

HEART FERMENT

2014

Galerie Fons Welters,
Amsterdam, NL

Tee's third solo exhibition at Galerie Fons Welters shows sculptures and installations which hover between their concrete forms and the anticipation of a moment in which these forms could be activated. Her artistic practice foregrounds the need for both opposition and balance, in order to make sense of the material world and the inner soul. Taking up the center of the main space are four knitted, hand-dyed floorpieces surrounded by ceramic cones titled *Selfhood Meltdown* and *Sensuous Interiority* and a balancing bamboo sculpture, *Spirit Matter*. The rugs' color schemes form an abstract geometry that immediately transcends formalism, but hints at a certain expectation. Their silence seems to anticipate an action – some kind of ceremony or meditation about to take place.

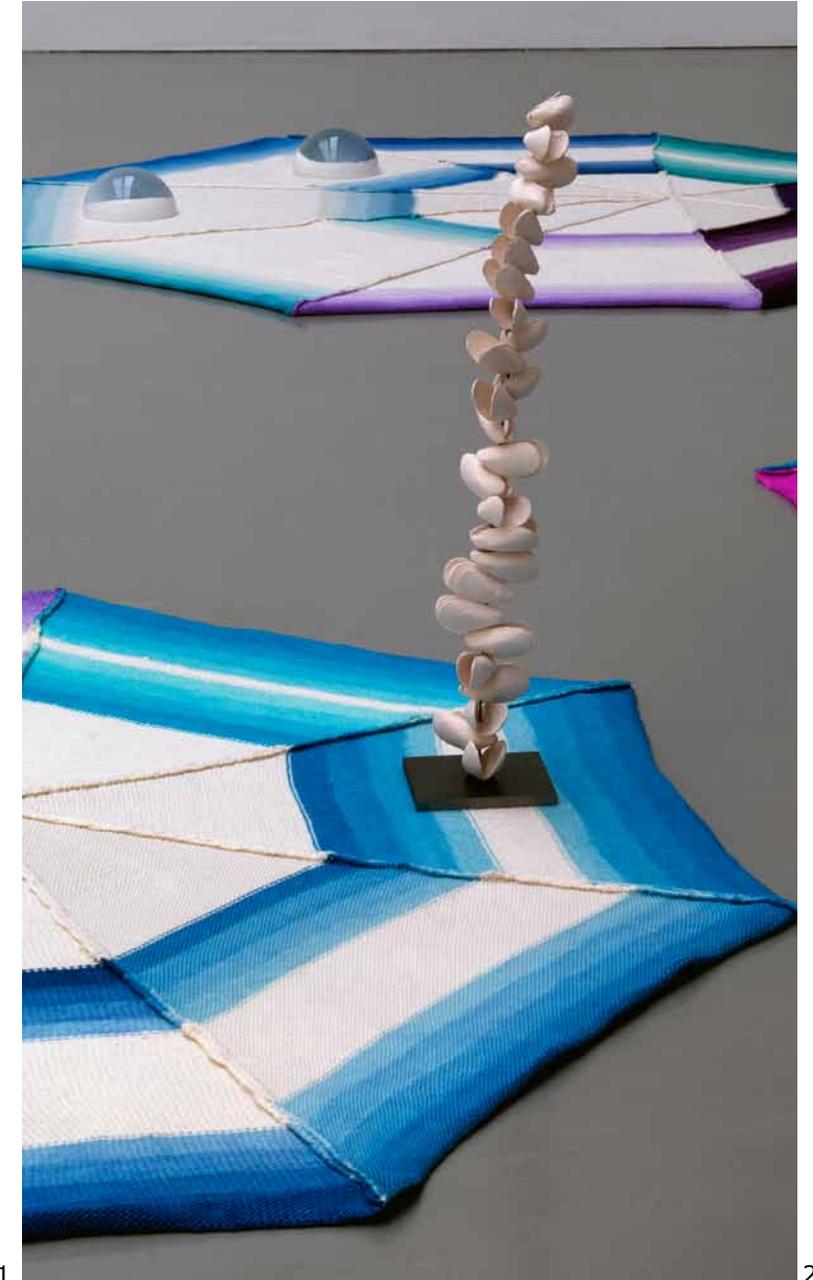
- > View process
- > Open sketches
- > Download pdf



1
VIOLAMINE CRYSTALLINE
FLOORPIECES
HAND-DYED WOOL
210 X210 CM

2
SILENCE
porcelain moules, metal
base, wooden base
15 x 74 x 15 cm

SPHERES
Ceramic
10 x 19 x 19cm



1,2
SUBTLE PLANES & SPIRIT
MATTER
glazed ceramic, bamboo
rod, cylinder plaster
pedestal, 2 neon rings
86 x 330 x 25cm



1
HEART FERMENT, LOVE
SPELLS, ORACLE BONES,
PRACTICAL MAGIC,
PICKLED OVARIES, WILD
PATIENCE, SPIRIT MATTER,
THOUGHT FORMS, OCCULT
GEOMETRY
Ceramic urns
42x12x12 cm

On the wall at the entrance of the gallery space sit a series of ceramic jars, displayed like a columbarium, or perhaps pharmacy pots and candy jars on shelves. These ceramic jars with their colorful twistings appear as pairs, and pressed into the bases are words like *Oracle and Bones*; *Wild Patience*, *Practical Magic*, *Love Spells*, *Heart Ferment*. These couplets seem at once random and essential; together they could even form a poem. The coupling of words triggers a string of associations, which go beyond our everyday perception of the real. Heart Ferment is the pairing that lends the exhibition its title, leaving us wondering whether this is a molding or a fertilizing heart. But these 'mini-totems' are pregnant with more than just ideas – they harbor small porcelain cavities, which might or might not be filled with crystals, spices, or other ground, corporeal matter.



HEART FERMENT
04/09

1
HEART FERMENT
Ceramic urns filled with
crystals and spices
42x12x12 cm



HEART FERMENT
05/09

1
HEART FERMENT

2
LOVE SPELLS

3
ORACLE BONES

4
PRACTICAL MAGIC

5
PICKLED OVARIES

6
WILD PATIENCE

7
SPIRIT MATTER

8
THOUGHT FORMS

9
OCCULT GEOMETRY

Ceramic urns
42x12x12 cm
46x14x14 cm



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9

1
SENSUOUS INTERIORITY
Ceramic
53 x 25 x 25cm

2
SELFHOOD MELTDOWN
Ceramic
53 x 25 x 25cm



1



2

PERFORMANCE

**The Oracle Club
Reading from Marcel Proust's
Swann's Way
Friday, February 14,
2014, 8–10:30 pm**

The Oracle Club was an intimate and meditative evening event within the context the exhibition *Heart Ferment*. Tee's handwoven and brightly colored *Violamine Crystalline Floorpieces* saw their metaphoric potential as vessels fulfilled by serving as the setting for an informal reading. As audience members reclined on the color segments of the floorpieces, five selected readers read aloud from Marcel Proust's *Swann's Way*. Published a little over a hundred years ago, it was the first volume of what was to become his seven-volume masterpiece, *In Search of Lost Time* (1913-1927). While the narrator in *Swann's Way* attempts to recapture and understand his past, the workings of his own consciousness, and one's individual identity construction, The Oracle Club had more modest aspirations: a unique, contemplative setting and a new way of perceiving what is right in front of us.

"When from a long-distant past nothing subsists, after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfaltering, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence, the vast structure of recollection."

