

Jenine Marsh

*Kate Newby*

Text for Kate Newby's solo exhibition *Tuesday evening. Sunday afternoon. Stony Lake.* at Cooper Cole Gallery, Toronto Canada 2016.

There is condensation on my glass. It seems like the fluid inside (apple cider) travelled through to the outside of the glass, which is itself in a liquid state. The glass is dirty but I don't need a clean one. I will taste the grit, kiss the previous user and absorb the nutrients. The ice is dirty too, and melting.

There's a saying... when something, usually an idea or argument "holds water", it is watertight, dependable, definite. However, some things' hold is not so tight. Some things hold like a hand can hold a handful of water for only a few wet moments. Long enough for a sip.

Everything in the universe is tiny. It can be held in your ear, or in your teeth. But this perspective takes distance. From way up here those things could be planets or puddles, buildings or pebbles, gum scraped from a shoe or rocky landforms. Remember the grain of dust in every raindrop?

Ice clinks and I chew the grit. Steam walks through walls and dirt flies up into the clouds. These things are terrestrial, and gravity is love of the earth.