



Abject Wasteland

Andrew Hustwaite

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Within an alternate solar system, numbered by an array of planetary bodies, a landscape crumbles into putrefaction. A fractured, rotting maw, infected with self-consumption; a tortured, abject wasteland. A celestial mobile, hanging above a model landscape; foreign and imagined, yet horrifically recognisable.

Opening night

Wednesday 10 May, 5/7pm