

NICOLA  
VASSELL

**JULIA  
CHIANG  
SALT ON OUR SKIN**

**JAN. 12 —  
FEB. 25**

*Opening* **JAN. 12**  
**6-8pm**

Gallery Hours

Tuesday - Saturday, 10 am - 6 pm 138 10th Ave. New York, NY 10011

For press inquiries

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## January 12 — February 25 2023

I grew up with parents who didn't throw things away. Sometimes out of thrift, but a lot because my dad would give old things a new life. An old chair leg would become a new railing. A hand-painted wood carving would show up as a holder for some new kitchen gadget. Piles of newspapers in Chinese and English would be twined together, waiting for recycling, but there were too many piles to ever really disappear. There were textures and materials of all kinds put aside for later use, we just weren't sure what. The idea of transformation, including our own, seemed to always be coming. To be better, to assimilate more, to be Chinese but more American.

It was a strict household and making art was my time. I never got into trouble if I was drawing, making something, practicing handwriting. Doing it over and over, over and over, attempting to make the same mark and never quite reaching perfection. The calm in my day, when I was a child and busy making, is a sensation I still hold onto. Slowly making and feeling impenetrable in the process of making; transforming materials, memories, pain, into something else.

Clay and paint as bodily forms and fluids, all the bits, the spills, the overflowing and the confined. Trapped and released, memory and loss. Exploding and deflated, barely holding ourselves up, while holding up others.

I'm constantly looking and listening. In my day-to-day I'm inspired by the people I pass on the street, my kids and their friends, the books we read together and the stories I hear in passing. All of us connected.

Mother nature and all her glory. Always seeing our connections to her, how little we matter in her future and how much she matters in ours.

