

Inside, Galia Linn
September 24–November 5, 2016
Athenaeum Music & Arts Library
La Jolla, CA

Essay by Linn on the roots of the exhibition:

The Athenaeum is a compelling place of connection for me. As a reading room founded and constructed in 1894 by pioneering women, Virginia Woolf would have approved.

All my installations are site specific. The artworks respond to the space, the people, and the uniqueness of the environment.

Placing the work in context of the Athenaeum is thrilling to me because it is a living, breathing, community-driven cultural institution with such deep history. It is a warm and reflective place, with its architecture and books, and it moved me to name my exhibition *Inside*. Books always created vital space for me to go deep inside, let go of the busy outside world, and get lost in realms of deep discovery.

My sculptures tell a story as they are relics; objects that you might find in an excavation. Their purpose is at times clear and at times mysterious so you may find yourself creating your own narrative around their existence. The vessels in particular serve as potent metaphors for human beings and the bodies we currently inhabit.

Humans are amazing vessels.

We are imperfect; we age; we leak; we break; we die.

Like these vessels, we are simultaneously fragile and strong.

And the more fractured we are, the more full we become.

The story of our journey is captured in each crevice, curve, wrinkle and tear.

Embracing our imperfections and our mortality creates calmness and supplies strength.

The outdoor installation of *Inside* is built specifically with the Athenaeum courtyard in mind. It evokes WABI SABI; the acceptance of transience and imperfection; opening a window into the beauty of things imperfect, impermanent, and incomplete.

The white stoneware guardians are placed on pressure treated timber and together will withstand the elements. The guardians are cracked and the white glaze pulls and retracts from the clay body, like the foam on the waves that come and go on La Jolla shores. At times maybe they are a flock of seagulls perched on forgotten pieces of wood, darkened by the elements and smoothed by time, jetting out from the ocean floor. In transition as always.