



FRIDGE A

Get 4 eggs.

2 day supply

fresh

fresh

Cilantro is tasty in everything, even mango.

1 apple, 1 orange, 8 oz blueberry, 1 mango
2 cartons of eggs, naked fruit

Cook it now.

Use it.

Fridge A asks Fridge B: "You own a hazmat suit?"

salt & pepper?

Scenario: Long awaited guest arrives:
"Sorry there's so little to eat."

no leftovers

spinach and goat cheese omelet

Fridge for 1-- thank goodness, those days of being a provider are behind me...
No contents, no expectations.

limited palate
Keep it simple.

Fridge A: My owner wants to downsize. He's talking about trading me in for a styrofoam cooler.

only what I need now

saving the planet

Easy to decide what's for dinner.

A healthy fridge has lots of circulation.

Cooking implements - pan & spatula

The owner of this fridge doesn't worry about where the next meal is coming from.

The universe will provide.

FRIDGE B

Can't find the eggs.
They're underneath the greens.
There's only one.

What? Throw something away?

2 week supply

packaged

shriveled

orange marmelade, raspberry jam, fig preserves raspberry jam with 1 teaspoon left. (The owner of this fridge is both frugal and loyal)

packaged, prepared, cooked, jars, bottles cans

Take it away.

Save it.

Fridge B asks Fridge A, "Where's the beef?"

capers, horseradish, dijon mustard, stone ground mustard, lemonaise, Tiger sauce, truffle oil

Scenario: Long awaited guest arrives.
"Can I get you a beer, sparkling water, a cheese plate?"

all leftovers

Fridge B asks Fridge A: You need teeth to eat that stuff?
Just strain, blend, boil or scramble.

Fridge for 5 --just in case the kids arrive.

Hoard it and they will come.

curious palate
Mix it up.

Fridge B: My owner wants to throw a block party. Here comes the 32 cubic footer.

what I might need someday

loads of recycling

Toss a coin, test the permutations.

A healthy fridge has lots of choices.

Cooking implements - telephone & car

The owner of this fridge worries about conserving grains of salt and scraping out the last quarter teaspoon of mayo.

The next depression, market crash, hurricane or world-wide drought is just around the corner.



Everything is The Kitchen Sink

Leon Finley

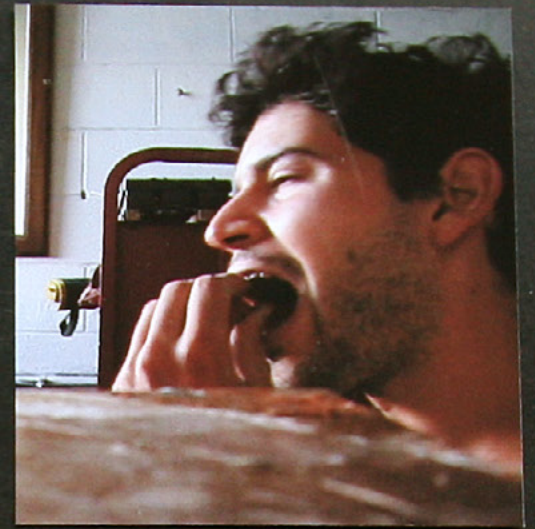
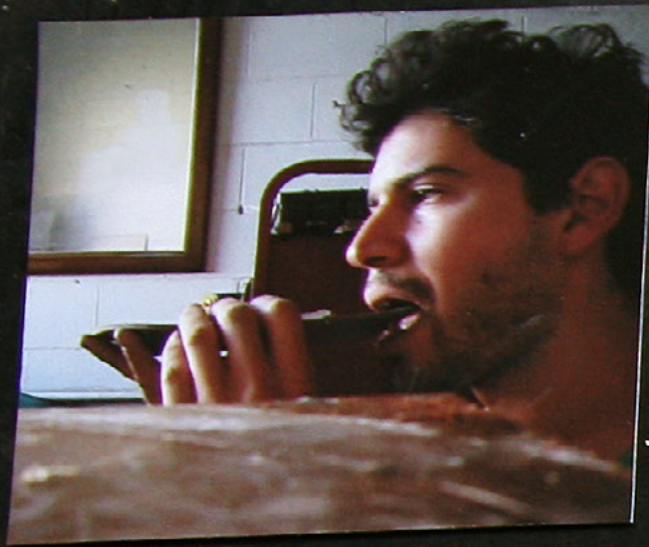
Andrew lives in what a real estate person would call a studio apartment. Already there is something exciting about the interpenetration of uses that the space proposes: you cook and eat in the same room where you sleep and have sex. The bathroom is never far from the kitchen. The body is everywhere in this kind of living space, with no clear boundaries that safely hold its activities in their appropriately separate arenas.

