

Panorama
dix-neuf

Roman

L'élégance, la science, la violence!

Yannick Haenel

J'étais comme tout le monde : je cherchais une issue. Je crois beaucoup en la littérature, très peu au ciel, plus du tout en la politique. Le deuil qui avait succédé aux attentats de Paris approfondissait notre douleur sans rien conjurer. Le monde continuait à se glacer. La France pourrissait. Nous attendions.

On m'engagea pour une année au Fresnoy, où je rencontrai des artistes. Ils étaient jeunes ; je découvris leur flamme. Qu'est-ce qui échappe encore au mensonge global ? L'art, la poésie, l'amour ? La jeunesse condense des passions qui allument des feux : pour penser, il faut être ardent.

Je pensais : ce qui n'arrive plus à s'accomplir par la politique prend d'autres voies et se déploie à travers des films, des livres, de petites machines poétiques qui supposent amitié, amour, trouvailles et désertions, qui impliquent une foi nouvelle, une flamme.

Oui, il faut être ardent. L'ardeur, c'est la vraie politique. Au moment où tout semblait mort, je découvris que tout peut renaître.

Il y a des aventures étranges ; celle-ci est limpide. Les artistes et moi, nous avons commencé à parler, nous n'avons fait, pendant des semaines, que parler. Je passais dans un couloir du Fresnoy, je croisais l'un d'eux, on commençait à parler, ça durait parfois des heures.

Ça reprenait une semaine plus tard, et quelque chose – un récit – se construisait, avec nous, sans nous, tout seul : la parole elle-même s’est mise à parler, et quand la parole parle à l’intérieur de la parole, quand elle cesse de servir la communication, alors il se passe quelque chose de plus grand que la parole.

On s’imagine facile de trouver un passage, mais le point le plus vivant nous échappe : il appartient aux étoiles, à l’ivresse du ciel. Lorsqu’il arriva au Caravage de signer un tableau (le seul), ce fut en trempant son doigt dans le sang qui coulait de la tête de Jean-Baptiste. Ainsi s’éclaire notre rapport avec la vérité : pour toujours indirect.

Je me disais ça : le ciel et la terre passeront, mais certaines paroles resteront (les œuvres) parce qu’elles sont en rapport avec le sang et les étoiles ; malgré leur fragilité – grâce à cette fragilité –, elles possèdent en elles ce que Barthes appelle « l’Indirect de la vérité ». Je cherche ça.

Dès l’automne, puis tout l’hiver, et jusqu’au mois de juin de l’année suivante, je rencontrai régulièrement les jeunes artistes, je circulai d’une œuvre à une autre, je lus des dizaines de notes d’intention, je me nourris de leur espérance ; je passai des nuits d’insomnie au Fresnoy, niché dans l’un de ces studios perchés au-dessus de l’autoroute, à lire ce que ces jeunes gens m’envoyaient de leurs projets.

Bientôt, je vis les œuvres se lever, puis tenir debout. C’est ainsi qu’on passe de l’obsession à la pensée. L’obsession vous isole ; la pensée se transmet.

J’eus bientôt la certitude que les feux s’alignaient, qu’ils formaient une couronne, un itinéraire ; et sans doute, lorsqu’ils seraient tous également allumés, lorsque chaque artiste aurait achevé son film, son installation, sa performance, s’écrirait une partition collective aussi limpide qu’un message révolutionnaire, aussi féérique qu’une *Illumination* de Rimbaud.

Car je ne voyais pas seulement naître une œuvre : je les voyais toutes à la fois. J’avais la chance de contempler, à travers cette population des œuvres, la naissance d’une contrée.

Toutes les contrées sont étranges ; elles échappent à l’appartenance. La contrée est l’envers d’un pays : elle n’a pas de frontière, elle ne fait que s’ouvrir. Et ce n’est pas un hasard si la plupart des œuvres des jeunes artistes du Fresnoy sont tournées à ce point vers l’univers, si en elles une soif appelle non seulement les autres, mais l’infini du cosmos.

Être en vie ne se réduit à aucun espace. J’aime qu’ils veuillent tout. Vouloir tout, c’est l’enfance de l’art. Je suis comme eux : je ne sais pas m’arrêter.

Car j’attends d’une œuvre qu’elle me sidère ; qu’elle me tourne la tête – me fasse perdre le Nord.

J'attends le miracle ; ou rien. Je veux ressentir ce vertige qu'Antonin Artaud appelle une « translation sur le plan-foudre ».

Lorsque aujourd'hui je ferme les yeux, allongé sur le lit de la chambre 26, tout au bout du couloir, au deuxième étage du Fresnoy, les 52 œuvres des artistes se déplient dans ma tête. Elles s'animent l'une après l'autre comme une partition invisible, elles forment un monde qui chante.

Il y a un vers qui tourne dans ma tête : « Atlas, herbiers et rituels ». Je crois qu'il est de Mallarmé. Peu importe, il semble résumer le monde à une liasse de papiers ; mais à travers son coup de dés se déploie une vision : et c'est vrai, dans ma tête, grâce aux œuvres des jeunes artistes du Fresnoy, il y a des cartes, mais aussi des plantes et des sacrifices.

