

**Will Sheridan Jr**  
notes from a voiceover

September 12 - October 11 2025  
Opening reception September 12 6-9 PM

**ESSAIS**

57 Boulevard de la Villette 75010 Paris

I looked out the window toward a house across the street. It seemed almost like a child had drawn it: a square with a triangle roof, a small front door reached by a few neat steps, a driveway to the side, a picket fence. Someone pulled up and slipped inside, and I imagined they were stepping into an idyllic life—the kind of life a child's drawing suggests: simple, complete, untouched. But the adult in me saw that a bungalow in this neighbourhood is temporary, fated to give way to the tide of high-rises that will one day replace it.

High-rises once carried their own utopia. Post-war Britain poured resources into them, towers of possibility for a collective future. Usually built by local councils who had the ability to make projects this big but then not the ability to look after them properly. Disillusioned by their crumbling surroundings, tenants moved out one by one; the windows and doors covered over before the building is taken to the ground.

During the pandemic, I picked up work photographing real estate for a design-conscious agency, alongside stylists who drove cars full of curated objects—throw blankets, pale ceramics, tasteful books. Their task was not to make a house lived in, but to make it look almost lived in. «Think Airbnb clean,» we told the vendors, because in these houses the presence of a mere cardboard box, the disorder of real habitation, is treated almost as a moral failure. Perfection rarely survives contact with the people who inhabit it, and Modernism always preferred emptiness anyway.

The cliché that babies prefer the packaging to the toy is, in fact, profoundly true; wonder is found in the negative spaces, in cardboard inserts shaped like some secret architecture. Watching this, I thought about how hard it is to keep a childlike wonder for the world once we know too much. Cracks in our foundation of what feels righteous and good can keep you awake at night. A friend who works in construction once told me not to worry about a crack unless you can put your hand in it.

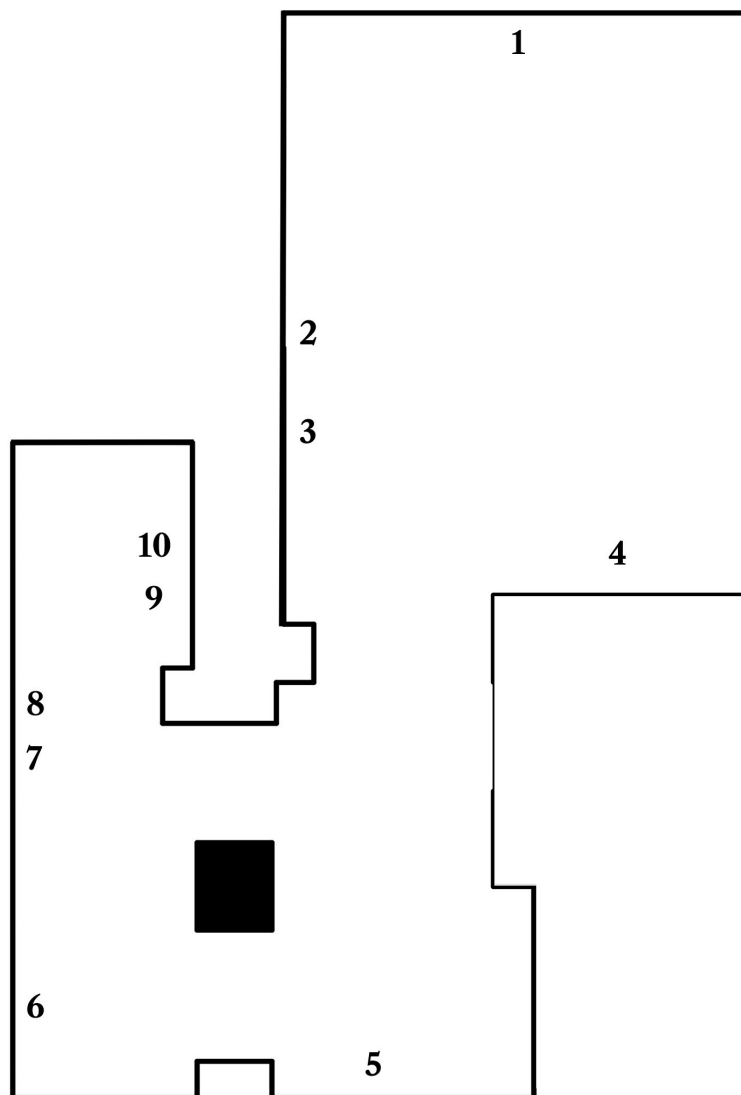
What matters are the things we can notice: a view through a window, a cardboard insert seen as something it is not, a roll of film uncovering details we had assumed were familiar, lives lived, Small flickers of wonder.

Steve Bishop

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## Artwork list:



**1.** *In between there are doors*, 2025, C-print , pastel, pencil, tape, metal , gesso, acrylic paint ,cardboard, 74,5 x 47,5 x 6,5 cm

**2.** *Families are always rising and falling I*, 2025, C-prints , card, cardboard, gesso, acrylic, paint staples , archival ribbon tape, crayon, marker, 86,2 x 45,5 x 7,3 cm

**3.** *Families are always rising and falling II*, 2025, C-prints , card, cardboard, gesso, acrylic paint, staples, wooden bed slat, charger cord, crayon, marker, 86,2 x 45,5 x 7,3 cm

**4.** *Runway*, 2025, C-prints, staples, tape, gesso, acrylic paint , cardboard, archival ribbon, rivets, 69 x 41,2 x 5,3 cm

**5.** *Thats my dog*, 2025, C-prints, oil, pastel, pencil , marker, paper staples, archival tape, fabric foam board, card, cardboard, gesso, acrylic paint, 57 x 45,3 x 4 cm

**6.** *Dear World From Me*, 2025, Card, foam-board, cardboard, staples, oil, pastel, pencil, paper, gesso, acrylic paint, 51,8 x 41,3 x 7,6 cm

**7.** *Contents of*, 2014-ongoing, c-prints, tape, museum glass, 42 x 29,7 cm

**8.** *Contents of*, 2014-ongoing, tape, museum glass, 42 x 29,7 cm

**9.** *Contents of*, 2014-ongoing, tape, museum glass, 42 x 29,7 cm

**10.** *Contents of*, 2014-ongoing, tape, museum glass, 42 x 29,7 cm