

*A blank page on table, the pale light of a laptop screen, our home: did we actually believe that we'd ever see it again when we were so far away, at the frontlines? The certainty to never come back was like an endless ocean that kept us separate. There were too many shells, too many dark puddles of mud and too many wooden crosses. Sooner or later, our time would come, too. And yet it's over; life goes on and the atrocious flash-backs of gasmasks and schrapnels will soon be appeased. We'll forget and perhaps there will come a time when confusing memories of WAR with memories of youth we'll sigh with regret.*

This exhibition (first solo show by Nicolas Ceccaldi in Switzerland) introduces new techniques and themes including, "but not limited to": rephotography, abstraction, giclée printing on stretched canvas, the digital camera as a rudimentary receiving instrument for screen-captures, tumblrs, doing everything on "a pirated copy of photoshop", the freeware feeling of alienation and anguish, grief, bathroom spleen, the green crosses of pharmacies, William Bouguereau, etc. This lexical field is developed through juxtapositions, despite the fact that hybridization and mixing everything together contributes to current politics of cultural impoverishment. For this reason, and on this special occasion the windows of the gallery have been partially BLACKENED in order to reduce the negative impact that the exterior might have on the attention the artworks yearn for.

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