

Wim de Pauw  
*Zugzwang*

June 6 - July 10 2020

Dragged out and shoved, stacked, superimposed and dragged out again. Placed next to, near the entrance, before finally being pulled into.

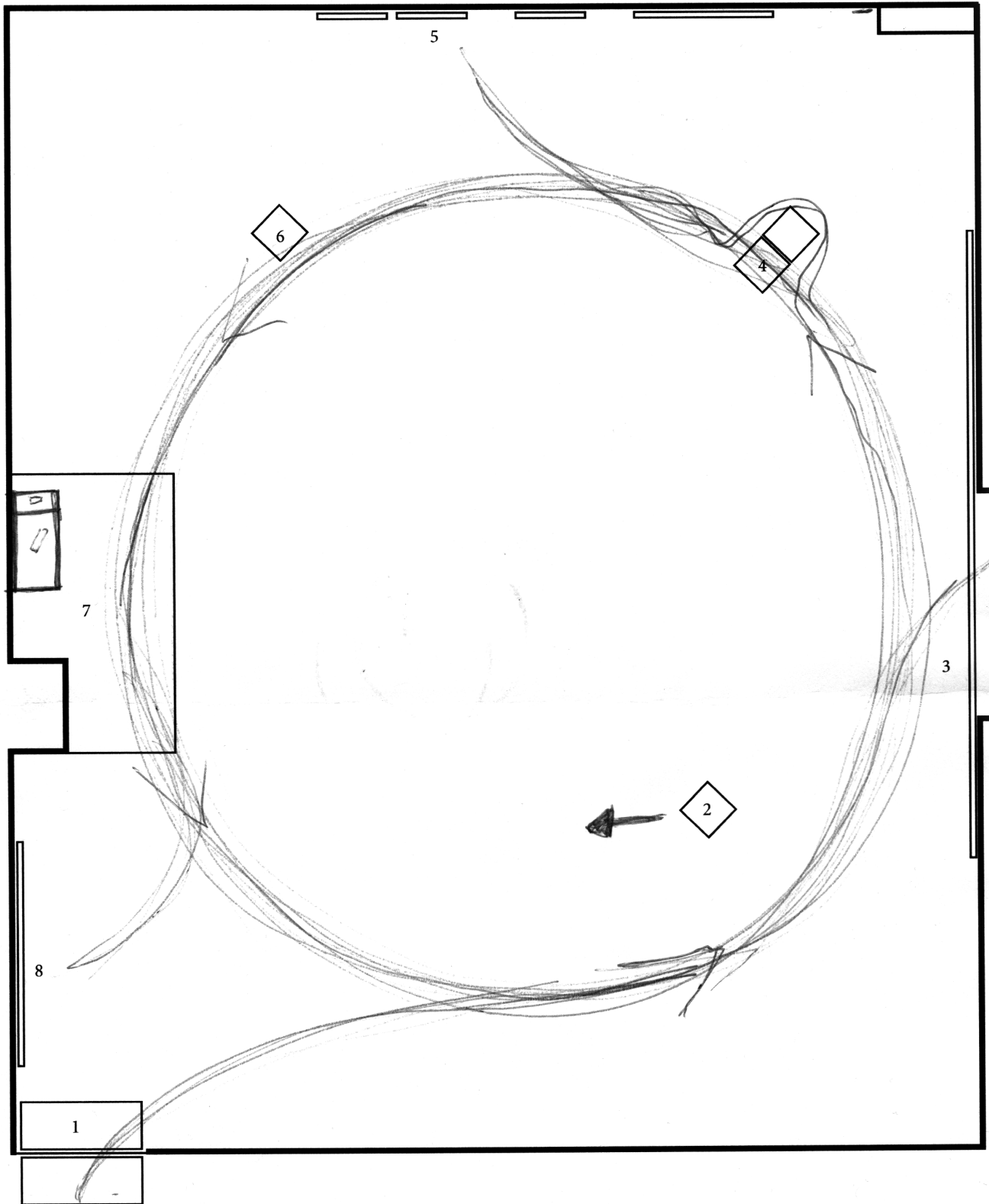
To enter a new home and upholster the lavish emptiness by placing, shelving, storing, building and framing it. To discover corners, holes and bulging tiles. Fitting the brand new suede couch in the corner of the living room, like a family would when moving in.

To move is not only a physical but also an emotional act, to shift in the accumulation of stuff gathered over the years, to leave behind and to preserve, to decide. The traces of our messy business of living are wiped out and are to be reintroduced.

To place things in a space is always an attempt to turn space into place, to force one's identity onto it. To define the position of our stuff within this new given framework, where you cook and eat and digest and fuck and perhaps raise your children until they are old enough to move out and invade a new space again.

I wonder if preservation is a form of pure nostalgia? Like people hold onto postcards of memorable places. I stored these giant, clumsy postcards for the image they portray, the memories they hold in their crushed corners, pierced bodies and bruised surfaces. Having been screwed over and over again until the skin turned into a rash.

They are now enclosed in the borders of the box, discovering the corners, holes and bulging tiles of their new home.



1. Realising Perspective Was An Unnecessary Invention
2. Daddy (Contained Euphoria)
3. Zwischenzug
4. How To Disappear In America (too)
5. I-VI
6. Buddy (Canned Euphoria)
7. Roll Models: A Mobile Reality in Constant Flux
8. Roll Models: It's Not Easy Being Green

DWELLING