

*The Rise and Fall of the International Superdesert
Everyone Who Pretended To Like Art Is Gone
Ravings in the night
Who wants to get slapped?*

C'est vous l'artiste? Malheureusement, je ne parle pas anglais.



She's got to be the most talented girl in London! Paris? Are we in Paris? She's got be the most talented girl in Paris!



Je trouve que cette vidéo est destinée à un public averti...



- c'est à la fois moderne et ancien, le noir et blanc...



- c'est satyrique, on se pose la question de l'artiste: est-ce qu'elle tourne en dérision?



- ça ne m'a pas fait rire.

La maman et la putain,
List of exhibited works:

Claire Fontaine
Untitled (collectors), 2006
2 100 liter plastic bags, wrapped candies, approx. 40 x 100 x 40 cm.

Karl Holmqvist
Cat People, 2006
photocopied book and posters edition.

Nest, 2006
mixed media, approx. 35 x 50 x 30 cm.
steel crate, padlocks, chains, crushed beer cans, hand cuffs.

Bernadette Corporation
Creation of a False Feeling: video Hell Frozen Over, 2004
19.20 minutes.

Josef Strau
1,2,3 plus something like 4, 2006
box set of booklets, lamp, ribbons, circa 170 x 140 x 50 cm.

Isa Genzken
Architekturcollage, 2001
framed collage, 80 x 60 cm.

Leonor Scherrer
Untitled, 2005-2006
13 inkjet prints, passe-partouts, variable dimension.

Adriana Lara
Art Film 1 : Everpresent yet Ignored, 2006
digitalized 16 mm film, 7.30 minutes.

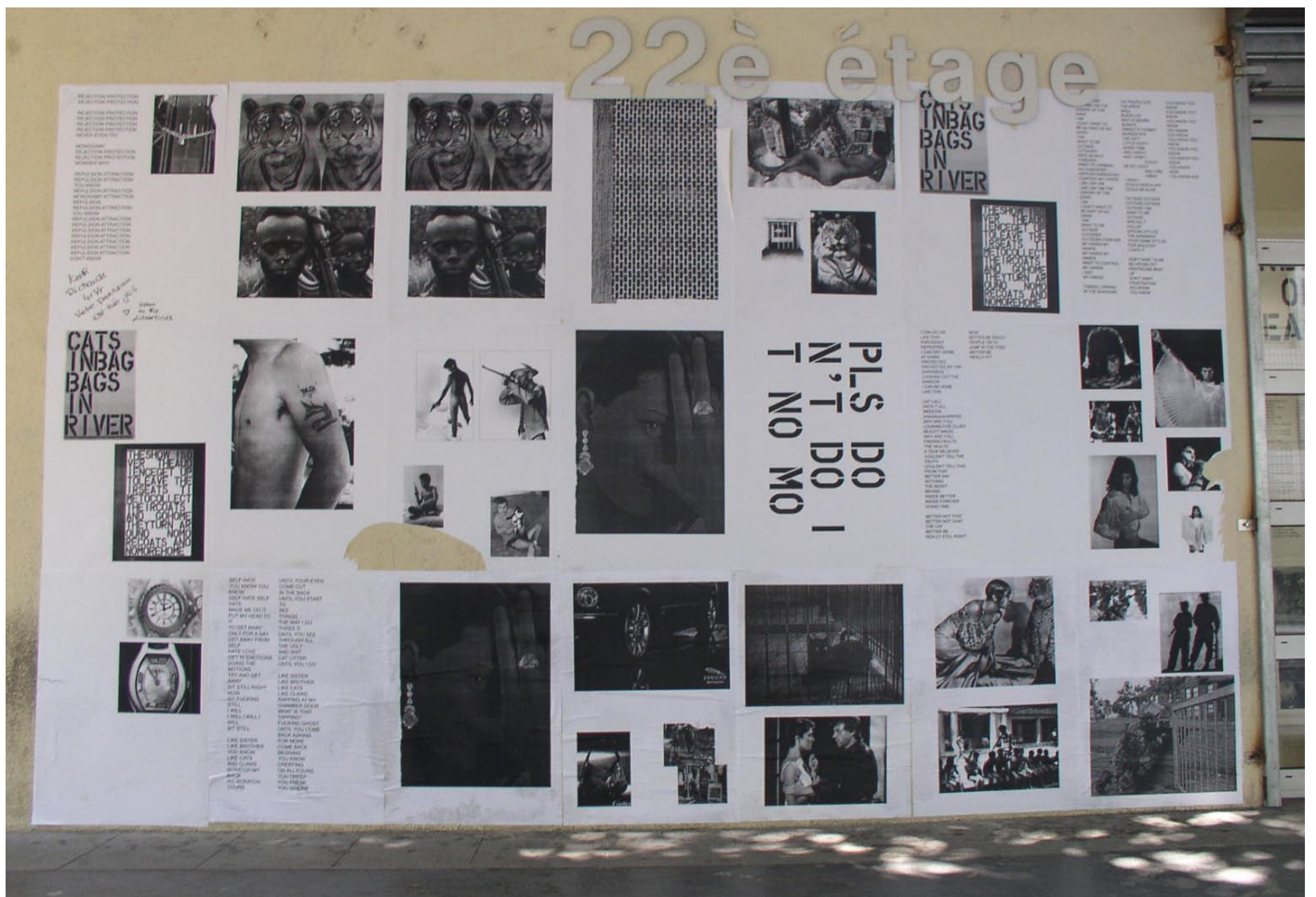
how does 30 grand a year and a company car sound?

behind the planks, behind the falling construction,
behind the chalk, the crooked nails, the cheap
paint and the horrible music runs the famous
street, which forms the even more famous quarter.
behind the scenes, the fictitious biographies,
behind the stage-fright and the make-up runs
the street and its side streets, then the lanes
and footpaths. first a hope, the street becomes a
threat. after a slight curve, begins the promise,
patient, and then after another comes the oblivion
and in complete drunkenness one become somewhat.
this morning there had been a procession.
on a tractor, driving in front, was a
wood-rack and on it, a cardboard figure of the
president. a terrible caricature. behind the car
there were young men running, partly naked, partly
masked and shouting. they were shooting into the air
again and again. one of them gripped the
president-puppet, poured petrol over it and set
it alight. the aspect was tremendous. the street,
the side streets, the whole quarter are often
described as: circle leading.

now are coloured chinese lanterns lit. in direct com-
petition with the moonlight. candles are placed in
niches, neon tubes are screwed on wood sticks,
so that distinct zones of shadows emerged. close
to it everything had been intentionally, yet care-
lessly, kept in the dark. thoughts are swimming
in these thousand light-moods, the night lasting
longer today. the rain is forming streams
and small brooks, which flow along the backside
of the houses. brutal patterns are appearing and
cellars flooding. dank bolts of NYLON and silk
damask sprout the stench of network provider
www.yourrampitmyidiom.com

350 kilometre-long corridors have been built.
"i'm sorry Jacques" when you enter such corridors that
consist entirely of hard-reflecting stone, you get
stoned from the echo into which you dissolve as
though in acid. inside another house, everything
meets your expectation. you are being shown
around to admire. suddenly you find a letter from
your mother. she begs you to sacrifice yourself
for your country. with it you will be left completely
alone. there is fog everywhere thanks to the fog-
machines which have been set up and, Karl;
you look different with your glasses off.

CWEx July 2006



Karl Holmqvist Interview Medley

Jay: Earlier we were speaking a bit about how a commitment to an ideal can be performative in itself, that is, living strictly according to a principle can bring about a kind of representation of it through one's own example. Is this relevant to your work?

Karl: It becomes an egg and hen kind of thing where one tries to do things a certain way (including making art) but in the end the act of making something is even more interesting than the result it produces, possibly bringing about a shift of focus.

Q: It interests me that you often use poetry. The act of making people aware in different ways is actually referred to by Schlegel in his *Dialogues on Poetry* from the beginning of the 19th century. Is this something you are concerned with?

Jay: "Using" poetry is an interesting way to put it – it would imply a kind of appropriation of a form that is relatively invisible, almost outmoded. The last significant generation of poets – at least on a mainstream level-were the Beats, whom I know that Karl is inspired by. Perhaps one might "use" a form as a touchstone for a way of life. KRS-One said famously, "Rap is something you do, Hip-Hop is something you live."

Karl: Poetry simply allows a very subjective use of language that for me has connections to memory functions etc. Basically, it's using one's brain, which is certainly something connected to daily life and never has been or will be, I hope, outmoded. It's more just a question of what you call things in the end. Between Schlegel and KRS-One well, maybe one can have both – anything that stays in your mind, repeating until it starts taking on some new kind of form. And of course this will take up all of one's time, at least for a period, and kind of become life-or what you live for.

The other responsibility would be to find things that others can enjoy, or create a situation where something can be enjoyed or made use of by those who have decided to be there to share what it is that you are doing.

HS: Both your selection of texts and the way you read them in performance is very particular.

