

Laurent Gervereau
Mister Local-Global

UNIK

SEE

(1969-2014)

[pluro-futuro éditions / publisher]

*Depuis les premiers balbutiements brouillons,
tous ces restes posent la question :
comment et pourquoi, à l'ère de la multiplication industrielle des images,
continuer à donner des bribes d'interprétations visuelles de notre univers ubiqué ?*

free copyrights if the name of the author
(«Laurent Gervereau - Mister Local-Global»)
and the title of the painting or sculpture are written

Many thanks to / mes plus tendres remerciements à :

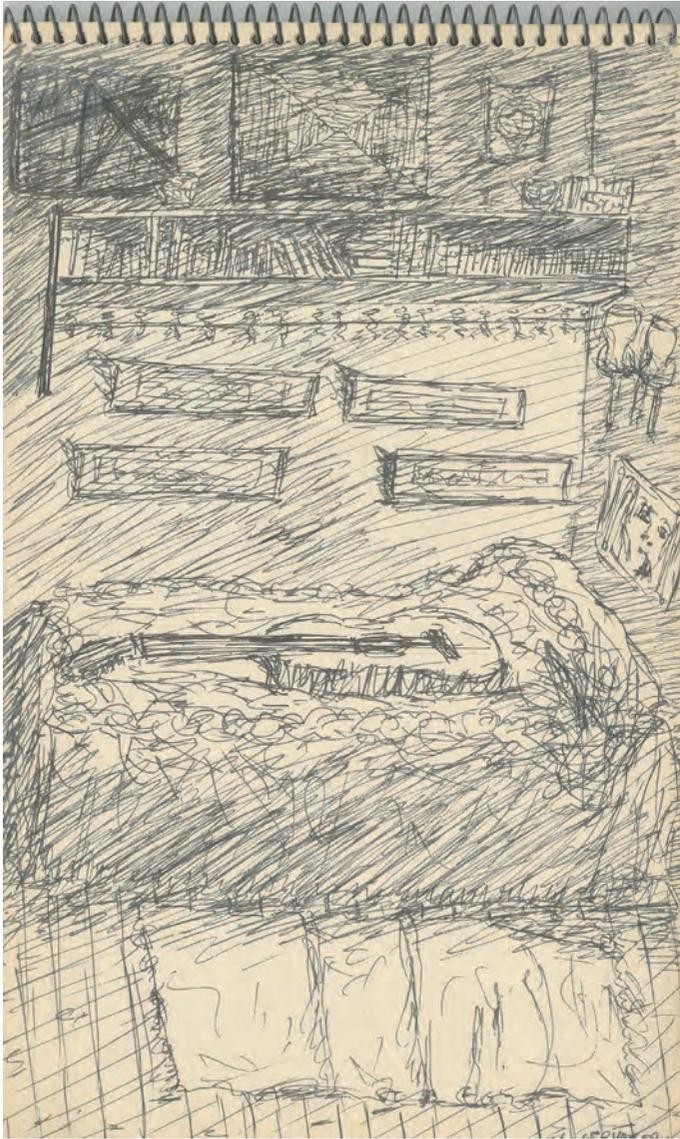
Dominique Cornille, Aurélie Utzeri, Serge Jouanny
and – last but not least – Antoine



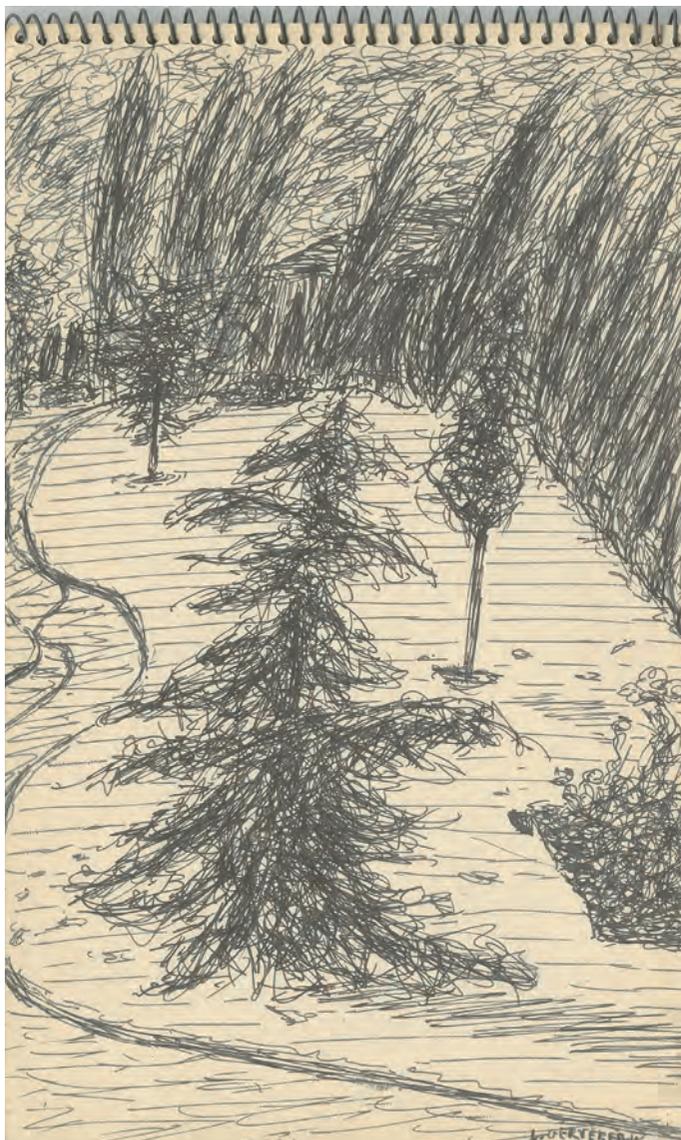


varia

(1969-1972)



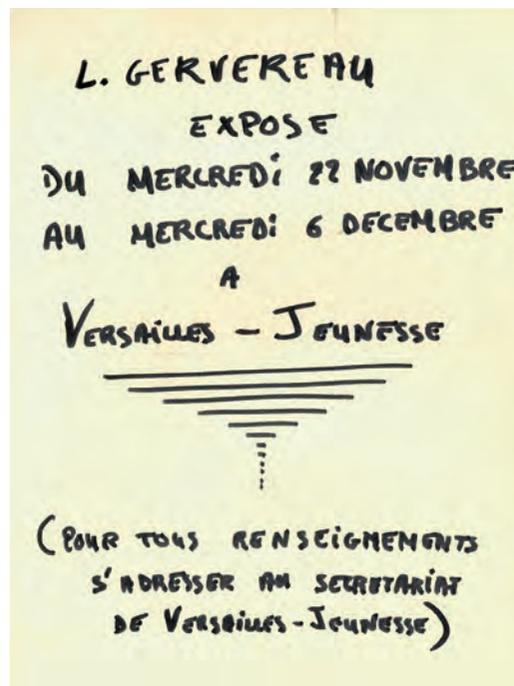
Sans-titre, série *Varia*, plume et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 25,5 cm x l. 15,5 cm, 1969-1973.

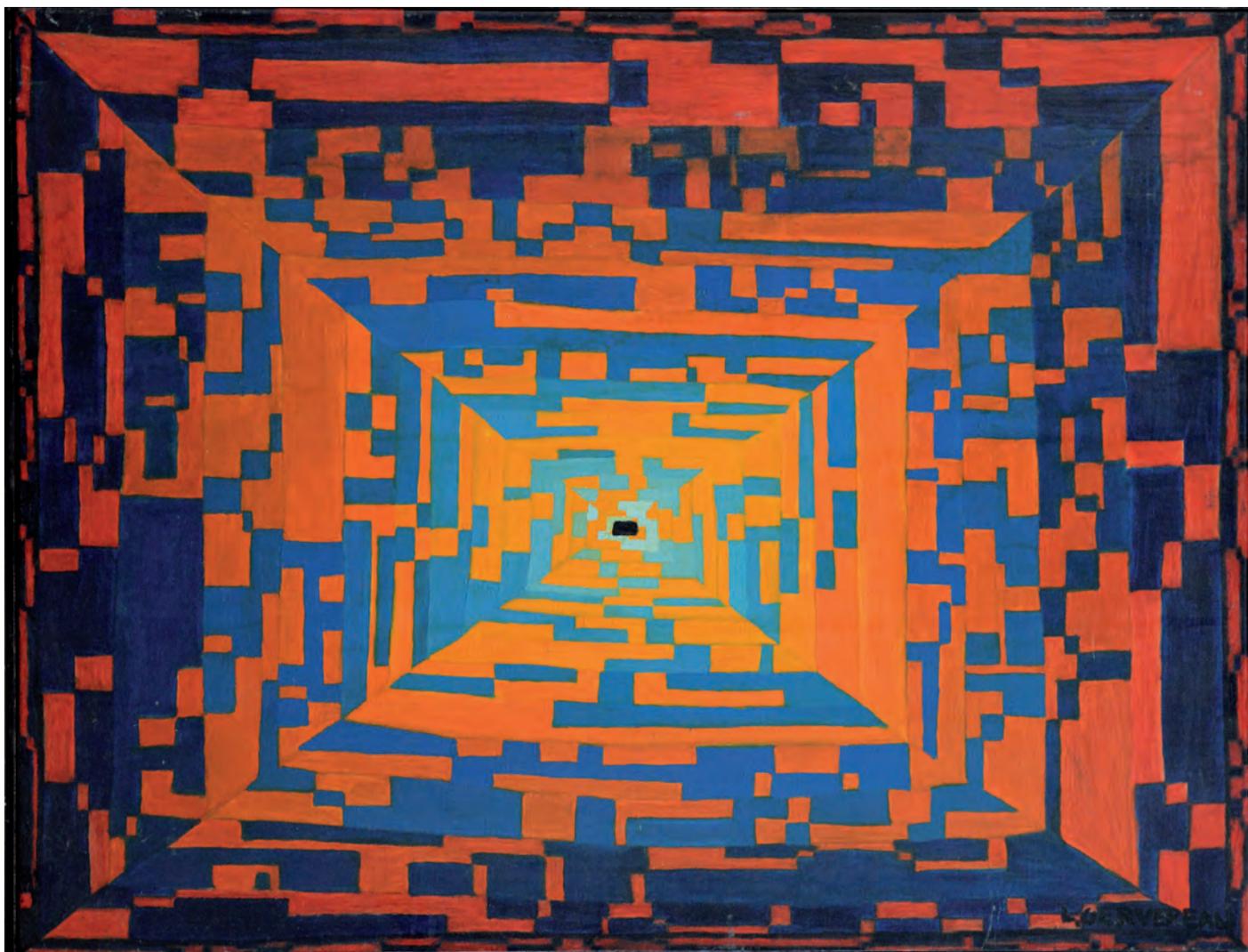


Encre de Chine sur Canson,
2 feuilles format h. 32 cm x l. 46,50 cm, 1970-71.

[Les dessins précédents sont tirés d'un carnet retrouvé témoignant, après les dessins d'enfance et les essais de bandes dessinées, du début des recherches d'expression plastique. A noter le premier dessin, qui est un croquis de la chambre-atelier où nous pouvons voir accrochés les essais initiaux de peintures à l'huile sur toile des années 1969-1971, dont certaines sont reproduites plus bas.

Voici les deux panneaux (assez naïfs...) pour annoncer la toute première exposition du début des années 1970 avec les essais de peintures à l'huile sur toile encore hésitants. Ensuite aura lieu une seconde exposition personnelle entièrement avec les noir et blanc, qui sera d'un style plus affirmé (et suscitera d'ailleurs les propos laudateurs de Jean-Luc Moulène)]





*Sans-titre, série Varia, peinture à l'huile sur toile,
format h. 51 cm x l. 66 cm, 1969.*



Sans-titre, série Varia,
peinture à l'huile sur
toile volontairement
craquelée avec traces
bleues, format
h. 65 cm x l. 55 cm,
1969.



*Sans-titre, série Varia, peinture à l'huile sur toile,
format h. 33 cm x l. 46 cm, 1969.*



Sans-titre, série Varia, peinture à l'huile sur toile,
format h. 38 cm x l. 46 cm, 1970.



Sans-titre, série Varia, peinture à l'huile sur toile volontairement déchirée en diagonale, format h. 55 cm x l. 65 cm, 1971



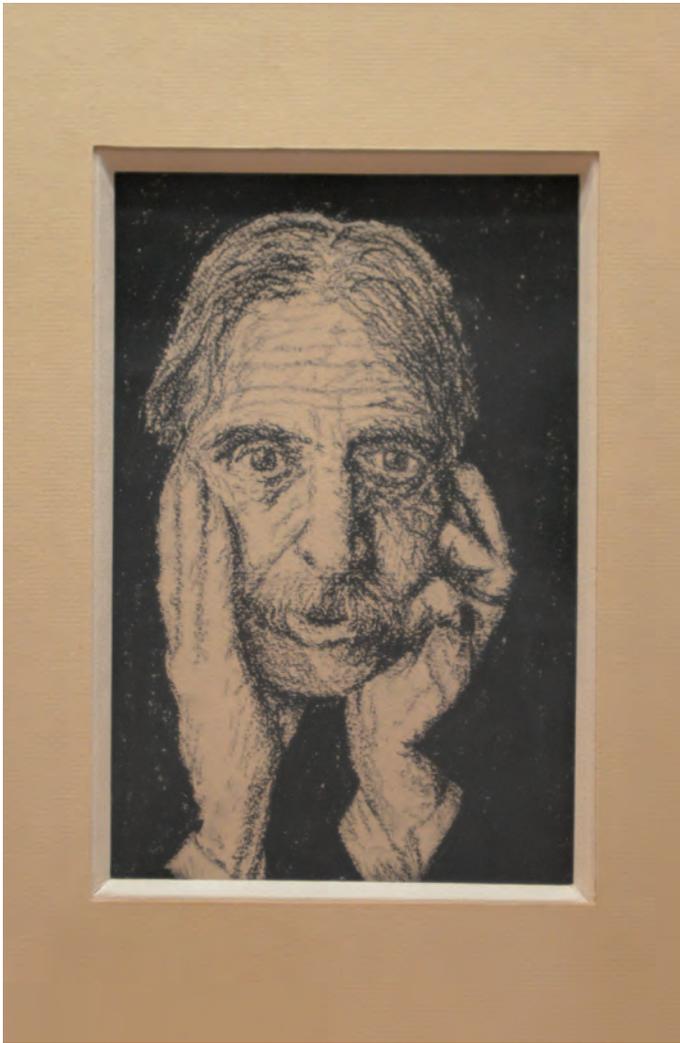
Sans-titre, série Varia, peinture à l'huile sur toile et collages,
format h. 55 cm x l. 65 cm, 1970



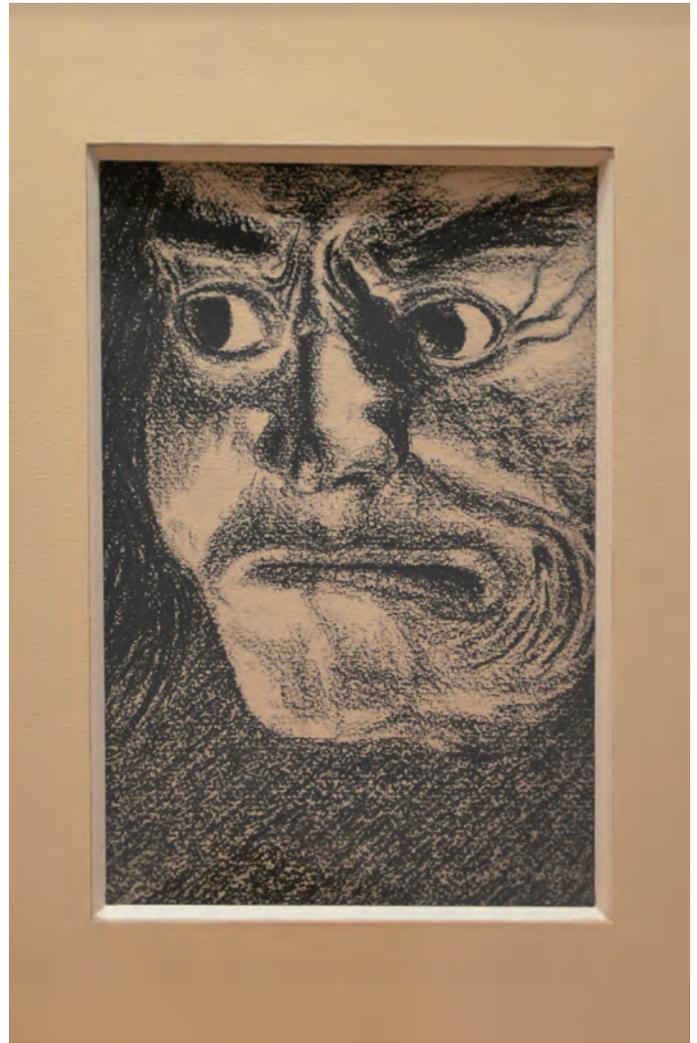
Sans-titre [Joconde], série Varia,
plume et encre de Chine sur papier Arches,
format h. 34,5 cm x l. 23 cm, 1971.



