

Jérôme Nadeau

Silent Songs

Galerie Nicolas Robert

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Looking down and up that timber behemoth standing silently in the alien street, my mute companion waves cues of buried diversions. Deep underneath its exhibitionistic essence, the gatekeeper guided eloquent visions towards the unseeable. Creeping slowly in anguished stillness, hidden in a space knowing no haste, worlds entangle and branches beyond dogma. Sentient schemes encoded in a landscape of mutations, veils, veins, tentacles, and sediments. Echoed backbones, mazes of microcosms with psychic resonance, the earth and apparatuses speak to us by keeping quiet. Machines mouthing their abstruse possibilities beyond any perceptible traces of a world outside of itself, ensuing reverberating optical languages that spawn and weave themselves. Antithetical universes mimicking each other, strangled and extricated in chorus.

Silence is no dead zone: it's the contingencies of interference. It's the onlooker deciphering multidimensional scales of time and space. It's the high-spirited doom merchant, holding a magnifying glass and unearthing the discreet interdependencies of a landscape ready to crystallize, from apathetic background to sensible infinite cosmoses.