KH: When I read I want it to sound like thoughts inside the head, so that the people who listen almost become drugged and start to look inwards to their own thoughts and associations. I avoid any special intonation in order to allow for multiple meanings of each and every word. Meaning in speech is often transmitted through emphasis. Apart from my own writing, I've also made readings as 'covers' of popular songs. Uncovering these lyrics whether they are beautiful or banal or sometimes both. When listening, one might recognize the lyrics and maybe associate them to when one heard them for the first time and remember what it was that happened then.

A C: Going back to the notion of format and delivery, is there any gap between your work that deals more directly with personal interests and that tainted by so-called activism?

K H: I always wanted to be a 'drawing-room revolutionnary', which is sometimes used derogatively – but I'm not a barricade man or even think that this would be the most efficient form of resistance in the situation I'm in. I try to stay 'true to self' and deal with things from a more personal, moral perspective while reading the paper or something. As an artist it can be your job also to be immoral in what it is that you're proposing (cf. Elke Krystufek, Larry Clark or Paul McCarthy). Whatever it is that works.

A C: What is your definition of immoral?

K H: Well, this morning I was walking behind a man in the street who was carrying a gun, a rifle, in one hand while pushing his son in a baby stroller with the other on the way to the Kindergarten—and I really took a moment trying to figure out what was going on, if he was going hunting later, or if he was a maniac on his way to create a Kindergarten massacre, and in that case if I should intervene and try and stop it. Finally I decided to just keep walking and when I passed them I saw it was a kid's toy—so it's immoral to give something like that to your son to begin with, the gun was as big as the little boy and also to be walking around with it in the street like it's the most normal thing in the world. Something like that, more than the examples I gave involving slightly provocative nudity which in the end doesn't really bother me at all...

Jay: Audiences do have their preconceptions, and I think perhaps its more interesting that way. Occasionally, I think of this term -proposopoeia- and the idea that since a text has no inherent meaning, one in effect forms a mental picture of the writer in order to understand it. This allows one to deal with or identify with it. A lot of works rely on this function, yours included, I think. And of course it is possible to manipulate.

Karl: So the writer can just be the rubbish hole, and then people can put whatever they want in there.

Jay: Do these kinds of concepts (prosopopoeia and the responsibility to one's art) seem to be a bit anachronistic as interests for a contemporary artist? There seem to be some significant differences between an attitude that is tenable for a beat poet - with an set of independent, bohemian ethics, something more appropriate for a nascent counterculture - and a stance that is more in keeping with the idea of artists as producers in a very streamlined culture industry.

Karl: Well, phrasing it like that, we do risk sounding a bit naïve. At the same time, the same kind of naïveté is inscribed

in the cultural program of many European Social-Democratic governments, who state that culture can and should be used for cultural integration, to allow people to raise their awareness. At the same time, I'd like to get away from the missionary position (no pun intended) of speaking down to audiences, dissolve what an audience is, and also acknowledge that what I do couldn't be done unless there was a receiver who could "make use" of what I propose.

Anna Colin: What would you say about fandom and obsessive behaviour?

K H: Even if fans make drawings of their idols and memorize their song lyrics, it's a bit too passive a position. The work where I have done readings of people's song lyrics is exactly about bringing them to a more open and personal level of exchange. It's about the material and shared memory — then if people become fans of me, I would say the process has failed. (Laughs)

As for my own obsessions, things happen in 'chains', thinking about one thing leading to the next. Patti Smith is Robert Mapplethorpe is leather is Lou Reed is Berlin is where I live etc. whatever comes to mind and the more unexpected and crazy far out the better. I have a lot of imagination. It's totally subjective of course, but hopefully in keeping with a 'collective memory': I try and work with fairly mainstream associations, rather than with marginal and snobbish things.

Interviews excerpted from Neue Review July 2005 by Jay Chung and Q Takeki Maeda, Marabouparken Annex, Exhibition Journal April 2006 by Helena Selder and Untitled, Winter 2006 Issue by Anna Colin. Reprinted with permission.



Reading, rue Louise Weiss, June 7 2006

Not "he was like a father to me": he was my father. And I'm a ten year old girl.
getting to know this alphabet.

Association is the blade, impossible, that is irrational
likeness is irrational
And true. Like an "equals" sign is true.

The actual color. Involves so much cataloging. Shitting in the office
in the wastepaper basket rather than be seen outside in the hallway with her sores. Pretending to type at the com-
puter so the interns can keep working.

The picture plane is the thing that repeats itself, that starts over with the next one, like dealing a new card.

When did you first understand what pure image was, infinite specificity, zero category, category becomes the thing
that pops up, that's always there, like garbage pops up, what specificity used to be before the image was unzipped
to show pure image. Pure image is not better than image, but it is deeply genetically promiscuous.

The syntactical value of a musical note varies depending on where it is in the melody. It's hard to say that two C's at
different spots in a simple melody are the same note. They're not the same note. They each have other things that
are more closely related to them which are not necessarily C's. Things that rhyme with them in some other way. Think
of Mallarme's strange rhymes which make words seem identical rather than similar. Leonor's images rhyme in this
way.

I used to collect pairs of words in which, if you removed one specific letter from the first word you'd end up with a
second word which had an opposite meaning. It was not easy to find these, you couldn't really go out looking for
them. Over the course of about four years I found maybe thirty-five pairs. It was like seeing a word genetically altered
into its opposite due to a broken chromosome (slaughter-laughter). Leonor's images are thoroughly concerned with
genetics in this way. There is nothing in any of her image fields that is not genetically determined or anti-determined.
And likewise she spent ten years in the field finding, seeing these things.

My friend Rafael (a painter) doesn't want a color, he wants a certain substance, which happens to be a certain color,
like barn red, which is made out of rust, and is bought at the hardware store. He's not looking for the abstraction of
that substance.

The background is related to everything else in the picture in a very specific way, not in a photo-shopped way, some-
thing very much in the material (genetic material) of the image.

It helps to know that covetousness and sloth are cardinal sins, that is things that bring about absolute downfall, not
just taints in the personality. Covetousness is the pursuing or wanting something that you don't need. Sloth is figuring
out a million ways to not do something.

I'll identify a few things, elements so we can get better at reading these fields: look for threes and threes of threes. I
used to see every body made up of twos (two eyes, two breasts, two holes in the nose, everything on either side of
a seam) and it was disturbing.

Losing face: look for the situation of losing face: the three foreground faces in one of her pictures show three different
ways of losing face: the middle one by perfection; the left by too little mentality (cretinism) and the right by too much
mentality, hair, teeth, eyeballs, smile, altogether indicating a face that is flown, gone, not with us.

How disturbing it is to walk around campus on graduation day. Stimulating to the point of nausea. Misanthropy is
actual love, a crush on what is not human in the faces you're looking at.

I have to say that losing face is our only path. Rembrandt's faces projected the human. As did so many others. To see
another human projection now is like taxing an over-exhausted gland... the human is now subsumed, willingly, by that
panty-pressing nympho the Self.

Melon-heads. You see how unabstracted her heads are. You have a feeling of how heavy they are, and what's inside
them, mostly fluid. They all have that melon quality.

Perfection of texture, pure taxonomy of image: I'm telling you these things don't just happen, it's not just some qual-
ity of all images, they have to be found, seen, collected and it takes years...

Even words are unique... scarf is different from scarf, and one molecule differs from its identical neighbor.

Dream-work: it happens instantly via association, resemblance and the unstable energy that releases beauty as a kind of radiation or almost a waste product.

Organization (grasshoppers in formation, because they're on a skewer): A child seeing this will recognize Satan's unacceptable allure and the associative ease of nightmare.

Leonor's life. From France back to the great pictorial tradition in France via New Jersey.

The phallus.

Nowadays it feels like cutting off a limb, like the fox (or wolf?) who chewed his own foot off to get out of a trap. My body shows it: concavity, swollen unformed muscles. Archer's arm. Stomach very strong from leaning back and lifting my legs ad infinitum.

tarot card

elements, fields why is it like a tarot card, because you have to read it, because it associates elements in a very specific way, because there are three elements to see.

The inhuman. is there a way out of 200 years of Romanticism? No less than get out of the human. But getting out of the human is the essence of Romanticism

What is there when the human is not there? Extra human life.

The serene beauty that accompanies slaughter. You can see it in Grunewald's tortured black and green body of Christ...

Do it the hard way. But easy to look at. That makes it bear repeated viewings. To do the compendious dream-work while awake.

Jim Fletcher



Leonor Scherrer

Untitled 2006

49 cm x 20,4 cm

Subject: Family that walks on all fours.

THE OPTIC NERVE (by Antek Walczak)

The photomontages of Leonor Scherrer are an unflinching leap into the continuing image war that spans the various fronts of communication media – journalistic, propagandistic, artistic – and yet this leap has another purpose than to attack, take sides, or declare a position. It wants to crash on the bottom, sink so far to the depths that the pressure becomes intense enough for the eyeballs to explode. It aims to produce a clarifying shock, as if a hardened photojournalist were to lose his distance and bug out on the horror film mega-production he realizes he is working for.

