



*'It begins with perfect reserve.'* -from *Soap*, by Francis Ponge

Why title the exhibition of small sculptural works, *'Tiny Things'*? Though artworks not included here come to mind; where artists have literally imbedded nanoscale works as cellular intervention, altered backend codes to discretely modify the behavior of a program or extended their gestures to territories not at all codified for the reception of art (maybe the inference of not-present artworks is a nebulous extension of this exhibition), thinking about scale is only a tiny part of the superpowers that characterize the works currently to be found at September Gallery.

There may be an accumulation of somewhat small objects arranged in this exhibition, but the 'tiny things' that one encounters on slightly varying terms from one work to the next are the increments of comprehension and engagement with the quiet ecosystems of each artwork. Much of the work displayed can be characterized as things that are *not what they initially seem to be*, yet this parapsydokian strategy takes time, and feeds the illusion of a tininess that becomes its opposite.

A gently-tapered column that appears to lean under its own catenary tendencies, evolves into a much more nuanced riddle about the behavior of structures. Might you determine, upon observing that the column is not leaning *on*, but rather leaning *towards*, then the work becomes an active system. If you pursue the possibility that an imbedded magnet has caused this perceptual disruption, is it certain that the polarization is oriented to pull or resist? A pull would allow for an understanding that the integrity of a column is acted upon; architectural stability bent to the will of unseen forces, a coercion. If the tendency of the column is to lean under its own body weight, the discovery that there exists a slight gap between spine and wall implies (if reverse polarized) that the forces are not coercive, but actually an influence of support, -that the figural form is aided in its

verticality by properties that humbly buttress the sloping line of the column. At first nearly overlooked, the systems of operation here connect us to geomagnetic phenomena scaled to the poles of the sphere on which we stand, one so big that it cannot be seen.

Many of the objects have a more psychologically magnetic pull that comes in part from a striving to turn a shoulder against the viewer, to lay still enough to blend to the environment or to imitate something so common or obvious that qualities of phenomenal wonder are nearly concealed in the ordinariness of recognition.

The tininess of a sculpture of a match is not determined by its size, but by the hairsplitting syntax of materialization. This rendering is not *about* a match, -it is in fact a match. Made of all the appropriate components required to make a match be what it is, this *sculpture* could be struck on my boot to light a cigarette and tossed to the curb. In this everydayness, it is a perfect match: An object complicit in the poetically powerful interstices of life that may vary from the lighting of a candle before supper in a darkening room, or the wanton violence of burning down a neighbor's house. We can see that this thing is not a replica, -it is a match that has both transformed and stayed the same. As we can comprehend that it is still a match *and* it is something that the match could be, the composition becomes a thoughtful act beyond an industrial one, and the myriad potential narratives of its application unfold from the tip of a promethean wand. In concentrating her powers on the subject so thoroughly, the artist has re-articulated a relatively small but revolutionary thing of the world, its magnitude rippling out from its purchase between thumb and forefinger.

Alongside the documentation of a damaged spiderweb that has undergone reconstruction by way of a synthetic thread intervention, it is significant to display an orderly first aid kit of materials required for such sympathetic fieldwork. The artist may well be as philosophical as she is comedic and nurturing in her role as unsolicited architect and ally to the spider. Francis Ponge, poetic observer of common objects that we may find and touch and perhaps underappreciate in our every day surroundings, (soap, dirt, cigarettes) -pointed out that, '*after all, what is the spider but entelechy -a realized potential of the bobbin and its thread, the soul and its web, sensitively enshrouding the hunter...*'. When we do appreciate the spider's web, we tend to admire its pattern as if determined by an aesthetic intelligence, yet the spider's snare is one devised to combine strength and efficiency for captivity, applying the least amount of materials expended to have the greatest impact like a martial art. In

this exhibition, the 'Mended Spiderweb' seems to be useful as an ethical guide to the viewing of the other works included here. Works that abide the inception of the spiderweb and its mending by first removing all that which is not necessary, then reconciling the difference between the private language of an interior world, and a compulsion to communicate that world to an unknown potential viewer: being, knowing and being known. Of course the spider's web is a network of lines, and the mending kit implies that the artist moves from web to broken web applying repairs, jumping from one network to another.

In 'Object About Eyes' the title literally refers to the physical orientation of the form as it was designed to fit a child's face ...about the eyes, among the eyes, -the space around the eyes. The interpretive possibility of the title also allows that this is a meditation on *seeing* (a child may be thought to innocently regard a subject in a manner that is unguarded, open). When the artist asks, '*how does one look?*', she means, with what instrument does one examine their subject? In this case she begins with an optical device for viewing slides, but this is not yet the object about the eyes.

When Rachel Whiteread abstracted the interior space of an entire Victorian house into a massive, ghostly presence, the one-to-one relationship of her source and the result of her process relate and disconnect from one another as if a mirror image appears regardless of the departure of the subject being reflected. What we can see in the residual sculpture is more a result of what we feel, and what we remember about an absent form. 'Object about the Eyes' is also a cast, a negative, which has pulled its form and taken impressions of the attributes of a material surface from a space that had previously held an object. Not what was, monumentalized, but what was not, -a slight space noticed once inverted. The material echo of the object about the eyes is distinct: removal of the specialized lens from its packaging produces an indelible dischord. In the process of understanding that which has become absent, the presence of what is left preoccupies as an aural knowledge of the visceral feeling we have when a plastic object announces its friction against a tightly fit Styrofoam cavity. For an object with such an alternating soft and hard voice, the Object about Eyes provokes a sensory unconscious that becomes equally an object about ears, those gathering instruments that feel at a distance. Pay attention, the artist is saying. Listen closely to sense the things of the world and you will learn about the tendencies of eyes to look and overlook.

In many cases, upon discovering each work in this exhibition (the permission to discover a work on display is a

different experience than being offered the privileges of presentation) a viewer may come to understand that the identities of these objects are first coolly subtle, but then generously responsive; we find our way in and the space of each work opens to us.

After spending some time meandering around the exhibition space in search of its subjects: a tap on the shoulder, a closed hand extends to offer a handful of clinking little objects that first give a private tactile satisfaction of transferring directly from one hand to the other, also brushing flesh and being at least as much about momentary hand-to-hand contact as about intimate objecthood, then sorting with a finger one pebbly form from the next to see each as they warm up in your palm. One remembers assigning the values of foreign currency on the steps of a distant cathedral, examining a beetle or a child's first lost tooth. The sculpture at hand does not deny associations, nor does it commit. If language is found it is a collaboration not over-suggested by the artist: signification derived not from imitation but by comparison and participation. Therefore, it is implicitly understood that there is no attempt to persuade singular readings of such a work, no need to believe that we may come to be included or excluded from a concept, an aesthetic, an experience. Rather, we have been whispered an utterance that *may* be formed into a signal as an object yearns expression.

