



**...might be good**

a project of fluent~collaborative



[about](#)

[archives](#)

[contact](#)

[credits](#)

[subscribe](#)

issue # 58, December 2, 2005 Austin, TX

- I. Artpace New Works 05.3: Katrina Moorhead's *an island as it might be* and Harrell Fletcher's *The American War***
- II. Go E.A.S.T. Young Man: *On Virgin Land* at Art Palace and The 2005 East Austin Studio Tour (E.A.S.T.)**
- III. ...might be good Hits the Road to Houston for Andrea Zittel, Robert Gober and More!**
- IV. Derrick Durham at i2i Gallery and *Threat Zone* at Triangle Project Space**
- V. Reflections on the Writers and Artist's Exchange: Communal Suppers or Carnivorous Competition?**
- VI. Announcements**

---

## I. Artpace New Works 05.3: Katrina Moorhead *an island as it might be* & Harrell Fletcher *The American War*

On view through January 22, 2006

### Katrina Moorhead *an island as it might be*

**Katrina Moorhead's** installation at Artpace is an arctic hotspot. Say what? It's an extremely hot car interior that gives you goose bumps when you get in. Put another way, it's a delicate buffalo.

Moorhead's *an island as it might be* walks a few lines. The piece is striking, glittering and reflective, yet flat (as in matte) and absorbing. The gallery is filled with white—white floor, white walls, white ceiling—and brightly lit chandeliers are stuck into the floor almost as unceremoniously as posts. But identifying the floor as the floor is not really accurate. There is an upside-downness to the installation as the chandeliers are anchored to the floor—moulding and all—and they hang “up”. This inverted landscape is full of juicy contradictions and ambiguities. The placement of the chandeliers is delicate but bold, considered but haphazard, and best of all, just plain ornery.

The piece is based on an inverted ornamental ballroom ceiling that has its origins in a spacious interior. White dust is mounded around the perimeter of the space, along with a re-creation of the moulding that would ordinarily circumscribe the ceiling. One of the chandeliers is shoved into the perfectly cast moulding, wrecking the symmetrical line that runs around the edges of the space. (See above image.) It is a little crash that is actually a respite.

Since *an island as it might be* seems to be (may be, might be) a landscape, that it is an interior space is another evocative contradiction. The coldness of the space—the whiteness of it, the ambient sound of permeating airflow—is arctic, but offset by the pools of bright warm light given off by the chandeliers. This warm glow is itself offset by the glaringly bright light sources on the chandeliers. Supremely difficult to look at directly, they bring to my mind an attempt to stare at the sun. Our eyes have to dance around them. It also brings to mind John Lennon playing a white piano in a white suit in a white room—an iconic *Imagine*-era image that intermingles the coolness of his surroundings with the warmth and pathos of his voice.

The sensory experience of *an island as it might be* through sound, light and absence of color correspond to both exterior and interior human landscapes and our involuntary directional pull towards possibilities. Moorhead has visually reversed gravity to some extent (not completely), but she doesn't spell out anything and contradicts herself along the way. Ahh, a piece about reality! Finally! Hey, wonder doesn't follow the laws of physics.