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Special Features

Oa4s

May 22 – July 20, 2014

Outside the gallery is a poster with a text about a turtle enjoying a moment of quiet sailing. It has two photos; one of a turtle spoon-rest and one of dunes.

Inside on the wall is written a few remarks in rebus. The phrases are composed of hand-made vinyl stickers. It starts off strong and then gets a little lost.

Some baby footprints are on the floor, made with the palms of our hands. Francisco picked the paint color.

Octavio tells you what's happening: "...and as you take a step back over the bridge, you hear a sound on your right. You turn and see two men in striped uniforms run out the back of a building. Papers fly out of their pockets. You walk to the trail of papers and pick one up. You look at the bill. You recognize this face. Whose face is it? What do you want to do with it?"

On the adjacent wall hangs a meter wide glossy photo of a man named João who was kind enough to give you 50 adobe bricks of his own making. The shadow of his face is framed by 4x4-wood blocks decorated to look like the bricks. This is a dedication to João.

Then suddenly, the giraffe enters the gallery, wipes his makeup clean-off with a handkerchief, and hangs it near the photo of João.

Deus Ex Machina

handkerchief, face paint, towel rod

Oa4x4s

digital photo print, wood, hardware, dirt, paint

Baby Girl

paint

Oa0s

audio 16 min

Pee Ring Off Duck Liff

vinyl stickers

Peering off the cliff I can see my face looking back at myself in the water below. (Mother bring my soul to a foreign country). I imagine myself flying to meet myself there, bloopy boobing dopey Scooby Doo wood you believe, baby? Rocking back and forth, I open my eyes and see a blue bird. She looks so pensive.

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22 mayo – 20 julio, 2014

Afuera de la galería hay un cartel con un texto acerca de una tortuga disfrutando un momento tranquilo de navegación. Hay dos fotos; una de un portacucharas con forma de tortuga y la otra de unas dunas.

Adentro, en la pared, hay algunas observaciones escritas en rebus. Las frases están compuestas por estampas vinílicas hechas a mano. Empieza con fuerza y luego se va perdiendo un poco.

En el piso hay algunas huellas de bebe hechas con las palmas de nuestras manos. Francisco escogió el color de la pintura.

Octavio te cuenta lo que esta pasando: “...and as you take a step back over the bridge, you hear a sound on your right. You turn and see two men in striped uniforms run out the back of a building. Papers fly out of their pockets. You walk to the trail of papers and pick one up. You look at the bill. You recognize this face. Whose face is it? What do you want to do with it?”

En la pared de a junto cuelga una fotografía brillante de un metro con la imagen de un hombre llamado João, que fue tan amable en darte 50 ladrillos de adobe de su propia creación. La sombra de su cara está enmarcada por unos bloques 4x4 de madera, decorados para parecerse a los ladrillos. Esto es una dedicatoria a João.

De repente, la jirafa entra a la galería, se limpia el maquillaje con una pasada de su pañuelo y lo cuelga cerca de la foto de João.

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