



The effect is an erotic murmur on auto repeat: the forms twist and poke through the tough matrix of coloured rubber, more compelling to the eye than a revelatory close-up of the tainted, perhaps pimpled original underneath. In other pieces, like *Cette Femme ne sait pas s'habiller* (2007), an obscured object transitions through plaster, leatherette and expandable insulation foam into a final assemblage of moulded pieces of drapery. The struggle for crisp form takes place underneath the sensuous draping and layered materials. The real meat is the work's surface sensuality and colouring, the suggestion of order: veiled possibilities.

In *Deux assemblages crédibles à mon environnement immediate* (2007), Blass assembles a writhing interlacing of lumpy, disjointed objects whose shape is echoed in a more formalist construction of veneered flooring. It is presented on a filing-cabinet base, alluding to the dull and deliberate struggle to create order. Blass's vocabulary is wide, but its range never seems to jar the viewer: moving from cement moulding to miles of camouflage material veiling a semi-human form like a mouldy sasquatch to broken Chinese trinkets reassembled in a matrix of plaster, Blass, like Hesse, follows the linguistic rules of the material she's working with—sensitive to its irony, in-jokes, cadence and, when the mood's right, sexual innuendo.