

# *Althuis Hofland Fine Arts*

**ROOT CANAL cordially invites you to its fifth and sixth exhibition**

**‘Double Trouble’**

**with Becket MWN, Yong Xiang Li and Simon Mielke.**

**The 5th exhibition opens on the 9th of March 2019 5 pm in The Gemma/Althuis Hofland Fine Arts in Hazenstraat 11 1016 SM Amsterdam**

**The 6th exhibition opens later on the same night on the 9th of March 2019 8 pm in Korte Marnixstraat 2 1013 HT Amsterdam.**

**The 5th exhibition runs from the 9th of March till the 6th of April 2019 (during the opening hours of Althuis Hofland Fine Arts).**

**The 6th exhibition runs from the 9th of March till the 6th of April 2019 (by arrangement).**

**Dear Tooth Fairy:** Up ahead she could recognize the stature of her accomplice with whom on this very eve she had an appointment. With but a small hesitance she approached the gaunt character. Slowly a frail hand wormed free from the folds of the garb. Succumbing to the frivolousness of the errand she procured the small enameled gem from her own folds. Letting it drop into the hand an immediate feeling of relief subdued her nerves. Though as she made to leave she felt as another note was thrust into her purse. Unfortunately her duties were not yet fulfilled and the chains remained yet upon her as she was forced again to run out on more of these tiresome missions. How loathsome. There weren't any real plans yet, but she had had in mind already the thought of making to get away for a while, leaving these small rural communities of milk teeth behind in exchange for a bit of sun even. Feeling distraught by her own self-pity she pulled forth the new note. It was folded twice and of yellowing paper. The handwriting cascaded down and dripped off at the corner emitting a hissing noise as it hit on the pavement. She squeezed her eyes shut and opened them again blinking a few times. Refocusing her gaze to the paper she deciphered the new address. "God this is getting to me" she thought. These visual discrepancies were becoming more frequent. Clearly this indicated her need of more rest. Then a guttural rasp sounding more like a banged up muffler than laughter came from behind her. Spinning around she saw as the contour of her employer slowly diluted and merged into the shadows of the tree lined path.

Her gaze lingered on the dark spot where he had disappeared. Finally she broke free of the spell and again looked to the note.

“be privy to repetition, Re-run

Left incisor , perhaps an incisor left behind,

Incinerate and go

South river road, 11, SE room”