Not even 40 years ago, in the adolescence of the information age, television could still assert its importance as an educational tool. Today, with information as something indispensable to the exertion of power, the right to know is less a question of enlightenment than a struggle for control; less educational, more operational: the lynchpin of contemporary democracies. Within this dominant direction, counter-tendencies have developed. First, there is the treatment of representation in a way that is moral, following the Judeo-Christian-Islamic traditions. The image should be renounced completely, or, failing that, only the appearance of austere images can be tolerated. Underlying the religious values opposing the spiritually true and the false reflection is an ideology for the right to privacy and a disdain for exposure or exhibition that seduces the individual away from tradition. Another counter-tendency takes on information within its matrix, deploys images against the mainstream, advances arguments, and highlights buried truths, contradictions, and corruptions. This would be something along the lines of culture-jamming, activism, and agitprop; practices driven by notions of building an enlightened and critically informed public, a return to the same humanistic values that were once held and then betrayed by the establishment. The totality of what emerges is less a clear partition of the sides of a battle – mainstream media, religious censorship, radical opposition – than the schematics of a process where aspects of all sides are liable to appear in the other in confusing ways. The war of images is also the war of the unconscious and conscious.

With an affinity for the modernist tradition of political photomontage that begins with John Heartfield and continues with Martha Rosler, the realities Scherrer selects from press photos are transposed and combined to arrive at a new expression of the real that exceeds its previously-established limits. At the same time she is not a “political artist” purely interested in the strategy and tactics of representation; equally present is a taste for the dark humour and disillusion with meaning that can be found in Albert Oehlen’s collage techniques or Jake and Dinos Chapman’s dioramas and etchings. Recognizing that morality has been as prostituted as much as meaning in this world, Scherrer rejects a prudishness towards the image as well as a desensitization towards it. The images in her work are mobile moments of fascinated horror that push their way through the composition by association. There is no ending point as everything becomes amplified to the point where relations between images escalate so fast that montage dialectics become a blur and what could have been a simple lesson, or an iconic statement in big letters about the brutalities and crimes of man, stays open and growing, breeding disturbing yet plausible connections. It arrives to a zone where the viewer can start to get a sense of an uncomfortable haze that announces the territory of the libido and the monstrosity of all that is repressed.

The urge to see, to look closely at that which is nominally repressed in an apparent image environment where “everything is permitted” returns the repressed in perverse forms, which leads one to consider the fetish nature of the image. The problem with images is that they are erected into categories of use and effects, and then reinforced into signs that affect people. Any image today, no matter what it shows, has its area of reception, that is to say, its altar. But suddenly when the partitions are broken down, the categories erased, one is confronted with a spinning perceptual mess that could fry the brains of the very spectator who is supposed to be informed, communicated to, guided, and excited. Like a child’s first visit to a shopping mall where the colors, sounds and surfaces combine in an undifferentiated onslaught, the only possible reaction is a wide-eyed stare and feeling of disembodiment. Unable to sort the stimuli out or turn them off, the child’s perceptual experience is like the perceptual breakdowns possible while tripping on LSD. Such a breaking-down is also an accelerated unlearning in order to learn again, being confronted with a confusing grammar of images and then learning to speak with them again, emote with them again. It is by injecting this cycle into the circulation of images today that Scherrer’s work escapes from the constraining opposition between an art that must offer a concrete solution, a positive construction, and an art that declares the impossibility of any solution, a purely nihilistic destruction.



Leonor Scherrer
Untitled 2005
35 cm x 20,8 cm
Subject: A LURD rebel beheaded.



Leonor Scherrer
Untitled 2006
27,9 cm x 40 cm
Subject: WWI facial reconstruction.



MADE IN USA
s/s '00 -- \$7

Bernadette Corporation, magazine Made In Usa, Issue 2 Spring/Summer 2000 (cover)

O la dernière mode by stéphane mallarmé

1874. Three years after the Paris Commune, a new consumer culture rises and spreads: news (sharing space with advertisements on the printed page) is commodified in daily papers, shoppers crowd the first department stores and gas-lit arcades, etc. The poet Stéphane Mallarmé publishes a twice-monthly fashion magazine called *La Dernière Mode* (The Last Style). He is its sole editor, and writes all the articles himself under a variety of female pseudonyms. Along with its ecstatic reports on the latest clothing

profession's particular vocabulary, Mallarmé pushes fashion writing to its limit. His words take us to the point where a product always escapes us. He takes the job seriously. He makes it a ceremony. He has fun with it and speaks in stupid, commercial voices. The appearance of shimmering white silk ultimately disappears in its own description, in its own whiteness, and something intangible like death or infinity is suggested. Or maybe just the stupid vertigo of surfaces reflecting surfaces, pure desire without objects. Supposedly tortured by his lack of recognition as a poet, we wonder at the extent to which Mallarmé makes himself invisible in this anonymous fashion project, and by the pleasure he takes in transforming fashionable appearance into fashionable disappearance. If his poetry is rarefied and produced with extreme slowness, his fashion writing is all speed. *La Dernière Mode* is superficial to the extreme, a cheap kind of writing, written for the new consumer culture which never produced the ideal reader Mallarmé had hoped would embrace his poetry. It is beach reading, for the distracted browser. It is Mallarmé giving the people what they want, but also showing how there is no end to this kind of consumption, a dream-scape with no horizons. These pages enact an erotic ceremony of styles replacing styles, getting off on the passing of things before our eyes, treating products as the mediating objects between consciousness and the absolute.

It's not the lace veil he gives us, but the pleasure of seeing it and seeing through it at the same time. The closer his words get to the veil he's describing, the more veil-like they become. Fashion is filmy things producing infinite effects. Its objectivity is of a sort which perpetually loses itself because there really are no fashion objects, or at least no end to them.

(John Kelsey)



styles, *La Dernière Mode* includes theater reviews, short fiction, an advice column, decorating tips, recipes and ads. It has a total run of eight slim issues.

Flipping through *La Dernière Mode* today, we are struck by its near lack of images, and then by the pleasure of its written descriptions. Descriptions of women's fashions which hint at an awareness of their own potential endlessness. Mallarmé's famous statement that, as a poet, he paints "not the thing but the effect that it produces," is also the principle behind his secret fashion project. Except here he deals with things as effects. We begin to suspect a high concept at work, a game of words replacing images, of descriptions replacing the world, canceling it. Posing as a fashion journalist, and seduced not only by the flashy products but by the

fashion news

Which should we believe, Ladies, the testimony of our eyes or that of our ears? The question is if there are a lot of shoppers in Paris, or if it's true that business is not going well at all. Considering the crowds which, at this moment, pack the galleries of the Louvre and the Bon Marché on the Rue de Sevres, one would say that all of Paris has been sent out to do business at the fashion boutiques. Each performs this task, and with a drive which leaves nothing to be desired.

Whether one goes to Mr. Worth's in a two horse carriage, attracted by the famous creator's three new dresses, or whether one goes to the Indian Trunk for thyme, otter or heron-colored cashmeres, everywhere it's the same burning, collective desire to spend money.

There are however a lot of people who are angered by this way of providing a living for the designers, and who insist that nothing is right anymore in our capital. This irritates the magazine editors, but we must learn to listen to the discontented: not everyone is happy, not everyone can buy chaos, Infantin or dream blue dresses, or otter-colored, pure wool tunics from Tibet.

I have named these three famous dresses, and at the risk of provoking the envious, I want at least to describe the dream blue dress.

We have all dreamed this dress without knowing it. Only Mr. Worth knew how to create an outfit as fugitive as our thoughts.

All one has to do is want it to imagine a long, flowing skirt of the most perfect silk, this blue so pale, with opal glints, sometimes glimpsed in silvery clouds. The front is crinkled and extra-pleated, the side panels are ornamented from top to bottom with bow-knots, pompoms lined with blonde silk; and from one side to the other, beneath a sliding pouf, winds a sash set off in primrose and blue highlights. The waist is medieval, with bursts of gold, and the

sleeves too are festooned with knotted pompoms. An opulently pleated shawl speaks in hues of Springtime.

This is the definition of a young woman's formal outfit, because all young women must prefer to wear this than those red or egg yolk-colored costumes inaugurated by the other big designers.

For cashmere dresses and for all these stylish camel hair or indian goat hair fabrics, *La Dernière Mode* has just made arrangements with the premiere house of Paris, which will allow our journal to make available to its subscribers samples upon demand, or you can order the entire collection by mail.

