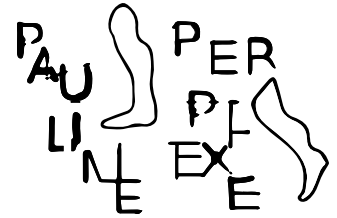


Wille Brisco  
Christel Conchon

## FROH EROZ

22.09 - 29.09.2018



90, Avenue de la Convention  
94110 Arcueil

sur rdv / by appointment  
paulineperplexe@gmail.com

1. Generic Feelings, 2018.

Rubber grape seeds, wire, paper, pipe cleaners.  
Christel Conchon

2. Worship Default Settings, 2018.

Plexiglass, aluminum, adhesives, plastic films.  
Christel Conchon

3. Floor Lickers, 2018

Sugar, resistance and electrical system,  
painted aluminum.  
Christel Conchon

4. Service Portal, 2016

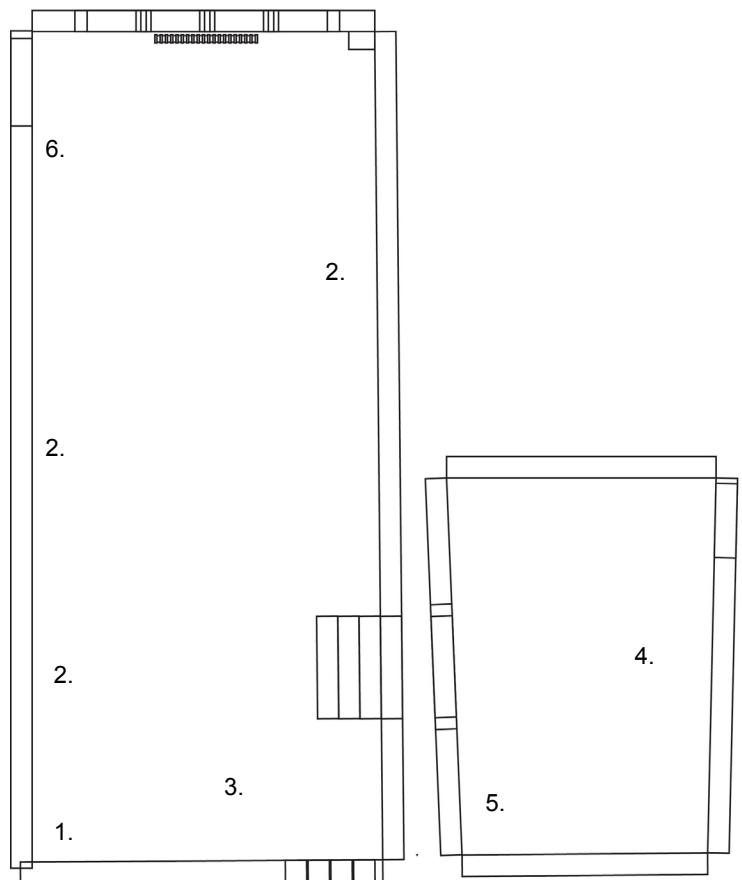
Cardboard shipping box, polystyrene, magazine,  
plaster, earthenware, aluminum, plastic.  
Willie Brisco

5. Border Guard, 2016

Pigmented synthetic plaster, earthenware,  
aluminum, lycra, banana slice.  
Willie Brisco

6. No, Nothing, New, Today, 2018

Soporific syrups: Papaver rhoeas (Red poppy),  
Passiflora Incarnata (Purple passionflower),  
Crataegus laevigata monogyna (Midland hawthorn),  
Eschscholzia californica (California poppy),  
Citrus aurantium vanamara (Bitter orange),  
Humulus Lupulus (Hops), water, sugar and glass bottles.  
Christel Conchon



To my child, though you are dead, in the case of your return, I have written you these texts to explain the sorrows of my time. In my life I felt many things and disappointment was not all that occurred but in the event of the disappearance of a world, it is these disappointments which most clearly drive me to speak here with you. You will find your own joys and joys will find you. Hold your Happiness in secret. It is in only with disappointments that sharing is a gift because they shall never be yours. With or without drink to teach > Disappointment is for speech. I tie them here that they do not spread. I bind them here like sticks to burn.

These are the chattering of a hinge whose has lost its door. Improperly collected I was buried into the ground rather than returned to the smelter. Buried now into this vast hulk of time, transitions go on upon the ground above but also in the ground. Buried amid the wood and the wool I was, i have seen the curvature of their decay. First with moisture and then with worms, the mysterious teeth that disassemble to build soil enacted in their dance the happy violence of workers.

I was a listener once in a house and in those days I was slammed and yelled through. I protect the ears of children from parents. And squeaked just enough to keep children's sneaking quiet. I was a part and I held something in place and I heard music and smelled dinners and managed myself through an earthquake or two.

In cliché and enactment, I witnessed the lives of three families. I marker a border. I was a scout. I was a bedroom. I was an office. I was a bedroom. I was a reliquary. And Then I simply was. Then We all simply were. There was nothing for us to be but examples of ourselves. Those were days of such flattery. We knew it was impossible to survive after such praise. Flattery and praise is so often a sign that you are injured or soon to be recycled. Everyone love the terminal and the extinguishing. Expunge all of your promises on a sunset and good bye. The jack hammer and garbage truck blast music to euphoria. And in heaps we paraded as So many good byes and hellos.

After Years of out unity and integration as we shattered we found ourselves into snared in new and strange proximity. I was bagged next to a shower head I had remembered hearing so much about but who had later spent years under a sink in the basement. This describes so much and so little of that time. The thrill of indeterminacy lives so vital in my memory now. I had heard a window smash once but now smash was everything and our totalities multiplied in shards like chorus. Board broke in sixes. Mirrors broke to millions. A vase's falling and shattering encases for a moment nothing less than the volume of the all. No inside no outside. To be a membrane and a constellation. Is this not the ultimate hyperbole of love?

( it was the beauty and the beast castle but the spell was not broken and Eventually the new tenants arrived and wanted something more mid-century. And so a mob was rallied from the village. We were transported to a mass grave of sorts. Some were burnt. All were buried. In the end it becomes something of private hotel / time share / money laundering apparatus.)

One time, I said to Michael Krebber, "so day is done ?" and he said "Day is always done." And while in the act of that moment he was so perfectly poised and certain, in reality, clearly we were wrong. Day in not a transaction. There are no roads or readers in this wood. The game continues on in this rubbish. The sparks of transformation here are lush beyond what can be expressed.

The rust on my skin becomes the rust in the soil and the indistinction between myself and this place give me leverage to pry witnessing and reflection. I see myself fading but in the dissipation I see more that, and what, I was and still am.

Forgiveness is a braiding of paths. Sometimes absolution still arrives as passing water. Moisture. Rot. Humidity. The text becomes unlegible dust. I am no more a grandma. I am new. I am soil.

W.B