Sans-titre [paysan d'Auvers rêvant à Van Gogh],
série Varia, fusain sur papier Arches,
format h. 31,5 cm x l. 25,5 cm, 1971 .



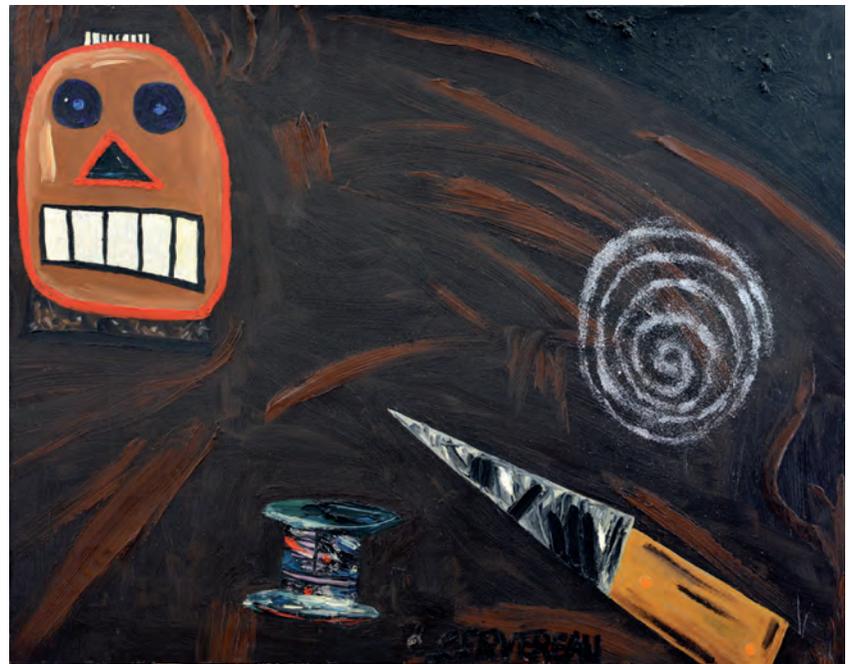
Sans-titre [Paul Valéry],
série Varia, fusain sur papier Arches,
format h. 31,5 cm x l. 25,5 cm, 1971.



Sans-titre [masque japonais],
série Varia, fusain sur papier Arches,
format h. 31,5 cm x l. 25,5 cm, 1971.



Sans-titre [Rêverie],
série Varia, aquarelle sur papier,
format h. 81 cm x l. 61 cm, 1972.



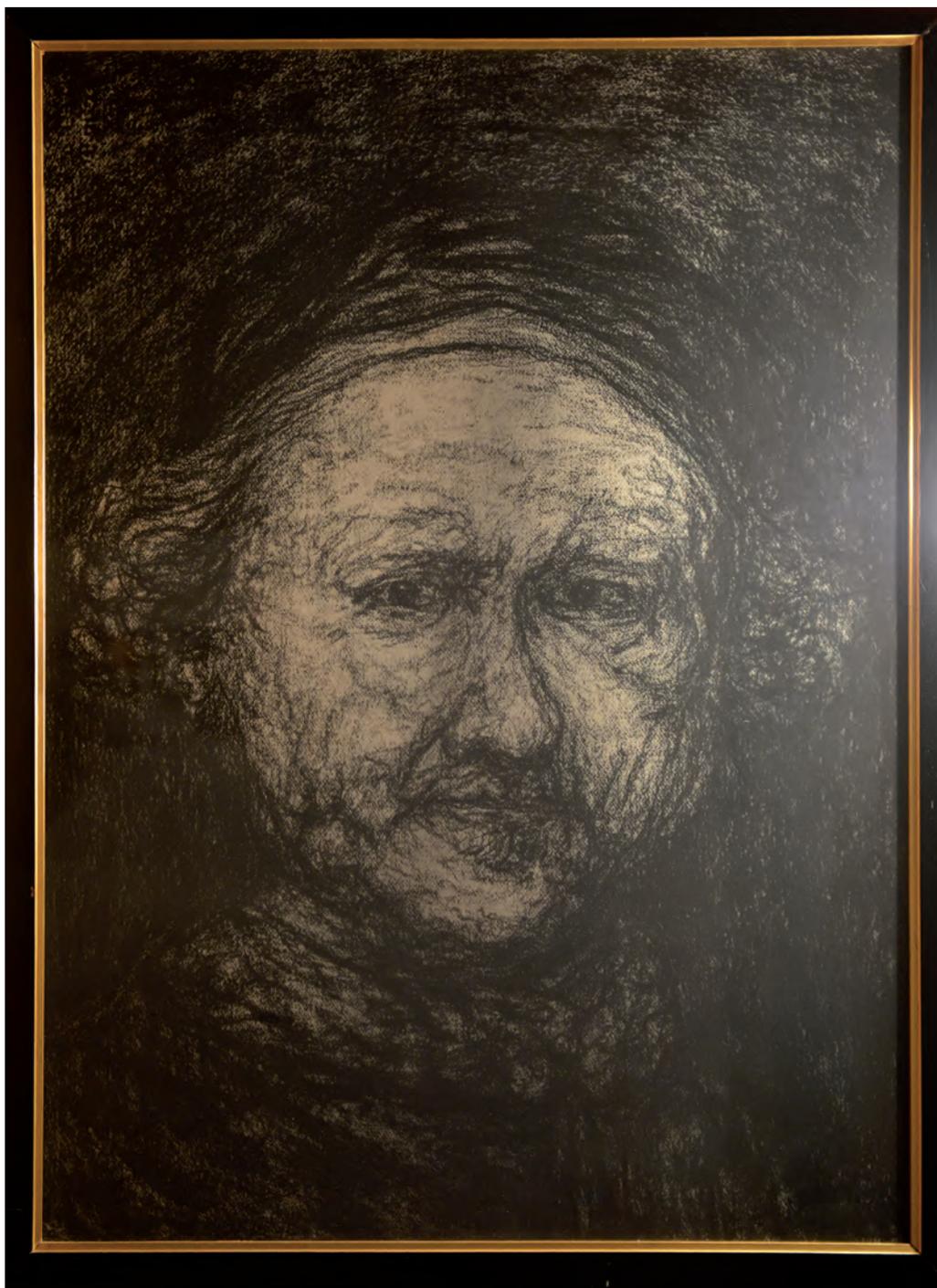
Sans-titre série Varia,
peinture acrylique sur toile,
format h. 65,5 cm x l. 82 cm, 1972.



Sans-titre série Varia,
peinture acrylique sur toile,
format h. 65 cm x l. 81 cm, 1973.



Sans-titre série Varia,
peinture acrylique sur toile,
format h. 65 cm x l. 100 cm, 1975.



Sans-titre [Rembrandt],
série Varia, fusain sur papier Arches,
format h. 81 cm x l. 61 cm, 1972.



Sans-titre [Voiliers européens dans paysage chinois], série Varia, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 59 cm x l. 78 cm, 1972.



Sans-titre [d'après Watteau], série Varia, fusain sur papier Arches, format h. 81 cm x l. 61 cm, 1972.



Sans-titre série Varia,
plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 26 cm x l. 36 cm, 1973-74.



Sans-titre [Lautrec],
série Varia, plume,
bambou et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 19 cm x l. 25 cm, 1973-74



Sans-titre série Varia,
plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 25,5 cm x l. 36 cm, 1973-74.



Sans-titre série Varia,
plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 19 cm x l. 24 cm, 1973-74.



Toile enduite noire avec peinture acrylique violette
sur structure de fil de fer, h. 21 cm x l. 39 x p. 10, 1972-73.

[une des structures retrouvées de l'exposition «Identité» à la librairie Shakespeare & Cie de George Whitman rue de la Bûcherie à Paris. Cette exposition collective envahissait toute la librairie avec des structures en volume, petits et grands formats. Conçue par Laurent Gervereau comme une installation globale perturbant l'espace des livres historiques, les structures étaient peintes ou portaient des poèmes de différents auteurs de ce groupe artistique éphémère «Identité», dont Patrick Baudry, Christophe Pivert, Xavier Esturgie... Passage (balbutiant...) de Laurent Gervereau au Pop Club de José Artur sur France Inter avec Claude Mauriac. Le groupe «Identité» s'était constitué pour interroger cette notion – la scandaleuse convocation pour toutes et tous à avoir une identité, une image de marque –, parallèlement à l'écriture des débuts de *Défaut d'identité*, première partie du grand roman *L'Homme planétaire* (voir www.gervereau.com)]



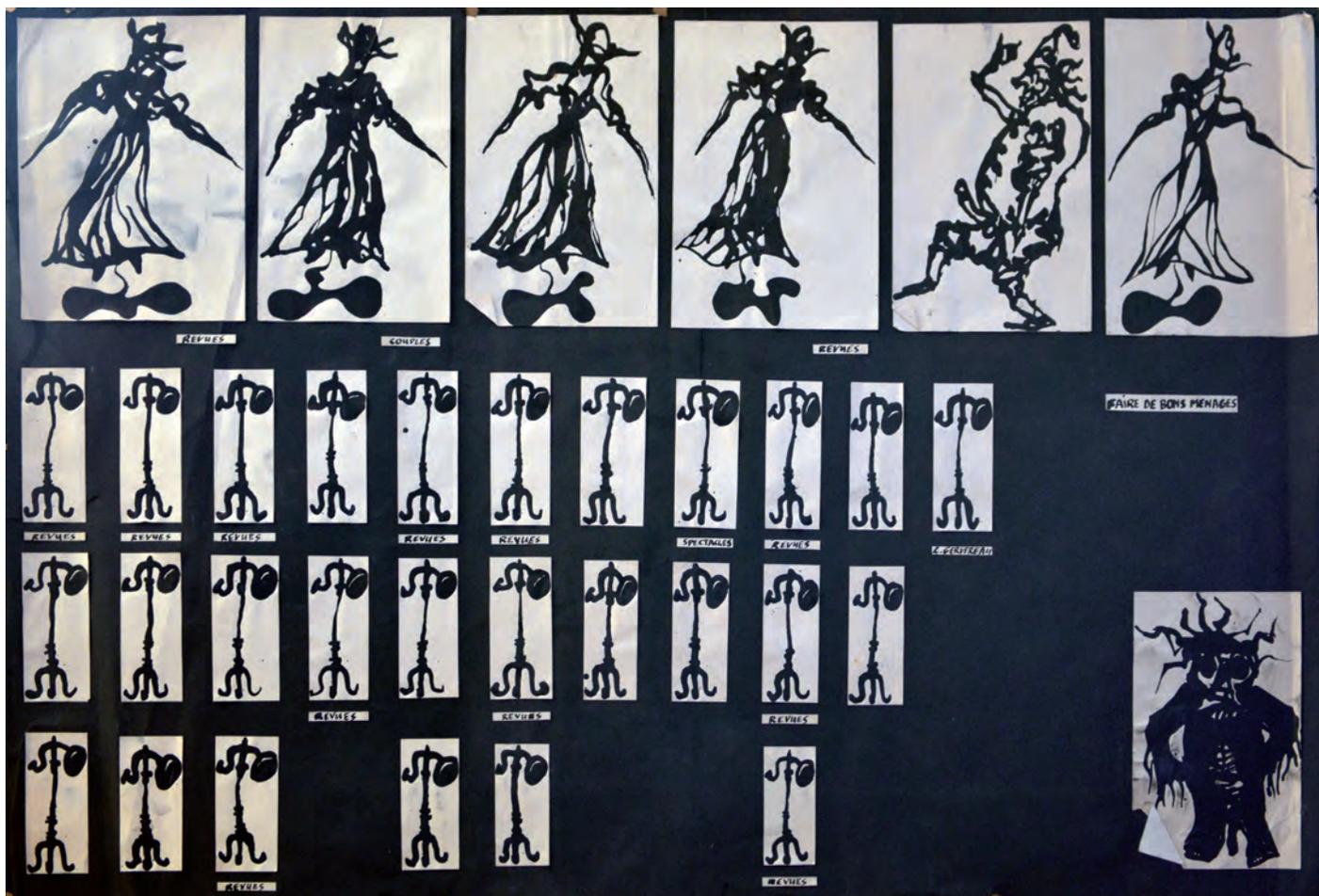


Sans-titre série Varia, plume, bambou
et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 25 cm x l. 19 cm, 1973-74.

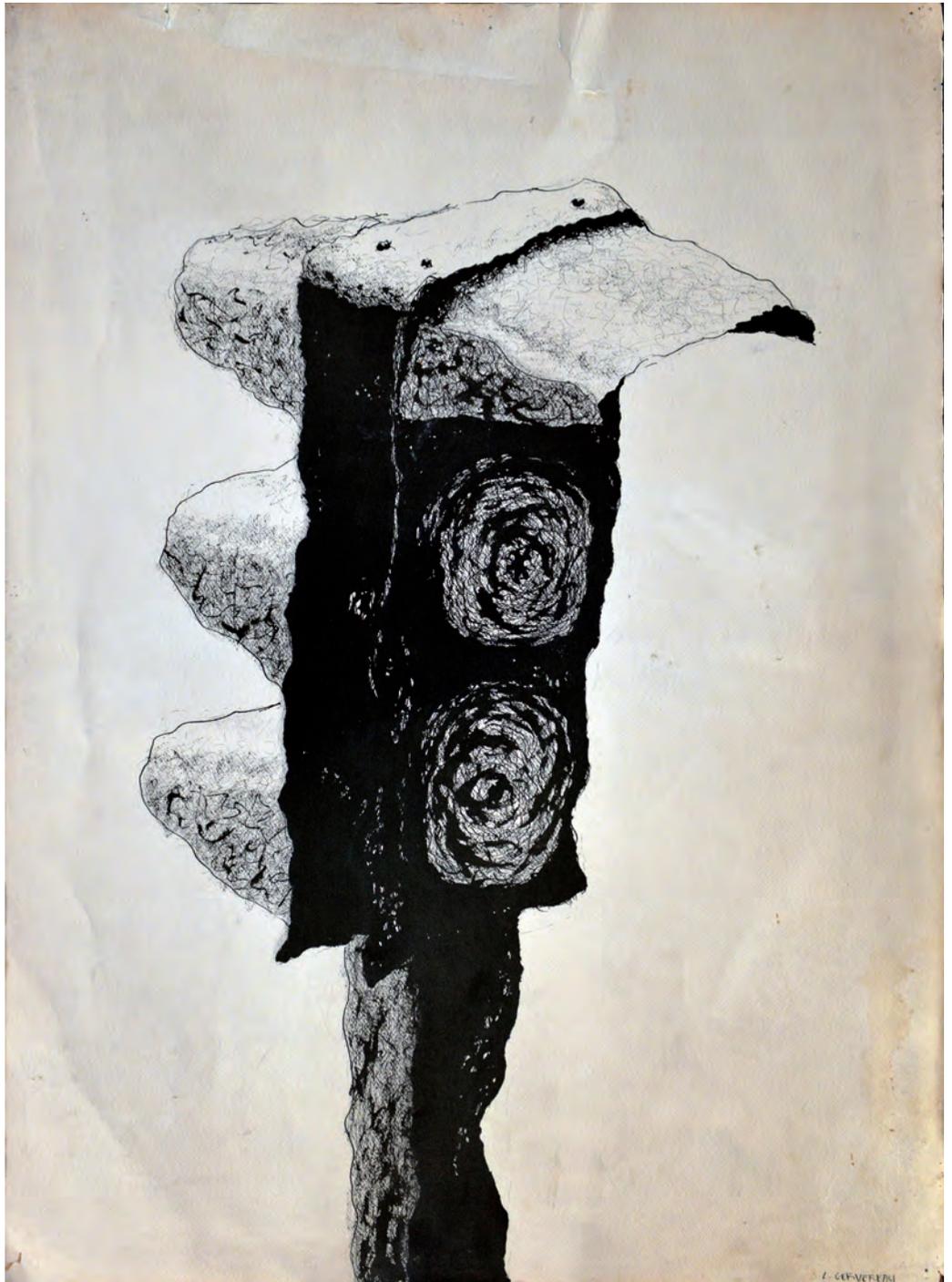
Sans-titre série Varia, plume, bambou
et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 25 cm x l. 19 cm, 1973-74.