MISS SATIN

2 paris report

theater, books, art, echoes of the salon and beach

A thousand secrets (unreliable story of an evening out) detaching themselves from the noise of fashion will here find, before losing themselves in the din of the orchestra, an echo: lists of dancers lost among the tossed flowers, concert programs or dinner menus, compose, indeed, a special literature, immortal in its own way for a week or two. Nothing is to be neglected in the existence of an epoch: everything belongs to everybody. A smile! but it circulates already, barely formed, in the heavy-doored rooms, expected, detested, adored, appreciated, envied; enrapturing, irritating or calming souls; and it's in vain that the fan which at first believed to be hiding it, now distracted, tries to catch it again or slow down its flight. Sorry! the petals of your two lips, I take note of their grace, which other lips, silently moving as they read this, try to imitate. So things go, and rightly: doesn't the world have a sort of right to reproduce the most profound manifestation of our instincts? it provokes it, refines it. Everything lively is learned this way, even beauty, and the tilt of the head, we get these from someone, like wearing a dress. To flee this world? for nature? as we traverse it like mist, in its external reality, with its landscapes, its places, to arrive somewhere else: modern image of its deficiency for us! Yes, if indoor pleasures having yielded their season to open air diversions - races in the park and regattas on the river - are leaving you again and the park and the river are now eager to refresh your eyes in the forgetfulness caused by a vast and naked horizon; isn't this, surely, so that we can find there a newness of looking and taste the paradox of innocent and cunning fashions, which the Ocean, from its depths, embroiders with its foam? Without the least remorse, appearing in this vacation season as if at the perfect moment, this Journal interposes itself between your dreaming and the double azure of sea and sky: the time for flipping through it, probably skipping this Introduction.

at Your Service,
lx.

3 skylark hunting with a net

Ladies, this season more than ever, are taking to the fields, rifles in hand, and hunting bigger animals in the forest. But many don't appear to be in love with gunshots or forced galloping.

Here is fashionable hunting with a rather original style, and it hardly differs from an ordinary pleasure outing.

In a field frequented by skylarks, just where it narrows a bit between two hillocks or two thickets: stretch, at less than a man's height, a long net between these two obstacles. As the day comes to a close with an early dinner, get up from the table, ladies and sirs, then go something like a thousand paces from the place: watch carefully. The group forms a line and hand in hand everybody advances, forming a chain of ladies just like at a dance, but wider. Sweeping of dresses (now becoming a means of hunting) against the earth, and the quickening of footsteps, add to the noise made by stones or reeds dragged at the ends of strings, and the procession heads straight for the contraption; and from the ground, with their evening wings, flying horizontal and low, larks are taking off and getting their heads and wings caught up in the wide mesh of *la parrière* (that's its name), much like the river nets which transform fishing into a miraculous hunt. Considerable spoils, in the end; and, the baskets handed over to the servants, we return with the first stars to the salon, where the real revolutions of the dance can begin.

To fashion a net in the green room of a park, isn't this an occasion for all hands, for an afternoon?

This is a charming after dinner outing, suitable today even for distinguished guests, offered here to our readers, by one of the most exquisite humorists and an old hunter, whose name, for our generation, has lost nothing its charm. We have the good fortune of adding it to this description of a little known sport.

according to TOUSSENEL

4 fashion news

Alright. Dresses: it's fitting for a fashion magazine to describe them down to the hem. Everybody, from the fashion designer to the clever housemaid, can, after reading our descriptions, just about pattern a blouse, a skirt, an apron. The Hat is really another thing! some velvet or silk, some felt or a form (which is often nothing but the very absence of form), and I could speak to you for an hour: make something of all that, with some flowers, some feathers and my words. Inevitably, except for the abnormally imaginative, each of you, Readers, will take the road of the famous Hat-makers.

Of all the styles glimpsed these last few days, in the park, at the theater, everywhere, none are more ravishing than those of MARIE BAILLET; one equals this designer with difficulty, but cannot surpass her. Knowing how to marry art with nuances which, for anyone else would be hazardous, and using ordinary or rare flowers, she decorates forms which are, more than eccentric - Parisian: and Paris is the *grande dame* of all countries. Foreign capitals have taken from us her Lamballe hat, smart and becoming on all young ladies, even on the unattractive ones, if there are any! because it composes a face of its own. As for the Figaro hat, it is deliciously original: too familiar to describe here, and already presented by one of our illustrators two weeks ago.

I can and I must also praise the designs of Louise et Lucie: these

are some marvelous flowers they have made, with which they create equally marvelous coiffures. One could say of these ladies that they have fingers of morning roses, but of an artificial morning, opening petals and pistils of fabric. Speaking of roses, I notice above all, in this new collection, a garland of this flower - too underestimated today - surrounded by glinting leaves of gold. And a trimming of purple geraniums with a splendid foliage of velvet trailing behind. Gloves, slippers, etc, we were saying? No, this time it will simply be the Corset. Choose the Corset Elegant, made by Madame Gibert (Rue du Bac, 187). With a special cut (it is all one piece) and such perfect workmanship that we regret hiding it under a dress! This object is indispensable for the tight-fitting outfits of today. All the Fashion world recognizes the talent, and I will say the kindness of Mme Gibert, a point worth noting: because she makes house calls to her clients, prepares, looks, tries, etc. With a word thrown in the mailbox a few hours in advance.

MISS SATIN

5 style

Ball Gowns, Vaporous but tight-fitting, with an example. - fabrics for young girls and young ladies - etc.

Whoever looks, will see, mixed with satin, symptoms which already reveal the secret, under gauze, under silk tulle or under lace.

Tradition, obeyed by more or less all Ball Gowns, I define in this way: to make light, vaporous, airy for this superior style of walking called dancing, the divinity appearing in their cloud.

First and foremost:

If classical ball gown fabrics enjoy enveloping us like a gust of fog in all their whitenesses, the dress itself, on the contrary, bust and waist, more than ever, is tight-fitting: Delicious and cunning opposition between vagueness and that which must be accentuated.

An example of this rule, which comes from Fashion authorities too absolute to not be followed soon by a thousand delighted subjects: bust fitted snugly from the top down to the hips, and skirt pulled flat in front, bust joining waist at mid-body, then scarf; did not Europe acquire this new taste from the Orient?

....

Girls, I speak for you:

Your dresses will be in tulle illusion of many subtle hues, but above all white; with frothy or pleated scarves, attached to the train or at the side with a tuft or bouquet of flowers, or by a garland, which would be the latest trend. Satin slips are generally preferable to silk, because they shimmer more under tulle or gauze: and very pretty Chambery gauze seldom tears in the heat of the dance, but is in my opinion more of a dinner outfit than for dancing.

As for you, Ladies:

Satin gowns or veiled white tulle illusion, lifted on either side by bunches of flowers, others decorated entirely with real feathers or lace, fabricated in Brussels. I add: always, a lot of blonde whites beaded with white stones, as well as silk embroidered on tulle. A thousand ravishing effects to be gotten from these details, reproducing the flora of dreams or even frost-covered flowerbeds - all white!

Closing our eyes on these adorable motifs which challenge my description, I continue, strict and to the point.

That butterfly bows be, with a happy lack of symmetry, posed, to complete widely spaced and finely folded flounces, ornate as blossoming trellises or chandeliers: this is an ordinary, rather easy luxury. The genius which transforms fabrics into butterflies and flowers, yields to the pure and simple splendor of the fabrics themselves -

silver lined white tulle alternating with bands of white satin, or powdered with gold or the dust of multi-colored gems. No ornamentation is useless in this case, no excess in vain, other than the thousand complications which come with the style of the skirt alone - flouncy, frothy, worn like this, like that, high, low: nothing more than this scattered and luminous prestige.

Marguerite de Ponty

fashion news

6

Dresses, hats? no; not even, like the last time, fabrics. Her outfit arranged and complete, there is, if its harmony is exquisite, this taste of distinction which a woman exudes; but, honestly, this sensation does not cancel another, composed by flowers, real Violets of Parma for example. The very soul of these flowers, to survive in the cloud of a lace scarf, must undergo cunning preparations before acquiring its immortality! ask for it at Pinaud and Meyer, or rather just take the Brochure of the scent mentioned above, which alone will satisfy your curiosity. Snow whose temperature chaps the skin, but lends it a lively and enviable freshness, cream which slackens its texture, but heals and improves it, these two entirely opposite whitenesses combine, for me, their virtues without their dangers, in this product with the delicious name: Snow-Cream. The bottle contains its marvelous liquid, filled with such softness, and such energy: in other words all the goodness of the most delicate camomils exposed to winter.

Oppoponax (creme and soap), Exora, Yang Yang, or Nard Celtique: strange but delicious scents, which, when inhaled, make us dream as do, simply pronounced, the names.

Extremely fashionable and luxurious, these scents have nothing to do, if you will, with the medicine cabinet: filling up exotic and bizarre bottles - saxon, venetian, bohemian, etc. Rare glasses and porcelains from which precious smells escape, what charming gifts for the new year: and doesn't a perfume bottle contain a delight entirely beyond the happiness which arrives with a box of sweets? I stop myself here because there are a thousand curious things to say on this subject.

