

These Paintings share a common figure: the pipe.

The Standard thinks pipes as implements for delivery:

White water

02

Gas

Or as implements for disposal:

Black water

Shlooop

Content

But Pipes also circulate materials, and who really knows what's happening inside of them—all the chance meetings (of matters)—what's it like being in the pipe? If you take the train, you kind of know—the crucible!

[Drainage as in “the administration and disposal of excess liquids”— as in “It's draining out”. But to where? Do Liquids even have destinations? Is such finality even possible? Put differently, is there an ‘out’ to be drained to?]

The title of the show comes from the last scene of *There Will be Blood*. Daniel Plainview (Daniel Day Lewis) explains how he's already extracted all of the oil out from under the penitent minister, Eli (Paul Dano): Drainage!

Daniel Plainview Drinks, but really, he sucks.

For Daniel, things appear transparent, schematic, procedural.

This is Daniel's Plain View, unobstructed by terrain, contracts, property, people.

Daniel sees (through), then, Daniel makes things flow.

Somewhere in this flow is where we're at, looking around. Lots of things are happening.

Gushing and being gushed

Swirling

Percolation

Discharge

And then there's clog..... post kink, there's clog. It's a sort of orgy.

Clog is nothing but impediment—You're a clog by virtue of where you're at, by whatever flow you might disrupt.

clog-logic isn't really self-defined. Its actual parts, contents, whatever the fuck it's made of, is barely named:

Fingernails
Amalgamated lints
Congealed quarks
Haircumroach
Crystal buildup
Stubble clumps
Rat

Clog's only logic is assembly—you can't be a clog on your own. Glomming together, gumming things up.

“Hark, we are clog!”

Then someone comes along to unclog—things start draining out.

[Drain(ed, ing) also to describe a process or state of extraction—as in “it's draining, they're drained, I can be such a drain”.]

Drainaage is a process, and we find ourselves somewhere in that process(ing), totally messed up by pressure, not knowing where our parts are at. In disfiguration, things get figured out.