

Etablissement d'en Face
Real traps
09.09.2021 - 24.10.2021

In a proprietary stutter, the checkout divider invents spaces for convulsive possession. Not quite a thing in itself, but a void or relationship conveying what it contains with a certain speculative power. To turn the quasi-thing on its side to the vertical makes for notations from erect holes, to speak or to be counted, a cogitating series of notes, pulses and pauses. In the objects, perforations give shape to their fullness, the protrusion from within is the hole from without. Its contours are traced like the blip of a barcode, a ritual sound forecasting presence like commodity or weather.

Hung low in the round at variable intervals, an array of overlaid slogans are hollowed out in dotted pattern, penetrated by aluminum tubes which allow for their aggregate insides to create an audible vibration, a container for potential energy real and imagined. They pollinate the air with a silent rhythm. In sequence, the dividers' repetition makes for easy substitution and slippage into a world of replica, made of superficial particulars. Lingering on appearance, an image begins to develop through their apertures.

Like sound or light, the sequence suggests possession as transductive, wave-like. If value is the knife which cuts, it is difference which gathers and reconnects its parts. The dividers are neither repurposed nor represented, nor remade, but return always as themselves transformed. Verticals that uphold and reinstate the big horizontal, an answer to a flat-footed question.

Noah Furman