Tout s'allume et se met à tourner : il y a le Mexique des saints, la forêt des éventrations, il y a des barres d'immeubles qui accueillent le soleil de Dieu, des baignoires où l'on entend Michaux, il y a une rivière de phrases diamantées, des voix, des souffles, des nudités, un ravin où l'on découvre que mourir est sans fin, un train qui traverse l'Europe et l'Asie vers Taïwan, des ruines et des pierres qui volent, la mélancolie de l'Aéropostale, l'enchantement des étoiles, les miroitements d'un dodécaèdre, un deuil insurrectionnel de masques verts, il y

a une montagne, il y a deux montagnes, il y a dix montagnes, il y a aussi plusieurs déserts, des bédouins, des arbres timides, il y a des marionnettes qui parcourent Dublin, un braconnier, un loup, des esprits créoles, une Tour Eiffel en Chine, des plages de galets au Chili, des cadavres, des fantômes, des migrants, des héros, des non-héros, des iPhone et des épées, un télégraphe, des soldats, des rockeurs et des extraterrestres.

La profusion est désirable. La poésie est plus vaste que le monde. C'est un « stock d'études », comme dit Rimbaud – c'est une arche. Je peux énumérer toutes ces étincelles parce que je les savoure : ma bouche, mes oreilles, l'intérieur mystiquement alvéolé de mon crâne accueillent cette pluie de détails, cette rosée déclarative, ces lumières qui clignotent dans la nuit, ces dépaysements violents, ces constructions méticuleuses qui vous jettent au néant ; toutes les nuits vous avez branché les fils, raccordé l'inaccordable, rapproché les murmures, et voilà : l'exposition – *le rêve de toutes ces formes*, dirait Alain Fleischer – peut commencer.

C'est ainsi que je me retrouvai un jour – ou plutôt une nuit – dans une forêt d'œuvres.

Il y a trois-cent vingt-deux portes au Fresnoy : les avez-vous ouvertes ? Moi oui. Ce roman est l'histoire des portes que l'on ouvre la nuit quand on est seul, et que s'allume l'ardeur.

Au deuxième étage, lorsque l'on sort de l'ascenseur du côté de la Voie Rapide D656, on tombe, à gauche, sur une enfilade de bureaux. J'ai ouvert celui où Jean-Marie Straub et Danièle Huillet montaient leurs films, j'ai allumé un écran : c'était *Le Romanz de Fanuel*, un film de [VIR ANDRES HERA](#).



Vir Andres Hera, *LE ROMANZ DE FANUEL*, Film, 20 min

Nous avons longuement parlé lui et moi de ce saint médiéval qui est le grand-père de la Vierge ; j'étais ébloui qu'un jeune artiste aimât la vie des saints, qu'il connût Fanuel, qu'il désirât lui consacrer un film.

Dans mon souvenir, Fanuel est engendré par le parfum d'une fleur qui vient de l'arbre de la science ; il offre des pommes miraculeuses aux malades ; un jour, après avoir partagé l'une d'elles, il essuie son couteau contre sa cuisse et le suc de la pomme l'ensemence : il se trouve enceint, dans la cuisse, d'une jeune fille qui sera sainte Anne, la mère de la Vierge.

Et puis je me souviens — ou est-ce VIR ANDRES HERA qui l'imagine ainsi ? Ou est-ce moi qui *projette* ? — qu'à un moment de sa vie, Fanuel devient un autre : il change de sexe, c'est une femme.

Je regarde le film. C'est un éblouissement. On assiste à l'itinéraire mystique de Fanuel : d'abord la contemplation des figures sacrées dans une église, puis la solitude dans un village désert de montagne, le franchissement des portes, l'écriture, encore des portes, et la marche vers le volcan, et le corps qui trouve sa *porte étroite*, celle de la métamorphose spirituelle.

On entend une voix : « Les dieux ne sont pas morts. Seule est morte votre perception. Nous ne sommes pas partis, seulement nous avons cessé de nous manifester. Ou bien vous avez fermé vos yeux. » C'est une voix rauque et féminine, comme dans

Des paysages montagneux qui se contredisent et s'effacent l'un dans l'autre, des volcans et des vallées, les montagnes, ce sont des personnages à part entière. Ils ont une présence filmique, deux faces, à la fois un territoire d'une immense beauté et également le symbole d'une oppression constante, celle de la petitesse de l'homme face aux cœurs de lave ; le paysage est un miroir des états d'âme.

Un récit secret et silencieux se déroule autour d'un personnage tiré d'un livre qui erre dans le monde réel. Il s'agit de Fanuel/Alferez, un être né de l'alliance entre deux personnages fantômes, revenants ; l'errance du comédien est un reflet de l'invisible, de l'inaccessible et de l'imperceptible dans ses histoires à travers la métaphore de l'exil en montagne. Au fil de l'histoire on va découvrir sa psychologie, son désir de vivre à l'écart et son corps qui subit des métamorphoses.