Sans-titre série Varia, plume, bambou
et encre de Chine sur papier,
format h. 15,5 cm x l. 25,5 cm, 1973-74.





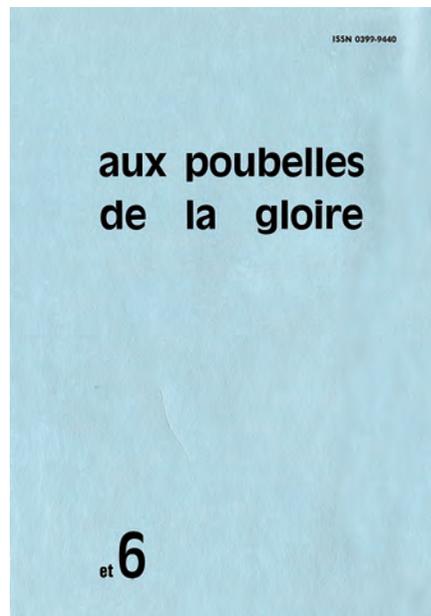
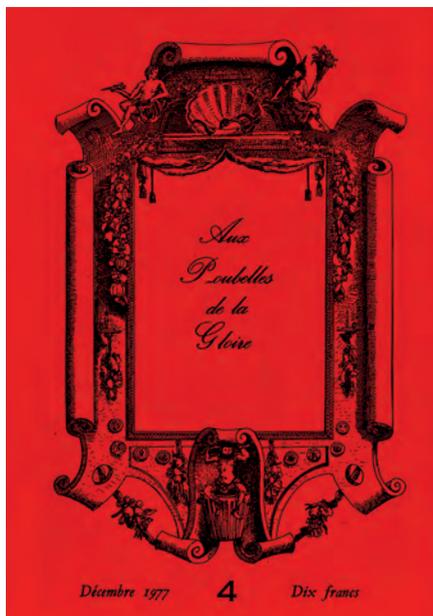
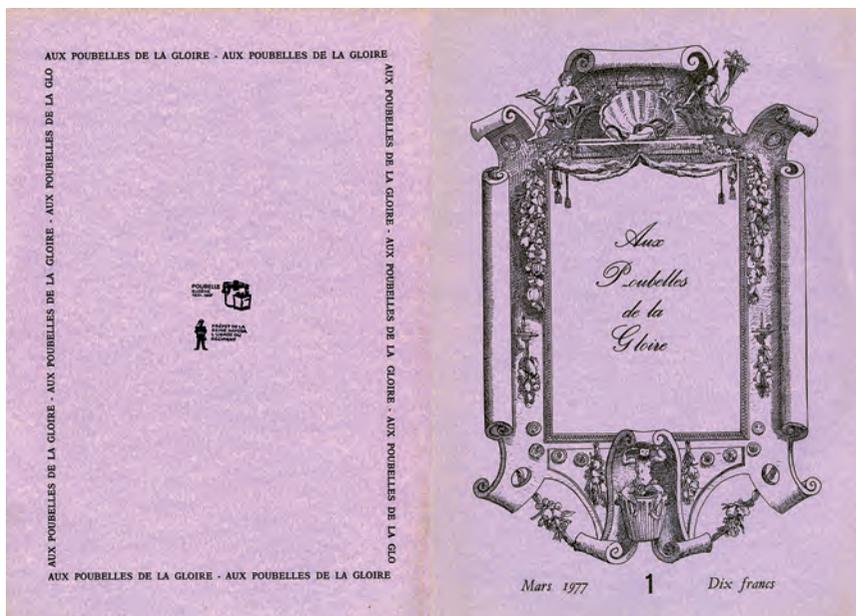
Sans-titre série Varia, bambou et encre
de Chine sur papier Canson,
format h. 65 cm x l. 100 cm, 1972.



Sans-titre série *Varia*, plume, bambou
et encre de Chine sur papier Arches,
format h. 77 cm x l. 56 cm, 1971.

apparitions

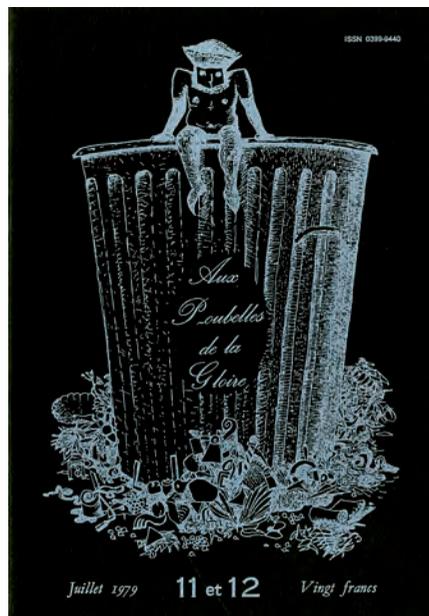
(1973-1979)



[Une exposition fondatrice a lieu à la librairie Shakespeare & Cie à Paris du 15 avril au 15 mai 1973 sous le titre «Identité» avec de grands reliefs noirs peints en violet, qui avaient

envahi toute la librairie (puis ce seront les manifestations au théâtre du Ranelagh). La traduction intellectuelle de ces créations sera la revue pataphysico-situationniste *Aux*

Poubelles de la Gloire, à tendance néo-punk sur papier glacé à partir de 1977 (jusqu'en 1979 et présentée notamment à la Bibliothèque nationale de France en 2013 dans

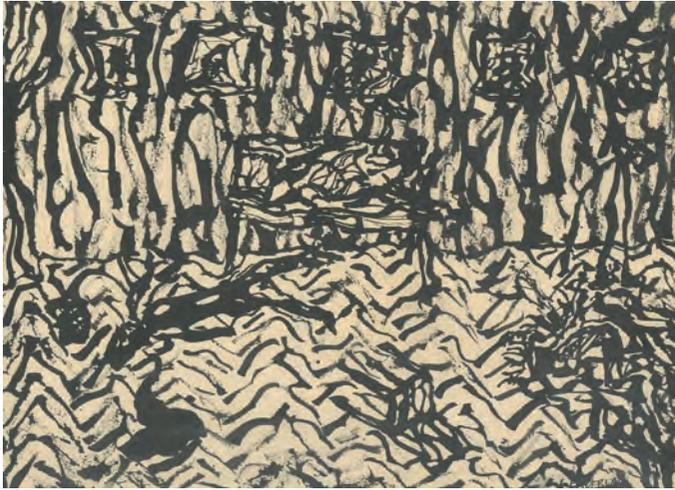


l'exposition Guy Debord, en même temps que la projection du film *Politically InKorect!*). À noter : le numéro 7 « spécial art » a donné lieu à détournement d'exposition avec édition

et collage sauvage public de l'affiche : «Oui, les chefs-d'œuvre se vendent» ; le numéro 9 était à l'intérieur du numéro 8 comme un passager clandestin dissident ; pour

le numéro 10, la couverture était à l'intérieur et les pages à l'extérieur : revue inversée. Les reliefs s'exposent sans cadre, les œuvres sur papier dans des bacs noir mat]





Dessin original pour la couverture du dernier numéro de la revue *Aux Poubelles de la Gloire* (n°13), série « Apparitions », bambou, encre de Chine et collage, h.29 cm x l.30 cm, décembre 1979.

Sans-titre série Apparitions, plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier, format h. 26 cm x l.36 cm, 1975-76.

Sans-titre série Apparitions, plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier, format h. 26 cm x l.36 cm, 1975-76.

Sans-titre série Apparitions, plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1973 .

Sans-titre [rue], série Apparitions, plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1975.



Sans-titre série Apparitions,
bambou et encre de Chine sur
papier Arches,
format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1975.



Sans-titre série Apparitions,
bambou et encre de Chine sur
papier Arches, format
h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1975-76.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, plume,
bambou et encre de Chine sur
papier Arches, format h. 37 cm x l.
55 cm, 1973.

Sans-titre [rue], série Apparitions,
plume, bambou et encre de Chine
sur papier Arches, format 56 cm x
l. 77 cm, 1973-74.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Canson, format h. 50 cm x l. 65 cm, 1974.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1973-74.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1973-74.

Sans-titre série Apparitions, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1973-74.



Sans-titre série Apparitions,
bambou et encre de Chine sur
papier Arches,
format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1975.

Sans-titre série Apparitions,
bambou et encre de Chine sur
papier Arches,
format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1975.

Sans-titre série Apparitions,
bambou et encre de Chine sur
papier Arches,
format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1975.

Sans-titre série Apparitions,
bambou et encre de Chine sur
papier Arches,
format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1976.



Sans-titre série [« Portrait de Laurent Gervreau dix-sept jours et demi après qu'il soit mort, par lui-même »], série Apparitions, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 77 cm x l. 56 cm, 1977.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1977.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, bambou et encre de Chine sur papier Arches, format h. 56 cm x l. 77 cm, 1977.



Sans-titre [plage], série Apparitions, plume, bambou et encre de Chine sur toile mise en relief grâce à un fond sculpté dans du plâtre, format h. 71 cm x l. 74 cm, 1975.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, techniques mixtes en relief sur toile lacérée, format h. 97 cm x l. 130 cm, 1978.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, techniques mixtes en relief sur toile lacérée, format h. 89 cm x l. 116 cm, 1976-77.



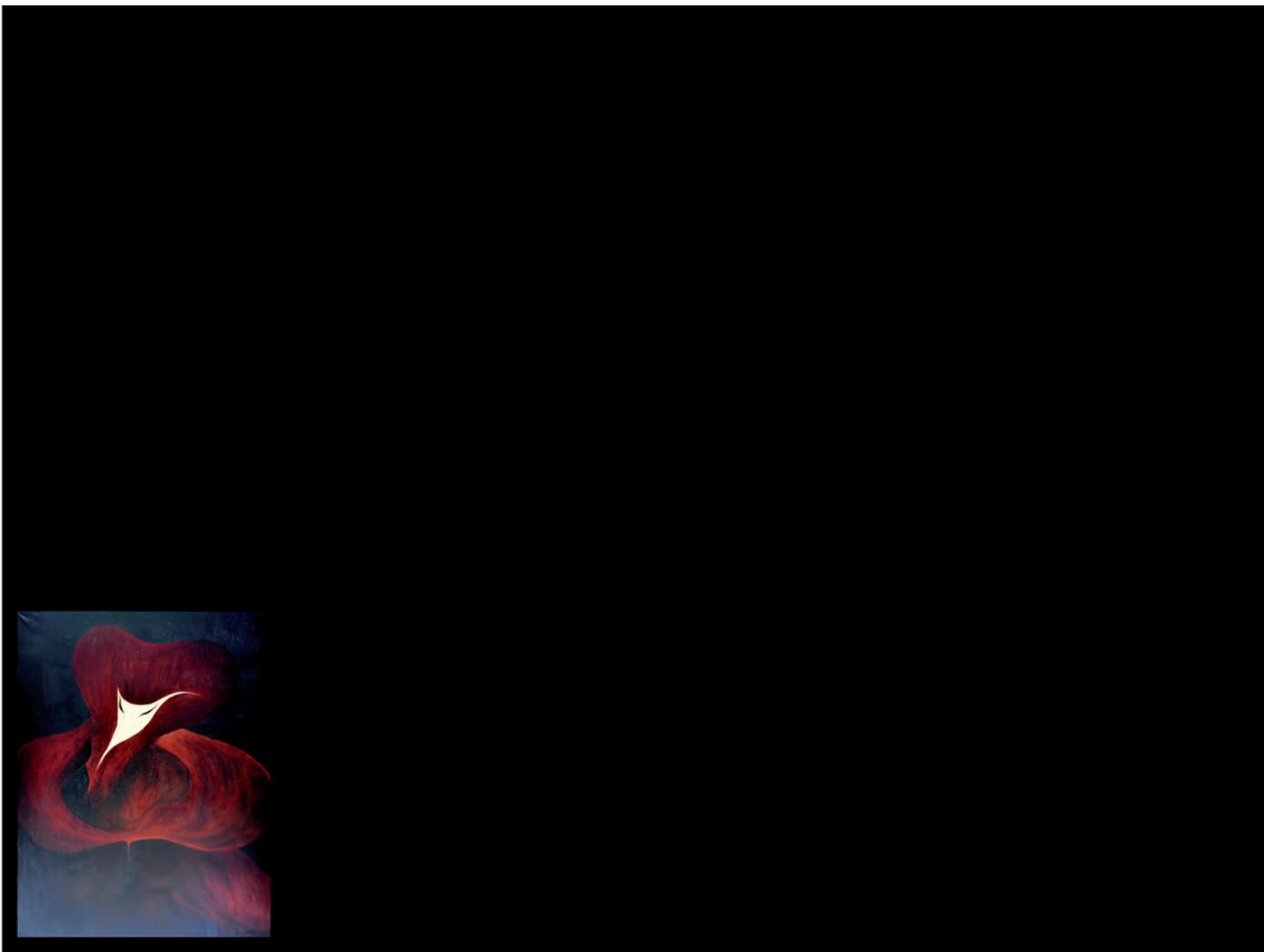
Sans-titre série Apparitions, techniques mixtes en relief sur toile lacérée, format h. 65 cm x l. 82 cm, 1977.



Sans-titre série Apparitions, techniques mixtes en relief sur toile lacérée, format h. 65 cm x l. 82 cm, 1977.

cadrages

(1980-1988)



Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture à l'huile et essence d'aspic sur toile, format de la peinture [à présenter placée sur un panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand comme pour tous les autres tableaux de la série Cadrages], format de la toile : h. 146 cm x l. 114 cm, 1980.



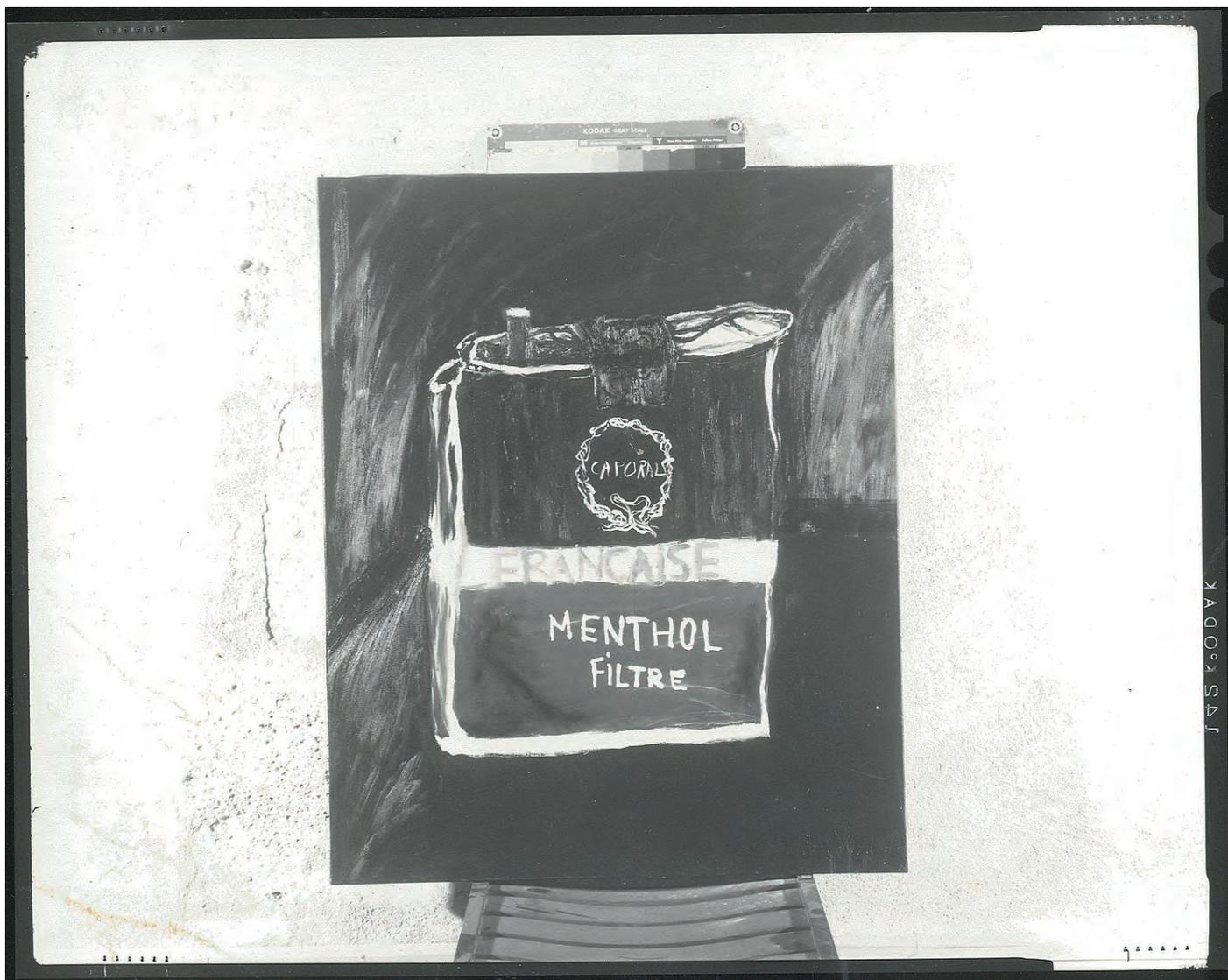


Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture à l'huile sur toile, format de la peinture [à présenter placée sur un panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand] h. 130 cm x l. 97 cm, 1980.



Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture acrylique
sur panneau de bois, format de la peinture
[à présenter placée sur un panneau noir mat
beaucoup plus grand]
h. 175,5 cm x l. 122,5 cm, 1981.





Sans-titre série Cadrages en 4 panneaux [ce premier travail photographique sériel fut une enquête sur ce qui fait le quotidien d'une habitation : le banal sensible. Ce travail a eu une influence essentielle sur toute la série des Cadrages : Où est le réel ? Il connaîtra une publication postérieure partielle en 1990 sous le titre de *The Intimate Report* dans la revue *Les Peintres d'Histoire* n°5], photos en série montées sous verre, format de chacun des panneaux h. 94 cm x l. 27 cm, 1980.

Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture acrylique sur toile, [à présenter placée sur un panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand], format non indiqué, photo noir et blanc de cette peinture en couleur, 1983.





Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture à l'huile sur toile,
format de la peinture [à présenter placée sur un
panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand]
h. 120 cm x l. 120 cm, 1982.

Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture à l'huile sur toile,
format de la peinture [à présenter placée sur un
panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand]
h. 82 cm x l. 116 cm, 1988.



Sans-titre série Cadragés, peinture à l'huile sur toile,
format de la peinture [à présenter placée sur un
panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand]
h. 97 cm x l. 130 cm, 1984.



Sans-titre série Cadrajes, peinture à l'huile sur toile,
format de la peinture [à présenter placée sur un
panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand]
h. 74 cm x l. 92 cm, 1985.



Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture acrylique sur panneau de bois, format de la peinture [à présenter placée sur un panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand] h. 122 cm x l. 156 cm, 1983.



Sans-titre série
Cadrages, peinture
acrylique sur toile,
format de la peinture
[à présenter placée sur
un panneau noir mat
beaucoup plus grand]
h. 116 cm x l. 81 cm,
1988.



Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture acrylique sur
panneau de bois, format de la peinture [à présenter
placée sur un panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand]
h. 153 cm x l. 190 cm, 1988.



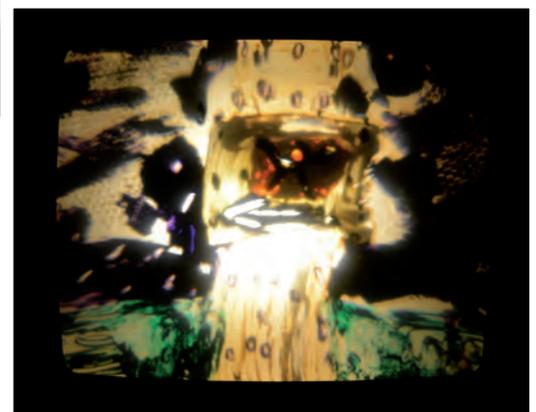
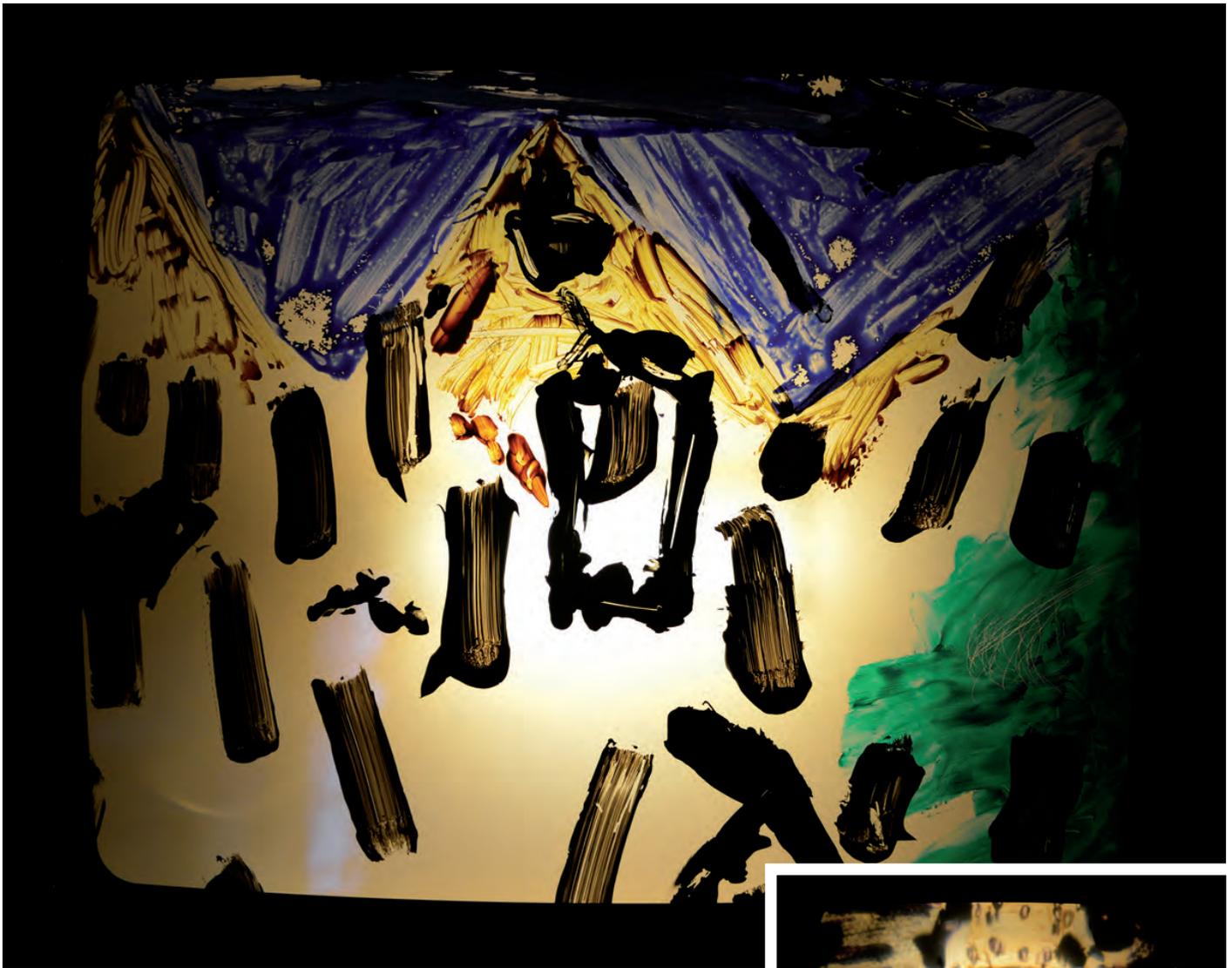
Sans-titre série Cadrages, peinture acrylique sur
panneau de bois, format de la peinture [à présenter
placée sur un panneau noir mat beaucoup plus grand]
h. 100 cm x l. 122 cm, 1988.



[Voilà le dernier exemple des «cadrages». Il a été créé en 2014 (donc bien après la fin de la série) pour figurer dans l'atelier d'Hautefage et montrer le principe d'accrochage. Son thème : media, avec une vision ironique de la façon dont les grands médias intermédiaires louchent sur peu de choses --notamment scandales et faits divers--, tandis que surgissent tant d'événements locaux ou planétaires majeurs (comme le big bang climatique)]

téléphagies

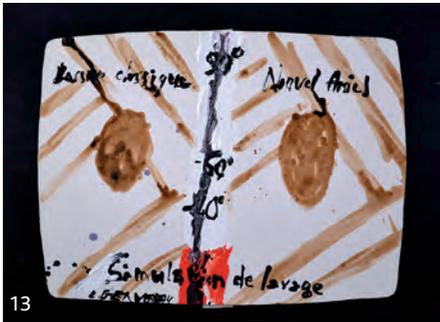
(1988-1998)



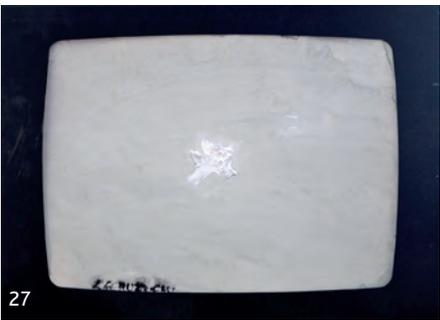
Les deux premiers essais de téléphagies réalisées dans des boîtes avec éclairage intérieur : Home et Urbanisme (vue aérienne), peinture acrylique sur plexi dans une boîte en bois peinte en noir mat, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1988

















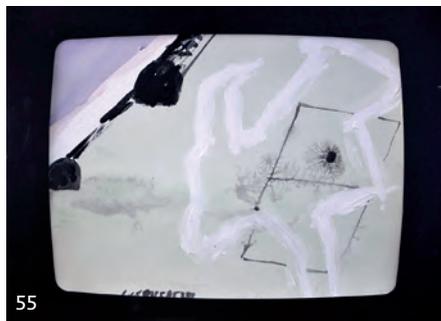
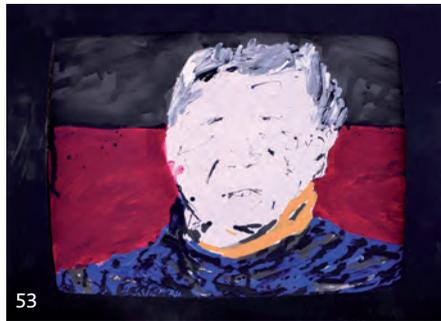
















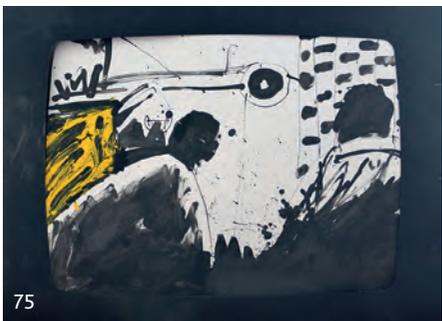


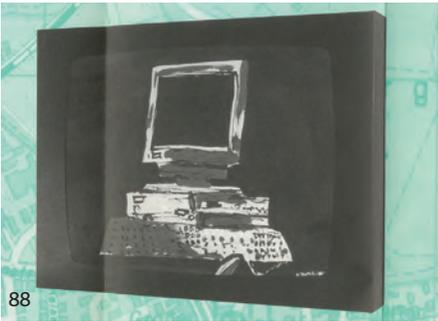
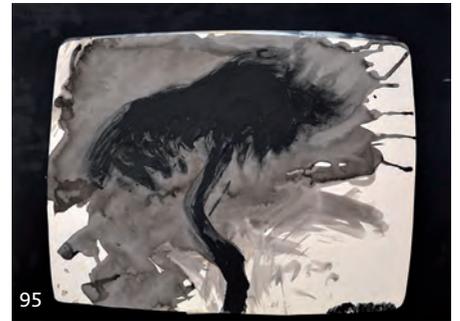




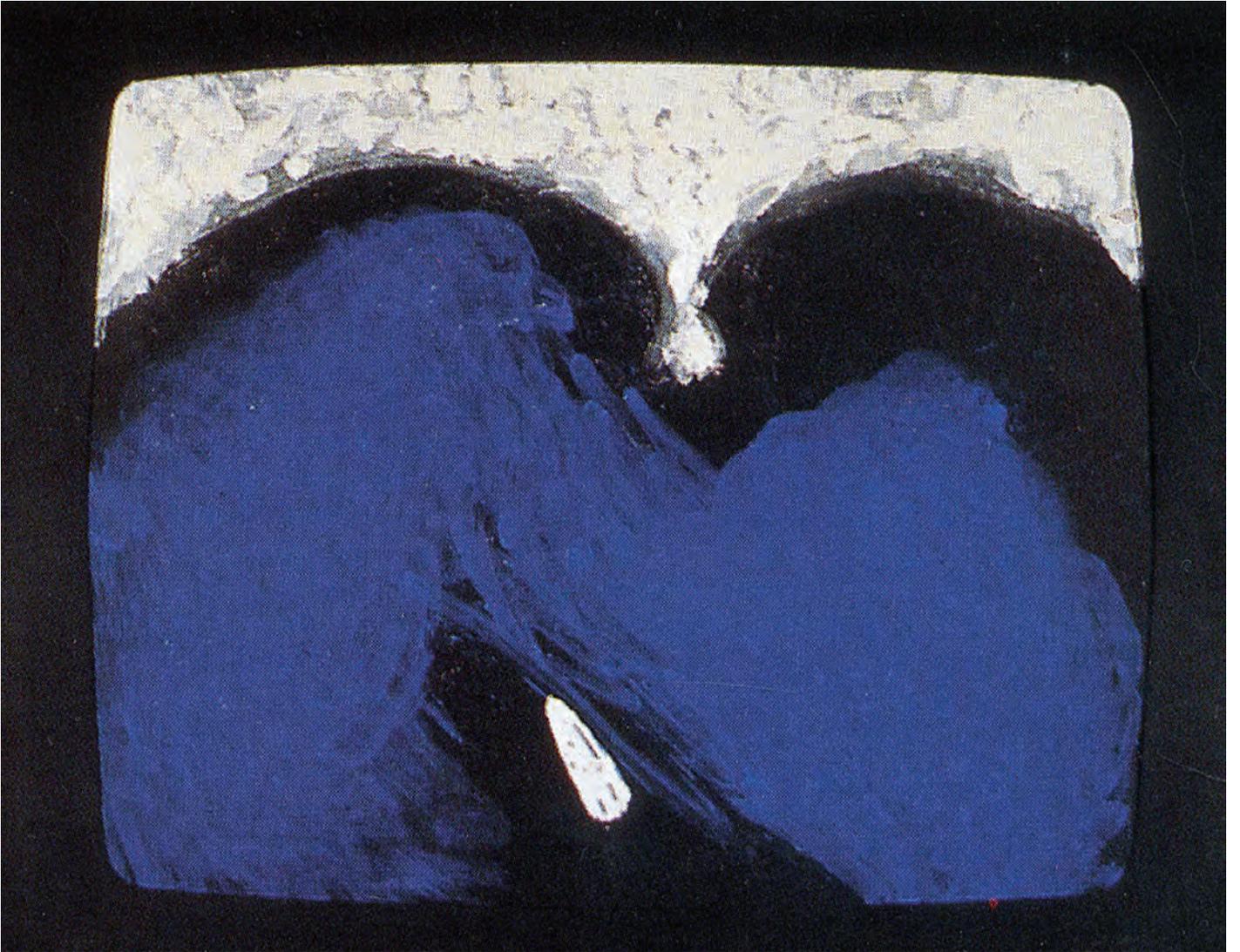






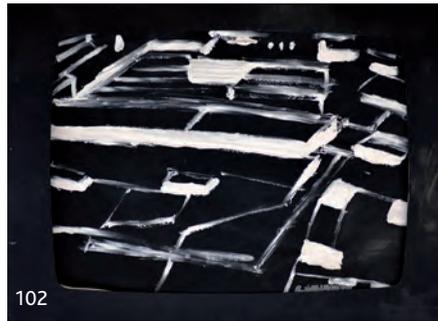














1. *Feuilleton (téléphone)*, série Téléphagies n°1, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1988
2. *Journal télévisé Antenne 2*, série Téléphagies n°2, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
3. *Publicité pour un plat surgelé*, série Téléphagies n°3, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
4. *Présentateur du journal télévisé pensif*, série Téléphagies n°4, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
5. *Plateau vide de journal télévisé*, série Téléphagies n°5, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
6. *Ayatollah Khomeiny*, série Téléphagies n°7, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
7. *Journal télévisé : Ayatollah*, série Téléphagies n°6, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
8. *Jeu télévisé : la Roue de la Fortune*, série Téléphagies n°8, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
9. *Gros plan*, série Téléphagies n°10, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
10. *Championnat du monde de ski dans la brume*, série Téléphagies n°11, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
11. *Manifestation à Manille*, série Téléphagies n°13, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
12. *Chanteur dans une émission de variétés*, série Téléphagies n°14, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
13. *Publicité pour une lessive*, série Téléphagies n°15, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
14. *Match de football*, série Téléphagies n°16, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
15. *Loto sportif*, série Téléphagies n°17, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
16. *Emission littéraire*, série Téléphagies n°18, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
17. *Marushka Detmers dans le Diable au corps de Marco Bellocchio*, série Téléphagies n°19, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
18. *Shining de Stanley Kubrick*, série Téléphagies n°21, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
19. *Un assassin de vieilles dames*, série Téléphagies n°22, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
20. *Loto*, série Téléphagies n°23, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
21. *Le chef Raoni parlant de la destruction de la forêt amazonienne*, série Téléphagies n°24, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
22. *Un chef arabe*, série Téléphagies n°25, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
23. *Georges Wolinski*, série Téléphagies n°26, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
24. *Un navire pollueur échoué dans la tempête*, série Téléphagies n°27, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
25. *Le public applaudissant*, série Téléphagies n°28, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
26. *Présentateur sportif*, série Téléphagies n°29, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
27. *Quand on éteint la télévision...*, série Téléphagies n°30, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
28. *Manifestants à Pékin*, série Téléphagies n°31, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
29. *Etudiant à la moto (Pékin)*, série Téléphagies n°32, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
30. *Enfant à Beyrouth*, série Téléphagies n°33, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
31. *Publicité pour les préservatifs*, série Téléphagies n°34, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
32. *Trois jeunes chômeurs*, série Téléphagies n°35, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
33. *Guerillero sud-américain à l'hôpital auquel son camarade rend visite*, série Téléphagies n°36, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
34. *Homme politique se préparant à faire une déclaration*, série Téléphagies n°37, pastel sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
35. *Emission littéraire n°1*, série Téléphagies n°38, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
36. *Emission littéraire n°2*, série Téléphagies n°39, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
37. *Emission littéraire n°3*, série Téléphagies n°40, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
38. *Antoine et Pauline en vidéo*, série Téléphagies n°41, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous

verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
39. *Christian chez lui*, série Téléphagies n°42, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989

