

Off Vendome

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Ellie de Verdier
Smokes Itself
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254 W 23rd St. #2, New York

Slits of light through the heavy wood-blinds swept over stacks of dusty bills on the small mahogany desk in time with the slow passing of cars, it was 4 in the morning. The top drawer slightly ajar to accommodate the neck of a very fine whisky, whos cap had left to some dark corner, leaving it perpendicular and scenting the room peaty casks and sweet old smoke. Slim leather frames lined the walls of his humble P.I.s office, holding clippings of yellowed newspaper, souvenirs from the days in blue.

Taking on cases made for an enjoyable singleness of purpose, befitting a pervertedly exaggerated set of morals, and there was shelter in the straightforwardness of making things fit. Details were murky at best, need-to-know-basis kind of affairs.

The hesitation of the steps on the stairs allowed him the time to clip the holster and straighten up the back of the greased up sticky upholstered brown leather swivel chair.

— Ellie de Verdier, New York, 2015