

stumble block:

Andrea Bacigalupo & Jake Ziemann

November 1 - December 6, 2014

Reception: Saturday, November 1, 3-5 pm

tmoro projects

Gallery Hours: Saturday 2-5 pm

1046 Sherman Street, Santa Clara, CA 95050

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When you hear a pop song on the radio, and there's that moment of silence before the beat drops and the chorus comes in, you might be tense and listening hard, even though you've heard the song before and know what happens next. Do you think it will sound different this time? No. But it could. You don't know, not for sure, because it hasn't happened yet. Every time you look in the mirror, you could be a different person. There are no rules about this. Just because it hasn't happened yet doesn't mean it can't happen. We only know a tiny bit of the stuff that can happen. Everything else is wide open. Every time you fall down the stairs you could turn into water and get soaked up by the carpet. It hasn't happened yet but it could. Every time you see the President on TV he could start to cry. He hasn't yet but he could. It could happen anytime. It could be happening now, and we just haven't heard about it yet. You could roll a die a million times and get a five every time, and just when you think five is the only number in the world, you roll an eight. Then eight is in the world, too. Secretly it was in the world all along, we just didn't know. When workers pour concrete to form the foundation of a skyscraper, they have to time it just right, or the foundation will be unstable. Concrete is liquid first. That's why it looks like liquid again when the building falls down, like soapy water poured from a bucket. It could become liquid again at any time. It has choices. You don't know. Past behavior does not predict future behavior, no matter what the advice columnists say. He could stop being mean in the next moment and never be mean again, or he could be mean always. This is what you have to remember every morning when you wake up beside him. Or he could be kind every day, he could text you "i love you" in the afternoon when you weren't even talking, and then he could never come home from work. Or die. He could die. You could die, too. Past life does not predict future life. You could put your hands in the pockets of your jacket right now and feel outer space. Even if you are not wearing a jacket, even if you have no hands. You could still, reaching down, find the ghosts of your hands sliding past denim or leather and into the universe. Even parts of the universe which have not yet been discovered. You could feel them with your hands. Your hands could show you what they look like. That's something you've probably done before, in a bedroom or hallway, in the dark. A brick wall represents the end of something, the end of choices, like if you are chased down an alley and run into a brick wall, a dead end. You panic: this is the end. But it isn't the end. Bricks are liquid first. Everything is. When the beat drops it falls into a full bucket, which spills over.

Author: Katelyn Eichwald