40. *Ouverture du mur de Berlin*, série Téléphagies n°43, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989

41. *Planche à voile*, série Téléphagies n°44, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre [essai de cadre en bois], format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989

42. *Manifestation à Prague : orateur à la tribune*, série Téléphagies n°45, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989

43. *Archives : défilé de Jean-Paul Goude pour le 14 juillet 1989 (Arc de Triomphe, Paris)*, série Téléphagies n°46, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

44. *Conférence de presse du général de Gaulle (images d'archives)*, série Téléphagies n°47, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

45. *Deux hommes sur la Lune*, série Téléphagies n°48, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

46. *Tien An Men : homme face aux chars*, série Téléphagies n°49, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

47. *Tour de France*, série Téléphagies n°50, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

48. *A la tribune dans les pays de l'Est*, série Téléphagies n°51, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

49. *Franchir la ligne*, série Téléphagies n°53, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

50. *Betty Boop*, série Téléphagies n°54, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

51. *Elena Ceaucescu géante*, série Téléphagies n°55, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

52. *Discours devant la porte de Brandebourg*, série Téléphagies n°56, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989

53. *Dirigeant chinois*, série Téléphagies n°57, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

54. *Défilé de mode*, série Téléphagies n°58, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

55. *Silhouette au sol après un assassinat*, série Téléphagies n°59, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

56. *Boxe*, série Téléphagies n°60, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

57. *Déboulonnage d'une statue de Lénine*, série Téléphagies n°61, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

58. *Tennis*, série Téléphagies n°62, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

59. *Rugby : mêlée*, série Téléphagies n°63, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

60. *Grand Prix de Formule 1*, série Téléphagies n°64, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

61. *Hand Ball*, série Téléphagies n°65, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

62. *Tennis*, série Téléphagies n°66, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

63. *Pape*, série Téléphagies n°67, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

64. *US News*, série Téléphagies n°68, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

65. *Batman et Robin*, série Téléphagies n°72, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

66. *Saddam Hussein en prière*, série Téléphagies n°73, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

67. *Reporter dans le désert*, série Téléphagies n°74, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

68. *Prisonnier exhibé à Bagdad*, série Téléphagies n°75, peinture acrylique sur

carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

69. *War in the Gulf*, série Téléphagies n°76, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

70. *Masque à gaz*, série Téléphagies n°77, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

71. *Manifestation pacifiste à Washington*, série Téléphagies n°78, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

72. *B52 au décollage*, série Téléphagies n°79, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

73. *Tournage sur la Place Rouge à Moscou*, série Téléphagies n°80, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990

74. *Pays de l'Est : déboulonnage d'un Lénine*, série Téléphagies n°81, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1992

75. *Haut-parleur en Algérie*, série Téléphagies n°82, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1992

76. *Barque de travailleurs clandestins à Gibraltar*, série Téléphagies n°83, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1992

77. *Blessé amputé en Croatie*, série Téléphagies n°84, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1992

78. *Présentatrice à la télévision russe*, série Téléphagies n°85, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1993
79. *Télévision irakienne*, série Téléphagies n°86, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1993
80. *Série américaine : scène d'intérieur*, série Téléphagies n°87, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1993
81. *Passants après un attentat*, série Téléphagies n°90, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1993
82. *Vidéo napolitaine : poule à la tomate*, série Téléphagies n°95, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
83. *Vidéo napolitaine : Baie de Naples*, série Téléphagies n°97, pastel sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
84. *Vidéo napolitaine : peinture pompéienne*, série Téléphagies n°98, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
85. *Vidéo napolitaine : scooter*, série Téléphagies n°99, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
86. *Vidéo napolitaine : touristes à Pompéi*, série Téléphagies n°100, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
- [cette téléphagie fut reproduite en plus grand format dans le catalogue de l'exposition des Peintres d'Histoire à Naples
- et connaîtra le succès en étant une des cartes postales tirées à cette occasion]
87. *Vidéo napolitaine : rue du Spacca Napoli*, série Téléphagies n°101, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
88. *Ordinateur domestique [reproduction noir et blanc de l'œuvre dans le catalogue-objet de l'exposition Ost-West à Hanovre]*, série Téléphagies n°102, pastel sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
89. *Vidéo napolitaine : spaghettis*, série Téléphagies n°103, peinture acrylique sur carton et collage dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
90. *Vidéo napolitaine : draps séchant dans une ruelle*, série Téléphagies n°104, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
91. *Vidéo napolitaine : Calcio*, série Téléphagies n°105, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
92. *Vidéo napolitaine : fauteuil baroque au couvent San Martino*, série Téléphagies n°106, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
93. *Vidéo napolitaine : miracle de saint Janvier*, série Téléphagies n°107, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
94. *Vidéo napolitaine : autoportrait caricature sur fond de Vésuve*, série Téléphagies n°108, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
95. *Pin parasol*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, encre de Chine sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1990
96. *Publicité de parfum*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
97. *Le héros devant la glace : vue plongeante*, Téléphagies Hors-série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
98. *Planète bleue*, Téléphagies Hors-série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre [essai de cadre en bois], format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1989
99. *Jeu télévisé*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
100. *Toto*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
101. *Blason Napoli*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
102. *Zone commerciale*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
103. *Publicité de biscottes*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
104. *Deux silhouettes*, série Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
105. *Tirer la langue*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
106. *Trace de cadavre*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
107. *Début de feuilleton policier*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur papier Canson dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
108. *Les vieux*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique et fusain sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
109. *L'ange du bizarre*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
110. *Paysage électrique*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
111. *Le meurtrier dans un parc, la nuit*, Téléphagies Hors-Série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, s. d.
112. *Vidéo napolitaine : Publicité pour une voiture*, Téléphagies Hors-série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
113. *Vidéo napolitaine : Manifestation*, Téléphagies Hors-série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1994
114. *Al Jazira*, série Téléphagies Hors-série, peinture acrylique sur carton dans une boîte métal noir mat sous verre, format h. 59 x l. 76 x p. 10 cm, 1991

peintres
d'histoire

(1989-1998)

LES PEINTRES D'HISTOIRE

10, rue Albert - 75013 Paris

ASSOCIATION

Laurent Gervereau, Louis Rollinde,
directeurs associés

1988, N° 1

Tout est histoire. Faut-il en faire ou pas ? Peu importe, la référence s'impose d'elle-même, même et surtout à ceux qui s'en moquent. Commémorations, compilations, droits d'auteurs, chaque trace s'ordonne, s'additionne.

Décalage des persifleurs, des encenseurs ou des barbouilleurs de batailles passées, nous voulons célébrer l'histoire en marche. Non seulement la régurgitation des marques formelles d'autrefois (après tout il y a tant de post-néo-trans...), mais l'interprétation de notre monde en excitation. Au temps du défilement abscons des images, nous témoignons par un choix arbitraire et catégorique.

Certes, rien n'échappe à cette nature de témoignage : tout est trace, de la petite cuillère au concert rock. En effet. S'agit-il alors de la seule formalisation d'une démarche habituelle — même si elle n'est pas conceptualisée —, d'une participation inévitable à un «air» du temps qui, une fois passé, finit par en faire la saveur sensible ? Sûrement. Mais, pris à l'envers, il doit pouvoir en donner des effets singuliers.

Certains ont célébré ou contesté le pouvoir en place. Certains ont peint les mœurs ou envisagé les aventures intimes. Dans une époque de musées où tout est devenu relique et maître d'histoire, nous nous situons au-delà : dans le choix des restes. Peinture a posteriori, elle ne prétend nullement échapper au broyage ultérieur de la mémoire, mais elle se veut une mémoire instantanée.

Expérience singulière, fantaisiste et changeante dans ses supports (des bûllements expressifs aux essais architecturaux ou à la reconstitution des objets usuels), elle peut paraître comme une bouée de secours dans des marées incertaines. Occupation, fébrile ou paresseuse, elle apporte, par effet de miroir, l'illusion d'une prise quelconque sur une existence toujours à démontrer. Pourtant elle dessine également les contours d'aperçus plus généraux, difficiles à ignorer. Par exemple, des nécessités économiques internationales poussent de nos jours vers une unification dans laquelle doivent arriver à se recomposer des diversités individuelles libres en partie de

modèles. Parallèlement, de lourdes crispations religieuses, dogmatiques, cherchent à faire tomber sous le joug de leurs uniformisations militantes. Dans ce domaine, trop mettre en avant le jeu des apparences, la perte de sens, l'impuissance, le pessimisme absolu, devient également la manière intéressée de perpétuer un cours des choses dont on fait son beurre de baratte personnel. Les comportements isolés ne peuvent se construire sans ouvertures, dans cet échange quotidien particulièrement au général qui fait office de gymnastique cérébrale obligée pour chacun.

Alors notre inévitablement orgueilleuse mise en perspective (inséparable de toute velléité créatrice — faire, c'est faire croire), si elle n'exclut pas des réalisations relatives pour des appréciations relatives, dans la logique du maître à penser des modes, remet en place avant tout l'autorité du bon plaisir. Bon plaisir de choisir, d'agir, bon plaisir de goûter, bon plaisir d'ignorer, d'exécuter. La vie elle-même scande le tempo de ces attitudes. Pessimisme hédoniste, relativisme stimulant, de toute façon, aujourd'hui, why not ?

jpran ltrin/jpran lavion
chanjman dzone
journe lbouton
chanjman dzone
jregarde adroite/puiha goche
chanjman dzone
jcionpran kepouic
chanjman dzone
a lor
jrestla é jpransa otchose
chanjman dzone
sanriehz

Les peintres d'histoire avant les peintres d'histoire

La revendication a posteriori tient de l'annexion, d'un culot appropriatif qui tend à magnifier le présent au nom d'un passé choisi de la façon la plus flatteuse possible. Mais, pour des peintres d'histoire — et pour d'autres —, comment apparaître tels d'innocents novateurs, exempts de parentés ou d'influences, imposant d'emblée leur regard inédit ? D'évidence les vellétés d'aujourd'hui recrachent à leur manière les créations d'hier — démarche séculaire de récupérations parfois ignorantes, que, pour notre part, nous revendiquons.

Spécifions tout d'abord que nous entendons la dénomination «peintres» dans un sens différent du sens commun. Pour nous les sous-entendus désuets de ce mot doivent servir de prétexte à en faire exploser les contours. Même si nous ne refusons en aucune manière l'apposition de couleur sur une surface plane, nous peignons en tant que nous le déclarons, c'est-à-dire comme des moments avec effets intermittents. La «peinture» devient l'image du reste.

Cependant, nous pouvons entrevoir plu-

sieurs manières d'être peintres d'histoire. En premier lieu, nous excluons le culte séparé de ce qui n'est plus. Sans rejeter la dimension délicieusement ludique de la nostalgie, il nous semble simplement qu'hier n'a pas droit à davantage de respect qu'aujourd'hui. Depuis la Renaissance en Europe, le goût de l'Antiquité a trop longtemps fait figure de dévotion univoque. Le passé, en tant qu'espace de temps, impose sa complexité, en tant que moment arbitrairement choisi, s'alterne avec d'autres. Il nous sert comme outil précieuse et précaire. Plus personne ne peut ignorer les traces antérieures. Elles agissent comme la pioche au jeu de cartes, mesurant nos manifestations.

Plus personne ne peut ignorer non plus les soubresauts internationaux. Mais, peintres également de l'histoire immédiate, de l'actualité, nous ne voulons en aucun cas donner dans la célébration, quelle qu'elle soit. Ni Louis David, ni Antoon Van Dyck, ni l'Eugène Delacroix de *La Liberté guidant le peuple*, ni artistes «engagés», militants politiques des années mille neuf cent soixante-dix, ni peintres primitifs catholiques composant les tableaux de la vie à l'image de l'enseignement biblique, ni confucéens, ni bouddhistes, ni adeptes tardifs du réalisme socialiste, nous n'offrons qu'un aperçu individuel — une chronique — des signaux alentour. Dans notre reportage hasardeux, les événements prennent rang de symptômes.

De même, refusant la hiérarchie a priori des causes, nous n'ignorons ni ne survalorisons les rituels ou les accidents quotidiens. Par exemple, la copie conforme de l'hyper-réalisme ne nous semble soulever d'intérêt que par défaut : en incitant à songer à ce qui n'y est pas. Dans l'autre sens, le refus du réel, l'incantation à l'imaginaire, l'écart absolu cher aux visionnaires, aux symbolistes, aux surréalistes, aux auteurs de science-fiction, pâtissent souvent d'efforts vains pour ignorer le tangible. Les rêves racontent davantage l'ici que l'ailleurs. C'est le fantasme du pré-

sent qui entretient, par exemple, les travaux d'un Raymond Queneau ou d'un Franz Kafka. Et lorsque nous considérons ces peintres qu'un jeu de probabilités nous fait apprécier plus fréquemment que d'autres — seule preuve «basique» de leur rayonnement — (Francisco Goya, Johannes Vermeer, Edward Hopper...) leur récit ne prend sa valeur que par ce qui s'y surajoute. De la même manière, un Marcel Duchamp, un Arman, un Christian Boltanski exposant en 1974 tous les «objets ayant appartenu à une femme de Bois-Colombes», ne se contentent pas de dénonciation de la peinture de chevalier, de la consommation, de l'obsolescence ou du désirable étiqueté, mais transmutent l'élément brut par son détournement orienté. Le surplus nourrit la provocation de cette focalisation créative.

Dans un semblable effort, un des domaines privilégiés de notre intervention sur le constat du quotidien demeure la reprise en main de l'utilitaire et de l'inutilitaire. Quelques grands anciens ont donné la mesure des tâches : «primitifs» océaniques ou africains, Secession viennoise, Pablo Picasso sculpteur, Bauhaus allemand, facteur Cheval, Edward James, Salvador Dali, Jean Dubuffet ou Bruno Weber. Au sein de cette lignée, deux orientations, non exclusives l'une de l'autre, apparaissent : soit la transformation artisanale des ustensiles journaliers, soit la multiplication industrielle de prototypes variés. Aucun support ne peut être négligé, les moyens seuls posant les limites de ce qui s'inscrit dans une aventure principalement urbaine, ou à alternance urbaine-rurale, pour laquelle l'architecture tient et tiendra une place centrale, en parallèle avec une répartition des costumes, des coutumes et des rôles. Peindre l'histoire revient à épeler les états d'âme des jours malins, à penser la mécanique de nos réactions, à décapier les tentures des repaires.

Car peindre l'histoire, par la distance de la chronologie, oblige à prendre en compte le divers. Amalgame de cultures heureusement

en perdition — pouvant n'obliger plus personne, dès lors que la mondialisation économique a fait comprendre à chaque histoire nationale qu'il y avait des histoires —, la sarabande des formes inspire nos hybrides. Imbrication des écritures, imbrication des langages et des tons, polymorphisme des véhicules, des matériaux industriels, juxtaposition des ambiances (clips vidéo, brouillage des styles chez Errò ou chez graphistes et affichistes japonais, musique composite). Pourtant peindre l'histoire, c'est éviter ces mélanges faciles qui tiennent du dosage des couleurs locales. Aujourd'hui peindre l'histoire, c'est opposer au disparate, les fusions, et offrir à la relativité incontournable des goûts, les éclaircies des choix, aux vitrines affolantes des temps et des formes, l'arbitraire de la passion, aux impératifs catégoriques, la souplesse de l'indifférence.

