

A series of exhibitions examining the forensics of loss and separation was conceived in 2013. Synthesized by 3 individual chapters in different times and places: 3 acts in someone's life, 3 stages of proceedings, 3 strikes of a match. Part I, Denial, focused on the dispossession of truth. Part II, Divorce, gathers further evidence of the past tilted toward symbolic laws of displacement.

Here there is evidence, patterns coincide, of a medical thriller depicting a severing from denial. In a shadowy corner cardboard boxes are going about their business, some stacked, some transparent, shuffled, approximately the dimensions of one's life. Boxes bring a sense of time with them. Moving on, moving out, undoing what's been done. In silence, in waiting, they appear as dusty dramas in a place where hours go by. But these boxes don't care about our story, what it was ever going to be. They are stoic angles in which four seasons will fit again.

Snails bring a sense of time, slow and unadmittable in swollen silence. Curiously self-reliant, hermaphroditic, self-reproducing, blind, guided by sense of smell, real estate savvy, snails are a techno-sensual sparse law of one. A few live snails in a box, inoculated ones, could be inebriated on a synthetic form of oxytocin - a mammalian hormone that plays an important role in building trust, intimacy, social recognition and reduces fear of social betrayal in humans. The pheromonal snails experience an increase in metabolic activity and "copulatory" activity but will not end up in shambles.

Two industrial laundry dryer doors transmit scents * - one abstract, one representational, two separate systems, both a washing away of wrongs. Open the door; lower the head into the erect black void. Take in notes of fried intersections, brooms sweeping up situations, folded cardboard ever so contemporary as an ingredient should be. The other door trickles out a different rhythm of presence through absence - pre-historic wetland, brackish vegetation, offshore breeze, yellow-throated bullfrog. Smelling is a form of cannibalism. One ingests the body, the expression, the mentality of the one who stays behind and the one who advances on the bridge.

DVDs store units of compressed data. As storage their obsolescence are awkward reminders of discarded memory refreshed into death. This data once legible cannot be written or erased but its presence, like reflective fins slashing through an envelope, remind us of ghosts in the shell. Their supple surface sweetens abolished memory as the sticky seconds melt into lost time.

Divorce in sensing the sense of things surfaces the human - that take-your-shoes-off-when-you're-talking- to-me courtesy applied to the law of oneself.

“Marriage is just a larvae stage for happiness. Divorce is true happiness. Divorce is forever. It really actually is. Marriage is for how long you can hack it. But divorce just gets stronger like a piece of oak.” - Louis C.K.

*Original fragrances Traennen and Bullfrog designed by Christophe Laudamiel of DreamAir.

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