

# *Cotyledon*

1950 S. Santa Fe ave, unit 202  
Los Angeles

Opening Saturday, June 4, 2022

6-9PM

Cotyledon Projects is pleased to present its inaugural exhibition, *Cotyledon*, curated by HP Denham.

*Cotyledon*, that's the technical term for the lovingly packed lunch inside of a seed. Crack open a lucky one and you may find a tinsy pair of leaves waiting to deploy. The first limbs to creep out of the soil, yawn, stretch and shake off its outer shell, cotyledon is an embryonic leaf that bears little resemblance to its true leaves. Housing enough matter and energy to sustain the intense growth of a seedling, they are a tiny, but mighty affirmation that everything one needs is within.

The artworks presented for this exhibition were selected with this framework in mind. As the first green to crop up, seed leaves mark a site in the soil - a place of new growth. They are at once an action, a place, and a limb. In varying strides, each work responds to the spirit and sensibility of cotyledon. It begins as an utterance, buried somewhere in the throat as suggested by Julio Panisello-Huguet's *Neck (Front)*. It is also a site of richness and possibility, even in the smallest and most unassuming of manners, like Evan Mendel's works on cardboard. Cotyledon is a foundation: beginning in the seed and breaking through the loam, it is body in formation, akin to Órla Bates' figure emerging from the terra firma. Those first days when a seedling emerges from the ground, rearing its neck and becoming, they bare the familiarities of our own flesh and remind us that the stuff of flora is not too far off from that of fauna. Together the works in this exhibition encourage the notion that the natural world is our collaborator and furthermore, that no matter the taxonomy, we are all bodies on this Body.

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## *The force that through the green fuse drives the flower*

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower  
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees  
Is my destroyer.  
And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose  
My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.  
The force that drives the water through the rocks  
Drives my red blood; that dries the mouthing streams  
Turns mine to wax.  
And I am dumb to mouth unto my veins  
How at the mountain spring the same mouth sucks.  
The hand that whirls the water in the pool  
Stirs the quicksand; that ropes the blowing wind  
Hauls my shroud sail.  
And I am dumb to tell the hanging man  
How of my clay is made the hangman's lime.  
The lips of time leech to the fountain head;  
Love drips and gathers, but the fallen blood  
Shall calm her sores.  
And I am dumb to tell a weather's wind  
How time has ticked a heaven round the stars.  
And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb  
How at my sheet goes the same crooked worm.

(Dylan Thomas)

June 4-11, 2022