Amitiés particulières

Frans Masereel,
un marcheur dans la ville



PAINTERS OF HISTORY

10, rue Albert - 75013 Paris
France

ASSOCIATION

Laurent Gervereau, Louis Rollinde,
associated directors

1988. N° 1

Everything is history. Should we or shouldn't we get involved in it? It doesn't matter, the historical reference imposes itself even, and especially, upon the people who don't care about history. Commemorations, compilations, copyrights, every trace adds up and finds its own place.

Keeping ourselves apart from mockers, flatterers, daubers of past battles, we want to celebrate history in motion. Not only do we want to regurgitate formal traces of the past (after all there are so many post-neo-trans...), but we also intend to give an interpretation of our turbulent world. At a time when images flash by in an abstruse way, we choose to give an arbitrary and categorical testimony.

Indeed nothing escapes this testimony: everything is a trace. From the tea spoon to the rock concert. Indeed. But then does this trace represent the mere formalization of an habitual process—even if it is not conceptualized—is it the inevitable part of the mood of the times and does it, once it has passed, become representative of the mood of that very period? It certainly does. But if we look at things the other way round, that is from

conceptualization to formalization, the effects should be remarkable.

Some people have praised or, on the contrary, attacked the ruling power. Some have described customs or private adventures. At a time when museums abound, when everything is liable to become a relic and historical material, we stand beyond this interpretation by choosing to consider some of the things that have been left aside. Being an a posteriori painting, it doesn't claim to escape later oblivion, but it claims to be an instantaneous memory.

This painting is a unique, imaginative experience, the media of which are everchanging (from expressive paintings to architectural attempts or the recomposition of everyday objects), and it may appear like a life-buoy amidst uncertain tides. Painting history, a febrile or lazy occupation, provides, like a mirror reflecting an image, the illusion that one can have a grasp upon an existence that forever needs proving. However, it also draws the outline of more general insights—insights one can hardly ignore. For example, nowadays international economic

necessities tend to create a unification inside which individual diversities should nevertheless be respected, people choosing what suit them from different cultures. At the same time, powerful, tense and dogmatic religious forces try to make people come under the yoke of their militant standardizations. In this domain, if one puts too much emphasis on the interplay of appearances, the loss of meaning, helplessness, absolute pessimism, one also wants to perpetuate, in a self-interested way, the course of events without questioning anything. Isolated attitudes can't build up without openings, within this everyday exchange from the particular to the general which serves as mental gymnastics each of us must perform.

So our inevitably arrogant undertaking (inseparable from any vague creative desire—to make it to make believe), though it doesn't exclude relative creations for relative appreciations, within the logic of the maelstrom of fashions, brings, first and foremost, the authority of pleasure back into favour. Pleasure to choose, to act, to taste, pleasure to ignore or exorcise. Life itself scans the tempo of these attitudes. Hedonistic pessimism, stimulating relativism, anyway, today, pourquoi pas?

iteik theirein/iteik theplein
change ovzon
iturn the button
look rait/hienleft
change ovzon
idon'tgetit
change ovzon
so
isteihere and ithinkov sometingels
change ovzon
withnothin'

Painters of history before painters of history

The a priori claim is something of an annexation, it requires a cheeky desire to own things, an attitude that tends to glorify the present time in the name of a post chosen in the most flattering possible way. But how is it possible for painters—and others for that matter—to appear like innocent innovators, exempt from any kinship or influence, eager to impose their original point of view right away? Obviously, today's creations are, in their own way, yesterday's creations—this being a secular process one sometimes ignores and which we definitely claim to be our own.

First we must make clear that the word «painter» means for us something different from what it usually signifies. We think that the obsolete understood meanings of that word should be used as a pretext for making its outlines explode. Though we don't reject the juxtaposition of colours upon a flat surface, we are painting in our own personal way, that is moments with sporadic effects. Painting becomes the image of the rest.

However we can perceive several ways of being painters of history. To start with, we definitely exclude the separate cult of what is no more. This doesn't mean that we reject the deliciously playful dimension of nostalgia but we feel that yesterday is not entitled to

more respect than today. Ever since the Renaissance, the taste for Antiquity has appeared like an object of univocal devotion for far too long. The past, as a space of time imposes its complexity and, being a moment arbitrarily chosen, it alternates with other moments in time. We have to use it like a tool that is both precious and precarious. No one can ignore the previous faces any longer. They play the part of the stack in a card game—measuring the outward signs of what we are.

Likewise, no one can ignore international upheavals any longer. But since we are also painting immediate history, we definitely refuse to lapse into any kind of celebration. We are neither Louis David nor Antoon Van Dick or Eugene Delacroix and his *Liberty guiding the people*, we are not committed artists or political activists of the 70's, we are not primitive catholic painters who represent life in the image of the bible teachings, neither are we confucians or buddhists nor late followers of the socialist realism movement. All we want to do is give an individual insight into the various signs that surround us, write a sort of chronic about them. Within this hazardous depiction, events become symptoms.

Likewise, as we reject the a priori hierarchy of causes we neither ignore nor do we overestimate the rituals of everyday incidents. For instance, it seems to us that the hyperrealistic movement, a «true» replica of reality, is worthy of interest only because of what it lacks. On the other hand, the refusal of reality, the incantation of the Imaginary, the absolute distance dear to the visionaries, the symbolists, the surrealists, the science-fiction writers, all these elements often suffer on account of useless attempts to ignore the tangible side of things. Dreams are about the «here and now» not about what goes on elsewhere. The ghost of the present haunts the works of authors like Raymond Queneau or Franz Kafka for instance. And if we consider certain painters who, thanks to an inter-

play of probabilities, are more appreciated than some others—which is in fact the only tangible proof of their radiance—(Francisco Goya, Johannes Vermeer, Edward Hopper...), it appears that their work gains its value, precisely, to what can be added to it. Similarly, artists like Marcel Duchamp, Arman, Christian Boltanski, who depicted, in 1974, all «the objects that once belonged to a woman of Bois-Colombes», do not only content themselves with the denouncing oil painting, consumerism, adolescence and all that is labelled as detriory, but they transmute the raw element by diverting it in an orientated way. What is left over nurtures the provocative side of this creative focalisation.

Similarly, when it comes to our intervention on the descriptions of everyday signs, we are mainly concerned with getting a grasp on the useful and the useless aspect of things. Some illustrious elder have paved the way for us: oceanian or african «primitives», de Viennese Secession, Pablo Picasso as a sculptor, the German Bauhaus, fauteur Cheval, Edward James, Salvador Dali, Jean Dubuffet or Bruno Weber. Two tendencies, which are not mutually exclusive, appear within this tradition: either the creative transformation of everyday implements or the industrial multiplication of various prototypes. No medium can be ignored, the means of action being the only limits of what lies within the scope of an adventure which is mainly urban, or alternatively urban and rural. An adventure in which architecture holds and will continue to hold an important place, along with a distribution of costumes, customs and roles. Painting history amounts to spelling out the moods and feelings of «smart» days, to thinking out the mechanism of our reactions, to cleanse the curtains in our dens.

Indeed, painting history, because of the distance of chronology, forces one to take diversity into account. The mixture of cultures that fortunately has a tendency to disappear—and thus ceases to be a burden for

anyone since the economical standardization spreading strouthout the world has made clear to each national history that there are such things as *histories*—the jumble of forms inspires our hybrids. Interweaving of writings, of languages and tones, polymorphisms of vehicles and industrial materials, juxtaposition of moods (video clips, jamming of styles by Erró or some Japanese graphic and poster artists, composite music). Still, painting history implies one should avoid those easy mixing one can make by striking a balance between local colours. Painting history nowadays means opposing disparate things to fused ones, it means providing the opportunity of choices to the inevitable relativity of tastes, it implies the arbitrary of passion at a time when forms are disturbingly numerous, it means offering the flexibility of indifference as opposed to categorical demands.

Peculiar friendships

Frans Masereel,
a stroller in the city



ARTS AND CRAFTS OF HISTORY

10, rue Albert - 75013 Paris
France

ASSOCIATION

Laurent Gervereau, Louis Rollinde,
associated directors

History from day to day : objects



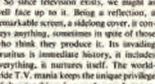
Laurent GERVEREAU

Things are clear with Louis Rollinde. Louis Rollinde paints the past. You can give him any mythical photo, preferably black and white, a leaflet that usually goes from the letter box straight to the bin, and he will turn it into an epigram from its quoted monochrome and wash-painted decorated with a price sticker similar to that adorning a Thai bronze statue. In short, Louis Rollinde is inescapable. To him everything can be seen as a past event. He scrapes, he sweeps, he blurs in gouache. It is as if moulded about this state of «in-between», which is no longer finite but not yet destroyed, was of any interest to him.



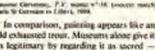
Laurent GERVEREAU

The present is a state of fluidity. Louis Rollinde knows how to look at your smiles. But beware, the only thing that remains from reality is its nostalgia. Minimalist interventions, passing perceptions, but that our everyday life is just slanted in time and space. The present is already connected to the notion of evolution. Louis Rollinde is a painter of the ephemeral.



Laurent GERVEREAU

He mines our images, the press, publications, the art of music, through the various ranges of his feelings. For Louis Rollinde, the world has the aspect of occasional impulses. He claims to be a painter of details. He gives his symptoms under a jumble of elements which are of equal importance. However, he can neither be defined as post-war artist, he imposes fancy first and foremost. Few people are concerned as he is, and in an accessible way, with passing moments. Each of his lines escapes the tendency to be interpreted in a defined situation. So, beware!



Laurent GERVEREAU

In comparison, painting appears like an act of exhausted force. Museum albums do it as legitimately by regarding it as sacred — contemporary art museums religiously store up that marks in the name of a sole dominator of public taste or the money of a few others. In that context, selection joins together with the minimum or maximum acts which form today's art. Yet, it seemed to me — apart from technical difficulties and the more tedious to do it — that it was a way to introduce a bit of an individual insight in the faded collective jumble. The act of painting, like some others, provides a distinctive conception of everyday life.

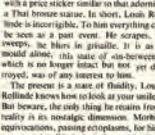
Why not? Stunned by the attacks of the Asian game window which reached the extreme limits of reason, challenged by the so-called «non-art» expressions, battling against the traders' speculative analysis,

Variations

Gay Bobson has never done anything but copy. Looking over his neighbour's shoulder has become second nature to him. But he doesn't stand in museums like those public professional copies who patiently reproduce what is regarded as masterpieces of the past. No indeed, he scrapes them. Gay Bobson remembers the XXth century paintings as the fancy takes him. But wherever you do, don't try to find any original feature, a new style, or a specific trend in his production. Gay Bobson makes his own history of painting at home.

Laurent GERVEREAU

Max Ernst, J.V. Martin, Villgrat, Erii — among others — appear in his rooms. He revisits them by multiplying variations that accumulating ribbons that sometimes are post-mortem.



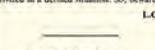
Gay Bobson

Gay Bobson is not preoccupied with characterization. He draws his inspiration in a sincere way and even with a kind of ingenuity. In his opinion, why should one measure when one already has some excellent material at hand? What is this obstinate habit of perpetually accumulating oneself anyway? What if painting consisted more in a given composition presented to the spectator for what it is — and not for what it implies from an historical point of view? These are disturbing questions indeed. In order to understand Gay Bobson's work it is essential to think about it. No, only.



Gay Bobson

He mines our images, the press, publications, the art of music, through the various ranges of his feelings. For Louis Rollinde, the world has the aspect of occasional impulses. He claims to be a painter of details. He gives his symptoms under a jumble of elements which are of equal importance. However, he can neither be defined as post-war artist, he imposes fancy first and foremost. Few people are concerned as he is, and in an accessible way, with passing moments. Each of his lines escapes the tendency to be interpreted in a defined situation. So, beware!



Laurent GERVEREAU

In comparison, painting appears like an act of exhausted force. Museum albums do it as legitimately by regarding it as sacred — contemporary art museums religiously store up that marks in the name of a sole dominator of public taste or the money of a few others. In that context, selection joins together with the minimum or maximum acts which form today's art. Yet, it seemed to me — apart from technical difficulties and the more tedious to do it — that it was a way to introduce a bit of an individual insight in the faded collective jumble. The act of painting, like some others, provides a distinctive conception of everyday life.

Why not? Stunned by the attacks of the Asian game window which reached the extreme limits of reason, challenged by the so-called «non-art» expressions, battling against the traders' speculative analysis,

The choice of the rest, letter from a Parisian

«An obstacle in a source of inspiration» (Alphonse Voltaire, in Le Paris de Ferdinand Cheval)

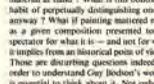
Alphonse Voltaire

Sometimes, when walking in the city, one is led to reconsider the option of building at the right of fences or scaffolding, despite the perspective and the harmony of certain buildings. There is the theme of the Invited, recently covered for reasons of preservation, with an enormous hat with diamonds on it is that make it look, in fact, like a grandiose piece of a barrel organ. The result is a plastic metamorphosis that can prompt us to perceive better a sort of flow in architecture.



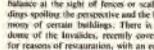
Alphonse Voltaire

Today, in Sorcelles, trees have grown, Koks have distorted alignments. Time has eroded the disturbing started in the urbanistic creation of the 60's. When the weather is fine and if the top of the trees appears, one could almost perceive the fragrance of nostalgia. Like that which sometimes lingers in abandoned places.



Alphonse Voltaire

Architecture has considerably evolved for the last twenty years. Even our viewpoint upon buildings has changed and developed. Studies, hand books, revised



Alphonse Voltaire

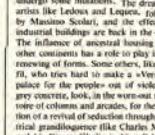
texts, encyclopedic pile up. The recent issue for the art of gardens, remarkable examples of the built in Bouzaris in Italy (16th century), in the Desert of Rete near Paris or in England (Cecil Howard, Levens Hall) and so many other unique places), as well as the issue for certain parallel styles of architecture, sometimes hardly mentioned, Roland Castro, for instance, are likely to enrich and put into perspective our collection of models. As one reflective Yves-le-Duc's positions, which are more complex than they seem, and the indefinitely multiplied optical games (Dionysius), fundamental to his studies on the metamorphosis and the «adapted» perspectives as he analyzes the numerous adaptations of the myths of the past from the ancient Egypt in the 18th century, for instance, one can lose one's way within a vast museum of architectural material which forever will follow or undergo some mutations. The dream of artists like Ledoux and Lesqpes, followed by Massimo Sordani, and the effects of industrial buildings are back in the open. The influence of ancestral housing on other continents has a role to play in the renewal of forms. Some others, like Robert Curjel, who tries hard to make a «Versailles palace for the people» out of solids and empties, look to the very-end representative of column and arcades, for the solution of a revival of seduction through theatrical grandiloquence like Carlo Scarpa and his Piazza d'Italia in New Orleans.

Peculiar friendships, the report in fiction

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction

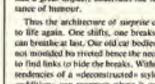
Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



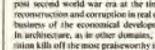
Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



Robert Flaherty

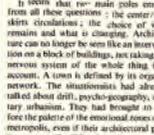
Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction

Peculiar friendships, the report in fiction

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction

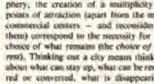
Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



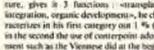
Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



Robert Flaherty

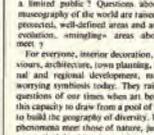
Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction

Peculiar friendships, the report in fiction

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction

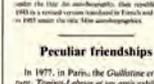
Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



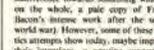
Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction



Robert Flaherty

Robert Flaherty, the report in fiction

ARTISTS OF HISTORY

10, rue Albert - 75013 Paris
France

ASSOCIATION

Laurent Gervereau, Louis Rollinde,
associated directors

On taste

"If (the judgement of taste) is similar to the logical judgement in the way that it claims to universalize and necessitate, but not according to concepts about the object, that they are purely subjective, an Immanuel Kant, Critique of the Faculty of Judging, Book II, Chapter 35.

Our time is characterized by the confusion of genres, the end of avant-garde but also their formal perpetuation as a sort of classicism, by the "post-modernism" and by the historical and speculative (in the Foucaultian meaning of the term) reconstructions of history of art. More than ever confusion has arisen, including everyone to do their own thing. Once he has been misled by the perspective that unveiled which shows the multiplicity of relations based on interests that govern all phenomena — we especially have in mind the visual aspects — and that encompasses both art dealers and buyers but, above all, the artist and producer. But one may also be thrilled by this very perspective for it may allow one to distance right jokes of the past, provided one tries to grasp the matter more clearly.