Ce récit en parallèle, disloqué et anachronique est raconté par la voix d'un dieu aztèque : Tlaloc, qui se balade dans tous les lieux et qui semble parler depuis sa demeure millénaire, c'est une divinité qui observe les changements à travers les âges et les paysages, (qui sont eux aussi indéfinis), sa bouche fait parler les voix disparues, ses phrases : les mots oubliés.

[Vir Andres Hera](#)

Barbare de Rimbaud: celle d'un dieu aztèque qui, en nommant les éléments, rend explosive la limpidité. La promesse d'une pomme ensemence le temps comme un homme devenant femme multiplie son avenir. Un « ventre d'empereur et de mendiant »: on entend ces mots dans la lumière crue du film de VIR ANDRES HERA.



N'est-il pas question d'*accoucher* de la vérité? L'étreinte des saints est la signature du désert. Et puis, être une personne, c'est connaître la dernière des solitudes: voici pourquoi on continue à raconter des histoires. Ce point aveuglant vers lequel marche le saint, et pour



l'attrance duquel il brave l'obstacle des montagnes, c'est la transparence de la métamorphose: changer de sexe, n'est-ce pas entrer dans le mystère?

L'impossible ne se conquiert qu'à travers une cérémonie; et le faste liturgique donne sur l'ascèse, comme l'ascèse donne sur Dieu. *Le Romanz de Fanuel*, avec la beauté du miracle tranquille, fait voir l'impossible. Je me demande tout le temps: où y a-t-il encore parole? Une promesse a été faite: la parole reviendra. Elle n'existe qu'à travers son retour à venir (c'est la littérature). L'art de VIR ANDRES HERA comble parce qu'il a à voir avec la littérature: il fait vibrer la parole. Comme le disait Dante à propos de Giotto, il a le cri – « *il grido* ».



NOVEL

Elegance, science, violence!

I was like everyone else, I was looking for an answer. I have great faith in literature, much less in heaven, and absolutely none in politics. The grief that followed the attacks in Paris deepened our pain but there was no catharsis. The world went on growing colder. France was rotting. We were waiting.

I was taken on for a year at Le Fresnoy, where I met the artists. They were young. I saw their flame. What remains untouched by the global lie? Art, poetry, love? Youth is a crucible of passions that kindle fires: to think, you must burn.

I thought: what politics can no longer accomplish is taking other paths and deploying itself through films, books, through little poetic machines that imply friendship, love, discoveries and desertions, that imply a new faith, a flame.

Yes, you must burn. Ardour is true politics. At a time when everything seemed dead, I discovered that everything can be reborn.

Some adventures are strange; this one is limpid. The artists and I started talking. For weeks, that is all we did: talk. I would walk down a corridor at Le Fresnoy and meet one, we’d start talking, it could go on for hours. It started again a week later, and something – a narrative– was built, with us, without us, all on its own: speech itself started talking, and when speech talks inside speech, when it stops serving communication, then something happens that is bigger than words.

We may think it easy to find the passage, but the point that is most alive escapes us: it belongs to the stars, to the dizziness of the sky. When Caravaggio signed a painting (just the one), he did so by dipping his finger in the blood flowing from the head of John the Baptist. That is how our relation to truth is illuminated: always indirectly.

I said to myself: the heavens and the earth will pass, but certain words (works) will abide because they connect with blood and the stars; despite their fragility – thanks to that fragility –they possess within themselves what Barthes called “the indirectness of truth.” That’s what I look for.

As of autumn, and all winter, right up to June the following year, I had regular meetings with young artists, I moved from one work to another, I read dozens of project statements, I was nourished by their hopes; I had sleepless nights at Le Fresnoy, tucked away in one of those studios perched over the motorway, reading what these youngsters sent me about their projects.

Soon, I saw the works rise up, then stand alone. That is how you go from obsession to thought. Obsession isolates you: thought you share.

Soon I felt certain that the fires were aligned, that they formed a crown, an itinerary; and, no doubt, when they were all lit, when every artist had finished their film, their installation, their perfor-

mance, a collective score would be written, as limpid as a revolutionary message, as magical as one of Rimbaud’s *Illuminations*.

For what I was seeing wasn’t just the birth of an artwork: I was seeing them all at once. Through this population of works, I had the good fortune to contemplate the birth of a land.

All lands are strange: they do not belong. A land is the obverse of a country: it has no frontier, it is simply open. And it is no coincidence if most of the works by these young artists at Le Fresnoy are so oriented towards the wider universe, if there is within them a thirst that calls not only to others, but to the infinity of the cosmos.

Being alive cannot be reduced to any particular space. I like the fact that they want it all. Wanting it all is the infancy of art. I am like them: I don’t know when to stop.

Because I want works that stun me, that turn my head, that shake me up. What I want is a miracle; or nothing. I want to feel what Antonin Artaud calls a “translation onto the lightning level.”

