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I left a few hours after my exhibition was cleared. The work still had yet to make sense in my mind.

Artistically, I had found myself obsessed with human traces, my work fundamentally informed by the influence of people upon a place, the remnants that linger after they have gone and the small impacts they have made. Utilising organic structures, textures, growth and decomposition, I reference the body and its residues directly. These are points of departure in a process of wrapping, rubbing, encasing, in order to conserve corruption. The works, though filthy in their nature, become somehow seductive and familiar and coalesce in a scene that proposes a slumbering decay and disconcerting absence.

Perhaps it is in our nature to at first try to seek those remnants and residues of other people. Walks at first around the incomprehensibly vast desert land found me

Excavational act in five parts, 2019, soap, dirt, margarine, Merlot, tar, paracetamol, cellophane, glue, Estée Lauder Pure Colour Envy HI-LUSTRE 330 Bad Angel, slime, gazeuse, salt, citalopram, tissue, plastic, wood, fluorescent lamp



Frontierland, 2017, soap, fat, rust, insulation material, fluorescent lamp, wood

with my head bowed, gazing ground wards. A spear head, a piece of acrylic rope, a bullet casing, a faded can of mountain dew. A silver pick up driving in the distance, staring until it disappears, just a speck behind the sage brush. Sometimes the air shattering penetration of an army plane cutting through the atmosphere, young recruits with no idea that they could be disturbing anything but nothingness as they circled above.

My most unwanted and surprising yearn for human kind led to a panicked trip in my truck to a desert border town and into a 24 hour casino where time doesn't exist. Dizzying, smoke stubs, sweet cola and whiskey, 50+ burger deals, the muffled smell of carpets and dollar bills, 'Have you been injured in an accident that wasn't your fault?' Diabetes tertiary care, craps, seafood buffet, eye contact with no one.

Then back to the retreat, where I learned the real meaning of that word. Time stretched out, bewildering. Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner. Cold, dark, light and heat. And again. Satisfaction. An acceptance to waste time. A focus so alien, I didn't know what to do with it.

I left the morning when the snow started falling, more lost than found but with the unshakable feeling that I had never really experienced gravity before then.

In my work, I consistently question certain energies that exist in our world. My work is fundamentally informed by the influence of people in upon a place. Physical, visible or metaphysical. My work is very focused on 'the everyday'; what happens when nothing happens? To put a stop to the passing of time, and to attempt to preserve what is transient. I attempt to confront these vast themes with simple interventions upon everyday materials.