

With great pleasure I asked Anna Sew Hoy to make an exhibition in our gallery this year. I first encountered her work at the Japanese American National Museum in the exhibition *Living Flowers: Ikebana and Contemporary Art* curated by Karin Higa in 2008. The exhibition featured arrangements made by ikebana masters, as well as a large number of artworks made by some of my favorite contemporary artists. In this imaginative exhibition one thing became clear to me as I moved through it, that the vibrant art in the exhibition was outflanked in its color, shape, smell, and formal language next to the flora of the ikebana. One contemporary artwork stood out, a sculpture by Anna of an oversized mushroom that appeared to be hand hewn out of a soft stone. This three foot sculpture, as I moved closer to it, revealed the mushroom's shadow painted to the floor as if a cartoon sun were beating down on it inside the gallery. Somehow this simple combination of the forms made the work come alive as if it were still drinking life from that ginormous sun, punching a few inches of growth every week. This artwork and its installation in the midst of so much ikebana made a great impression as to what one of the possibilities of art could be, something that mimics naturalistic life, making a more convincing and exciting impression.

I would like to thank Ariana Reines for her poetry in this book, as well as Mark Owens for his design and Jeff McClane for his photography. Also I would like to thank the Junior Curators for their work installing and deinstalling the exhibition with the joy and energy they brought to the last moment when they destroyed two of the artworks and tossed them into the dumpster as Anna asked.

Joe Sola
Gallery Director

TRY NOT TO DISTURB THE LIVE PALMS

Try not to disturb the live palms
Do not oppress the paper flowers
Or the little birds crying
Or the fragrant mildews rising from the gloom
Or the painted sides of reeds
Dried reeds like the ones through which ant
People climbed up to the floor of the world
In the days when the sky was still so low
Even small men had to stoop when they walked
Whether or not they had come from an ape
It was dark. Little truths beguiling
And infinitesimal roughnesses diverting one idea
Or the next into matter, glottal stops, fine white
Hairs among the sheen on a neck nape in sunshine
Through which a breeze with no name has just passed

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Port-au-Prince