

New Remedios Enterprises

Tyler Garces Ormsby

*The fruit in his eyes*

November 08 through December 18, 2024

Opening: November 08, 6 pm

The rayon lace curtain filtered the sun and the patterned light shone on the boy's face. Beneath the cloth, the sky was impressively blue and he spotted some birds that flew leftwards.

"It's about the details," Uncle Edwin said while working the striped paint roller. "Layers should overlap thinly to avoid uneven streaks." All four walls of the room, even the wafer-like molding, turned green like dry peas before lunchtime. The boy liked the color a great deal.

Uncle Edwin, a personal cook, took the painting job to ignore a problem he called physical. The boy imagined a lump of meat he could not undo from the freezer or something clogged in the sink. But what Uncle Edwin meant was fiscal.

His mother appeared from the backdoor with fruit cocktails lugged on her chest. Uncle Edwin took the cans from her and placed them on the glass top. The boy couldn't care less about the sound the cans made or the dessert that was not yet there. What he noticed was the smile, unusually bright, that his mother wore.

In the adjoining room, to be repainted next, he pulled out a drawer from a disintegrating MDF cabinet. Inside was a hardened shoebox of tiny paint cups. A particular pink had an exotic pull and a yellow looked extra heavy. There were brushes glued to each other that he took to the sink.

Then, he bound himself to the paper-clad floor with a pillow underneath his belly. He assumed a pencil position. Paints and brushes were put close to his elbow, just in case. The blank canvas was really just cardboard.

Last night, in a dream, he was walking a silver poodle when suddenly a girl smooched him on the nape then bolted away. The sickly dog let out coughs after several attempts at barking while the girl's shadow disappeared into the car situation on the street. He sought to sketch the dream or at least the girl's face. He tried and tried and when he couldn't, he drew a fishbone that in his fingertips felt ticklish.

- Vincent Ardidon

Tyler Garces Ormsby (b.1994) lives and works in San Francisco, California. His works have been shown at Ratio 3, San Francisco; House of Seiko, San Francisco; Et al. Gallery, San Francisco; Ruttkowski;68, New York; and The Watari Museum of Contemporary Art in Tokyo.