Today, when I close my eyes, lying on the bed in room no. 26, right at the end of the corridor, on the second floor at Le Fresnoy, the fifty-four works by the artists unfold in my mind. One by one they come to life, like an invisible score, forming a singing world.

There is a poem going round and round in my head: “Atlas, herbariums and rituals.” By Mallarmé, I think. Anyway, it seems to boil the world down to a sheaf of papers, yet through his dice throw a vision is articulated, and it’s true, in my head, thanks to the works by the young artists at Le Fresnoy, there are many, but also plants and sacrifices.

Everything lights up and starts spinning. There is Mexico and its saints, the forest of disembowelling, there are the building blocks that welcome God’s sunlight, baths where Michaux can be heard, a river of diamond-studded words, voices, breath, nudity, a ravine where dying is revealed to be endless, a train crossing Europe and Asia towards Taiwan, ruins and stones that fly, the melancholy of the Aérospatiale, the enchantment of the stars, reflections in a dodecahedron, insurrectional grieving by green masks, a mountain, then two mountains, then ten mountains, there are also several deserts, Bedouins, timid trees, puppets walking through Dublin, a poacher, a wolf, Creole spirits, an Eiffel Tower in China, pebble beaches in Chile, corpses, ghosts, migrants, heroes, non-heroes, iPhones and swords, a telegraph, soldiers, rockers and extraterrestrials. Profusion is desirable. Poetry is bigger than the world. It is a “stock of studies” as Rimbaud says. It is an ark. I can list all the sparks because I savour them: my mouth, my ears, the mysteriously honeycombed interior of my skull welcomes this rain of details, this declarative dew, these lights that flicker in the night, these violent disorientations, these meticulous constructions that throw you into the void; all those nights you hooked up the wires, connected the unconnectable, assembled murmurs, and now the exhibition – *the dream of all these forms*, as Alain Fleischer would say — can begin.

That is how I found myself one day – or, rather, one night – in a forest of works.

There are three hundred and twenty-two doors at Le Fresnoy: have you opened them? I have. This novel is the story of the doors that you open at night when you are alone, and when the flame flickers into life.

On the second floor, when you come out of the lift on the side of the D656 expressway, you see, on your left, an enfilade of offices. I went into the one where Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet used to edit their films. I turned on a screen and I saw *Le Romanz de Fanuel*, a film by VIR ANDRES HERA. We spoke together at length about that medieval saint who was the Virgin Mary’s grandfather. I was amazed to see that a young artist was fascinated by the life of the saints, that he knew Fanuel and wanted to make a film about him.

As I recall, Fanuel was engendered by the perfume of a flower that came from the tree of science. He gave the sick miraculous apples. One day, after sharing one of them, he wiped his knife on his thigh and the juice from the apple fecundated him: he was pregnant, in the thigh, with a young girl who would become Saint Ann, the Virgin’s mother.

And then I remember – or is it VIR ANDRES HERA imagining it this way? Or am I *projecting*? — that at one point in his life, Fanuel became someone other: he changed sex. Became a woman. I watch the film. It’s stunning. We observe a mystical itinerary by Fanuel: first, the contemplation of holy figures in a church, then solitude in a deserted mountain village, passing through doorways, writing, more doors, and walking towards the volcano and the body that is there at its *narrow gate*, the gate of spiritual metamorphosis.

We hear a voice: “The gods are not dead, but your perception is dead. We have not gone, but we ceased to show ourselves. Or you have closed your eyes.”

It is a rough, feminine voice, like Rimbaud’s *Barbarian*, the voice of an Aztec god who, in naming the elements, makes limpidity explosive.

The promise of an apple fecundates time just as man becoming a woman multiplies his future. “The belly of an emperor and a beggar”: we hear these words in the raw light of the film by Vir Andrès Hera.

Is it not a matter of *giving birth* to the truth? The embrace of the saints is the desert’s signature. And then, to be a person is to know the ultimate solitude: that is why we still tell stories.

This dazzling point towards which the saint walks, so compelled that he braves the obstacle of the mountains, is the transparency of metamorphosis: is not to change sex to enter mystery?

The impossible can be attained only through a ceremony; and liturgical splendour leads to ascesis, just as ascesis leads to God. *Le Romanz de Fanuel*, with the beauty of the tranquil miracle, gives a glimpse of the impossible.

Where, I am always asking myself, does the word persist? A promise was made: the word will return. It exists only through its coming return (it is literature).

The art of VIR ANDRES HERA satisfies because it has to do with literature. It makes the word vibrate. As Dante said of Giotto, he has the cry – *il grido*.

And now smoke is coming from the neighbouring room, I can hear a voice crying: “Let nobody open the horrible door!” But still I do open it, and four women burst out – “extreme young ladies” as Maria Soudaïeva would put it. Her *Slogans* inspired these incredible ritual sequences comprising the *Têtes de mort d Arkana* by CHARLOTTE BAYER-BROC. What is an insurrectional body? What is an insurgent’s orgasm? These two questions run through my mind at full speed at the moment when I enter the half-light of the room.

