

A Month of Sundays

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Curated by Clément Delépine.

The wait begins when there is nothing left to wait for, not even the end of the wait; the wait ignores and destroys the thing that is awaited; the wait waits for no one – Maurice Blanchot

As a teenager I had to wear braces. Like many of other kids, I spent long hours waiting for the orthodontist.

From his dull waiting room I remember mismatched chairs and a coffee table with aluminum legs. I vividly remember the posters of impressionists masters and the crumpled magazines from the year before. I remember the cartoonish molar drawn on a blackboard meant to teach kids how to brush their teeth. It had arms, which didn't make much sense to me.

I mostly remember waiting, anxious for the pain to come. At some point I would inevitably tell myself that things didn't have to be that way and I started fantasizing about an escape plan and the life I could lead should I simply decide to leave. In these moment, all seemed to be clearer. It didn't have to be painful ever again, I just had to walk away. I never left but I remember wait as an empowering time.

The exhibition *A Month of Sundays* is considering waiting time and its many avatars as a symbolic place of all possible. It explores the mundanity and extraordinariness of passing time through a daily routine, a car's odometer, or a sunset.