It began as a hunch, a kind of gamble.

A traveller getting lost or discontinuing a journey. My train of thought always goes a peculiar way every time I think of an abandoned car, perhaps hastily left parked under a tree somewhere, days going by and the tires are slowly deflating, fallen leaves beginning to pile-up, new buds later shooting out from the tiniest spaces and cracks, until one day it is totally engulfed with vegetation and looks as if it has been taken back and reclaimed by nature.

At the same time, I also imagine being inside the car, lying on the driver's seat looking up the sky and trees in a suspended state, my view slowly getting obscured by leaves, as they fall, as well as the new growth, as vines begin to creep up and trace new paths across the glass. The network of leaves overlapping with the cracked glass, like converging maps.

Felt, as the rush of cells dreaming itself unhealed.

How things come together, how materials coalesce so thoroughly, forming a new entity.

A vertical line that can be seen as a '1', an 'I', or a kind of slash, a division symbol.

I like that it sounds like a selection objects from a kind of mystery game, clues to a crime that one needs to solve.

(Found windshield, stainless steel frame, binahong plant)
The plant in this instance was specifically chosen upon the advice of a local healer, who recalled stories from the war where the plant was used to close-up flesh wounds, within a span of 24 hours.

Throughout the process, I reflect on this idea later saw traces of it in how the residency is split in two parts and show itself is mainly two grouping of elements in separate spaces, the one old, the other new.

Everything is ongoing.

A secular ritual.

to open the process and involve people in the shaping of the works

Create meaning through dividing or combinatory acts.

I usually take a more secluded approach when working. But here I took the opposite course and opened the process right away. In a way to test and see how things could come together, take form in this manner.

I've always been interested in familiar elements meeting together in different circumstances.

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- Gary-Ross Pastrana