Do they not run through the film itself? I hear: “You who are whispering, yell all the names up to the end!” I hear, “Take off your shoes” I hear, “Order your bones perfectly!” I watch a shamanic conflict by a troupe of mourners who have decided that grieving is a weapon and are throwing it in the face of this rotten world.

“Exchange your blood with naked shamans,” says one of the *Slogans*. And now I obey: a forest opens, the one that Botticelli painted as a little theatre of cruelty, where men’s sabres never cease to disembowel women’s bodies; where the cries of *mort* echo around, acclimatising male domination through the repeated killing of a fleeing woman.

Turning flight into defiance is surely the imperious message of the film by CHARLOTTE BAYER-BROC. The flight of a naked woman in the woods of the *bardo* relates the necessity of non-submission.

The phosphorescent grieving of this film starts its war to replicate the total war that the world is waging against mourning. This is the rebirth of tragedy. The community of Berenice, Phaedra, the forsaken of the rose-bowl that is society, which always brands as *barbarous* that which refuses to share its criminality. I return to the warriors as their masks stifle them; I take the woman’s viscera from slavering dogs; I want to redeem the women’s deaths.

I too am careful. Death is on the lookout for me and I am most strange. For I would like to tear from their own indocility the knowledge making possible a sexual act that would at last escape the human race (there is a reason why Maldoror is my brother). But violence accomplishes pain and botches desire. Violence is a forest transfixd by a bad dream.

I have already started steeping myself in the film by CHARLOTTE BAYER-BROC. It is going to inhabit my body now, to make a place for itself in my mind.

I think of it as a wild animal with orange jaws pronouncing a poem: it is its own singing entity, a world that fears neither blue nor green, an expeditionary poem that breaks through the horror of the world.

Is it possible to avert ravages? The deep-red she-wolves, the dirty nymphs, the little sisters burned in the ovens form an imprecatory community. There: tonight, I am shooting among ghosts, getting out of my skin and blending in with the cry of CHARLOTTE BAYER-BROC’s women.

To calm myself, I take the stairs. I head for Le Fresnoy’s always deserted bar, where every time I hallucinate being in a scene from Kubrick’s *Shining*. I go behind the counter and serve myself a scotch. The mirror comes alive, another film, called *La route s’arrête ici*, by JEAN HUBERT.

I remember having spoken with him once, in that little teaching room that resembles a police office, and together we tried to find the order of a sequence that refused to fit into the story.

Only the night knows the stories: you’d need to be a witch to question it. And actually, in its taciturn manner JEAN HUBERT’S film deploys the shadows of sorcery to relate what does not fit within the frame. A couple in their car stops at a filling station, at night, in the country; they are out of petrol, the station is closed. They are arguing. The man is spineless, she takes things in hand, she sets off into the night to find petrol.

What happens to this woman? There are jerricans to be filled, they have to be moving, the car has to start. And in this world of the night, when you approach those houses where men have insomnia, you are not very sure of staying alive. Even if you do, speech becomes blurred. What did they see by the edge of the houses?

That’s the *Night of the Hunter* side of JEAN HUBERT’S film: we feel frightened for that woman kneeling beside a car. We are frightened of the men who might burst out of the dark while she is siphoning the essence from their car, we see her putting the hose in her mouth, sucking up the petrol, sliding the hose into the jerrican. In fact, we can’t see her very clearly, it’s nighttime, there’s the fear, it’s a murky act.

Later, she empties the jerrican into the car tank while her man is sleeping; and when he asks how she managed, she says: “I sucked off a farmer.” The violence contained in those words condenses the film’s latent violence. It condenses what the man’s passivity inflicted on her, what passivity always inflicts on others.

After she siphoning the tank, we can tell that the woman saw something happen at the farm, but it’s not clear what. We hear the cries of animals. Is it a sacrifice? Hers? What really happened, the things that weren’t filmed? *Reversing the sacrifice* is the aim of this shadowy and yet fluid film, dominated by the silhouette of a woman who, crouching behind a car, a hose in her mouth, ventures into the unknown.

I prow around this mystery. I don’t know it any better than you do, but in my life I try not go too far away from it. The land of truth demands an endurance that protects itself from the visible, but that never gives up on the *other visible*: not the invisible – it would be in bad taste to want to name that point that recedes (indeed, your mind is elsewhere) – but towards the non-visible: the one that the cinema sees.

I love the face of this woman carrying jerricans in the night; her actions seem to come from the depths of time, like in a painting. She is in the night for all time; and the man she is talking to will never understand, not a thing.: he just wanted petrol, it

was thanks to her he got it. Men invented fire, but they do not see the acts that go on behind.

And so, in the mirror of that deserted bar, in the mirror that every night captures the passing bodies that people the other side of Le Fresnoy. I observe the silhouette of this woman who goes back to the petrol station. Her name is Camille, I remember now. I could sense that another story was slipping through Camille’s fingers: the inexplicit is the other name of fire.

It went too fast. I go back to my room, number 26, the one Eugène Green says is haunted. Personally, I couldn’t care less about the ghost of Le Fresnoy, there are so many dead people in my head already. And then all those films keep crowding in, those installations coming out of the studio are putting down roots in my head, forming a poetic tribe, a huge population milling around under my skull. A whole country with its land, its colours its names.

