

An exhale to come

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WHAT REMAINS AND IS TO COME is emptied of gesture and at the same time saturated with it. Every supine hand and every groove in charcoal silently pleads its case. With every shift of body and displacement of black dust new signs are carved into an image that collapses onto itself, engraving intimations of gestures one on top of the other, recording, erasing, while recording again. Disappearing just as it materializes, stranding us in a series of glimpses, in a series of pasts. And then the dust settles again. Faced with the very material nature of our carbon-based life so simply on display we are not only bystanders of this performative installation but its confirmation. Every step carries vibration through the floor, every move agitates the air, every exhale changes the chemical balance of the enclosed space.

Charcoal as a transmitter of material antecedents, solemn testimony of just how alive that performer's body is. Poured, spread, then unsettled, and unsettled again. Present. In the now – between two huffs of breath, sticking to skin – but reaching back from the past, from a past of geological proportion. A constant reminder that movements performed sink into temporal oblivion in layers, much like crumbling fossils; a residuum of exhales, bone, tissue, heat. Black dust, but not inert.

The timelessness of charcoal as material contrasts the unrelenting measure of exhales of breath. Once introduced, once disturbed, it bleeds color away, seeps into skin folds and creases and mutes the performers' bodies while its unrelenting soot renders the air visible, the breath visible. It is a constant reminder of the progression of moments slipping from present to past as layers shift, then settle, then shift again into tangible

but unreadable curves