

CALVIN MARCUS

the outer is the inner of the other

October 27-December 15, 2017

Opening October 27th, 6-8PM

These parts don't add up! Organs without a body and bodies without organs. A disruptive digestive tract conflates past and future, opening a path toward an ambiguous present. Obscure and unsettled, polysemous lumps of limbs continue to segment and separate.

Liquid spill is everywhere. Unidentifiable fluids are in constant motion. But the oozing flow is out of sight, buried in walls and underfoot, the olfactory senses spared. Parts that embody connective flow encounter a glitch and continue to replicate.

There are too many, way too many...This thing has a mind of its own, it's like the production line of a sausage factory with a foreboding compulsion to keep going no matter what. Someone has forgotten to flip the switch. A machine crushes the carcass after the primary muscle meat has been removed; the last scraps are deboned, pushed through a stainless steel sieve, and pressed into saggy collagen casings. Without fail, this automated process runs day in and day out, and no one is here to manage the byproduct.

These pipes are attempting to make sense of themselves. Trying to organize and be of some sort of use. The fittings connect; the fittings remain separate. They replicate and repeat.

Incomplete, charred, holed, and blurred. Bronze skeletons provide a vague memory of what might be possible. A stable material forms an astructural corpus. The material composite gives a room fuzzy corners, a porous body. Cages contain vapid spaces whose origins are a myth. The sad necessity of comfort is lost forever, a group of lymphatic parts opposed to the idea of themselves sit in a drowsy, sickly state, lying dormant.

In an automated world of fidget spinners and bleached coral, binding mucoproteins in the stomach lining mitigate irritation, and offer a protective coating of sorts. Digestive juices are stabilized and active enzymes replenished. An image: all of the parts, with all of their compulsions, coextensive in space and time.

THE POWER STATION

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