

DAVID DOUARD

rose

21 July – 27 August, 2016

Opening: 21st of July, 5-8 pm

Exhibition period ends: 27th of August

Gallery opening hours: Thursday-Friday 11 am – 5 pm, Saturday 12 – 4 pm

First, there is the young girl. Her senses are fattened yet condemned to the silence of a language proper to sculpture. There is a significant paradox between the sculptural figure, welcoming and warm, in which we could curl up, and, the transformative young lady or chimera in mutation in her own domestic space, noncompliant, becoming pure fantasy. Where are our figures of comfort? How do we get used to them? How do we transform them?

It's true that some people are shut in an impregnable silence — the same as sculpture — in this constraining society. The tongue is a potential motif of the transmission of a sick language that does not exist in a tangible reality but on networks. The poems, gleaned from the Internet, are coming to life but disrupted, selectively. Only snippets on the surface reach us, like her voice that erupts, without knowing where from. The impossibility to constitute concrete links is emphasised, technology is in permanent flux, perpetually moving. We're abandoned to our own malaise so that we can embrace a lassitude and an anxiety toward modalities of construction of uninterrupted networks – a fear of complete emptiness.

These systems are both those of state supervision and objects that are now familiar, even perfunctory. The glass ball is at the same time a surveillance camera and the chandelier of the young lady's room: the duality of objects. She positions herself with the necessary distance to comprehend on what she's placing affect and that is, at the same time, stabbing her in the back. The mirror puts forward the complex proposition that the young lady had to nurture her self image and to dissolve her representation in technological formats. That's not a pessimistic point of view, but rather a way to question those representations and problematize a new social and political being. Like those objects that have been transformed through digestion, the young lady can only contemplate some form of novelty and a force of political autonomy by enduring absorption.

The young lady not only has a mouth but a body. And her words, deeply buried in another reality, are inscribed and resonate on every wall. She that didn't have a voice, is filling herself with the gold of crowns, and, putting it in her mouth, bending all sovereign symbols, erecting in the dark the words that – tomorrow we will need to listen.