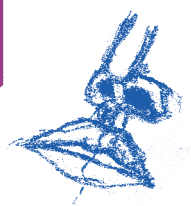




## SEDIMENTS

Bojana Stancic



Being invited to write about an exhibition whose subject matter is time is a curious process. With writing, every new thought leads you down a different hallway of infinite possibilities, and since it's mostly mental work, responsibility and possibility collapse on each other. So beginning as a story:

*While I'm certainly not a senior (at anything) or even middle age, I have been reminiscing with some frequency about that humanist truism, that the longer one is alive the more one is aware of time.*

Once when young I overheard my parents say that they had known someone for 20 years, I thought it was closer to geologic timeline than a human one. But then you realize you have had friends for 20 odd years, and you gasp, reflecting on that 7-year-old's memory, the present circumstance and the inevitable future that taught us that digits only have one way to grow.

Even if fully dedicated to marking time's passage, it escapes capture, to be in the present, usually means telescoping past, present and future, the stream of potentialities probably taking Herculean efforts to truly navigate meaningfully. In the article 'What to do with the contemporary?' João Ribas describes the art world's preoccupation with the definition of contemporary moment as the likely impossibility of seeing the future: Are we so concerned with the contemporary because we have failed to reconcile with finitude?

Our relationship to the present is certainly also a historical condition: reading any epistemological writings one becomes aware of how we re-negotiate, re-articulate the centrality of our beings in relation to the values of the time, whatever THAT present is. A lot has been said about the current political climate, the regression of humanist, political and even moral advances of the



last decades. But the underlying question remains the definition of progress itself. Is it actually universal, is it privileged, or is it forgetting or worse ignoring something or someone. How can we tell.

I remember once seeing a ladder sculpture in a shop window on Dundas Street, and thought as I often do about performative objects (unsurprisingly there isn't that much discourse around these so it really stuck with me). Performative for me involves time, but objects are static in their essence, and this conflict seems to underscore all the potentials about both genres of making, performance and sculpture. The ladder was misshapen, but was a ladder, there was a direction implied, there was a function in its definition, and there was a body it invited. The artistic as opposed to mental has a visual.



Certain artists are dedicated to illustrating these markings of time, navigating between capital T(ime) and lower case t(ime). They place history square in the present and mark it, often quite literally with the body. Be they notes transferred on an acrylic surface of a collage, or in collage material itself, but the layers are always visible and quite tactile. In each moment there is polyphony of experience that is as immersive as it is aesthetic.

There is a tactility to language too, the title of this exhibition for example (not symbols, not ellipses) also has a feeling of a repository of time, in whichever gestural form it may take (like the feeling of blue knuckles holding grips on the moment, maybe neither singular or universal but at least shared).

I have been pondering this content for a good six weeks, putting fingers to keyboard in a continuous process of refining and streamlining some of these visions. So much has happened over this time in the physical plane, hopefully it's also read between the lines...



This text was written by Bojana Stancic to compliment the show *dot-dot-dot* by Jacob Whibley for 8eleven Gallery in Toronto. May 17-June 10, 2017.

**Jacob Would like to thank:**

Bojana Stancic, Daniel Barber, Stephanie Fielding, Lindsay Fernlund, Jennifer Sciarrino, Aamna Muzaffar, and Andrew Leeke.