

out of space, out of seats, out of bandages, out of touch, out of reach, out of ideas,
out of thread, out of water, out of love, out of pages, out of stock, out of temptation
out of possession, out of whack, out of weed, out of sorrow, out of underwear, out of
fluid, out of cleaner, out of cloth, out of powder, out of room, out of volunteers,
out of regret, out of depth, out of hope, out of tape, out of options, out of it,
out of numbers, out of cards, out of blankets, out of money, out of town, out of
hate, out of buttons, out of recovery, out of home, out of exits, out of passion,
out of alternatives, out of mind, out of bed, out of fortune, out of Africa, out
of aid, out of pity, out of thought, out of sincerity, out of order, out of debt,
out of fashion, out of bounds, out of play, out of sizes, out of colors, out of sight,
out of lines, out of print, out of dispute, out of step, out of tune, out of line, out of
trust, out of funds, out of coverage, out of contact, out of state, out of hearing,
out of blood, out of reserves, out of fuel, out of tissue, out of stamps, out of wall,
out of storage, out of strength, out of date, out of life, out of air, out of commission,
out of beat, out of power, out of importance, out of sync, out of position, out of clarity,
out of definition, out of school, out of uniform, out of place, out of discussion, out of
range, out of selection, out of consideration, out of danger, out of misery, out of
gratefulness, out of gifts, out of season, out of development, out of insolvency, out
of service, out of credit, out of action, out of copy, out of retirement, out of joy,
out of rehab, out of favor, out of patience, out of desperation, out of commitment,
out of breath, out of steam, out of juice, out of obligation, out of questions,
out of answers, out of sympathy, out of provisions, out of obligation, out of
production, out of necessity, out of reason, out of words, out of explanations,
out of office, out of willingness, out of supply, out of protection, out of kindness, out
of advice, out of jail, out of offers, out of relief, out of fear, out of need, out of me,
out of you, out of communication, out of body, out of happiness, out of reception, out
of focus, out of hiding, out of comments, out of suggestions, out of suspension, out of
mercy, out of integrity, out of fairness, out of concern, out of solace, out of fairness,
out of discipline, out of character, out of balance, out of warranty, out of nothing, out
of cash, out of pocket, out of play, out of contention, out of isolation, out of grasp,
out of salt, out of use, out of nowhere, out of tissue, out of bread, out of memory,
out of matches, out of hell, out of detergent, out of coins, out of deceit, out of lust,
out of nervousness, out of film, out of ground, out of hospital, out of bankruptcy,
out of turn, out of work, out of joint, out of urgency, out of phase, out of interest,
out of history, out of envy, out of remorse, out of energy, out of bread, out of cynicism,
out of storage, out of surgery, out of deals, out of oil, out of ammunition, out of gimics,
out of court, out of negligence, out of stupidity, out of ignorance, out of support, out of
exile, out of luck, out of evidence, out of ice, out of forgiveness, out of mourning, out
of wedlock, out of combinations, out of gas, out of sugar, out of fuel, out of greed,
out of wanting, out of tea, out of business, out of guilt, out of laziness, out of faith,
out of means, out of thoughtfulness, out of school, out of desperation, out of practice,
out of shape, out of tobacco, out of condoms, out of urgency, out of control, out of form.

Trenton Garratt

Our house (white indices)

20 November – 6 December 2008

Outside of the Box

By Hana Miller

The logic of sculpture, it would seem, is inseparable from the logic of the monument. By virtue of this logic a sculpture is a commemorative representation. It sits in a particular place and speaks in a symbolical tongue about the meaning or use of that place.

(Rosalind Krauss, *Sculpture in the expanded field*, 1979)

Trenton Garratt used Enjoy Public Art Gallery as a workspace for the three days preceding the opening of his 2008 exhibition *Our house (white indices)*. It was the first time he had chosen to exhibit in three years. He was still floating in the after effects of seeing a Louise Bourgeois retrospective at New York's Guggenheim Museum and was in the midst of final deadlines for his MFA at Auckland's Elam School of Fine Arts. Autobiographically, the occasion marked a vanishing point between his past and present works.

In creating the show, the title of the installation came first. 'Our house' was a nickname Garratt had given to recurring themes of intimacy and domesticity that were surfacing in his studio practice.

The end result was an installation that questioned the relationships between the various elements of the work: a labelled box out of which white clay pieces appeared to be spilling, a tall pile of very differently shaped white clay pieces positioned across from it, the dust covering the floor, and a stack of paper listing handwritten sentences beginning with 'out of' and ending with anything from 'space' to 'remorse' to 'tobacco'. Both the complete scene and its individual components gave the sense of aftermath, where both residue and conclusion inhabited the same space and shared a common hue. But what this aftermath said about its origins was—as the saying goes—in the eye of the beholder.

The connotations, or the 'dot dot dot'—the indices—were all there. They were apparently falling out of the box labelled 'Tapes Second Bedroom', the box that made you think of moving house and organising your belongings into packages assigned with labels indicating what is inside and its next destination. Or of how this process might make you think of the objects, memorabilia, clutter that one accumulates over time in the personal space that we know as home. Perhaps you noticed how the sight of all that dust ties gestures to thoughts of accumulation and the passing of time.

This evocation of someone's personal belongings and thoughts by way of words on paper brought a sense of intimacy that was as elusive as the various sculpted forms were unidentifiable, yet it was as palpable as the feeling of seclusion inside the gallery's small space.

'In some sense I wanted to slightly clutter the space,' says Garratt, 'but not bombard it. I was interested in the idea of the way you can clean a space without disposing of anything—sweeping stuff to the side, into piles, into boxes—so that there is evidence of there having been a mess but it's been arranged a little to lessen the impact.'



This phenomenon sweeps across the spectrum of how we live in both our physical and mental spaces. It spans the quotidian and the universal. It is as fundamental as the law of physics, the terms with which we describe the nature of the world: energy can neither be created nor destroyed; it can only change its form.

The white particles of Garratt's installation come in various forms, their presence can be seen in varying degrees all over the gallery, down to the sheer layer of white dust that covers the floor and gathers along the walls. It has been deliberately pushed around, kneaded into shape, organised into piles and containers so that it speaks, as Krauss suggests, 'in a symbolical tongue about the meaning or use of that place.'

In this instance, 'that place' occurs in multiples. There is the gallery and there is *Our house*. From there the sense of place branches out further: there is the gallery both as a physical building and as its place in the life of the artist, of artists in general and of its various visitors. How does the gallery work as a platform for exploring the golden ratios of mess/impact? Where does art sit between mess and form?

Then there is our house and its relation to the box, the box that speaks of private spaces such as bedrooms and personal habits like tape collections, but also of storage and hoarding and the illusion of disposal and order. In the context of this work, the same box holds clay pieces in repeating forms, recalling the kinds of collections you might find in anyone's room, from seashells to stamps. Fingerprints in the clay remind us

that each of these pieces was made by hand, as were those in the more architectural pile across from it, suggesting an activity that could conceivably be as tedious and obsessive as collecting for the sake of collection.

Through both form and language, the box gestures to the box-like spaces that we call our homes, those places of shelter in which we undertake our daily routines, the nests we make with the bits and pieces we accumulate. *Our house* is a place where the deliberate coincides with the residual, where they face off in the architectural form of box versus pile; stored versus cast aside.

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