

Devotional See-Saw

Texto de la exposición en español por Mito del Desierto

Aquí desfila una lumbre que desborda el sentimiento a ese vínculo sagrado de la amistad (como mil sorbos a un cálido riachuelo de bichos o la devoción que regenera besar un relicario, bailando en rocas).

Una promesa al reencuentro, renovar el chuparse lentamente en el subibaja de un banquete para patitos. Llámese resbaladilla de nuevos diagramas a guiñarse de cerquitas en un jardín con su sonrisa de gruesa sal.

Llenas de barro las manos, mejillas y nalguitas, no queda de otra que sacudirse fogosamente hasta esculpir la escalera al funeral de la aguja. Y ya en la cúspide, ¡Zaz! te zambulles a la formación de pruebas de que éste es el meneito más sexy en la pista de babas. Notando este preciso instante y el poema que caí en él. Promesa: volver y volver y volver a conocernos.

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Show text in English by Audrey Wollen

FRIENDSHIP PARADE

Is friendship a kind of reliquary? A portable one, carried on our backs—they are called feretories, a traveling cabinet of holy items, plush bundles of precious bones. ‘Feretory’ makes them sound slinky and lean, with tentative paws. Could there be a feretory that wriggles, like feet warming up under the covers, toes finding toes? Our bodies carry the fragments of former goodness, memories stored like a saint’s finger in a wooden box. I can imagine the jumble of all the love I’ve ever known, sliding around my inner psychic-cabinetry like the bits and bobs that accrue in the trunk of a car, making a loud thunk when I take a sharp turn. In Amia Yokoyama and Cosima Schietekat’s collaborative work, the gilted altar, the prayerful place, fidgets with excitement. It is kinetic— it can reach and grab. Images bounce back and forth between the artists, borrowing from one another, mirroring, finishing each other’s sentences. Moving between Mexico, Japan, and the United States, their references gossip, whisper, daydream. The heady intimacy of their process is refracted through the halcyon subject matter of their work: a dozing lover, a filigreed greenhouse, a field of cows, fence-less. Utopia totters forward, sticky with vernix. Their work is a welcome party for the un-materialized poetics our collectivity might make possible.

In Schietekat’s drawings, color is thick and pungent—large Malevich meadows, rooms like green screens, high-alert orange in the soft afternoon light. Pattern crackles like a flame, intricate and fast-spreading. Knotted spirals, repeated blossoms, paper banners proliferate and glow, catching on any spare detail. The scenes are domestic, familial, but in the most devotional sense—a sleepy fuck, a tended garden. In Yokoyama’s ceramics, girls and creatures merge, a wet metamorphosis that makes the digital image crack-able, fragile. The squishy symbols of myth climb over the lush pornographies of our present moment. Together, their work is a flood-less arc, an open pillow book, a tightly wrapped limbo, be-ribboned and offered in exchange for nothing. For some reason it makes sense that a conversation between these two artists and their materials, held in the cloud above their different countries,

takes the shape of small animal figures arranged with the hushed attention of a temple, or a child's bedroom. The small set-ups of imaginary play have much in common with the care of religious objects. It is rare that sculpture or drawing in the setting of contemporary art can evoke the same wide-ranging identification with all forms of life, deprioritizing the human, or the same aura of prehistory, the backstories of every statuette mumbled into existence through private wonders. The decorative, the erotic, and the wishful—almost taboo categories—are woven through all of Schietekat and Yokoyama's work. If friendship is a reliquary, it is also a vessel, clay and ancient. It is that which makes movement across distant land possible.