## SLICE

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David Dale Gallery
161 Broad Street
Glasgow G40 2QR

Overnight, every night, mice eat holes in the walls of your house, from outside to inside, inside to outside, or from one in-side to another. Inbetween walls, floors, and under the stairs, new passages are eaten and solid matter de-composed. Each morning, small arched apertures appear. Holes are accompanied by piles of saw-dusted drywall and neat poops left behind under furniture; ectoplasmic traces of the mouse's nightly crossings of the realms. Because, like most house-pests, mice are interdimensional beings.

By jaw and paw, two-dimensional surfaces of walls, floor and ceiling become three-dimensional play-spaces, barriers become nests, structures become dust. Furrily skittering through the dark, swift and nearly weightless, the mouse walks through walls. But rarely is a mouse really seen. Its soft psychic presence shifts through the house like a floater in the eyeball, dust on the lens, hair on the negative, haunting the view, darting in the periphery. Occupying a smaller reality, a reality which can be sliced through with tiny, long, yellow teeth like scissors that cut film, the mouse is an editor. Scale and solidity, the big and the small, the tactile and the absent, were distinctions we dreamed up, only to be swiss-cheese chewed-through each night while we sleep.

You feel most yourself at home, don't you? The anatomy of home is a mirror-model of your human anatomy; kitchen/stomach, bathroom/bowel. Your house is lit and furnished and decorated as a reflection of your body
at ease, your body cared for, cleaned, nourished and protected. Furniture is arranged, trinkets are displayed, and the external world is domesticated. Fans labour above, their white noise slicing breathlessly, a rushing nothing. When turned off, city-sounds turn back up, humbled, and air slows, tamed. Artificial mood-lighting gauzily overwrites the light of time, weather or season. These stand-ins for a natural exterior and a bodily interior swaddle you doubly. Your home is your body and your body is your home, an onion, an exoskeleton, in which you are nested and held in confirmation, again. And you live inside it like a personal Plato's cave - a humane trap and stage where you are both puppeteer and Pinocchio. In this slice of life, you are so you.

Despite all this, in the body-home, the house-mouse is an architect-surgeon-editor-devourer. Entering the house, the mouse's mastication-renovations carve new orifices and channels, connecting hitherto unconnected rooms and unrelated organs; bathroom to boot room, cellar to bed, garden to cupboard. How will the home's-eye, now linked to the stomach, digest what enters? Is its finger, now hooked up to the womb, a stroke against an inside-turned-out or outside turnedin?

Holes chewed throughout your home, through your mirror of you, your second containment, weaken well-constructed boundaries of plaster, wood and ego, punching holes into one reality until it becomes another. These introjections are the stuff of Frued and of Klein, of Matta-Clark and of Rottenberg, of Tom and Jerry, of Lawler and Cahun. Your most familiar architectures are collaged and décollaged, snipped and spliced, as clever fictions, lies, and satire. Certain stabilities spin out and fail. To fall apart or to laugh: these are the choices when your world - and so, your self - are so punctured.

You wish to return to the thoughtless and neutral world, from which you were born. From the universal interior, unperforated, unremembered and unrecorded, you were removed into an outside, composed raggedly of proliferated, leaking and collided interiors. With all the holes of eyes and windows, nostrils and cameras, holes of images and holes of mice, reality flickers with unreality and incompletion.

The mouse that chews through walls and wires is not only a bad electrician and a hack-surgeon, but is also something of the unconscious, a furry tickling of the desire to sabotage, to litter the internal world with holes, to flicker. Made up of city-sounds and autumn air, you are an animal, after all.
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SLICE is Belerique's first solo show in the UK. She received her MFA from the University of Guelph and most recently, her work was included in the Toronto Biennial of Art (2022) and the New Museum Triennial (202 1). In July 2022 she opened a solo exhibition at Fogo Island Arts, curated by Nicolaus Schafhausen. She lives and works in Warkworth, Canada.

Jenine Marsh is an artist based in Toronto, Canada.

Work list:

SLICE, dimensions variable, 'Vegas' ceiling fans with customised blades and extended cords on programmed timer, humane mouse traps, miniture furniture, printed paper, dried plants, dried fruit, glass, stone, resin, 2022

