

THE ARCHITECT'S PLAN, HIS CONTAGION AND SENSITIVE CORRIDORS

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NEW GALERIE

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NEW GALERIE is pleased to present: *The Architect's Plan, His Contagion And Sensitive Corridors*, Dora Budor's first solo exhibition at the space, on view from 17 January through 28 February, 2015

Can You Re-Stage THAT Emotion

The Architect's plans were infected from the beginning, we just didn't know about it. His lines were bugged and while he would whisper to us under his breath about how the water would lick polished white stone sinks, we nodded our heads and believed. We couldn't wait for the lights to give cold daylight to the rooms, flickering so fast it couldn't be caught by any retina. We paid him rush fees, arranged for vampire facelifts, and offered to do anything for the endless flows of fluids and electricity, and most stable foundations.

We only wanted security, tight sealants, and no gelatin shaking on the counter.

How to Spend Days in Quarantine

(When inspected under the microscope, the common house dust mites, who live off you, or your dead skin cells, crawl slowly around the soft embossment where your head and its hair lay. When you're dreaming, these 6 legged creatures snack on your DNA, their insectoid perfection only matched by their hunger and hostility. Their main purpose is to maintain the 74% eco-balance for "sustainability.")

We woke up every day, bits of dust massaging our cheeks, and with dirty nails which made us look like animals. It felt so primordial. We wanted our new bodies to match the space. We had to cut and paste them together, have them carry the new powers of alien seduction and speed – we got them disembodied, resurrected, doped and electrified in order to be in constant motion, then endlessly distributed as multiples and clones, entering millions of IP addresses simultaneously as Agent Smiths of torrent age.

Dirt offended us. We needed to keep it pure, stable and out of any future drama.

He asked us, "Do you have guts to follow your gut?" We said, "Sure", and both raised a cup of coffee to our lips simultaneously. We paid for the new tiles.

(Trottier's Screenwriter's Bible writes in footnotes about incidental actions: "If your character raises her cup of coffee to his lips, that's not important enough to describe... unless there's poison in the cup.")

So we added poison. Microscopic drops on surfaces, the same size as the tiniest pores on our T-zones. Our new bodies could deal with anything in anyway, and the day-long quarantine made us feel slightly bored anyways.

Stalker Vision

All we asked for was longevity and to be able not to bump into things without contacts in our eyes.

Then slowly, the walls started to shake. The slow crumble of the verticals, like an irritation of the underground, didn't stop for hours and days. We called him, hands trembling but the line appeared to be busy. Once he answered, he said, "The chances of waking up get lower each day." We screamed, "We don't care" and that he can "Fuck off with all that ruin-pornography" and that he has to give us what he had promised.

He replied in deadpan voice, "The desire cannot survive without lack to give it meaning."

The silence in the phone lasted for days. We got accustomed to it, all of it: the buzz, the shaking, and the constant erosion.

We started setting the dust into motion.

Dora Budor, January 2015, Paris