MISS SATIN

(translated by John Kelsey)





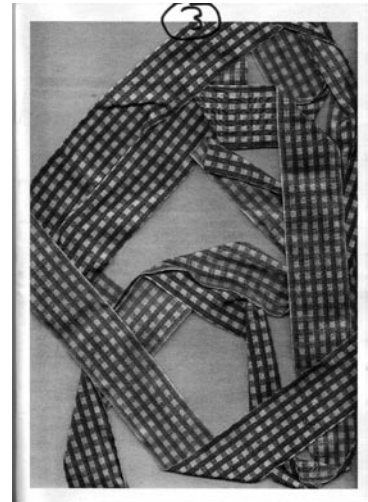
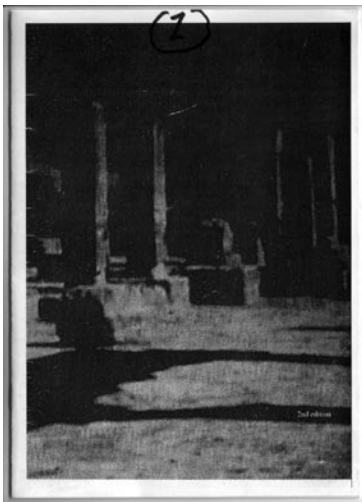
Bernadette Corporation, magazine Made In Usa, Issue 2 Spring/Summer 2000



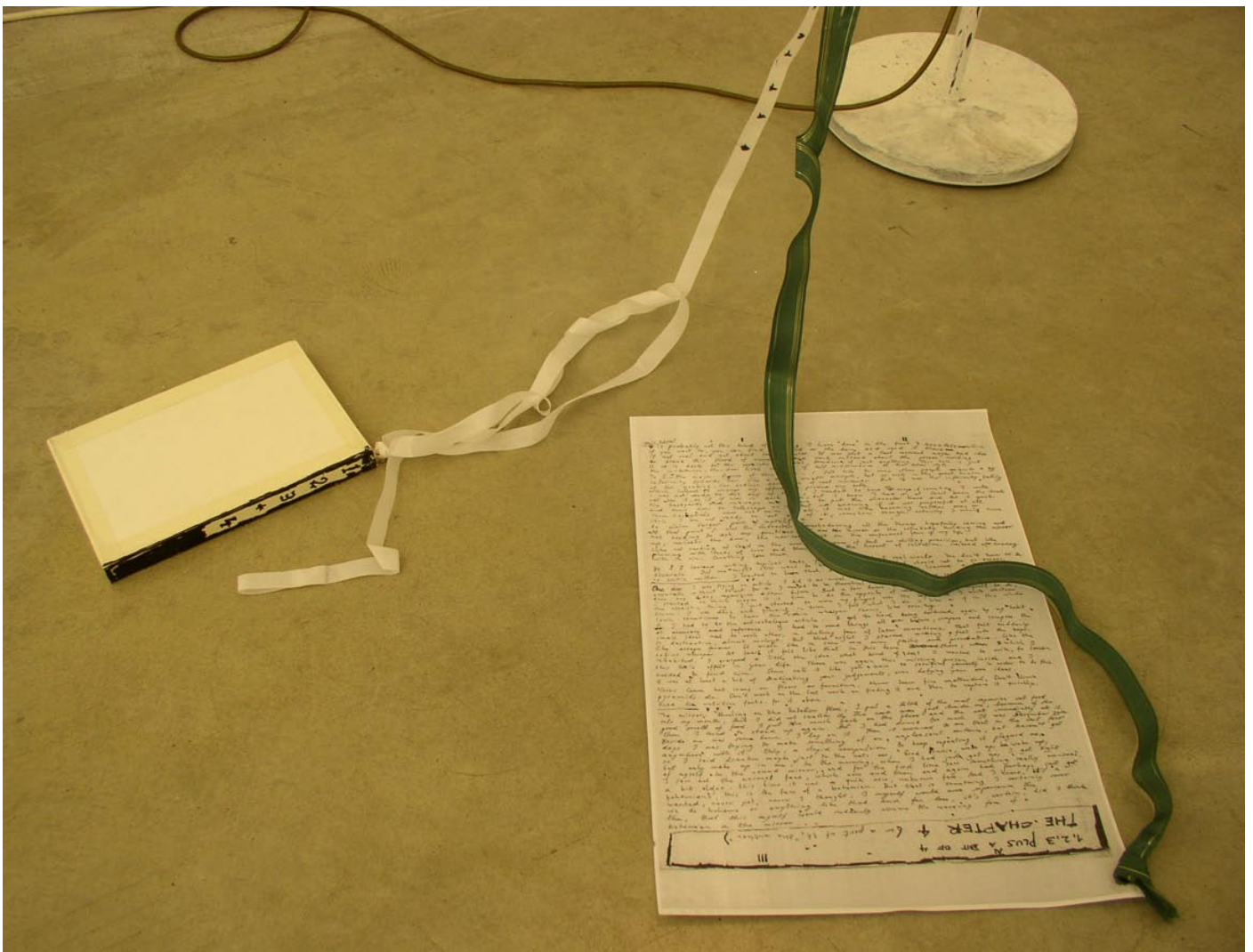
DRESS AND BEAD NECKLACE BY AMERICAN MANUFACTURING CO., SHOES BY ANDRE WALKER







Josef Strau, 1,2,3 plus something like 4, detail. Covers: *White nights*, *Dear Little Tiger*, and *The Bad Conscience*.





*Claire Fontaine, If You See Something, Say Something
2005, Reena Spaulings*



Virginie Bambou : Claire, peux-tu te présenter à nos lecteurs et nous parler de ta pratique ready-made ?

Pour Claire, c'est difficile de parler d'elle-même, elle est réservée et surtout elle essaye de se concentrer sur des sujets plus importants. Elle cherche à comprendre beaucoup de choses qui lui paraissent insensées ces jours-ci. Par exemple, le partage des richesses et le lien éventuel qui peut s'établir entre le partage des intelligences et le partage des biens matériels. Le collectionneur, ou le musée, achètent des œuvres, mais ces œuvres continuent de vivre leur vie avec ceux et celles qui les rencontrent occasionnellement. Elles ne sont pas séquestrées et assassinées, comme on voudrait le faire croire, elles conservent une valeur d'usage qui est celle de l'intelligence d'une solution possible pour les problèmes qu'elles posent. Cette solution peut venir aussi bien de la part d'autres artistes que du public. La motivation première d'une artiste lorsqu'elle produit un travail, quoi qu'on en dise, n'est ni économique ni narcissique, mais c'est le besoin de socialiser des questions qui la tourmentent. C'est pour cela que pour Claire, reprendre les travaux des autres est le contraire du plagiat. C'est même la meilleure manière de contribuer à leur univers, de leur rendre hommage, de ne pas laisser le temps qui passe enterrer vivants les problèmes irrésolus.

V.B. : Ce principe est en effet inhérent à la prolongation d'idées ou de pensées. Mais à la différence de stratégies de reprises chez d'autres artistes, les œuvres, formes, ou 'références' artistiques que tu choisis de reprendre deviennent le support, l'enseigne quasi ready-made de statements ou de slogans qui le deviennent aussi du fait de cette double opération. Et là, tu nous mets face à une multitude de problèmes irrésolus, presque à une impasse... Mais pour revenir à la notion de "séquestration" des œuvres, avec *If you see something...* et son pendant *Collector*, tous les deux réalisés à partir d'un travail de Felix Gonzales Torres, tu proposes deux scénarios de détournement dans lesquels les œuvres pour le coup sont vraiment rendues muettes et occupe une place à la fois comique et pathétique dans l'espace d'exposition...

Cette aporie, ce blocage que tu décris n'existe que du point de vue de l'histoire de l'art – ce qui n'est pas peu de chose, je suis d'accord. Mais dans une certaine mesure ce n'est pas vraiment son problème car Claire ne travaille pas à sa propre historicisation, elle ne travaille pas à produire un corpus d'œuvres, mais à traduire les questions qui la harcèlent dans des formes plastiques. Elle pense que ce qui est caractéristique de l'histoire de notre présent est cette alternative : soit la renonciation à l'originalité telle que l'entendaient les avant-gardes soit la lutte un peu pathétique pour faire quelque chose de « nouveau ». La formulation du concept d'artiste ready-made revient à la nécessité de poser les problèmes sur le plan de la subjectivation et non plus de la production plastique, sur le positionnement politique et existentiel du travail, sur ce qu'il produit autour de lui et non pas dans la critique. Duchamp en ce sens est un artiste fondateur, à la fois pour son « invention » du ready-made et à la fois pour son assumption qu'il en était un lui-même à son tour, que ce qui comptait était son emploi du temps : la nage, les échecs, l'oisiveté, le célibat, n'importe, tout ce qui n'était pas la virilité guerrière. C'est très DADA tout cela aussi, mais c'était à l'époque de la fable des avant-gardes, alors c'est très aristocratique, quelqu'un d'autre s'occupait des masses et pas de la meilleure manière... Le problème de cette approche est que les unités de mesure pour évaluer les effets vitaux et politiques du travail n'existent pas – ce qui est aussi une ressource car cela empêche la tentation de l'accumulation autant que l'établissement de hiérarchies immuables. Mais cela demande de ne pas se fourvoyer, de ne pas confondre sa propre réception critique et commerciale avec le vrai but de sa pratique.

