

Oh, space of difference - where lay thy grave ?

- Captain Marlow, Sea of &&&&, 17XX

While the vectors of global commerce now entangle everything from youth, ideas, the social etc., visually similar to an all-encompassing fishnet, there remains the question of resort, of submerging, of a sphere that simply couldn't be captured by this net. Malicious gossip has it that such a space would already be too compressed, is on the verge of collapsing or already lost, nevertheless..

In a world based on constant re-affirmation, where connectivity is holding together Leviathans decaying body, where what is called autonomy is me- rely a task, a program that is executed, there's a necessity for an aesthetic of discontinuity, a space not outside of ourselves (which is probably chilling out in the hallucinatory selfie mirror labyrinth), but inside - apart from out- side, not drowned into infinite distance, ubiquitously in reach, but drowned into the soft realms of insecurity, where the soul reunifies among us.

Where art is watching us, not we it.

Cédric Eisenring's work examines/searches for/is researching/believes etc. in this space.

Convictions urge for physical exercise and therefore the eye needs to adapt for extreme depths, it bends its lens so that the focus isn't behind the retina anymore, to allow visibility beyond zero.

- Tobias Madison

*(This document was automatically generated by Contemporary Art Library.)*