

## ***Ruminant Recombinant*** **Rachel Foullon**

Text by Aram Moshayedi

This is a reply to somebody's weary word.<sup>1</sup> If it is not totally different, then it is an overlapping economy of the cleared away word that, at once, folds back over its own history by adapting to *this* or *there*, or, *was* or *is*. You sometimes clothe meanings. The word *verja*, for example, is over and is thin and refers to your grandparents' history.

Yes, these words are cultivated from history. They used to be an accounting of an enigmatic diagram or computation, at once, a report in Old Norse, but this time you can invest in a new narrative where your grandparents wear the invisible clothing of a visible beast; or a sow and a single black man spend time in the wilderness bridging a body, sharing a dirt field, and building a barn. Circumstances transit the roof by covering it with meaning to keep deterioration at the top. Wear provides tear; wear derives means. But the rich are evidence of a deterioration in memory and the house of reckoning reeks of weathering yoke.

Conjuring the presence of sense, your grandparents account for all iron in the field. Once intertwined, wilderness changes its meaning and becomes adornment, and memory, too, sometimes describes its own vision as an object of consideration. The horizon and the landscape might also suggest two important ideas or systems on which to draw, but you cannot trace the land with hands by wearing both body and mind on two tracks.<sup>2</sup>

– Aram Moshayedi<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> For the original from which the entirety of this text is derived, see Michael Ned Holte, *Rachel Foullon – An Accounting* (Los Angeles: ltd los angeles, 2010), n.p.

<sup>2</sup> It seems appropriate to evoke the afterlife of works of art in this context. Like the translation of a text, Rachel Foullon's repurposed sculptures exist in the wake of what once was, in a place where original forms undergo a radical change of being and become texts of their own making. Among critical circles, such gestures fall prey to the catchall category of appropriation, but when it is one's own output being cannibalized, terms like reincarnation and rebirth might bear more weight. Even still, we could do better with a term like resuscitation so as to avoid any unwanted reference to the spiritual realm; the supposed afterlife of works of art is more a condition of their own immortality.

Not unlike those teenage vampires that just won't go away, our art objects haunt us, slowly aging when they are off camera or locked away in closets, basements, and climate-controlled storage units for indefinite periods of time only to be called upon when needed to perform. Foullon offers an alternate ending to the saga of the afterlife, where transmogrified sculptures return bearing traces of their former selves to exist among the living and try again at finding a place in the world.

<sup>3</sup> Aram Moshayedi is a writer and the assistant curator of the Gallery at REDCAT in Los Angeles.