Names, yes here’s a name: INA MIHALACHE. He announces a bath, or rather three. They are raised up vertically set out in a semicircle. They seem to be talking to each other, chitchatting. They look at peace, as if there’s a secret but it’s no big deal. They make us want them. They are called *Les Buveuses d’eau*.

We are invited to sit down (that doesn’t happen every day, when you can enjoy a work like that, and the solemn distance between ourselves and objects is closed). Once seated: relaxation, well-being, we hear voices, they envelop us.

Hearing voices, what could be better? It’s almost a definition of art – I’ll improvise on: art is a way of emerging from madness by making us hear voices. This is what we hear: “You can let yourself drift with a certain flows which might resemble happiness.” Henri Michaux. And right after that: “With periods of nothingness.” And then, Michaux again: “I moved forward, I slid downward, I plunged into transparency.”

Curling up in my bath, I experience a pleasure I had never known before. Who said pleasure is not art? Who said that well-being was no more than a vulgar state?

Indeed, here is the voice like a liana winding its way into us. You are not far from letting yourself sink to the bottom of this bath: “It spreads in you without worrying about you, it overwhelms you, ejects you.” And, in spreading, it exceeds all measure: “You grasp the composition of the universe, above all its texture.”

Where exactly are we when we are in this bath? Michaux is precise: “One has the impression of a marvellous return to what has always been there.” Is this “what has been there” where we are? Are we capable of being at home in being there, of living in the *Dasein*?

In her humorous, supple, apparently comical manner, INA MILAHACHE poses a Heideggerian question: she places you, you and your moods, you and your nervousness, you and your desire not to think any more, you and your inability to do nothing faced with ontology: she asks your body if it has not forgotten being.

the immobile physical space of the site), that his words circumscribe a complex mental space shaped by the obsession with organising and staging his own disappearance.

YANNICK HAENEL

This is an attempt to bridge, through love, the gap between humans and the gods: a poem in film whose aim is to *love a goddess* and to be loved by her.

A man is obsessed by a mythological scene: the one where the hunter Acteon surprises the naked goddess Diana at her bath. This obsession has locked him up with his books and erotic reenactments. We follow him from his library to his bedroom where his wife replays the scene for him.

This mythological home movie transforms into an initiation when an Italian journey to the shores of Lake Nemi near Rome presents our obsessive with the splendor of the world, enabling him to attain the truth.

Through this experience, I want the film to open people up the spiritual dimension of the sex act, of desire, of pleasure.

That is the secret behind this very old story; that is the great subject: to grasp the golden bough, to lift the veil of Isis.

I would like “beholders” to use their ears and to attend to the word that speaks in the heart of every embrace. This word, if it can be attained—if it is awakened—is poetry.

The story of Diane and Acteon takes place here and now every day, for those who can see and love. Whatever opens up between a man and a woman harks back to the ancient memory of ecstasy: to what is at stake at every instant between life and death.

VIR ANDRES HERA

Self-contradicting upland landscapes retreating one behind the other—volcanoes, and valleys, mountains,—they are characters in the fullest sense. They possess a presence on film, two sides, at the same time a territory of immense beauty, and also the symbol of constant subjugation, that of the insignificance of man faced with these hearts of lava; the landscape is a mirror of the state of the soul.

A secret, unspoken story unwinds from around a character taken from a book who wanders through the real world.

This is Fanuel/Alferez, a being born of the connection between two ghostly figures, revenants; the actor’s wanderings are a reflection of the invisible, the inaccessible, and the imperceptible in stories using the metaphor of a mountain exile.

As the story unfolds, we get to know his psychology, his desire to live outside a body that undergoes various metamorphoses. This parallel, dislocated, and anachronistic narrative is told through the voice of an Aztec god, Tlaloc, who roams free and who seems to speak from his timeless dwelling-place, a divinity who observes the changes through each epoch

and landscape (no less indefinite), and through whose mouth speak long-vanished voices, sentences made of forgotten words

TAMAR HIRSCHFELD

I like Arabs. I like them because they remind me of home, they remind me of the desert, the remind me of my father and they remind me of all of the world’s conflicts, so life become more existential. Hence I like living in Roubaix and why I would move to Brussels. Hence I was very happy to collaborate with and Egyptian and film in The Sinai desert.

I especially love Bedouin. I love them because they are biblical. I love them because they are spread in tribes in the middle-east, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iraq and Israel. They are victims of the territorial-national structure of the world. They are nomadic, they don’t care about territory (because anyways the desert is empty), They drink tea around the fire, smoke and tell stories. They are stuck in a really bad part of the world, and suffer from the actions of the stupid political masculine global egos. The Bedouins make me melancholic and compassionate. That is why I was so happy to share your tax money with them by shooting them, they were very grateful, Egyptian economy is a rack.

I created for you a virtual reality so you can immerse yourself in the Bedouin landscape and see the absurdity of western technology imposed on no western cultures.

