

*Club Estrada. Not quite square, hard to look at, hard to live with, hard to make a weird square anyway. Distortion of the off-shape, distortion inside the room, distortion in a room of your own making,*

*Took a minute, figuring out how to get the fuck downstairs.  
Tekyon is based on a real place, and some of the other paintings are too.  
Some part fiction, some part memoir.*

*Real paint you can see bleeding through that orange facade.  
Something you discern and something you lose. A derelict bar with an unused fireplace behind it. Who would notice?  
A million failed attempts at a completed painting. Three or four bad paintings on the same material justifies blacking it out.  
A sporting redaction.*

*Club Estrada is a million bad paintings, a million bad ideas, a million trails to nowhere.  
I made four or five paintings, which I thought would win, but were stillborn. And only then.  
Painting as if these are gonna be fucked up anyway. And as if I'll need to hit the panic button anyway.  
I can pull the brake cable and the lights will go out.*

*It's a fucking fantasy. I'll be having a nightmare. I'm having a nightmare. Well, how do I stop this nightmare? Well, go for a pee. Grab a glass of water.  
It's like a really good constructive positive blackout. And then there's a sign of life.*

*Club Estrada is a time-smudged mural in the central stairwell. The approach is a long black hallway, painted black some years ago and now chipped - imagine the damage you'd do to a black paint job if you indiscriminately shoved sharp-cornered metal carts and equipment along the length of the wall.*

*There isn't anyone. A deep interior. It's dark in there so its contents and features simply don't matter.  
Bullshit doesn't exist in this room because it's too loud to talk bullshit.  
It's too dark to see bullshit. Actions don't matter here because there's no one to see the action.  
It's too dark to see who did what to who and there's no record of behavior. Phones don't work in here.*

*They might as well fill this room with water.*

*This room has probably never been seen outside of an altered state, except perhaps by whoever built it. If you can build such a room.  
This room has no corners. This is the room that you would want to find right away.*

*Hurricanes and local looting sprees. Ever priced out professionally made custom neon signs?  
A face like this also resists attention from those who might seek to spoil the fun.*

*Enter through the rear.*

*Money - real money - was spent on non-functional walls, lighting, sound - although you can't tell.  
Weird little caged gestures, I thought were really funny.  
There is nothing else going on otherwise.*

*I'm not trying hard enough to stick myself in some sort of an adventure.*

Nolan Hendrickson, 2017