In his work, *As new as I am!*, a highly interesting and comic book, Thierry de Duve tries to get to the core of the matter when he poses the question: "What is art?" He shows this taxonomy (which for one cannot be bypassed), indeed only what one calls art can be isolated from the things that surround it and be considered as art precisely because one calls it art. Thierry de Duve's work on Marcel Duchamp's public initial exhibited in 1917 — since it holds the unequivocal position of being no longer just anything.

So anyone is entitled to label anything he wants as artistic. It is the choice and the process of valuation, of submission, that is in issue here. That gives a hint. Francis Haskell, who shows, in his book *The Rise and Fall of the Picture*, the evolution of taste in the 19th century (how formerly despised pictures became masterpieces), shrinks back from the consequence of the study that is to say bringing relativity to the fore. And yet taste depends on people, knowledge and societies as well. Taste is linked to its sociological, fashion.

One intention here is not to explain this social but to analyze both historical and sociological which would be difficult in any case for the reason for causality can become endless) but to acknowledge that there is. There is an obvious connection between individual and majority tastes in society at a given time. There are also perceptions, there are through times and people, and this work is commonly called a masterpiece. The works of Jost van den Broek, William Shakespeare, Rembrandt Van Rijn for example). The general principle of relativity does not exclude particular phenomena. So again, works, instances which would merit be, whatever the reasons, because they are more famous than others, because of intentions based on (mainly human feelings) would be considered a kind of passionate love (beyond simple reaction, even if reasoning may help to dissect the quality of the works, for poetry is what you cannot explain).

Movements created for religious purposes (Egyptian pyramids, Greek temples, cathedrals, cathedrals) raise other kinds of problems. Their original ritual character places them in a sphere where what matters above all is the celebration of the divinity — pleasure and worship are not the same and create an equivalence for each person to give one's best for the worship of his god whereas any object of this worship is used as well, without any problem, on principle, for his work. On the other hand, the profane's viewpoint is that what matters transfigures objects, he reconsider them

with the minimal approval of taste, he decides on their quality, he selects them.

Generally speaking, it should be clear that, far from making an accomplice of posterity to death by saying everyone can produce art (even if everyone can), this reconsideration of principles actualizes judgement. Not all the things that are designated as art stand the same chance of being considered as such. The approval will be more or less considerable according to the periods and the public. Flaming moments, which cannot be reproduced, which can be experienced by even a single person, may be worthy of this reputation. The greatest approval, be it collective or individual, designates only what some people call "masterpieces", a term we mentioned before, but that it is not to say that these masterpieces can be considered as eternal (which deprives them of their mystic aspect). To love is to judge, to revere one's decision, and judge means, but to love all the same. Such a quality characterizes taste: it is a dependent operation that gets to true legitimacy from fragile and passionate relationships and not from presuppositions. So an history of art would merely be the story of what has been regarded as artistic by a majority of people at different times — without prejudging the accuracy or the value of their history of art. The critics of art, in this context, play the part of a mere signpost towards the different artistic genres (with the exception of the subjective opinions of a few amateurs).

Likewise, intentions are from now on no longer sufficient for creation. The underlying that and that is precisely what worries them because it modifies their situation precisely. The bases of what has been considered as "modernities" or "avant-garde" in the western society of the 20th century consisted in the belief that the past could be abolished, the belief in a "forward movement", a "progress" that contained the terms of one's justification. Indeed the attempts at total shows, the attempts to mix different artistic genres (with the exception of 1917), *Crawling on Moon* play (1923) by Lotmar Schreyer, and of the "shapening" of the "renewal" of the "renewal" of the "renewal" in the same way as the attempts of social organizations of the "Utopians" of the 19th century. Yet everything cannot be judged upon speech but also upon the density of the creator's work (which is unique according to the moments for each person) in connection with the way the consumer reacts to which gives it a value that depends on circumstances. Here again, the changes in the consumer's judgement, the conditions of reception, may be taken into account even if they don't prevent certain works from being for example, some of Hitchcock's films, which are still considered as a large part of the public. However if the public is always right, anybody can be just as right as you.

In this context, the work of the surrealist, and especially André Breton, remains one of the most remarkable. It is in fact André Breton was a man of taste in by no means to deprecate his work but, on the contrary, a way of showing that one can reconsider the past according to his criteria and have a parallel influence on the kind of work that is being produced by the name of these very criteria. André Breton's failure is precisely that he was not able to do so, because of the previous or the confused criteria. Giving too much importance to the means, in a chivalrous or limiting sense of passion, acts.

Hence the museum that contains the kinds of paintings meant for museums. Hence the museum that contains the kinds of objects (or play on words) is a guarantee of depth. Hence people believing they must have as an aim everything whatever more perceptions should induce them to consider their reflection, a something locust, which goes by its name and which is subject to variations, constantly evolving and changing according to the situation. More of showing that a real demonstration (epiphany) are made by the people who look at the work. More generally, anthologies or correspondences trace a network of the symptoms that are observed and which are used as attempts to understand, also getting

their qualities from their exposure, from incongruity. One needs a territory to apprehend a territory.

Then there are two different approaches, the collector's and the amateur's. The collector's (literally) writes on nothing. Denying choice, he makes it a principle to conserve. His main lie is in the fact that he prevents the destruction of what he has not yet been approved by the amateur. On the other hand, the amateur makes a selection in the billions of documents that circulate in the world (photos, video tapes, his and train tickets, his, receipts, clothes, etc., souvenirs), the places where one can find ideas (for example museums) present they lay claim to universality (at least the universality of taste) when their choice should be based on subjectivity for it is indeed the varied addition of subjective choices that guarantees the preservation of memory. Let's not burn the library of Alexandria but let's try to understand that, standing like an imaginary museum, they should be not one but several libraries of Alexandria.

Finally, trying to analyze the conditions of use we've just done, without insisting on the network of causes, doesn't mean we deny the importance of certain effective facts (what we mean do is clarify the questions in a practical way in order to be operational). Because of the economical situation of countries and because of the inequalities due to the institution of legacy and education, people's taste of what are bound to vary. Laws, regulations and prohibitions either let people do as they like or have an effect of compartmentalization. The circulation of information is influenced by certain privileged routes. But, whatever the influences, the variation in taste remains a productive right and not a source of worry for people who are often content, having lost their landmarks, their guides and their needs: hence the fall of ideologies, the spreading, the religious crisis that can be considered as so many opportunities. In a context a withdrawal into a personal philosophy can alternate with a will to intervene in the city by trying to have an influence, whereas the strategic option may be, on the social living conditions in order to regulate them, make them more just and competitive in a more authentic way. The malfunctioning — harmful to everyone — is due to the fact that the social circulations are unbalanced and unproductive, just like the environment (see the influence of the reputation in its own constitution Douglas for example). As for art, history divides itself into periods just like any other divide history into periods. The human mankind should totally disappear, this would not be the end of the world, but one can avoid this state of things. It is up to the individual to find a place in this process.

Within this context, the question of taste — story — as good a trademark as any — doesn't claim to abolish anything. It claims, on the contrary, to give a name to the forms (selected, reconsidered and invented objects) without any prior, in the name of individual preferences and with the will to act, in its own way, about its time. These forms which are made up, which may be materialized, with a prior consentedly found on them, or which may be unique objects exposed to the shifts of the stockmarket, and elements of movement are likewise all those who will decide if they should call them, in a chivalrous or limiting sense of passion, acts.

1. Thierry de Duve, *As new as I am!*, 1992, see introduction in its introduction, Editions de Minuit, Paris, 1992.

2. Francis Haskell, *The Rise and Fall of the Picture*, 1963, see introduction in its introduction, Editions de Minuit, Paris, 1992.

History from day to day : a story

"All I have to do, whenever fortune favours me, is to be prepared to its disfavour and to imagine, my mind at rest, evil happening, in the same way as we get accustomed to joys and tournaments and continental war in time of peace." Michel de Montaigne, *Essays*, Book one, Chapter XXXIX.

"Cheer me up a little, old belly. I feel quite down in the dumps." François Rabelais, *Le Tiers-Livre*, Chapter XXV.

Bernard's sole concern was to be lucky enough to get up in the morning. Though it didn't really bother him, this thought gave a purpose to his days. He was a mechanic in a small town garage. And a rather talented one too. Annie.

He had not studied long and he had tried several jobs that begged him. Above all, what he couldn't stand at work was to be stuck for years, day after day, with people he had not chosen. Not to mention orders, hierarchy that happened to influence his rather hot-tempered nature.

First he thought he wouldn't give a damn about all this if he kept changing jobs. But then he had realized this required too much energy. This he had not wanted for a small town garage. The job was worthwhile, the movements always the same. According to his calculation, the total failure of the job allowed him to think of everything but that. It was a parenthesis of a social obligation he felt, a fatigue, danger, nightmare — especially in the beginning — wore him out. So he had decided himself to just continue five days out of seven in something one was absolutely not involved in.

That's why, being a handyman who enjoyed the playful aspect of mending things, he had turned to mechanics. A stroke of good fortune, as is often the case, a profession had permitted him to work in a small garage, the manager of which seemed relieved with an obedient, competent, Bernard was a great believer in opportunity. He was convinced that there are careers in one's life and one, just like a strategic construction in a war enterprise, everyone had to remain on the alert and ward off ordinary winds, seize opportunities for or lest what could be considered as such. Reflections and intuitions, "stimulators", remained his markers.

Bernard had resolutely chosen not to expect too much from his new boss. Avoiding alcoholic beverages that he had after a while, he was not for all that willing to accept everything. He had directly succeeded in imposing his sense of freedom (he was both appreciated and feared). In alternating between human warmth and aloofness he was able to combine his moods with his interests. In his life, elements of responsibility, elements of movement were likewise superimposed. For example, he lived with Marlene and had to have children with her, yet he needed to run off every now and then and made no secret about it. Those were the violent times when he had to solve delicate affairs that were as violent as they were brief or brief precisely because they were violent. How often had he asked himself what could one do for others? And yet he had realized that whatever was established in relationships between people from the start was not likely to cause any problems, it was soon taken granted instead of appearing like a transgression. People were used to being harmful compulsion to hurry one another in order to reassure themselves about their mutual sympathy when their casual relationships were likely to increase the benefits one could expect from them. And that's how it was with his pals too. Two

or three of them, but especially one had been his steady mate for years and for risks particular — one it went back to school days. In spite of fights, in spite of rows, in spite of clarifications or maybe precisely because of them. Together they evaluated time, they saw things change, saw themselves change — or not. Cultivated landmarks.

Bernard's parents had died when he was young, they died of wear poisoning (due to vertigo) coated brass taps). Being modest, meekness, television and the upheavals of the countryside had remained unknown to them. Bernard had been brought up in town by an elderly aunt and he had very soon felt the reassuring heaviness of habit and the detachment which is a distinctive feature of old age. He had learned and read a lot, which was probably at the origin of his ability to see in and of the thought of death he had — which is not necessarily common among children and which is shared by many adults — that inclined him to a certain strictness. So he firmly swept away the superstitions, put up with the necessary constraints and enthusiastically plunged into what he considered to be essential. He renewed his capacity for surprise, he could be curious about apparently tame games. Bernard knew how to give a certain warmth to his close relations.

Of course fatigue, boredom and discouragement could affect him too. Suffering from particularly from identity crises, he looked at himself in the mirror, in a distasteful, he found it difficult to justify to himself without great conviction. Though brilliant and loud-mouthed in people's company, he was seized by doubt — this very doubt that he had not realized this required too much energy. This he had not wanted for a small town garage. The job was worthwhile, the movements always the same. According to his calculation, the total failure of the job allowed him to think of everything but that. It was a parenthesis of a social obligation he felt, a fatigue, danger, nightmare — especially in the beginning — wore him out. So he had decided himself to just continue five days out of seven in something one was absolutely not involved in.

That's why, being a handyman who enjoyed the playful aspect of mending things, he had turned to mechanics. A stroke of good fortune, as is often the case, a profession had permitted him to work in a small garage, the manager of which seemed relieved with an obedient, competent, Bernard was a great believer in opportunity. He was convinced that there are careers in one's life and one, just like a strategic construction in a war enterprise, everyone had to remain on the alert and ward off ordinary winds, seize opportunities for or lest what could be considered as such. Reflections and intuitions, "stimulators", remained his markers.

Bernard had resolutely chosen not to expect too much from his new boss. Avoiding alcoholic beverages that he had after a while, he was not for all that willing to accept everything. He had directly succeeded in imposing his sense of freedom (he was both appreciated and feared). In alternating between human warmth and aloofness he was able to combine his moods with his interests. In his life, elements of responsibility, elements of movement were likewise superimposed. For example, he lived with Marlene and had to have children with her, yet he needed to run off every now and then and made no secret about it. Those were the violent times when he had to solve delicate affairs that were as violent as they were brief or brief precisely because they were violent. How often had he asked himself what could one do for others? And yet he had realized that whatever was established in relationships between people from the start was not likely to cause any problems, it was soon taken granted instead of appearing like a transgression. People were used to being harmful compulsion to hurry one another in order to reassure themselves about their mutual sympathy when their casual relationships were likely to increase the benefits one could expect from them. And that's how it was with his pals too. Two

governed the relationships of his fellowmen. Withdrawn, yearning for fresh air, he then considered all the public forces which kept together friends and lovers that had each other. Severe towards himself and power, he nevertheless understood the adventurous aspect that could guide some, this playful appeal towards him that then created others. For courtesy to the replies who believe in minimum requirements that are similar to a little death, he saw life as a race. As long as he was, he risked his bet on a young, they died of wear poisoning (due to vertigo) coated brass taps). Being modest, meekness, television and the upheavals of the countryside had remained unknown to them. Bernard had been brought up in town by an elderly aunt and he had very soon felt the reassuring heaviness of habit and the detachment which is a distinctive feature of old age. He had learned and read a lot, which was probably at the origin of his ability to see in and of the thought of death he had — which is not necessarily common among children and which is shared by many adults — that inclined him to a certain strictness. So he firmly swept away the superstitions, put up with the necessary constraints and enthusiastically plunged into what he considered to be essential. He renewed his capacity for surprise, he could be curious about apparently tame games. Bernard knew how to give a certain warmth to his close relations.

Of course fatigue, boredom and discouragement could affect him too. Suffering from particularly from identity crises, he looked at himself in the mirror, in a distasteful, he found it difficult to justify to himself without great conviction. Though brilliant and loud-mouthed in people's company, he was seized by doubt — this very doubt that he had not realized this required too much energy. This he had not wanted for a small town garage. The job was worthwhile, the movements always the same. According to his calculation, the total failure of the job allowed him to think of everything but that. It was a parenthesis of a social obligation he felt, a fatigue, danger, nightmare — especially in the beginning — wore him out. So he had decided himself to just continue five days out of seven in something one was absolutely not involved in.

That's why, being a handyman who enjoyed the playful aspect of mending things, he had turned to mechanics. A stroke of good fortune, as is often the case, a profession had permitted him to work in a small garage, the manager of which seemed relieved with an obedient, competent, Bernard was a great believer in opportunity. He was convinced that there are careers in one's life and one, just like a strategic construction in a war enterprise, everyone had to remain on the alert and ward off ordinary winds, seize opportunities for or lest what could be considered as such. Reflections and intuitions, "stimulators", remained his markers.

Bernard had resolutely chosen not to expect too much from his new boss. Avoiding alcoholic beverages that he had after a while, he was not for all that willing to accept everything. He had directly succeeded in imposing his sense of freedom (he was both appreciated and feared). In alternating between human warmth and aloofness he was able to combine his moods with his interests. In his life, elements of responsibility, elements of movement were likewise superimposed. For example, he lived with Marlene and had to have children with her, yet he needed to run off every now and then and made no secret about it. Those were the violent times when he had to solve delicate affairs that were as violent as they were brief or brief precisely because they were violent. How often had he asked himself what could one do for others? And yet he had realized that whatever was established in relationships between people from the start was not likely to cause any problems, it was soon taken granted instead of appearing like a transgression. People were used to being harmful compulsion to hurry one another in order to reassure themselves about their mutual sympathy when their casual relationships were likely to increase the benefits one could expect from them. And that's how it was with his pals too. Two

governed the relationships of his fellowmen. Withdrawn, yearning for fresh air, he then considered all the public forces which kept together friends and lovers that had each other. Severe towards himself and power, he nevertheless understood the adventurous aspect that could guide some, this playful appeal towards him that then created others. For courtesy to the replies who believe in minimum requirements that are similar to a little death, he saw life as a race. As long as he was, he risked his bet on a young, they died of wear poisoning (due to vertigo) coated brass taps). Being modest, meekness, television and the upheavals of the countryside had remained unknown to them. Bernard had been brought up in town by an elderly aunt and he had very soon felt the reassuring heaviness of habit and the detachment which is a distinctive feature of old age. He had learned and read a lot, which was probably at the origin of his ability to see in and of the thought of death he had — which is not necessarily common among children and which is shared by many adults — that inclined him to a certain strictness. So he firmly swept away the superstitions, put up with the necessary constraints and enthusiastically plunged into what he considered to be essential. He renewed his capacity for surprise, he could be curious about apparently tame games. Bernard knew how to give a certain warmth to his close relations.

