

??/??/????
 (5.5.18-16.6.18)
 Win McCarthy
Gridlock Person
 Galerie Fons Welters

"I can speak a bit to what my interests *have been*, as they have been both varied and frequently subject to modification. Probably the most salient of these interests, and most frequently recurrent, has been a crisis of self in time. Inroads to this subject have been numerous. First through material, often impermanent, malleable, entropic or nearly invisible, I've made work with wet clay, water, plasticine, clear sheeting, dirt, ladled glass... Most recently I exhibited a number of shabbily constructed maquettes. These were attempts at creating an *architecture of interiority*, onto which I could map personal experiences, world events, poetry, and weather patterns. These topographies hoped to collapse a delicate and self-conscious subjectivity into a ceaseless passage of time. The question was really how to reconcile the intimately particular with the dizzyingly general; or how to envision the overwhelming simultaneity of our interior and exterior worlds." – Artist's statement, August 15, 2016

While much of that is still true, this show, *Gridlock Person*, turns all the way inward. You'll recognize feet: little cars, touching the earth, always putt-putting along, driving, if you will, forward. Feet, you see, don't think so much; heads, on the other hand, are in the air. Heads are desperate for pause, for reflection, for some respite, and then, reassurance. Head, fraught. Feet, not. And in between, something shaped like a cabinet. A shelf,
 Continuing on,

	a	
little mess		
of	fingerprints	
where I open		
the	bathroom	mirror
Other things too little bits of trace.		
The sound of pronouncing	a stranger	
a name		