The film was shot in February. In April the authorities decided to forbid Israelis from entering The Sinai Peninsula, for Isis reason. So please, as you watch this film, see it as a relic of our changing world. Enjoy!

PANG-CHUAN HUANG

“I’ll go back home, solely by railroad.” Two linear paths from different eras unfurl simultaneously. One is a return journey across two continents. The other is based on an old photograph of my grandfather. Gradually, the rhythmic swaying of the train blends past with present, leading us to dig out a memory, long-forgotten, and covered in dust. The thousands of images form a vast horizon running from the right, presenting the past, to the left, presenting the future. This way of looking resembles a Chinese scroll painting that keeps to one and the same timeframe, like in a film.

JEAN HUBERT

A little tale, an anecdote of one particular night. Camille walks along a track. She is amazing, Camille, she never feels unwell, is never afraid. She pursues her work until reaching the goal she’d set for herself. Her shoulders – especially a shoulder, a round shoulder, not at all big, a shoulder in which the butt of a rifle will nestle, and at the end of which two cans of petrol swing. I can fill them up to the top as much as I want, first one can, then both of them, so that

her arm grows tired, the joint gives way a little, the muscles sag and the whole thing tilts. It changes nothing. At each shot, the same brutal determination. A Medea hides behind her and follows in her footsteps. In her spare pair of ankle-boots that have been deliberately dirtied... Night falls, we must finish. We are expected at the service station where François is still sleeping. Let’s empty the cans. We’ll fill them again. But we will never fill them enough.

HIDEYUKI ISHIBASHI

There is an inevitable relationship between the lens and a subject when we use a camera to capture an image, proving its existence. On the other hand, halations, gradations and blurs clash with the purpose of recording. The reason why I am attracted to this aspect of photography is that I can recognise that this information has been recorded by the camera and not by our eye or our memory. New technologies prevent halation and blurring, offering us a clear and sharp image. It is more attractive than the reality that our eyes can capture. Hence we increasingly depend on the eye of a photographic camera instead of our own eyes and our time of direct observation of the diminished object. During my research, I collected the fragments that disappeared because of halation, blurring or gradations and tried to save the information that remained. I extracted these fragments of digital noises and colours that usually get in the way of our gaze. By crafting these repaired fragments and these noises into a patchwork, I realised that what I’d gathered together were lost moments rather than a lost image. Contrary to the custom that expects photos to be “frozen” on paper, I wanted to use shadows, and to freeze the image directly in the mind of visitors. Here, photography isn’t frozen but evanescent and it’s the visitors’ eye that proceeds in the recording. This project offers us the time to rethink our relationship with the photography at this time, through the question: What does “to be taken in a photograph” really mean?

SAODAT ISMAILOVA

Two Horizons is a two screen video installation that speculates between an ancient Turkic myth of the Eurasian steppes – Qorqut, the First Shaman who had lost gravity and a soviet space travel by the first human – Yuri Gagarin, Vostok 1 mission, 1961. The cemetery of Qorqut and the Baikanur space station are both situated in the south of Kazakhstan in a distance of 20 kilometers. Locals believe that human space travel was predicted to be next to the ancient grave of Qorqut. Both the ancient myth and the soviet exploration are bound by a final human search of immortality. Two Horizons pretends to capture the place and sound of the geographic point where the first and last human levitated suspended in time.

MATHIAS ISOUARD

Hypergravitation is a generative audio, sculptural, and kinetic installation. It is a sculptural piece since it incorporates a cylinder of significant size that levitates in the middle of the exhibition space. Taking the form of a space capsule, the sculpture is covered with a strange material of a color verging on black and whose thickness and texture make it doubtful as whether it is organic or mineral. Comparable to a “black hole,” the nature of this volume is at once visual and acoustic, as the cylinder also conceals four loudspeakers together with two subwoofers arranged in a cross and directed towards the exterior. These at once simulate and reveal the acoustics of the architecture, eliciting sensations of motion in the visitor’s body. As it unfolds, the experiment generates a series of destructurations of his spatial-temporal references. The piece is also kinetic in that it revolves on itself, relatively slowly like an orbiting satellite, distorting the formal relationship of the work to the structure housing it. And it is generative, in that the operations of the apparatus alternate synchronization and de-synchronization between fluxes of sound and light produced in accordance with a flexible 24-hour cycle inspired by the chronobiological rhythms that govern life on Earth. Occasionally, at unpredictable intervals, the machine starts to race and its gyrations accelerate, while the light and sound it emits seem to compress time, inducing in visitors sensations of kinesthesia and loss of balance or a feeling of aspiration/repulsion.

DAMIEN JIBERT

Everyone is free to see what they want in it. Everyone is free to see what they can in it. We are in an in-between, a strange encounter between lost souls and an unsettling place. Content and form overlap to give life to an uncertain space-time in which a tired man moves about, searching, without really believing in it, for a response that he already knows.

