



BARTLEBY REVIEW

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BAREHEADED **Kalli Niedoba**

Lauren Cherry and Max Springer, Nicolas Sassoon and Valerian Goalec

'And He Built A Crooked House'

221A

221 East Georgia St.

Through July 26

It's just past noon. You've walked past the majority of the construction happening all over Chinatown and arrive where Yoon, Sassoon, Cherry, Springer and Goalec all were, but have since gone home.

At 12:13, you turn north, raising your chin to see the landscaping job at the entrance of the art exhibition. A leaf made of green plastic and green nylon hangs from the ceiling by one string. You don't remember the colour of the string. The plastic leaf reminds you of those things that hang around in the winter time, the kind of thing that hangs in the staff-room of a school so that teachers can just kiss each other before the holidays. Here you are alone though, standing bare-headed in the summer. It's a real bare bones

landscaping job at the entrance of the exhibition. Your lower half motions toward the remaining room, but your eyes lag behind to stare at the leaf a little longer. They did a good job with the leaf.

Behind the leaf and all over the floor, you see a lot of sand. Each piece of sand is in a pile, very well organized. One pile, you believe to be about nine sands wide and four sands long—times two—each sand the same medium grey. Each piece of sand is also equally square and oblong—three on top of three sections multiplied by two is how they will be remembered. It's a real grey desert here—air conditioned by the looks of it. Thinking back to all that warm yellow urine sand that keeps getting moved around in construction outside and in Chinatown—yes, you prefer the grey sand.

As you turn right, you notice the contents of your pockets have emptied all over the place. There's a piece of peach lint in the shape of a boot that has landed upright, as if by fluke, standing tall on a pile of square sand. It looks nice—peachy. It's far too big for any human feet. Oh yes, and this dark disc—you were stuck in that conversation, kneading it in your jean pocket as distraction's reward—you kneaded the hell out of it and for so long that it became much, much bigger than the size of your head. All your *Loose Change*—some more black marks and

a wheel, mint green, which doesn't roll too well and it doesn't smell like mint. Thankfully no receipts of expenditures are around—those shapeless white reminders.

It's now 12:20. There are no windows here in the grey desert room with air conditioning and motionless lint—but instead, there are two *Patterns*. They hold very beautiful data that scans along endlessly like an ocean without a horizon. There's no end in sight. God, they are beautiful! Pattern #1 is totally immersive. Pattern #2 is about the size of your head but wider so it too is pretty immersive. You stand in front of each for four minutes and you are mesmerized. It's now 12:24.

Your eyes dart away, noticing the patterns have trailed into these sudden posts with chromium slapped on them. They are no longer holding up the fort and they are made of something that was once wood but the wood qualities are long gone by now. The chromium too has lost its sheen, so maybe they are more of an aluminum-carbon now—anchored to the wall and to the floor: two upright, one horizontally floating above the sand. It's now 12:25 and your eyes have grown larger than your stomach. You close your eyes and fill your mouth with sand as you float out the door with empty pockets.

Kalli Niedoba