

## SULK CHICAGO

### ON THE NATURE OF THINGS

April 22 - May 20

Christina Ballantyne  
Max Capus  
Charlie Goering  
Ziad Al Najjar  
Ben Quinn  
Madeline Seto and Nicolette Lim

A standing inertia cannot melt its white, brazen coat when it only *thinks* of balance.  
In fact, I imagine inertia would become less porous and more perilously vertical when it concludes to itself;  
*at last, I am balanced.* Here it declares, *I know fire.* When it has never been burned. *I know soil.* When it  
has never broken ground. *I know rain.* When it has preserved itself against every storm. *I know breath.*  
When it has not known its own to quicken.

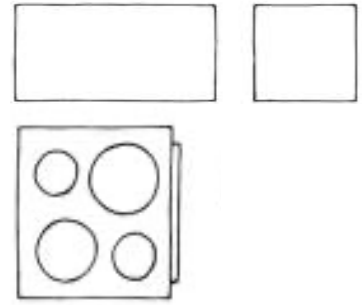
In time, the hardening totem grows a pair of bloated pupils to account for its immunity to color, its vision  
is washed in brightness and it is flooded by the excess of essence, deprived of form.

It will look upon powerful beacons and transformative signs with harsh resentment since it feels from them  
only the bitterness of blithe shock. With a thought it will tilt, yet with a frame so rigid it will not fall and  
become as familiar with the dirt as it is with the thing it faces. Ravenous and blinded by exposure to the  
beauty of how things look, it cannot find itself in integration with the intangible representations placed  
before it, those which emerged from the elements of the world. Hoarding pretty stains of violence, shadows  
of seduction, and traces of erosion, in order to consume, still it does not encounter satiety in the slightest.

Meanwhile a pile of fruit rots in the alley and the intertious thing which has found itself bloodlessly  
congealed, can smell it decompose.

Here, something occurs. It spits up bile and knows nausea, tracing its cause.  
Cracking its code it falls, dirtying clean walls with erupting humoral paint. When its eyes adjust, an  
ecstasy is felt which does not trail off as does shock, in seeing the yellows, the reds and the blues which  
forced themselves from cleanness... burning it, wetting it, soiling it, choking it.  
Truly empty, it would now know hunger beyond restlessness. The possessing ambition to eat.  
That intertious thing which stood for so long seeking wonder in beauty's preservation, becomes aware  
beauty exists in surplus as a force which transgresses the atrophy of any body.  
The white brazen coat effortlessly slips apart as the thing which once stood, now dances, swallowing  
sweet fruit and allowing the color to change inside itself. It finds the form of balance.

Text by Eden Jolie



KITCHEN

Max Capus  
*Swimming Song*, 2022  
color pencil and marker on inkjet print, framed  
16 x 13 inches

Ben Quinn  
*Some Weeds by the Lake (Weeds 3)*, 2023  
watercolor, vine charcoal, PVA, inkjet print  
fixed to canvas  
60 x 54 inches



Ziad Al Najjar  
*Untitled*, 2023  
acrylic, pastel and mixed media on  
canvas on canvas  
36 x 66 inches

Christina Ballantyne  
*David Lester's Wife*, 2023  
acrylic gouache and oil on basswood  
6 x 4 x 4 inches

Christina Ballantyne  
*Ocean Mother*, 2023  
acrylic, oil and gouache on basswood,  
canvas and panel  
36 x 16 inches

Charlie Goering  
*Untitled*, 2022  
oil on canvas  
32 x 53 inches

Madeline Seto and Nicolette Lim  
*Ritual Feast*, 2023  
edible sculpture  
8 x 5 feet, dimensions vary

WINDOW

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