

The world is made of tape. It's doubled back onto itself so that it's not sticky, but it's clear. Inside, we find the structure is made of found parts, like those cast off from a collision on the side of the road. Outside, we see one half of a hemisphere. The smaller components scattered throughout could be buildings, or cities.

Something is coming into being, as a loose skin grows over a skeleton—which is to say, not in the way we ourselves come into being, but in the way we might imagine constructing a being, a building, or a space. Yet this something, a hazy field punctuated by triangles or animal tracks, is also collapsing, into syllables and sounds like *Ida*, *Ra*, *Nor*, *Hur*, *Tri*, and *Por*, something between a name and a prefix. Expansions and contractions. Like a baby learning to shape objects into sounds, miming what they think they hear but producing an instinctive language for what they need and desire.

To say something about this world, one must reduce it. Artists know this well. We take key frames from larger scenes, isolate the crowds from the action, build prop versions of real things. From these parts we build alternate worlds, enclosed systems within which other kinds of meaning or relations can be made or understood.

Then again, to reduce the world, one must only say something about it. This might be why many artists excavate and evacuate language in or from their work. Picture the splayed hard cover of a book with all of its pages torn out, its fabric faded and stained, its title and imagery excised via windows literally cut into it as if it were the mat of a photo frame. Consider what could happen if, following that logic, small images were therefore inserted into those mat windows. Glimpses of meaning are transposed from one context to another. Presented without captions or subtitles, this collage feels akin to a diary or scrapbook. Trying to read along, our mind flickers between absence and presence.

Look away from the window and the lens to another kind of glass: the microscope, or the enlarger. It is also possible to inflate the world, to emphasize certain of its features, to make a mountain out of a mole hill, to make a body out of a door stop.

Khia Hong is showing a suite of sculptures made of vernacular materials. Most resemble architectural models. One takes the form of a globe. Sometimes the glass is shattered. Always the artist attends to the interplay of light and material. Ideally, there is no outside.

Ben K. Voss has produced a series of paintings of variable dimensions. Their visual elements are as pared back as their titles, sometimes including a wandering line spooling into something like text. Their affect relates to the artist's daily practice of meditation. Each palette is made specifically for each painting.

Drew Dominguez is responsible for the drawing of the stretch limousine that traverses the wall of one gallery, and the large paintings depicting a faceless crowd at a golf tournament and a vulture. The artist uses these subjects to explore the anxieties of being at once a critic, a spectator, and a participant in social systems.

Marisa Kriangwiwat works partly between the poles of two experiences: a prior role assisting a prominent photographer and making analog photographs, and an endless, ongoing stream of encounters with images online. The resulting works on fabric and paper collage physical and visual elements following those divergent modes of image creation and presentation. The text embroidered on one such work reads, in part: *She was at at home, abseentt yyy-eeesterday/y. / thank yooou.,*

Kian McKeown often produces sculptures in wood and paper-mache that represent oversize versions of quotidian objects—a door stop, a jack—in ways that allude to parts of a body. At the same time, the artist produces works on paper reminiscent of technical drawings for inventions that do not yet exist, but

Some artists work to prop open the door to the world, to keep it ajar, knowing that the shim will eventually slip. To let something else come through, but then, just as quickly, to shut it closed, to seal off the draft, to sop up the mess that pools from that crack. They wedge things into things, sponges into steel, scraps into scalene triangles, axles into heels. This is a test: What happens if you cut this open? What happens if you brace the knee? What happens if you escalate this pitch? What do the numbers show? How much tension is required? How much pressure do you feel from this touch? What about now?

Here, come down here, stop, sit on this bench. We are underneath the world. See the light leak, peek into that bedroom. Two bodies in love at the edge of the world. (Another artist would extrude that distance in concrete, rub it til it shines with graphite's sheen.) Other figures circle around us, gauging our relative desires, watching us watch this screen. Touch the bench, feel its concrete pores, find that notch that might fit into the one over there. Something is coming into being.

–Mira Dayal

could support, accommodate, accentuate, harm, or pleasure a body. A full figure is never pictured.

Micah Angelus makes paintings that also veer into sculptures. These works, sometimes built from wood, steel, sponges, clamps, and other methods of attachment, are often experiments with forms and surfaces, joints and edges, studies in contrasts. A porous material is made solid, and a solid material is made to look soft.

Zhiliang Zhao has fashioned a series of benches in pastel hues that are positioned throughout the galleries. Each bench has the footprint of a specific space the artist remembers, mostly public places for cruising. Each bench invites a particular configuration of bodies. One bench is shown in darkness. Onto one side the artist has projected a sex tape. All we see is edging.