

**" ... all the world's a stage, and all men and women merely players:
they have their exits and their entrances: *and one man in his time
plays many parts, his acts being seven ages...*"**

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This installation is the culmination of a long journey of feelings and thoughts.

Over the years possessions have been accumulated, boxed, moved and stored and now finally unpacked and laid out: displayed. After Henry's death I decided to transform my private loss into a public meditation, monumentally intimate, to share my journey using art. Influenced by movements, such as Arte Povera and Dada, which highlighted the everyday object as art material and buoyed by discussions on *what is art*, I explore the process of making a contextual installation using the stuff of a life.

This process forced me to consider the notion of art as therapy, art as collection & display; art as an immersive experience.

The design and logic of the installation was intuited from my need for dealing with life and loss, absence and presence and simply grief.

It was important for me to place the objects directly on the floor as symbol of a connection with the foundation of the property where I will start my future. I also wanted the experience to be a meditative, imaginative and a meaningful journey and so turned to the labyrinth, an ancient symbol which represents this idea of the spiritual journey in many different traditions across the globe.

As I started this journey, I realized it was crucial for me to share the work, to understand how an individual and an individual's world are tied to the larger world. Inherent tensions between life's dichotomies became apparent: private and public, what will I reveal and what should I conceal? Narration and evocation, what order to assemble the objects? Ephemeral and material, how do I create an aesthetic material landscape with memory? Do I juxtapose the forms or compositionally blend them? Do they need to be ordered or remain as a chaotic collection? Do the individual objects have their own entity or just become part of the whole?

There were infinite possibilities to the assemblage; the first iteration relied solely on chance, the random placement of stored boxes and then there was a gradual resolution and revelation with time. This is still a journey of unanswered questions and I aim to continue to blur the boundaries between art and ritual, art and catharsis and art and the everyday.

As more time was spent with the work it occurred to me that each object signified a moment in time, they were markers of an event, an achievement or an interaction. The sum of these being a finite time of events past - a lifetime, in Henry's case 22,375 days. These days "being seven ages", 7 decades - 1948, 58,68,78,88,98,2010 - represent an era with specific cultural and societal codes.

I invite us all to ruminate on the complex ways cultures are manifest in objects.

For me, there is no such thing as an ordinary object. Things can speak as eloquently as portraits and can be imbued with the magical weight of relics. A collection of things belonging to one person can in fact become a portrait of that person and his time in the world. They anchor the gaze in memory. The individual objects have their own narrative and the sum of these creates a poetic topography, a material landscape, a sense of being.