

This sculpture has several parts.

Yes. There's a pancake-shaped piece of pinstriped ceramic attached to a rectangular plank of unfinished wood with black shapes painted on it that give the illusion of receding into space like windows in the corner of a room. A thin length of wood attached to the lower part of the pancake form suggest the floor of the room.

So there is one thing, a sculpture, and there are several things.

Yes. The one thing is made up of other things.

Do those other things have parts?

It seems they do. The wooden pieces have sides and corners, for example.

Do the sides and corners have parts?

If you're talking about the wood, it's made up of tiny cells.

Do the cells have parts?

I suppose like everything else they're made of molecules.

I suppose so.

And the molecules are made of atoms.

What are atoms made of?

They're made of electrons, protons and neutrons.

Is there anything that doesn't have parts?

Yes. They're called "elementary particles."

So this sculpture is made of zillions of teeny, tiny parts.

According to science. But most of them we needn't be concerned about.

I should hope not!

All we need to worry about is what we can see with our eyes.

A sculpture.

Yep.

But with multiple parts.

An assemblage.

Yes.

So what makes the several parts into the one sculpture? What turns the parts into the whole?

Your mind.

I should have known.

I'm most interested in the relationship between the ceramic blob and the other parts.

What about it?

The blob strikes me as some sort of life form.

How's that?

Life comes mostly in blobby forms. Like human bodies are lots of blobs hanging on bony armatures.

Here it's like we're seeing the back of someone's head who is looking out the windows – or at monochromatic black paintings – in the corner of a room.

And what about that?

I guess we always see things in perspective, each according to his or her own point of view.

So the blob-head is trapped within its own perspective. That seems true not only of this blob but of all blobs.

Can human blobs ever escape this predicament?

Why would they want to?

It would be useful to be able to see things from other angles.

You can't actually see from any angle but your own; but you can imagine what things look like from another viewpoint.

Maybe that's what art is for.

Could be.



Christina Tenaglia, "Untitled" (2018), wood, paint, ink, nails, screws, fired clay, 17" x 17" x 2"