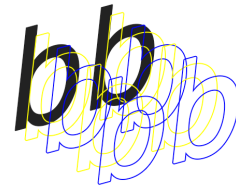


# Somethings

Objects from Fiona Sergeant  
Curated with Colin Alexander



March 28, 2015, 7-10 PM

Open Saturdays, 1-4 PM, until April 25

The artist and the organizer of this show, “*Somethings*,” Fiona Sergeant and I, lived together between Fall 2011 and Spring 2013 in a three bedroom apartment with our friends, a pair of identical twins. In this living arrangement, the point of tension (as there always is in undergraduate roommate situations) consistently lingered on Sergeant’s unrelenting consumerist practice—a habit that would expand out of personal space into an ever expanding “temporary” annexation of the living room, dining room, etc. I remember the tension reaching a high point with the most sincere “fuck you” I’ve ever issued (after I OK’d Sergeant’s request to cut in line for the shower one morning and she said, “plus, you use up all the hot water.”) The leftover domestic tension is the central interest for me in this collaboration at *bb*.

Sergeant’s consumerism seems to result from the conflation of a foundation in photography and a culinary arts practice, where a gesture of selection (photography) melds with a driving desire for satisfaction (food). The objects come from everywhere, but Chinese dollar stores, the streets, craft stores, and second hand stores are key providers, certainly. The resulting object landscape reflects a contemporary market where object acquisition is no longer a problem to be solved.

The emergence of a design/architecture impulse here, though it reveals switches from a selective process to a generative process, still seems focused on the imaginary world of desire created in mass produced objects. Within that, the role of design remains limited to the purgatory state of the miniature, placeholder prototype for Sergeant to remain uninvested in materiality. This sort of “world creation” is familiar; it occurs similarly in child play as well. In that setting as well as this one, the designed world relies on a setting of parameters to universalize a code between toys and objects that come from otherwise disparate production systems.

In collaborating on this project, Sergeant and I continue a dialogue destined for failure. I’m interested in transforming my attitude towards objects that I, in a domestic context, disliked whole heartedly. Is the recontextualization to a non-domestic space a solution? Are art objects destined for domestic space? My angle of prioritizing my own history with these objects is selfish and domineering, and yet, here I am.

-C.A.