



As I step back from The Embrace which has just traveled all the way from Morocco to be next to Cotton Continuity, Steven Barich walks into the gallery removes his silver aviator shades and begins killing questions faster than I can ask them.

“pixilated”

“mosaic”

Elusive

“in an emotional manner”

“They vibrate so much I can barely look

at them myself”

—can’t get a *bead* on the optics—

So you’re traveling along the border of *Absorption* which is an empathic republic inside Occlusion.

You’re calmly fired by “inspiring backstories” and by “the perfection of aesthetics coming from nature” carried on whispers through blacked out bars and campfires and rivers where Chinese Scholar Rocks may be found—by Albers, maybe? certainly by McLuhan. By all of them.

And you’re driven to send a fresh, clear sheaf of “measurable emanations” to the open eye, trading its interest in your image for a small measure of superfine potential energy.

#### ANIMAT

*un*-associating

freely, spaced out

on further finds. chance operations in the absolute (in the overlooked, the

left back)

Close Encounters

...till Barich’s

practical

“can’t make a mistake”

(when razoring rainbow Sharpies

on Little Big Boy)

becomes

“no mistake to make”