

Two structures fucking one another is how Paris-based artist Oscar Tuazon once described his own work. The phrase successfully captures the drama, the sweat, and the attitude that animate his sculptures and confirms that they are invested in questions of how to make things, not how to destroy things.

Originally from Seattle, Washington, Tuazon was inspired by D.I.Y. culture's way of life and its experimental architecture: tents, geodesic domes, hill lodges, and other housing solutions for survivalist communities who are trying to live off the grid. For the artist, maximum freedom comes from practices in "dwelling portably," which demands an approach to building and inhabitation that embraces the provisional, the contingent, and the bare minimum.

More recently, Tuazon has used heavy wooden beams and posts, metal studs, concrete slabs, crumbling sheetrock, rusted steel, and other building site materials to construct architectural structures on a 1:1 scale and stage a fierce encounter between an object and a gallery's white cube. Defiantly cutting through walls, his installations defy their environment and claim their own independent logic. His objects stand part-erect, part-collapsed, part-done, part-undone. They behave and they misbehave.

Richard Serra once told us about making sculpture with transitive verbs: to roll, to crease, to fold, to store, to bend, to shorten, to twist, to dapple, to crumple, to shave, to tear, to chip, to split, to cut, to sever, to drop, to remove, and so on. In Tuazon's work, gravity does the twisting and the turning: the artist pushes his materials until they fail, and gravity takes it from there, giving the sculpture its final formal properties.

This sculpture is a new site-specific version of the work *There never was you, whoever you was* (2009). It is on view from November 19th to December 4th, 2010. Please watch your step.