Andrew's home is perhaps an even more wondrously confused type of studio apartment. The first thing you notice is the smallest room, which I want to call this room the bathroom because it has a toilet and a shower. But there is a refrigerator sitting next to the toilet, and a pantry full of food across from the shower. It is decidedly both bathroom and kitchen. One can't help but imagine a naked body toweling off in front of the butternut squash and bags of mixed nuts, or the same body sitting on the toilet and then opening up the fridge to take a swig of milk. If you go to wash your hands, you will find the sink filled with strange objects. Andrew explains that these are plaster casts of food (cereal, watermelon, toast) that he is slowly dissolving with water as he uses the sink. I think about the toothpaste spit and the shavings from his beard flowing over these indigestibles. I wonder if this room is also a studio.

I've known Andrew for almost a decade. He is the most exuberantly corporeal person I've ever spent time with, so it's no wonder that he would inhabit a space where the body, with all its excesses and misuses spills onto everything around him. The body present in this space is, I believe, a queer body. It is a queer space. Nothing is what it seems to be. Everything is slipping.

In an area that could be called the kitchen, there are two sinks. One is next to the stove; the other, a few feet away, sits in a slab of granite Andrew found on the side of the road. The first sink, he explained, does not have a working drain, so he attached a short hose that extends to the second sink, which does not have a working faucet. The second sink is also without a working drain, but Andrew installed a pink 5-gallon bucket underneath to catch the water. He demonstrates the system by rinsing off some dishes and then bringing the full bucket around the corner to the toilet, where he empties the water and flushes it away. In this way, the kitchen bleeds into the bathroom, and the functions of one thing are extended into three.

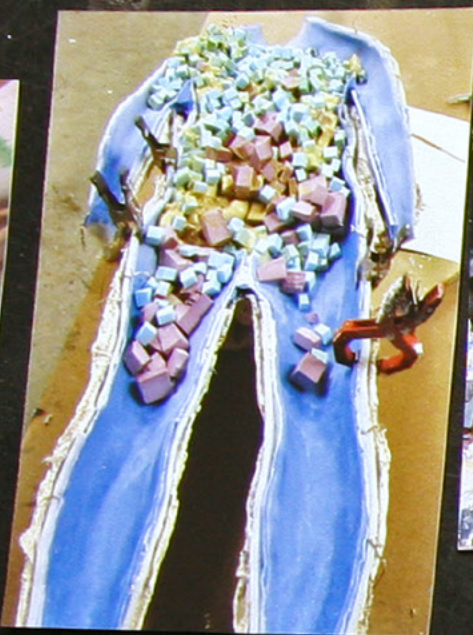
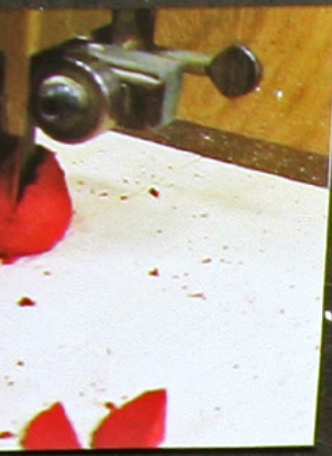
I find myself wondering, where is the sink? Is the toilet the sink? What a joy it is to have trouble speaking about something as simple as a sink. To not know what to call it. It's the same pleasure and discomfort I feel when I don't know if someone is a boy or a girl. Can something be a sink without a faucet or a drain? Can someone be a boy without a penis? Ambiguous and in-between, Andrew's apartment shows me the importance of doing the wrong things in the wrong places. It is only in such moments of transgression that I find myself reflected in the world around me. In these forms without clear edges or distinct names I recognize the strangeness that make up my experience of being human. They enter me into conviviality with my surroundings that I require if I am to ever really know myself or the truth of my own body.

