

It's Dan Graham's birthday as I begin to write this. An Aries (like me), he was into gleaning meaning from the stars. He would have been 80 today; he died on February 19, a week after I saw your exhibition *Inverted Dome* at the Mackey Garage Top. I don't attach any celestial significance to this overlap, but given the timing I can't help but think about the centerpiece (really, the *only* physical piece) of your exhibition in relation to Graham's pavilions, which also activate their viewer with a play between reflection and transparency. Those words describe material qualities—specifically, the way light contends with a surface and how we, in turn, apprehend that relationship—but they are also metaphors that point toward philosophical concepts like Truth. Graham's pavilions always seemed to be about both: He seemed to trip out on the material affects of steel, glass, and two-way mirrors, acknowledging or even embracing the psychedelic possibilities of corporate architecture; at the same time, his pavilions are open-ended structures, with no programmatic function, allowing for unscripted encounters with a public—and, importantly, for the public to encounter itself.

Your *Inverted Dome* surely does that too, and perhaps more urgently one year and a few weeks after the attempted coup at the United States Capitol building, upon which your sculpture is based. Suspended from the ceiling in the center of the Mackey Garage Top, your *Inverted Dome* is a symbol, not a building. (The U.S. Capitol is both.) Actually, it's a sculpture. It might be an inverted pavilion, too, or rather an inside-out pavilion for us to gather around. Constructed of faceted planes, it is nearly transparent. Its eight facets recall butterfly wings, in which decoration and structure are one and the same, pointing to Gothic origins.

This play between form and content summons a previous project of yours, *Manic Castle Hash* (2021), which I visited during the dark days of the pandemic, in which a concrete block wall on West Adams Boulevard was painted blue and marked with silvery glyphs. A related sheet of stickers appeared in my mailbox, and I learned that the glyphs are compressed information, using a mathematical process called hashing; with hashing, the translation is a one-way street, and the compressed

information cannot be reversed to its original state. I am also thinking of the decorative (or vandalistic) possibilities of these glyphs, though to be honest I never used them as stickers: They looked too good on the sheet, just as they arrived. But I also noted them as insidious emblems of what is optimistically called late capitalism. Along with the stickers, I am struck by your accompanying text:

*In financial centers we observe the phenomenon of skyscrapers reflecting back skyscrapers. The strange world of these mega-structures reflecting into each other can be seen as a mirror image of stock buybacks, corporate bailouts, and accelerating inequality. In these reflections, a rectilinear grid is broken into semi-chaotic, undulating patterns that never repeat exactly.*

We have discussed your aversion to that five-letter “f” word—a word that derives from the gardens of the rich and powerful—as a description of your work, for its gendered, diminishing implications. But I am also intrigued by how the (seemingly) ornamental can become structural, or how it can undo structures, whether physically or perceptually. (Perhaps those are the same thing.) There are allegorical possibilities in those ruins.

*Inverted Dome* calls out for my attention, as all mirrors do, and receives it—paradoxically, it also repels me, sending my attention in an infinite number of directions, as I follow the reflections of the surrounding architecture and landscape. Fabricated with a CNC (computer numerical control) machine, it is held together without fasteners. Two rings stabilize the eight sides, gather them. Nevertheless, it looks fragile, as if it might collapse with a strong gust or a clumsy viewer bumping into it. An apt metaphor. It is both quantifiable (I can describe it) but also visually difficult to apprehend with my naked eye or with my iPhone camera. In my physical engagement with it, it remained gnomic, glyphlike—frustratingly, appealingly: It didn't tell me what it wanted (and you didn't tell me what it wanted, either), but I knew I was somehow implicated in it from the moment I encountered it.