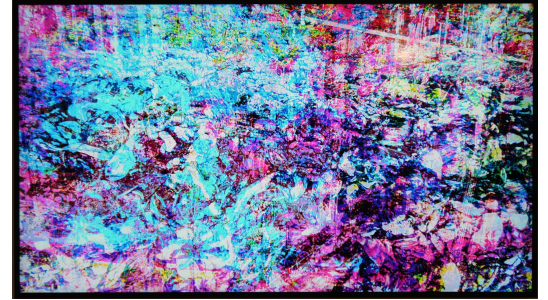
2023

Zadar Croatian Sea Organ

Bach's Air on the G String

Hell -10 Hours of Scary Sounds from the Depths of Hell

Terence McKenna - The Taxonomy of Illusion



Lucas McMahon is a visual artist living and working in Denver, Colorado, featured in *New American Paintings, # 114*. In 2014, he received his BFA in Painting from Rocky Mountain College of Art + Design, and currently works as the 3D Studios Assistant at the college.