Pour revenir à ta question, bien sûr Claire aborde les matériaux et les problèmes de son temps. Elle ne cherche pas tant à reprendre les supports et les formes employés par d'autres mais à saisir l'essence de leur geste. Or le propre du champ de l'art c'est que le mariage entre un problème (conceptuel, logique, politique) et son support, sa forme, n'est pas aléatoire. Deleuze disait : avoir une idée c'est avoir une idée en peinture ou avoir une idée en cinéma. L'idée vient déjà dans le champ plastique avec ses exigences de présentation et ses intransigeances. Alors dans les exemples que tu cites, les bonbons, emballés et cachés à la vue, figurent l'amitié, en particulier le potentiel de communisme. Chez Torres il y a une référence directe à l'enfance – notamment dans la pièce *Untitled, (Portrait of Dad)* – mais l'enfance est pour Claire, dans ses travaux, toujours une allégorie du communisme réalisable. Dans *If you see something* l'idée est que notre méfiance et notre peur du terrorisme peuvent se révéler aussi absurdes que la recommandation de ne pas accepter de bonbons par les inconnus. Le gouvernement nous infantilise lorsqu'il nous terrorise, mais aussi tout simplement à chaque fois qu'il s'occupe de nous pour « notre bien », alors qu'il veut notre soumission et notre productivité. *Untitled, (Collectors)* est plus « pathétique », si tu veux, mais c'est aussi une pièce pleine de colère et pas vraiment muette. Il pourrait s'agir de sacs chez le collectionneur contenant une pièce de Gonzales Torres lorsqu'elle n'est pas installée. Mais ça fonctionne aussi comme une métaphore littérale de ce qui arrive au travail de l'artiste dès qu'il se frotte à la réalité de son contexte. Cela ne veut pas dire que vendre son art c'est se corrompre ou donner des perles aux cochons, mais que les rapports capitalistes, le fétichisme dans toutes ses formes, créent de la séparation et du cannibalisme ; que dans ces relations humaines il y a toujours de la production de déchets sociaux, et que ceux qu'on exclut ne sont pas nécessairement les pires. Mais aussi que la propriété privée est un problème qui affecte les personnes et les choses, le visage du monde. Bien sûr que ce que l'on voit dans l'espace d'exposition ce sont deux sacs poubelle au lieu d'un objet d'art habituel (?) mais cela correspond au degré zéro de la réception, alors que les enfants du quartier ont trouvé une valeur d'usage directe à la pièce et □

Instructions pour le partage de la propriété privée, par exemple, que RSFA a exposé à la foire de Bâle, est une vidéo ready-made sur le cambriolage comme art et plaisir, et sur les moyens économiques de forcer toutes sortes de serrures. Bien sûr c'est aussi une métaphore, les portes qui s'ouvrent peuvent être celles des classes dirigeantes devant les artistes qu'elles chérissent, et bien sûr ces instructions pour devenir cambrioleurs restent symboliques : très peu de gens essayeront de mettre en pratique ce qu'ils voient. Mais en même temps c'est une manière de faire confiance aux

spectateurs, de leur dire : le vol, c'est simple, notre soumission nous conduit à respecter des gens qui s'enrichissent de manière nuisible, notre peur de la prison et du jugement moral des autres nous bloque lorsqu'on veut passer à l'acte et satisfaire des besoins matériels toujours très modestes. Alors que ces considérations-là n'arrêtent pas un bon nombre d'autres personnes qui se sont fait passer les clés par quelqu'un, ou qui en ont hérité et ne questionnent pas leurs privilèges, ou qui simplement volent à grande échelle et n'ont pas besoin de modifier une épingle à nourrice ou un trombone pour y parvenir. On est tout le temps enfermé à tort hors de plein de choses, alors qu'on pourrait essayer de transformer cette situation, ce qui finirait par nous transformer aussi, je veux dire en tant que sujets. Ce n'est qu'ainsi qu'on change. Mais encore une fois, une vidéo reste une vidéo, le problème dont elle traite est réel et Claire le pose sans prétendre le résoudre.

Qu'est-ce que tu as présenté sur le stand de ta galerie à Bâle ?

Reena a bien voulu présenter la vidéo dont on vient de parler, ainsi que deux autres travaux liés à la même problématique. L'un d'eux est un set de clés, fait maison, qui permet de mettre en pratique différentes techniques de cambriolage, de la plus artisanale à la plus professionnelle. Son titre est *Passe-partout* et, à la foire, on pouvait voir la version new-yorkaise, avec une petite statue de la liberté dorée qui pend à côté des clés.

L'autre qui a pour titre *371 Grand* est un jeu de clés de la galerie Reena Spaulings moulé avec le kit utilisé par le FBI. Ce kit, qu'il est somme toute assez facile de se procurer, permet de copier parfaitement n'importe quelle clé en moins de trois minutes, le résultat est fonctionnel et esthétiquement très beau. Le métal est juste un peu plus fragile que celui habituellement utilisé pour les clés, il faut être très délicat au moment de la torsion dans la serrure.

Ce dernier travail fait partie d'un projet censé se poursuivre : Claire propose aux galeristes ou à ceux qui l'invitent à exposer (son travail) de mouler et de copier les clés de leur espace et de leur réserve, de pouvoir révéler leur adresse qui fera office de titre, et de les mettre en vente. Le collectionneur, qui les achète pour une somme assez raisonnable, aura ainsi potentiellement accès à tout moment à une quantité parfois énorme d'objets de valeur. Ce fait pourra exister au titre de pure possibilité, mais la présence inquiétante de cette possibilité trouble légèrement les règles du jeu. Sur le stand, il y avait aussi une série de panneaux en carton avec des inscriptions réalisées à la flamme, selon le même procédé que Claire utilise pour les travaux normalement écrits au plafond. Ces panneaux viennent d'un emballage de toilettes et ont été peints en blanc avec une couche fine qui laisse entrevoir les beaux dessins des cuvettes et les informations qui les accompagnent. Les phrases que Claire a choisies viennent de la culture publicitaire ou des slogans, il y a « La force de l'art la faiblesse des artistes » qui évoque la triste situation de ceux et celles qui se sont vus exposés dans l'expo Villepin sans pouvoir ou vouloir vraiment s'y opposer. Il y a « with or against us » qui reflète bien l'idée que Claire se fait de l'amitié, comme précieux point de jonction entre le politique et l'affectif, et qui est en réalité un détournement d'un slogan des fascistes italiens, « con noi o contro di noi » - rappelant bien sûr l'importance du contexte lorsqu'on se trouve en présence d'un texte ou d'une image. Et d'autres encore...

En quoi, comme tu le dis toi-même, ta pratique est-elle symbolique ?

La pratique artistique de Claire est symbolique dans la mesure où, comme elle le dit, dans l'art les questions sont soulevées mais elles n'y trouvent pas leur solution. C'est comme si, pour que les problèmes prennent corps dans cet espace, ils devaient au préalable être vidés de leur poids. Pourtant cette « légèreté », que beaucoup condamnent comme quelque chose d'immoral, est en réalité une ressource qui permet d'aborder des choses qui ne peuvent pas être dites ou faites autrement ou ailleurs. C'est en cela que l'art est très lié à l'impuissance politique : si on pouvait vivre pleinement les choses qu'on représente nous n'aurions pas besoin de les représenter, en tout cas certainement pas de la manière dont on le fait.

En réalité la pratique de Claire est parsemée de beaucoup d'actions directes, sur la matière aussi bien que sur la langue - qu'elle doit tout le temps plier à cause de sa condition d'apatride. Mais encore faudrait-il savoir ce qu'on veut dire lorsqu'on parle d'« actions directes » dans le domaine culturel ou politique. Pour faire simple, Claire doit survivre dans un monde hostile et veut préserver les quelques fragments de potentiel subversif que le hasard des choses a mis dans sa vie et sur son chemin. Pour cela elle pratique la création comme un processus collectif et essaie de produire des espaces mentaux et visuels à partager avec de possibles camarades que sans cela elle ne pourrait pas rencontrer.

Étrangers partout

Loin, loin de toi se déroule l'histoire mondiale, l'histoire mondiale de ton âme.
F. Kafka

On commence toujours par se demander qui sont ceux qui ne sont pas désirés pour ensuite les inscrire sur la liste des indésirables.

On leur demande d'épeler leur nom car il s'agit toujours de noms étrangers, de noms inconnus.

On leur demande de se mettre en file, de se tenir calmes, de ne pas poser de questions, il n'y a de toute façon pas d'interprètes.

