

“Over the years, I’ve brushed up against a peculiar sensation of ‘being,’ usually in green places where water infuses the air,” writes Moyra Davey in *Les Goddesses*. “Something about the ‘elasticity’ of the air infuses ‘the elasticity of my spirits’ and allows me to enter an unusual state of weightlessness...”<sup>1</sup> The fusion of water droplets and air particles produces a feeling that is not quite settled - not restless, just aware of the possibility of becoming more one thing or the other.

There’s a similar elasticity to Tyne Gordon’s new body of work *Silo*. These are paintings and objects that promise a constant in-between; things that are still themselves even when they expand or contract, entering another, like two rubber bands, like jump ropes for double Dutch, like a fissure in a membrane or the wet ring of an open mouth. For Tyne, the relationship between forms is generative of portals, gateways with some purpose that is as yet undefined.

I’m bound up by the term ‘in-between’. I like it more than words like ‘liminal’ or ‘threshold.’ There is an entry point involved, an internal cavity. Still located *somewhere*, not a fraught and dissolved nowhere. Much like a silo, actually, those looming architectures of ports and razed fields, forever cavernous and unknown. A silo is a repository whose contents is rarely outwardly signalled. Instead, its presence alone confers a silent influence.

The ciphered logic of the silo is a useful way to think about Tyne’s practice. A series of sculptures are central to the exhibition, towers following building-block shapes: *Bell*, *Landing*,  *Holding*. These are not sacred geometries, but secret ones. Constructed from found objects, their parts are mostly illegible but bear brief contours of functionality. In *Bell*, a column of glass elevates an air ventilation panel and a cube like a sweet tooth that’s been orbiting Tyne’s

1. Moyra Davey, *Index Cards* (London: Fitzcarraldo, 2020), 124

studio for months, gathering a skin of tinsel, resin, glass, cellophane and quartz from St Bathans. The heady materiality makes it seem that the glass panes have risen up from a deeper level, exhuming this glinting concentric stack along with it.

Glass is an important material throughout *Silo*. Close enough to ice, and so, to water - melting, a break-in, a high-pitched web shatters and falls. This fragility is what makes glass so special. Anne Carson, the patron saint of the matter, has a line in *The Glass Essay* that says as much, but better: "it is as if we have been lowered into an atmosphere of glass."<sup>2</sup> That is to say, in such an atmosphere, the conditions of life and its failures are played at higher stakes. *Silo* takes these conditions seriously.

The private keeping of a secret for oneself is the currency these sculptures deal in. Tyne understands that not everything can be reasoned with. A monolithic encounter is a motif that has often been used in film or literature; David Keenan's Mary Hanna makes surreptitious sculptures from bags of cement, for no one but herself.<sup>3</sup> Their meaning or origin is unclear and so hold an undemanding irrationality that tends to be stripped from modern life. Tyne's sculptures behave in a kindred manner, as forms that might stand in for selves and desires; as illusive objects that yield to one's own projections of utility, beauty, insufficiency, and transcendence. Though resembling monuments, they express a more private memorial than is usually engendered by those public statues that confine their subject to a stony and impermeable past.

The dual *finding* that happens in *Silo* - both the experience of stumbling upon such a structure and that of Tyne's careful location of such components in the first instance - finds a foothold in Davey again, who "rehearses 'lost and found' almost daily...sometimes it's an actual object but it can be

2. Anne Carson, "The Glass Essay," in *Glass, Irony and God* (Cambridge, MA: New Directions, 1995), retrieved from <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/48636/the-glass-essay>

3. Mary Hanna appears in David Keenan's books *This is Memorial Device* (London: Faber & Faber, 2018) and again in *Monument Maker* (London: Orion Publishing, 2023).

4. Davey, *op. cit.*, 17.

a line or two I've read and only dimly recall...the ritual is about creating a lacuna, a pocket of time into which I will disappear...lost and found is a ritual of redemption."<sup>4</sup> Finding is an important activity throughout this exhibition. When Tyne locates the perfect equation that will constitute a sculpture, she performs a resolution where these parts, shed from whichever machine or apparatus, are absorbed again into a cyclical material chronology. Such a chronology acknowledges the passage of time, through which things are born and then perish; through which we are born and then perish too. Following Davey, then, this process of lost and found forces oneself to accommodate a mourning of sorts through the intercession of objects.<sup>5</sup>

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Twin pictures, at the centre of each an egg-shaped halo, behave as a painted locket, *Chime* and *Chime II*. As with most twins, they are not exact likenesses but proximate images. The flare that rips across one composition is mirrored in its counterpart, flanked by the scored wing of a double arc. They record traces of Tyne's own dealings with them; every mark must find its equal, a game of shadow play where movement and silhouettes are never totally synchronised, always slightly apart.

Repetition and obsession are driving rhythms in Tyne's practice. A strand of ribbon is threaded back and forward through the individual spokes of a fan, and the tightly-packed mosaic encrusting are automatic processes that could be continued in an endless expansion. I think of Agnes Martin and her grids, not to say that Tyne's work resembles that of Martin's, but to suggest how this kind of repetitive gesture produces an experience akin to a stretch across the horizon, across a hollowed-out landscape, a net or a mesh thrown over the whole thing.

5. Davey, op cit., 18.

Underpinning Tyne's practice is an attention to the domestic and the sublime. As poet Adam Zagajewski notes in a lucid essay, "The sublime today is chiefly a perception of the world's mysteries, a metaphysical shudder, an astonishment, an illumination, a sense of proximity to what cannot be put into words." It is a contact that requires both the high emotion of the almost-intangible and the simpler, more fleeting wonder of the quotidian. It requires an equilibrium that, as Zagajewski observes, we don't have the language to describe. Yet, in *Dissolve*, Tyne offers the imprint of a twisted ribbon as a new tongue, an incalculable force. That residue of ribbon is able to exist in an open-ended capacity, waiting to be configured in unknown ways - perhaps, less a language than an alphabet that cannot be exhausted.

In other places, these ribbons are more like rivulets, as in *Heat Sink*, where the aqua oxidisation of a reaction on copper channels through the work. The blue hints at the diagrammatic, like patches of cool on a heat map, the slow-moving computer blue radar tracking a flight path, a meteorological forecast, the timing of the tides, vague murmurs of an ultrasound; at the edges, where the cast frame reveals electrical wires in the same blue housing, it's a switchboard, a finely-tuned arrangement of information and pathways, connections that, at a glance, seem dense and out of reach, but on closer inspection, reveal the world as it is, just retold at a different frame rate, a new pace, a timescale with breathing room for interpretation, condensation and intuition - where a stream of water is slowed down enough that it might bead from a tap in droplets, as pearls, loose beads, half-marbles, able to separate and then, meld, with another.

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