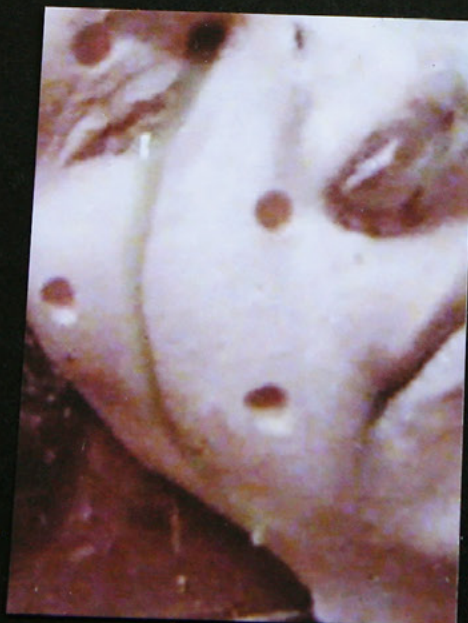
















Biting into clay plate and spitting it out// where
 Collapsing lipsticked kisses into clay// Collapsing
 Leora biting into clay plate and spitting it//Submerging head in a

 Biting into clay plate and spitting it out // where strawberries come
 clay// Collapsing lipsticked kisses into kissed clay// John in rubber
 bites//Submerging head in glass cube of pureed peach (camera

 out bites// where strawberries come from, slicing plaster
 clay// John in rubber mold, John slipping out of mold, open-faced
 Submerging head in glass cube of pureed peach (camera attached)

 slicing plaster strawberries on bandsaw//popping plaster cereal out of
 slipping out of mold, open-faced body mold, filling body mold with foam,
 cube of pureed peach (camera attached) // alginate

 strawberries on bandsaw//popping plaster cereal out of mold, pouring
 filling body mold with foam, putting foam cast together, covering foam
 cube of pureed peach (camera attached) // alginate falling

 cereal out of mold, pouring plaster milk over plaster cereal, plaster foods
 cast together, covering foam cast in latex, peeling off latex skin, spread on
 attached) // alginate falling over plaster copy of my face from hole under eye,

 milk over plaster cereal, plaster foods left to erode in sink// hand covered in
 latex skin spread open, latex skin sewn back up, pour spouts attached in crotch, latex layers
 casts of tears on face, final rubber mold for gold casting// Blowing air into latex bowl,

 sink// hand covered in latex, latex hand skin stretched over time into a figure and filled with plaster.
 latex placed back in mother mold upside down, mother mold and latex removed, balancing final figure.

 // Blowing air into latex bowl, Bowl of borscht rising and falling.

<p style="text-align: center;">Upsidedown Man</p> <p style="text-align: center;">pigmented plaster</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Eroded Food</p> <p style="text-align: center;">plaster copies of food digested by my sink, toilet, and shower</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Eaten Plates</p> <p style="text-align: center;">glazed ceramic plates and half-eaten food</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">Bowl of Borscht</p> <p style="text-align: center;">15 min. video loop</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Hand becoming figure</p> <p style="text-align: center;">pigmented plaster</p>
	<p style="text-align: center;">Tears for Sarah</p> <p style="text-align: center;">gold, glass, paper</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Becoming a peach pit/ what the sun looks like through closed eyelids</p> <p style="text-align: center;">15 min. video loop</p>

Mom and Dad, thank you for letting me look inside your
 fridges; Leon, thank you for looking inside of mine. Mom,
 thank you for making those two fridges talk to each other,
 and Dad, thank you for the painting. I see it every morning as
 I wake up, curled on my side staring into the bathroom.

-Andrew

