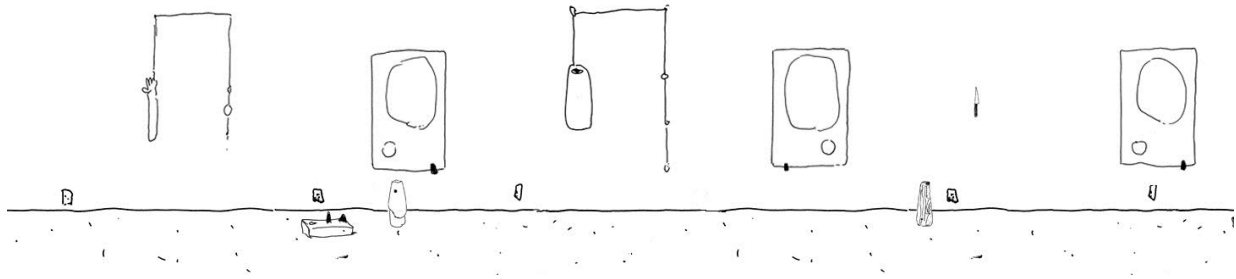


FrameWork 9/18

Magdalena Suksi on Zin Taylor



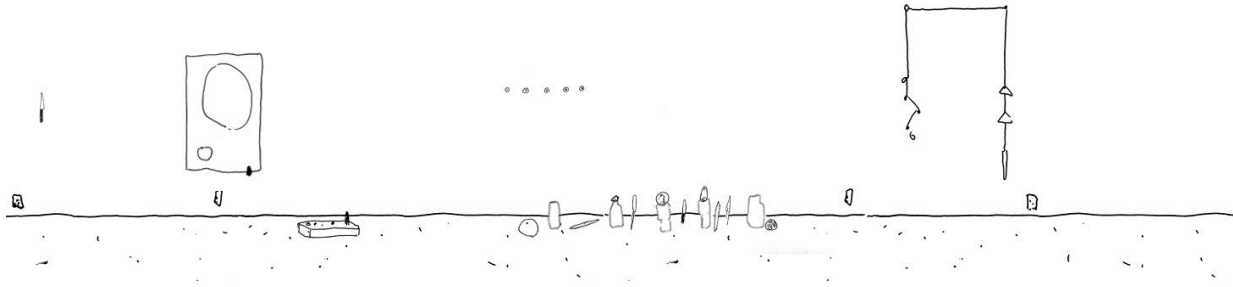
What happens when three voids start a conversation? In Zin Taylor's *Void Screens*, inky ghosts float a little further into the open centres of each effort, getting the voids to open themselves to matter. As well, a smaller empty oval bobs in each panel, rolling away from a bracketing knob of black clay. There could be void happening in the briny ink wash radiating from the big untreated thought bubbles. These are ellipses with initiative. The negative spaces pushing at the washes that contain them hold the works down and out like bodies breathing and stretching in the morning. We are just beginning to have an idea.

There is a mobile titled *A Structure Choreographed to Filter a Room (Stripe and Dot Arrangement)*. Vibey perimeters coordinate with each other like homespun laser shows. In *Cut Flower (Arm)*, a restless, flat vestigial arm scales a string towards another knob apostrophizing a polar blue eye. The arm is not bound in but seems congenitally plaster. Balls float into the beginnings of a corner like a chain of planets. Forms are getting started rather than getting dismantled, floating into their first occurrences on purposeful strings from navel-like places into the quiet sea of shared space. The eye-like thing seems roving and responsible for itself. We get drawn into this world as it gestures at its own partial unfolding. The spare application of plaster or simple swerves of paint around small balls announce themselves into existence. What trails up or down or sideways, deftly made, doesn't fray but comes to a knife-like point.

Nevertheless, there are sometimes several of these points on a given armature, offering us a chance to choreograph our vision. *Five Eyes* on the wall peek at a *Knife* in what could be - but isn't - Morse code, emoji, or cuneiform. Cut-eye, sharp gaze, see-then-do-then-see. The walls around the work begin vibrating with opportunity.

In *Cut Flower (Beard)*, the opening-into-framing string ties a slash across where the mouth goes, and a ceramic strawberry at the other corner of the work is a frozen cursor to the floor.

Options witness the fray down here on the floor. *A Vase, a Knife and a Piece of Fruit (Repeated)* is a bent anagram. Wooden weapons balance like crystals while the vases offer fitted housing for a patient orange or another sensitively balanced strawberry-like point. The randomness of rearrangement and the logic of symmetry get proposed at the same time. Fruits try levitating and succeed half the time, this time around. These particular pieces of fruit have lives as long as ours.



If an anagram is one kind of game, the *Slabs* are another compositional game that both initiates and asks for initiative. Here, as in *Vase (Patterns to Describe Space and Time)*, the starry umbels of cut fennel or a stalk of black-eyed Susan stand up and breathe in tiny spaces for the intervention of their stems, approached by ceramic eggs, dots and snakey curves. Whether the plants rub their contingency off on the forms or vice versa depends. The ceramic curve in *Slab (Green)* calls up both sickle, stem, and some in-between bit of code in Taylor's lexicon. The flowers flourish as they do wherever flowers are cut, asking for more production. Beyond the sickle, quick dark slashes and knife-sized wooden knives are here, making jokes about the mundane drama of an ongoing harvest or telling stories in shorthand about developing a language. Flat holes in the slabs open right onto the floor, where elsewhere we get quick shortcuts to the immediate wall.

With all these snipped beginnings and palm-sized forms balancing themselves around the *Void Screens*, I'm tempted to refer to the recent discovery that black holes burp. Whatever's cosmic can swing from the theatricality of mystery to the pastoral potential we might fantasize about there.

Wildflowers make us sneeze and bewilder us before we take them indoors and start enjoying their nuances. Upstairs, *A Gesture on a Void, Units in a Field, of Zig-Zag (Thoughts into Forms)* plants us back in the soil. The floating features are boxed and their shadows are felt, their clay unglazed and evident, the stripes and dots all on a plane together behind glass and together with the familiar assembly of the mobile and the lamp, are less modular and more certain in their objecthood. A counterpoint to the graceful babble of vessels, strawberries, and figures feeling each others' weight, a gesture towards language becoming instructive, the play of codes become functional or syntactic. There is a joy in the disordering of signifiers, the abbreviated word that is also the baby's first syllable. Turning the word on into meaning - as with a *Snake Lamp* or an eye next to a nose - is a graver kind of sense altogether.