On fiche, on fait de longues listes, on les garde en mémoire électronique, on les laisse dormir dans les ventres des ordinateurs, puis un beau jour on les réveille : c'est de lui, d'elle, d'eux dont on ne veut plus, cet homme, ces enfants et cette femme, on n'en veut pas merci. C'est arrivé avant, cela arrive encore, le même protocole, les mêmes sensations du côté des exécutants et des déportés.

D'ailleurs pourquoi sont-ils venus ici, eux, ces gens, loin de leur langue, de leur famille, de leur place ? Mais on ne leur demande ni quelle est leur langue, ni comment est leur famille ni quelle est la place qu'ils voudraient pour eux.

Où vont-ils, les indésirables, quand ils disparaissent de notre vue? La terminologie employée en dit long: dans des camps de "rétention", ils subissent une "expulsion", terminologie fécale qui ne trompe pas ; non seulement le capitalisme n'a pas résolu le problème de ses déchets mais de plus en plus rapidement le statut de déchet gagne ce que jusqu'à hier n'en était pas, cela vaut pour les choses cela vaut pour les personnes.

Un des aspects de l'état d'exception qui est la règle pour nous c'est que notre compatibilité avec le système est l'objet d'une négociation permanente à laquelle nous devons travailler sans arrêt, que notre utilité sur le marché du travail est une notion à minuterie.

On dit rentrez chez-vous à des personnes qui ont perdu leur chez-eux au point qu'ils acceptent de le chercher à l'autre bout du monde.

On dit on n'a plus besoin de vous à des gens qui, eux, ont besoin du travail qui les refuse.

Les étrangers ne sont pas ceux qui viennent d'ailleurs, ceux qui sont d'une autre "race", la race des indésirables est simplement celle des exploités, de ceux qu'on relègue dans le camp du besoin et qui confondent les frontières des désirs avec celle des mirages publicitaires. On prétend qu'ils vont disparaître comme tels, qu'ils sont le résultat d'une contingence défavorable, d'une démocratie inachevée, qu'ils sont les symptômes d'une maladie infantine du capitalisme global.

Mais il n'en est rien.

C'est eux le moteur de notre économie, les porteurs sains de richesse.

De toute manière - dites-vous - de toute manière cette histoire est triste et connue mais ces choses-là arrivent aux Autres, pas à nous, aux Autres ; ces Autres dont nous ne savons pas nous demander qui ils sont, où ils vivent. Notre exil intérieur les met dans la première cellule, verrouillée tous les jours à la même heure par le manque général de temps et de curiosité.

Ils sont pourtant là les autres. Leur souffrance empest l'air que nous respirons, leur force-travail payée de miettes garde nos salaires bas, leur solitude les empêche de s'organiser, leur enfermement matérialise silencieusement autour de nos vies une aura de prison.

Le repli identitaire occidental, la peur de proximité, les opinions louées aux journaux et au petit écran, nous allons les payer très chers. Nous allons connaître une pauvreté qui va éveiller les pires des souvenirs, une pauvreté qui n'est pas liée à la crise économique et qui est bien plus ravageuse, une pauvreté de possibles qui ronge déjà tous les bords du politique.

L'état des rues affecte l'état de nos intérieurs. Depuis que nos appartements sont devenus des refuges où on ne doit pas oser héberger les oubliés de la mémoire policière, notre propriété privée est démasquée de son innocence apparente et se révèle enfin comme un acte de guerre.

On ne veut pas de réfugiés ici car les vrais réfugiés c'est nous, colonisés par notre propre pays qui n'est pour nous qu'un pays d'accueil: un territoire surveillé par le capital global dont nous devons accepter les lois hostiles ou partir dans le non-lieu des prisons.

On nous demande depuis quelques années d'avoir peur plusieurs fois par jour et parfois d'être terrorisés, et on ose nous parler de sécurité.

Mais la sécurité n'a jamais été une affaire de milices, la sécurité se mesure à la possibilité d'être protégé quand on est dans le besoin, c'est le potentiel d'amitié qui se cache en tout être humain. Depuis que cela est détruit, tout dans l'espace est hanté par le risque. Les étrangers sont partout, il est vrai, mais nous-mêmes nous sommes des étrangers dans les rues et les couloirs de métro sillonnés par les hommes en uniforme.

Ces lois qui rejettent les inconnus venus d'ailleurs jettent une lumière nouvelle sur le Paris terrain de jeu du Capital, sur le "nettoyage" des quartiers populaires et l'organisation du tourisme interne à l'espace urbain. Vous verrez ce qu'ils veulent dire quand ils installent un "espace civilisé" ou ils écrivent sur une pancarte que "votre quartier se transforme". Ils veulent dire que le colonialisme c'est la guerre et que les colonisés c'est nous tous, nous autres.

...il faut que ce texte se termine, il pourrait continuer mais il est inutile. Nous le savons. Il se sert pour exister de la liberté la plus pauvre qui nous reste, la liberté d'expression, qui est une ironie.

Le langage est déjà un paquebot qui coule sous le poids de son inoffensivité. Il ne nous abrite pas, il est toujours l'étranger de quelqu'un.

Il nous faut d'urgence partir pour un autre voyage, qui nous mette du côté des indésirables, qui questionne nos frontières personnelles, qui nous débarrasse de la peur.

"Nous (...) les gens d'ici avec nos tristes expériences et nos continuelles frayeurs, la crainte nous trouve sans résistance ; nous prenons peur au moindre craquement du bois, et quand l'un de nous a peur, l'autre prend peur aussitôt, sans même savoir exactement pourquoi. Comment juger sainement dans de telles conditions?"
F. Kafka, *Le Château*.

Claire Fontaine, 2005
mailto:assistant@clairefontaine.ws

« L'espace dans lequel nous vivons, par lequel nous sommes attirés hors de nous-mêmes, dans lequel se déroule précisément l'érosion de notre vie, de notre temps et de notre histoire, cet espace qui nous ronge et qui nous ravine est en lui-même aussi un espace hétérogène. Autrement dit, nous ne vivons pas dans une sorte de vide, à l'intérieur duquel on pourrait situer des individus et des choses. Nous ne vivons pas à l'intérieur d'un vide qui se colorerait de différents chatouillements, nous vivons à l'intérieur d'un ensemble de relations qui définissent des emplacements irréductibles les uns aux autres et absolument non superposables. »

M. Foucault, *Des espaces autres*, 1967

« Dans un des logements qui nous a été donné de visiter, nous avons remarqué la famille d'un brave ouvrier qui travaillait dans sa cuisine à remettre lui-même en état les chaussures de ses neuf enfants. La femme était au lavoir et la table était dressée, avec six couverts dans la salle à manger. Le rata sentait bon et la nappe était bien blanche. Les plus petits grouillaient autour du visiteur et leur mine était florissante. Le locataire prit le plus jeune et nous le montrant avec fierté, nous dit : celui-ci était malade quand nous sommes venus ici; le grand air de la maison le soleil qui entre partout et les promenades dans le jardin lui ont rendu la santé. Voilà le plus bel éloge qui puisse être fait au riche capitaliste qui place aussi bien son argent. »

W. Darvillé, *Maison Ouvrière de la Fondation Singer-Polignac, La construction moderne*, 1911

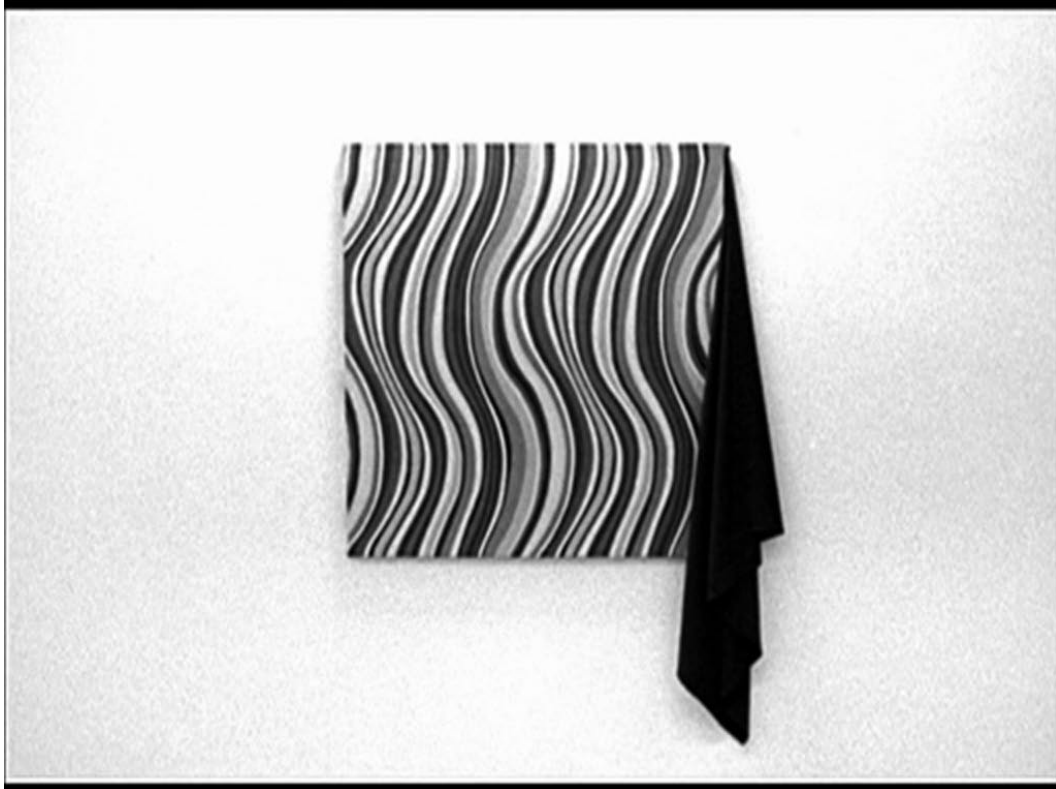
«D'où venait cette joie que nous avons tous à quitter la maison ? (...) Tout nous paraissait si beau, si luxueux, ailleurs qu'à la maison. Même le bouillon des buffets de gare que papa déclarait " infâme ", nous paraissait avoir bien meilleur goût que celui de la table de famille.»

