

We get sick.

This exhibition draws on current phenomena, of how communicative and emotional capacities are subject to cellular fragmentation and recombination under the new speed of information.

The cognitive vessels of discipline, a new human condition called connectivity -the leftovers of generic fast food deposit- are buried in the debris of bioconcrete, modern graveyard dirt, and the desire to fulfill the fantasies of middle-class.

Gnawed off and cleansed. The young architects' crypt of whispering expiated bones: "metropolitan life became so sad."

They spent everyday in complete silence. You see, they're leading a silent existence. Sheltered from the public eye until they are hit by a storm of light which heals them, and harms the plateaus after the rain and dew.

Darkness behind the refrigerator.

The interaction field is polluted, dusty is replacing the clean. It's perfect and gentle filth. Our own skulls are filth, infused with artificial euphoria.

Everything is beautiful, nothing hurts. #optimism. Malady makeover. Yes to health. Yes to caring as much about what you put on your body as what you put in it. Yes to paintings for pleasure and profit. Yes to happiness. Yes to you. I'm riding in my Prius.

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