ISMAËL JOFFROY CHANDOUTIS

An ultra-connected society where waves related to new technologies have invaded almost every space. Three people who are electromagnetic hypersensitive talk about their survival within a world that seems increasingly off-limits to them. The mise en scène explores the idea of the deceleration of time as a necessary condition to the perception of a reality that extends beyond the visible.

ROBIN LABRIAUD

Pauline must go to a piano class, but she suddenly dies and finds herself in the mountains. A drone, her “boatman,” will guide her during a long walk.

When creating this fictional film, my desire was for spectators to “follow” a person who passes

into the great beyond. I wanted to confront them with time so that they could appreciate, gaze at and explore the images I’d shot. I wanted to treat this journey, this pathway in a very poetic way. The images that I had in my mind for this ascent were in the realm of a visual poem.

MARIE LELOUCHE

A mobile screen was offered to us, without a guide, without a manual, which seemed stuck in recording mode. Hence we move forward with a feeling of uncertainty with regards to what awaits us, but never mind. The experience is sure to be instinctive or will at least seem relatively natural.

There, in front of us, a white object, a volume posed directly on the ground. We begin by observing it through this small screen. When we firmly hold it, a voice escapes from it, which echoes in the palms of our hands. They hold a tale that we have difficulty locating. And there’s another thing: an image, a volume that moves about. It floats in the direction of the washed up form. It is not alone and now comes to interlink, to incorporate itself with the others. They all suspend their flight in this white, central form with a rather familiar geometry. — We walk around this mass on a human scale, washed up like a block on the uncertain surface. We walk around these incorporated elements with photographic colours. — To walk, to turn back in order to locate the pieces, to again examine the places and their overlapping. — We are on the flat surface of the screen, in the filmed space of the exhibition, there where everything is assembled, is superposed, there were our half-guided senses search for bearings. We are in perpetual reconstitution, between these volumes, aware that our place is situated in these incomplete spaces of the proposal. After a few minutes, the screen is replaced by a feeling of presence; the sculpture seems to still be there, even though it no longer shows itself.

THIBAUD LE MAGUER

(à partir brings together a group of individuals around an everyday action: walking. A rather peculiar walk nevertheless in that it does not aim to reach a given place. All that remains is dynamism, an élan, a “going towards” and the opportunity as a group to enact a live circulatory action.

This performance is comprised of a dizzying visual experience in which three people driven by a collective force are pursued by an arrangement of lights through into which they intrude and which they move. The tension set up between the dancers’ bodies and the interactive stage mechanism causes the programmed activity of the lights to dysfunction. The space draws tighter about their bodies, transforming them until they seem to jettison their corporality completely. Perspectives flip-flop and short-circuit. Disordered, our impressions unsettle our sensations, increasing the perceptive confusion into which the piece plunges us.

LÉONARD MARTIN

Six seems to be the ideal number by which to invite the spectators – or sixtators – to combine their twelve vigilant eyes on the twists and turns of a labyrinth.

Three circuits for twelve; being four eyes per circuit, enough to stupefy Google Glass or this fearsome camera with nine eyes that strikes and watches, omniscient, right to the edges of the last sacred forests. Because there where the undertaking of the deforestation of imagination each day takes over more ground, Daedalus makes luxuriant flowering paths grow, where the last look-outs, high up in their crow’s nest, point out the reef or the drifting raft.

There is a spectre-tator, a (s)talker who draws our footsteps to his. He has the nicknames of Jim, Giacomo, Jiji l’Amoroso or J.J., also known as James Joyce. His path is full of obstacles. He is not easy to follow: traps and brawls. Certain people still dare to go out into the streets of Dublin, where his spirit continues to strike.

Daedalus has constructed his business so well that it seems impossible to escape it without burning his wings. No vanishing point, no perspective, for he who, so it’s said, takes the step across allowing statuary to come alive. But the railings, like those who hold them, may be a sheet of paper, Joyce of madness. The ramparts hide the bastard child, the hybrid, the monstrous, like our conscience, which summons up its courage so as to not give way beneath the intrigues of the depths.

The thread that unwinds here tries to become a pointsman, the station chief, or the chief of considerations, of those who have barely escaped it. Only foundations, breaks, frameworks find themselves on the margin, on the verge; those who conjure up the vanishing point, who migrate, who depart, who transport themselves. Hardly less, Icarus and Minotaur simultaneously. For these desiring bodies, Daedalus invented the ship, vessel and crockery all at once, hence in a collapse of words hatred, chips, ship and cheap land. This fishship is a haddock brainwave who intends to abandon itself to its transport; a ship whose sail is blown out by the thousands of voices of languages not yet signposted with arrows. Stephen will be the hero who will sing all the dissonances. There will always be enough mermaids captured to silence the hum of the world.

INA MIHALACHE

Three chair-bathtubs are gathered together in the exhibition space. They offer to take charge of the bodies of visitors who, seduced by their song the way we’d be by that of the mermaids, will dare to sit down in their “berth”.

You then slip into an utopian environment imagined for your well-being.

In this pram for adults in the shape of an ear, strangely salutary sentences are whispered to you. You can lean against it. You are encouraged