V. Larbaud, *Enfantines*, 1986

Gabrieloni lamborghini: *Adriana Lara has found a useful manual to construct a brilliant collection of Italian contemporary art. In her video Art Film 1: Ever present-yet ignored, the discourse of Euclidian sensibility of a cutting edge design doctrine manifests itself in the collective unconscious, making us feel how familiarly lapidary the act of observing an exhibition of avant-garde artworks can be. To know what "Io non faccio politica" means is as clear as to know how to walk between thousand million dollars abstractions without being scandalized. This was clear enough for Pasolini...*



Adriana Lara, Art Film 1: Ever Present Yet Ignored



- It is only after years of preparation that the young artist should touch color—not color used descriptively, but as a means of personal expression.
- Most artists are surrealists... Always dreaming something and then they paint it.



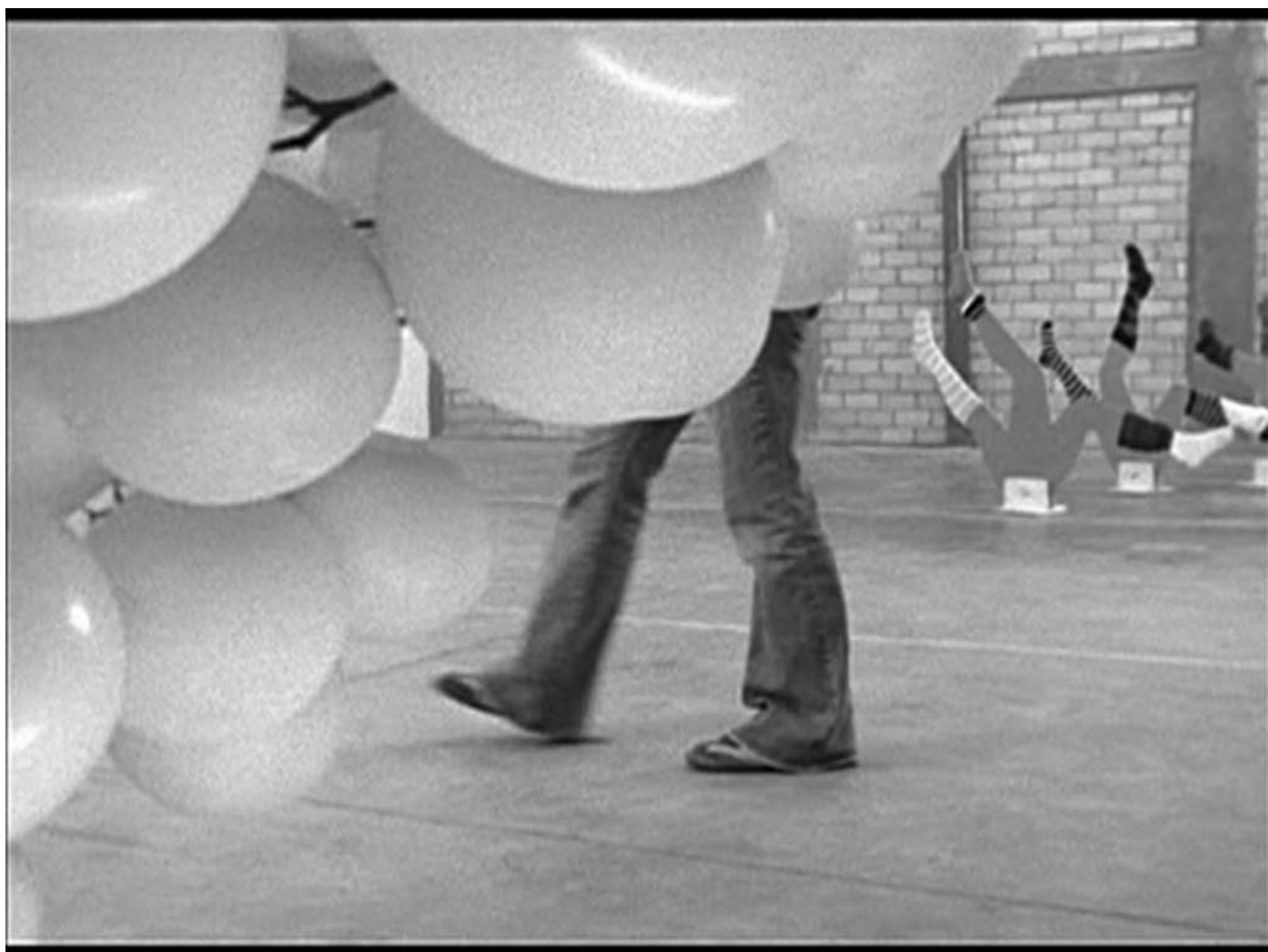
- Reduced effects and sensations result in a particular attention to things and phenomena that are not visible at first glance. The gaze into the void thus unveils the peripheral. The ephemeral and the latent unfold. What remains is a diverse, shimmering nothing. This exhibition is filled with it.
- What a gloss of virtue

ARTWORKS
EX-TUBE
GRAPES
ROCK
CHAIN
FAKE R. PRINCE HOOD
FAKE THEREMIN
OP PONCHO PAINTING
SEX WITH SOCKS
PLANT GOD
SOUND PIECE
VIDEO
DEATH CARPET

-To me it is the same if art is seen autonomously; it triggers no emotion in me. I'm not an art lover. I don't care about representation, or technique. Today it's all about art as a product; it's about creating more means of consumption. Therefore, art as we know it becomes something else. I believe art has an overrated sense of creativity. My biggest interests are my life and emotions, not the arts.

-I'm not an art believer. It can't fix society.

-The future of art is advertising. Sorry, no, that's the present. Which is the future?



Adriana Lara has told me a few times that her interest in art is not rooted in the social thrusts of its key players (making works about the art system), but how aesthetics is or can be understood in the present and future.

The work *Art Film I: Ever present yet ignored* (2006), talks to me about how art and philosophy's rudimentary forms can lend for strikingly miscalculated opinions in creation and discussion. When I say miscalculated opinions here, I'm talking about the amazing amount of random, dull, and overly baroque 'discourses' in art exhibitions and criticism today. In her short black and white film a group of young, apathetic teenagers are seen moving around an "art exhibition" and internally dialoguing with themselves about the objects that are on view. (Most of these very simple objects were made and conceived by Lara herself for the film and

allude to some important movements in art, such as Op and Kinetic Art as well as installation.) While the youngsters mutter revealing, cathartic thoughts on art, they also turn to banality or indifference as a valid understanding for what they are looking at. Dumfounded gazes merge with inner thoughts in Italian and a spiritual like musical backdrop score, resulting in a baffling, humorous portrait of how spectators understand the art meta-discourse as it is shown to us today. The paradoxical effect of the film is that Lara turns to some of the most referential subjects in her own life, in art and philosophy, and simultaneously satirizes her personal dialectics with them.

Influences and references go hand in hand. Dominic Eichler, a German art critic, recently wrote, and I paraphrase, that influence involves education, admiration, jealousy and disgust – pretty personal stuff. He says that publicly stating what your influences are seems immodest or dishonest; but if we are prompted to react against our influences, well boring and superfluous art writing would be one of his big influences (because he desires to make it better). In *Art Film I: Ever present yet ignored*, there exists a reaction against influence, and maybe like Eichler, Lara wishes to better the discourse-dialogue side of art, or just break it down completely. In the case of the "art film", she dismantles her influences and references through irony. But her biting wit gives over to another tactic, that of a fatalist vision (in the epilogue a voice reads: "...reason serves the will to live; but through reason you reach the knowledge of pain and the path to vanquish it, the denial of the willingness to live."). This is where I too begin to question the larger natures of truth in art (and its role in the future) and become seduced by the worrisome hazard of uncertainty.

Jennifer Teets, Mexico City, July 20, 2006

J'entends plus la trompette



Air de Paris, June 8 - July 22 2006