

Evan Yerian

As much as I want to move away from my masculinity, it feels omnipresent, as if there is no way to break away. For the past year, I've been attempting to express a feeling that I didn't know how to articulate. The feeling of breaking out of a mold that I feel I am deeply embedded within. The struggle that comes with pushing against a mold within which so many others are comfortable residing. When these conversations arise, the indignance to talk about anything remotely emotionally stressful bears its teeth and when confronting this indignance, the first response is often that of anger and annoyance. To have something to say that you really want to say, but not feeling comfortable to say it. That hurts. How does one articulate a feeling when that feeling directly offends the fragility of another? Most of the time, the result is silence, all is at rest. Nothing stirs. "Why do you bring that shit up?" All is silent and at rest. "Who fucking cares?" I care. But, nothing stops a conversation faster than anger. All lies reticent and silent in the darkness.

*Untitled (Leg in Fishnet)*, 2021

6" x 18" x 48"

Nylon Fishnet, Various Woods, Oil Stain

*Untitled (Mirror)*, 2021

17" x 19" x 2"

Various Woods, Oil and Wax Stains

*Pit Bull*, 2022

10" x 14" x 14"

Various Woods, Oil Stain

*Little Man*, 2022

8" x 10" x 8"

Various Woods, Oil Stain

*Rabid*, 2022

13"x19"

Inkjet Print

Image: *Untitled (Leg in Fishnet)*