

HAMLET

2 Broken Hearts

Loucia Carlier *Dimanche*

Opening: Sunday, September 25th 2022, 4 – 8 pm

Exhibition: September 26th – October 29th 2022

Opening Hours: Saturdays, 2 – 6 pm or by appointment

Sick Sad World, my favorite show to watch on a gloomy Sunday.

A renewed kind of fresco, reminding me of the entrepreneurial openspaces, is made out of large patchworks combining people's ghostly silhouettes. Slumped, bored and exhausted figures lying on their office chairs. This is not an ode to productivism and capitalism.

I see disillusioned characters brightened up by a few butterflies whose ephemeral life confronts us with our own vacuity, such as residues of radiant advertisements, gleaned in the public space, bleached by the sun. Individuals whose bullshit jobs sucked their soul away, frozen in slouching postures. Never has anyone dreamed of that office atmosphere. It's an illusion gently crumbling and collapsing. Vestiges of the present time.

Halfway between painting and wall sculpture, some sort of boxes attract us, made of waves and draperies, secretions and concretions, symptoms of a tormented time. The gaze is swallowed into their whirlwind shapes, in which our portraits are reflecting in a version of the society that is going wrong. Similar to broken and damaged suitcases that one's used to handle, they remind us of the black boxes that we look for after a plane crashes, these recording devices allowing the saving of crucial information concerning the route of the aircraft following an accident. They're the memory of an ongoing cataclysm.

Monochrome mobiles evoke puppets that are pulling a long face. Disarticulated and boneless, they are uncomfortably suspended by ropes. They are stripped of the hay that gave them consistency like emaciated scarecrows.

At an early age, we were familiar with mobiles. Used as a tool to relax and learn, this device, placed above the bed, helps the upcoming human to develop its visual abilities to explore the world, in order to develop concentration on an object in movement. A primary tool to get in touch with the surrounding world within a simplified vocabulary.

A broken heart is patched up. Hearts have been broken. Mine too.

These girls are willing to fix heartache through their research and curatorial practice, that's Hamlet's quest. These puppets are whispering « you've been played ». Beware, do not be fooled.

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They're suffering from the lack of autonomy. They're under the influence of others, activated by mean-spirited threads. They're here to make us laugh, and we're here to make fun of them. A touching clumsiness in their disordered gestures and lack of firmness in their posture. We might sometimes find ourselves in these ridiculous and useless characters who cannot be taken seriously.

We draw the world the way we perceive it.

Let us remember, it's Sunday. Does it mean anything to you anymore ?

text by Margaux Dewarrat