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In Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*, Lily Briscoe can never remember Mr. Ramsay's area of study (subject-object relations) and instead imagines a plain, sturdy kitchen table to represent his forgettable work. While on a walk, Lily tries recalling his work and the imaginary table appears before her, embedding itself in a tree. What first was a memory device has overstayed its use, now hanging around as a bare table that explains nothing and came from who knows where. Every day people walk around with furniture in their minds and wonder how it got stuck in the trees. So much of our thinking just hangs around.

Katarina Burin and I love McDonald's fish sandwiches. We tried to remember the details of the bun's magnificent toasted dome. Then the little corners of yellow cheese drooping over each edge of the fish patty's rectangular breading, echoed by clumpy tartar sauce peeking out. The cheese slice has gotten smaller over the years if I'm not crazy. Still, it's a perfect sandwich. What color is it? We ordered one to eat and one to scan into a color-matching software. But the Home Depot refused to scan them! Food cannot be scanned by the spectrophotometer! We had to chase the color clumsily with paint swatches.

The McDonald's fish sandwich exists first as an image, and then as a food. But it also has going for it the fact that it is so delicious. So it is a one-two punch to the brain AND the gut. The image gets us through the door and the taste keeps us coming back.

We come across things in the world that we love so much that we want to eat them, make them part of us. But if we eat them, we lose them, so we are stuck with the problem of wishing to eat and look at the same time. Katarina Burin recuperates this loss. She is able to make sculpture out of the imaginary objects lying around in our heads, little shrines for and against consumption.

These sculptures, made from a desire to remember and eat, sometimes forget their origins and become something just there, a little vacant but spacious; they make space for new loves. The stains proliferate and structure this new spaciousness. The scale of the fingers and mouth gets confused with the scale of the mind and heart.

George Liu

On the Occasion of *objects laying around*,
Katarina Burin at Anthony Greaney, Somerville, MA.
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