

Given the time I seem to have found myself in: “The End of Time”, I have yet to title this exhibition and I’m really not sure that I want too. If I would, it could be: “Les Fin, Finsel” or maybe something like “Before-Depersonalization-After” or possibly even: “What do Fireman do in Hell? Have you ever thought about that?”

Nonetheless, “Les Fin, Finsel” is not the end, nor is now the end, nor is the end the end, believe me I spent the last 10 years only an accurate facial recognition system away from a life sentence, spinning literally in circles for hours, days, years both on foot and on wheels searching for evidence of the Raskolnikovian acts I swore lie underfoot.

There were times, when I would keep my eyes open for so long without blinking that It not only became a challenge to see, but it became a challenge to blink.

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