



Zabriskie, the art space, used to be a bus shelter. Surrounded on three sides by tram lines, its frequenters, with the exception of those on bicycles or other small wheeled vehicles, are largely pedestrian, meaning on foot. Zabriskie Point, the very strange 1970 film, is named after Zabriskie Point, a place in the mountain range that comprises the eastern side of Death Valley, a desert in California. Zabriskie Point, the place, is named after Zabriskie, the person, who worked as a telegrapher and an undertaker before becoming highly successful in the southern California borax industry in the late 19th century .

Bouncing between film, place, and person, we collect bits and bobs: a commercial starring only mannequins; VERY high temperatures.....and borax. Zabriskie, the art space, is thus clearly more than the sum of its parts, for it is above all a giant human-sized aquarium. This is perhaps its key particularity, in addition to its rather charming diner-blue accents and a floor plan like Mickey Mouse drawn by a child in Minecraft.

From outside Zabriskie, we look in, and whatever's going on inside is suspended in slightly reflective Jello, cradled by tinkling tram bells and crosswalk lines and people (mostly) minding their own darn business. Reflections of the street behind are thrown across the interior, and with a bit of imagination and enough workday fatigue, we might be lucky enough to catch the miniaturized body of a passer-by, distorted by the curve of a Mickey Mouse ear-window, superimposed on the 'whatever's going on' within. The glass becomes simultaneously the thickest and thinnest of fourth walls. Everything curated inside is as 'real' as can be, but if it does its job, it might tint everything else with a special sidewaysness, like the afterglow of an engrossing film.

This is, I imagine, why it is called Zabriskie.

Here, there is no proscenium, no wings, no curtain. There is no preparation, no rehearsal in perennial display. You are protected only by an all-too-transparent eggshell of window, a precocious unborn bird ambivalent about hatching. Suddenly and acutely aware of the precise cubic meterage your body occupies, you are both figure and ground, grounded and figured, if not figured out...

In this amniotic sac, you iterate an unstable and dissociative body, each sense shifting sideways. Jeans fading to sneaky pink, your anxious arranging betrays the newness of your limbs, each articulation the edge of learning to be. A churning wheel of escapism, this is an abstract tutorial for existing. Your heels are scuffed and your top makes your eyes look blue. What's in my bag? - an internet trend equal parts voyeurism and parasocial relationships. We have never been so aware of the hardness of screens.

Between panic and utmost assurance, between dinosaur and rich lady in a convertible – you are the bag. You are also what's in the bag. Good sleight of hand, and you are plunged under; shaking the water out of your ears, the sound rushes back. What does it mean to carry, to discard? What's in the bag – can anything be taken for granted? Discomfortable iterations; dis-de-un, ravel unravel, change and be the same, slipping in and out of recognizability like swimming in the ocean with your eyes at the surface of the waves. Each object unboxed curls or unfurls another unhinged obsession. The tennis ball will have the last word.

(We are not waiting for the performance to be over to write criticism.)