ARLENE SHECHET: Some Truths

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Arlene Shechet, Like Kali, 2018. Glazed ceramic, wood, paint, $53 \times 28 \times 19$ inches. © Arlene Shechet. Photo: Rebecca Fanuele. Courtesy the artist and Almine Rech Gallery.

I vaguely remember Picasso whispering to Casagemas, Social conservatives deprive themselves the pleasure of Fumbling, stumping, bumbling, wobbling, wavering Through the magic of "la fée verte."

Spatial disequilibrium teeters the body from its inner ear, The Body is an Ear! Take my hand, Walk gently across this slippery terrain, An orchestra of prodigious social characters Here to rebel, against conservative agendas? Yes, without pointing fingers.

Someone clucks in one corner what, Who, What, When means Which, why, and where language often fails to describe. The imagination—reality does not interest him whatsoever! She, in the opposite corner, mumbles, Your imagination does not stand straight like How we were taught as children in earthy paradise.

He, "I have no sense of humor."

"Try to stick your index finger," she says "in between Your sternal ends, ah, in Roundabout ways." Pow! He, "I feel like a stoutly Balzac in Rodin's hands About to fall off the pedestal." Tickling gravity, softening a perpendicular axis in Equal Time, "aggressive tenderness," "Hermetica Buddhist" aura, shaking hands with Sigmund Freud Not far from Prambanan temple. I really dig the "hybrid comic clumsiness" that she's been Harvesting unapologetically for quite some time.

It's a holistic yet synthetic Deep Listening. Once it's heard, everyone walks between intervals Like drunken monkies in Journey to the West. Echoing the Big Bang with constant mantra, Like Kali, a force of time. Serenely fierce, capable of Standing Paw.

Giving birth to mortals of various casts, sizes, Heights, widths, to-be made, readymade, all Resting on countless impeccable foundations.