



Six vertical boards individually stained in a checker pattern are mounted to the walls and act like false architectural columns. What at first to appear to be the repetitive gesture of an institutional critique work, a la Daniel Buren, becomes an earnest minimal rustic ornamentation, mounted by individual basins. Each basin is poured with plaster pools that are painted with an impure affresco technique containing poetic scenes - and within the scenes are vibrant feeling-filled pictures of various personal motifs: a pool table, grapes, carrots. They recall the pool's reflection, both fleeting memory and introspection. The brightly coloured basins add the familial tone of domestic labour, in particular the washing of things or at other times the stagnation of work left unfinished. Contained within the feeling of each picture is the sense of the painting as being left to the task of painting. Discarding the hierarchies implied in different types of work, the instance of painting becomes a process of manual activity no more elevated than a daily routine, while domestic work is lifted above supposed drudgery. The fact that in order to make these paintings one has to paint downward literally reconfigures the uprightness in the performance of painting.

These haiku-sized paintings are anchored to an idea of place by being mounted to false columns that echo their previous installation as part of a pergola titled "Self Defense". Perhaps alluding to the constant yearning to flee the city and to set up a better life in the country, these works resonate as symbols from fictions and parables, clichés of tragic endings and the dreams of heraldic ornamentation - the farmhouse as an outpost. More to the point, these works foreground the garden as a metaphor for studio activity and the literal garden as a site for creative work. The garden encompasses all the vectors of bodily existences, the materials of life and death and its stench from cycles of decay, reproduction and communication. In this analogy of the studio, the evaluation of work is not predicated on a hierarchy of forms, but rather on informal systems of activity, inactivity and the useful potential of things. Behind the basin paintings is a large backdrop painting that uses a similar technique of painting wet on wet. This wall sized canvas was painted on the floor, using buckets of water and dabs of watercolour and acrylic paint. Its colours register like a lively mold actively colonizing. Contained in the work are metaphors of affect, with the activities of absorbing, puddling and drying transforming the material over time. This bleeding from performance of the body into the performance of the material shows that the work is not only a register of the body, but fixed inside an interaction between the temporalities of bodies, materials, and ecologies.

An earlier press release showed a photograph of a curvilinearly shaped mirror resting in a garden. The way the mirror delivers a swirled cut into space feels like an illusion becoming unmasked or a stylized mirror displacement. Three of these mirrors are installed with vanity bulbs attached at varying heights in the space. Again an allusion to

reflecting pools, but this time more directly vain - I can't look at the work without fixing my hair. The mirror's function in the gallery to expose our complicity with the art-object-becoming-social is embellished with personal vanity in our complicity with the viewer-becoming-more-beautiful. It is the presence of things moving from meaning-to-function that is tolerated-to-scripted. Rather than actual mirror-glass, the use of water-jet cut and high-gloss polished aluminum recalls the hobbyist art from a mechanic's garage or industrial fixtures, while waterjet-cutting itself is a technology used primarily for machining parts. The sensitivity of the high polished aluminum recalls for me the title of an earlier work, "Bruised R Continuously Sensitive", and seems to indicate the constant need to keep up with perception, to repeatedly trim back the bangs.

As if pulled from the same garage, several "sisco" buckets are mounted within curly metal tendril planters. One contains a putrid and gelatinous pond of bait leeches, another acts like an ashtray of fine white sand, and a third contains potpourri and weeds. The lines of the tendrils flatten and define the composition of the room like an ornamental drawing. The buckets offer the chance for the work to become different for each staging. Flowers and plants rot during one exhibition and become potpourri for the next, with the work ostensibly functioning the way buckets normally would, as stomachs or vessels. One gains insight into the use of found objects and improvisation as ways of staging meaning that moves across space (in this case an installation), a spatial poetics. This is the pact that the mouth has with the gut: feeling words move around the mouth, words oozing from mouths, the world of colonies, bacteria, ecology, the body becoming dust. It is not a shape with highly defined edges, but something blurry, contextual and never complete.

The connection of the gut to the south is not only in consideration of the earth as a body but also about soul-food. Cuisine is a moderator of body temperature, temperatures that generally reduce the body boundary. The liveliness of exterior ecologies seemingly continuous with that of our interiors. The vocal production that reflects southernness (southernness along the coast) in North America is the diphthong. In the Pacific Northwest it is subtle but present: Bag for example is pronounced "Bey-yag" and Egg is pronounced "Ey-yeg". Diphthongs act like words becoming food - chewable words. Being a lover of the southern accent, I was pleased to know that something of a musical drawl is unique to here, I was pleased to entertain the possibility that there is something southern about the pacific northwest. The question is whether the amount of musicality present in speech is proportional to the amount of resistance to thought as words; to feel words with the body is to deny the way words shape the brain. This intuitive pact between the gut and the mouth is also a pact between the mouth and the anus, what Tiziana likes to call the donut. Where there is the lyrical, there is simultaneously filth, which is why I think the garden figures so prominently. It is the ecology that sustains both the living and the dying, and at its height in summer seems to produce a shrieking death song. How does the pigeon not look for death here, between a needle and a haystack? The needle is always present, even if it is not found.

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