

Statement

My installations in "Things You Can't Remember, To Things You Can't Forget" are subtle attempts at infiltrating the traditional viewing space and the expected experience normal to a viewing audience.

The first piece is the replication of a summer porch screen door which the viewer must enter, in order to access the main gallery. Acting not as a barricade to the show, but rather as a portal, the inlet porch is hardly visually impairing or physically sufficient to veil the space that separates a viewer from the work, yet logistically necessary to access it. The screen is an apparition of separation, rendering the latent sound of the creaking springs as passage is initiated, in a subtle activation of the metaphoric space between the artwork, viewer and artist. Cited from the last stanza of an Emily Dickinson poem " So we must keep apart, You there, I here, With just the door ajar, That oceans are, And prayer, And that pale sustenance, Despair!" the title implies the emotional and physical separation inherent in the screen inference, as well as an exaggerated hope of recognition. The recognition however, seems as hollow as the allusion to the summer as the screen cackles behind the viewer, reminding them that the days are shortening and of the impending weariness of winter.

The second installation, entitled " I can not live with you, It would be life, And life is over there, Behind the shelf" comes from the first stanza of the same Dickinson poem, taking the form of a proclamation of love desired, yet defined as folly. As a two seated porch swing of the same ilk as its sister screen door, the installation abuts itself to back wall. Seated in the swing, the ability to swing backwards is afforded, but the follow through confronts the viewer's feet to the wall, rendering the wall a stepping threshold that metaphorically marries the viewer to the marks made stopping their motion - keeping them as it were from life, behind the shelf. The skylight overhead, while ruminating some essence of the freedom, only acts to further incarcerate the viewer with the false sense of springing forth.

Devon Dikeou

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life, And life is over there, Behind
the shelf"
and "So we must keep apart, You there
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oceans are, And prayer, And that pale
sustenance, Despair!"
1993

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