

2016 Hopes of Paradise, galerie m Bochum, Germany

When Pandora opened the jar that she'd been warned not to, before she could correct her mistake, that of curiosity, and slam close the lid, she released all the evils of the world, excepting hope which remained inside.

This myth is a warning. Not to act on one's curiosity to see or to know, especially if, like Bluebeard's many wives, one is young, beautiful, betrothed. And a woman.

Of hope? One of the evils, albeit contained, what now what here is hoped *for*? Hope as noun, a thing, is static until exercised, made active, a verb. It is a reaching, a longing, a movement that stretches from here to there. To where? Paradise indeed.