Bernard had resolutely chosen not to expect too much from his new boss. Avoiding alcoholic beverages that he had after a while, he was not for all that willing to accept everything. He had directly succeeded in imposing his sense of freedom (he was both appreciated and feared). In alternating between human warmth and aloofness he was able to combine his moods with his interests. In his life, elements of responsibility, elements of movement were likewise superimposed. For example, he lived with Marlene and had to have children with her, yet he needed to run off every now and then and made no secret about it. Those were the violent times when he had to solve delicate affairs that were as violent as they were brief or brief precisely because they were violent. How often had he asked himself what could one do for others? And yet he had realized that whatever was established in relationships between people from the start was not likely to cause any problems, it was soon taken granted instead of appearing like a transgression. People were used to being harmful compulsion to hurry one another in order to reassure themselves about their mutual sympathy when their casual relationships were likely to increase the benefits one could expect from them. And that's how it was with his pals too. Two

governed the relationships of his fellowmen. Withdrawn, yearning for fresh air, he then considered all the public forces which kept together friends and lovers that had each other. Severe towards himself and power, he nevertheless understood the adventurous aspect that could guide some, this playful appeal towards him that then created others. For courtesy to the replies who believe in minimum requirements that are similar to a little death, he saw life as a race. As long as he was, he risked his bet on a young, they died of wear poisoning (due to vertigo) coated brass taps). Being modest, meekness, television and the upheavals of the countryside had remained unknown to them. Bernard had been brought up in town by an elderly aunt and he had very soon felt the reassuring heaviness of habit and the detachment which is a distinctive feature of old age. He had learned and read a lot, which was probably at the origin of his ability to see in and of the thought of death he had — which is not necessarily common among children and which is shared by many adults — that inclined him to a certain strictness. So he firmly swept away the superstitions, put up with the necessary constraints and enthusiastically plunged into what he considered to be essential. He renewed his capacity for surprise, he could be curious about apparently tame games. Bernard knew how to give a certain warmth to his close relations.

1989, N° 3

Peculiar friendships

Fernando Pessoa,
for the retention of the point of view



PRINTERS OF HISTORY

10, rue Albert - 75013 Paris
France

ASSOCIATION

Laurent Gervereau, Louis Rollinde,
associated directors

1990, N° 4

From the miscellaneous to the diverse

Whereas, in the artistic domain, the 50's were marked by abstract ideas and by the fall of the surrealism canon, the 60's and especially the 70's were, on the other hand, subjected to the wave of conceptualization. And this is only normal for the history of artistic forms in made of successive key tendencies that dominate a production without preventing the existence of parallel trends. This shows not so much versatility and human imperfection as a thirst for renewal which is all in all quite understandable since people themselves change.

In short, history has proved that the classical periods, characterized by strict rules, alternate with baroque subverts, though the former may paradoxically contain a part of imagination whereas the latter generally lack emblematic landmarks nor idiosyncrasies. This this period of conceptualization proved to be a rather classical one in which ideas prevailed over realization and in which intentions were, in a strict and theoretical way, very much taken into account. As this mosaic phase progressively died out, one was tempted to launch into any kinds of representations, into all sorts of surrealistic odds and ends, and fancy looking assemblages.

The disappearance of avant-garde (and of claims to avant-garde) corresponding to the fall of ideologies, fits in with post-modernism we have heard enough about. In fact it seems that this agglomeration much too often conceals an heterogeneous repetition of the past. So the truth is either plagiatorism or a miscellaneous jumble in the name of freedom to do as one pleases. In reality, it is bound to be a miscellaneous jumble insofar as it corresponds to a do-or-die and hopeless way of thinking: one clinging to art and believing that wanting money is a form of justification. The fall of ideologies, that is the loss of a certain form of belief seems to lead to nothing but a mercantile pragmatism: some refuse to be overburdened with reflection on the pretence that their eyes are now opened here, at the same time, they flounder in imperfect copies or in accidental combinations which may be dubbed rough art.

Such a firm judgment does not imply we mean to make a clean sweep — we have had too much of that in the intellectual domain — of a whole portion of the present production which turns out to be fascinating on many levels and which sometimes serves as an example. It is more a question of understanding how the miscellaneous can be opposed to the diverse.

The passage from one to the other remains a delicate matter insofar as the border-line is both fragile and susceptible of inspiring passions. The diverse corresponds to a deliberate will to use history (of cultures, of meanings, of roles — the functional, the modern, the antique, the copied). This choice, which is not as innocent as it appears for intention, though not as sufficient either, are bound to have an influence on their realization, this choice then inclines one to use the history of art, of the maturation of forms to create new objects that can gain their own coherence. It is a post-modernist understanding in the way that history refers to a past that is difficult to deny, and it is a modernist one because of its wish to create original products. It seems to us that this double feature characterizes, in the clothing made for instance, someone like Jean Paul Gaultier or, in the furniture trade, the creations of someone like Piretti or Rossi. Likewise, the distance that separates certain works of a Jean-Michel Basquiat from the sentimental ones of a Keith Haring does not lie in their original intention (which is no marginally graffiti) but it is due to the fact that one chose a repetitive formula, claiming he right to an arbitrary choice — equivalent to any arbitrary choice — whereas the other puts forward strategy. Repetition exalts diversity. However, the dividing line between the miscellaneous and the diverse can not be drawn only by making a simple choice or multiple choice (fall in all series or variations are quite conceivable). Indeed, it is more a question of subjectivity, inherent in any personal judgment, which must be considered since this subjectivity constitutes the purpose of a work. We must then take into account the kind of notions that belong to the domain of the senses rather than to



Revised about Corvina Rollinde, Chair Chair Corvina, 1989 (size: 95 x 74 cm)



Revised about Corvina Rollinde, Chair Chair Corvina, 1989 (size: 95 x 74 cm)



Revised about Corvina Rollinde, Chair Chair Corvina, 1989 (size: 95 x 74 cm)



Revised about Corvina Rollinde, Chair Chair Corvina, 1989 (size: 95 x 74 cm)

the domain of rationality — sincerity, «ranks», emotions, basquiat — without taking into account his biography — creates painting «in progress» which are uneven and made of different strata. What is more, he integrates into his creations, African, Hainan, technological elements and allusions, urban graphics, codes, compositions, innocence and dimensions, the result of all this being the creation of large efforts that go beyond the vital sum of their intentions.

Indeed, the common point between miscellaneous jumble and organized diversity is disparity. However diversity fires itself from the framework of references, from fuzzy repetitions or from the heterogeneous, thanks to humor or baroque devices which mix everything into a predominant and independent whole. When various materials (precious or common), bits of different styles, multiple intentions are put together, there is a sort of chemical fusion that takes place that transmits the consistent elements. Thus judges, for example, though often disagreed, and whether they may be stupid of floridly arrogant, may reach a genuine poetic dimension.

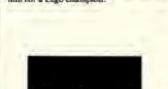
Yes, the passage from the miscellaneous to the diverse — in its defined form — remains very narrow and vague enough as, in the end, individual opinion is what matters first and foremost since it gives things one label or the other. But what other criterion can one apply? Moreover, later, such an analysis allows one to make choices among the disordered current productions and provides one with a certain line of conduct for one's own interventions. We must consider diversity as an aim, a line of conduct. Through selected objects, reconsidered and investigated, we're trying to reach diversity. We have to take this risk. At a time that can be defined as both playful and boldness, when some people believe that history has come to an end, when the belief that history has come to an end is still history, it seems to us that the alternative thus set out defines an aesthetic way the artistic takes of the moment. We have no doubt that in a different context, other people will make out new risks: no more creative would like to appear like, in a soothing, stimulating and playful way, the ultimate phase of humanity.

A painter of the narrative

Gilles Chez paints boxes. The box means — it acts like a screen. It inclines one to preliminaries and conclusions. Who feels the need to specify that Kandinsky is a painter? There is no such thing as a neutral medium but the box, once then something else, provokes speech about it. The spectator is disoriented and amazed, and he is first and foremost interested in what it is and not in what it means. Thus box-makers are too often seen as being merely part of a folklore, to some people who, at first, insist on the fact that Gilles Chez didn't choose boxes, but that he naturally went from a taste for confinement to a colored universe, manipulated with the appetite of a designer (who to reassure oneself about the world by composing one's own worlds). Some will mention the ordered sign of someone like Joseph Cornell. One could move more justifiably about theatre — about theatre models — above characters scattered by a chaotic hand making incredible episode spring up from a story where everything is occasion. The fundamental difference between Joseph Cornell — whose independent merits (more related to what is and by no means to be depreciated — and Gilles Chez is, indeed, true. Gilles Chez is a story-teller. In that respect, Gilles Chez's understanding is a hazardous one. He accumulates risks.

Try as he may to show the preliminary sketches of the world, all the specifically pictorial references, however much he will promote his style by requiring the violence of the line, of the colour and the composition, his narrative nature will clear his eyes from the fog that drag him down — in the mind of a great part of the public — towards the dubious splendor of ritual details and of elaboration. Considered as a cheap cartoonist,

whose exotic stories are tinged with a neo-colonialism made of clichés and in which, moreover, appears a character like Lord Dunsford who, as if, by chance, is anachronistically out of place, Gilles Chez has got into a difficult process: it seems that he can be appreciated only by a small clan of clients who will, in an affected way, ramble and utter a certain humorous allusion to Roussel, Cocteau, Kipling, Stevenson, in the intellectual comfort characteristic of the happy few, those who know, at the by more numerous spectators who will mistake him for a Logo character.



Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



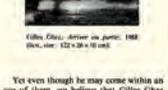
Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



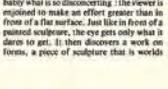
Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)



Gilles Chez, about 1988 (size: 112 x 36 x 10 cm)

apart from the patient accumulation of preestablished objects made by model makers. If the makeshift job, the assemblage of materials, cannot be put aside, still it is important to emphasize their existence as technical devices in the service of volume, as an encouragement to inventiveness — in the fertile incantation created by constraint. The volumes themselves are painted, not in an illustrative way, like certain coloring books with predetermined squares, or like Gustav Klimt on decorative surfaces to play with abstraction, calligraphic and lyric in Les Folies sont les vides de dragons (Folies are the wings of the dragon) or geometric and inspired by Mondrian in Arriver ou partir (Arriving or leaving), for example. For us, boxes have a more intense value than the preliminary drawings thanks precisely to this bipolar nature. The struggle is not even: the drawing lays flat what is going to fit into a subtle interweaving between narrative and something that's almost incongruous. The best story is still one that fits loose forms.

Just like in his plastic practices, Gilles Chez uses a multiplicity of language in what he chooses to tell. In his best boxes, he playfully paints the whole with a precise attention and an attachment that are veiled in a subtle way by a very circumstantial, not to say devious, subject. He shows, in a narrative way, a fixed situation the threads of which have been loosened. There is always the notion of «before» and «after» — a continuum. Just like in Paris que dire by René Clair, in which characters, coming down the Eiffel tower, discover a town from the middle of its activity, the visitor's eyes stand aside. The eye can embrace, it discovers scenes where it pronounces itself out of place. This requirement, feasible of detail «vital» calculations. Hervé Chayerer has successfully brought to life the narrative aspect of Gilles Chez's work. The most fascinating thing is that the boxes are divided and they remain as, Gilles Chez starts from a certain reality and he makes its potentialities rise, his work, everything is spread out, stretched out through an absolute description, and splits up through the expansion of the narrative. For sometime he has been interested in Lord Dunsford's character, but a toothbrush, the opening of the Berlin Wall, or the model of the linear rule kept in the Seven Pavilions, all these elements could perfectly well trigger off his semantic «soaring» for even a whole cycle. With his method, Gilles Chez is able to give destiny to everything: just it Harkin on a parking lot, an electrical meeting or a G.I. in a Saigon brooklet, but like Christian Zentgraf, for instance, who thanks to an obscure work the public over and over again) does face comic effects or affected surrealism in the use of play on words, Gilles Chez offers us not only what he shows, but in the subtle steps of a precise story, but also what is implied in his work.

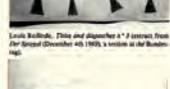
The secret, in order to transcend the multiplicity of the points of view of a scene, lies in the operatory axis. In this context, Gilles Chez's anguish corresponds to the capacity of our neighbours from across the Channel to combine plasticity and repetition (ruses and habits) with madness, development, excess and discrepancy. So that fitting Gilles Chez to a sophisticated form of social snobbery would show a total lack of understanding of the fever and solemnity one can perceive in some of his boxes. But he is by no means a man of paths: he is able, he is able to suggest, in the narrative, much and apparatus (attitude and clothes, for everything is ultimately incongruous and theatrical) effects remain a means to gather together the facets of what can apparently be experienced. Fantasy can be so very separated from everyday habits.

Gilles Chez has chosen difficult crossroads, mingling play with precariousness, comedy with austerity, devices with artifice, side-chairs with sensitive precision and lyricism with modernity. Quite an ambivalent undertaking. As for us we are convinced, he remains one of the only true realists.

Latest works :



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker



Louis Rollinde, Three and a half boxes + 3 boxes from the series Paris (December 8th 1989), a section of the Bunker

* Photos by the Gilles Chez collection (March 1989)

* Photos by the Gilles Chez collection (March 1989)

* Photos by the Gilles Chez collection (March 1989)

* Photos by the Gilles Chez collection (March 1989)

* Photos by the Gilles Chez collection (March 1989)



Laurent Gervereau, Louis Rollindé,
associated directors

1990, N° 6

Towards an international art ?

At a time when one talks about "world music", about the mixing and the crossing of rhythms, which are upheld by the greediness of audio-visual media, have artistic forms undergone as well this very process of generalization (at the risk of being robbed of their originality) ? In any case, an international art market has developed which, with every sale, insolently parades its record figures. This market - whatever the hazards - is still very much turned towards Western art (this being the reflection of a more general expansionism), saving its enthusiasm for painters such as Van Gogh or Picasso who enjoy a strong historical position, combining the scandalous excitement of the ruptures they once provoked with the reassuring aspect linked to the fact that they are now totally integrated : it is a kind of imitation of the "scare me" attitude the outcome of which is known in advance. But, after all, since the spectacular is nowadays a necessary element for promoting a phenomenon, this cynical inflation may probably have some repercussion on the public's interest for the sort of works that would otherwise be merely ignored.

On the other hand, though some efforts have been made — the (much debated) *Magicians of the earth* exhibition at the Pompidou Center in 1989 was meant to be the herald of this orientation — let's admit that present artistic practices are characterized by disparity : in fact, one finds, side by side, post-impressionists, post-expressionists, post-surrealists,

post-Duchamps, Chinese, African, Oceanian, Indian, and other still, post-traditional art. But then why not ? In this group of artistic manifestations, the art market and the museum, both being linked, act as a barometer, sometimes questioning their own sacred role as was the case in Berlin with *Stationen der Moderne*, an exhibition that showed the so-called essential exhibitions of the 20th century. All in all, a kind of self-persuasion. And, in spite of the pursuit of this impalpable notion of "modernity" which, as we can see today, bears more relation to fashion (there is always more "modern" than oneself) and to the hazards of history than to a reasoned development of researches following one another, the international art, an art which does exist, which is shown and sold, lapses into the heterogeneous.

Indeed, the museum phenomenon has favored the fashion for the works in space of conceptual artists, works that are reassuring because of their emptiness and the abundance of space thus occupied. They are likely to arouse the wild and sometimes talented interpretations of the critics (the less there is to see, the more one can imagine), that reassure curators (the question whether such a production has quality or is devoid of it does simply not arise). It is a kind of end-of-the-century pompous style that is likely to be seen later as, first, ridiculous and then later still, as amusing, apt to provoke the sort of nostalgia one feels when looking at a highly baroque phenomenon.

So among the jumble we have just surveyed, and whatever the plastic styles one may choose, we felt that two extreme directions were more exciting to explore. On the one hand, the very universe of the images that circulate through the intermediary of the media (press, television), in short, the stuff news are made from, this planetary mixture nobody can ignore any longer. On the other hand, and at the other end, the insignificance of daily life in its most personal, its most trivial and detailed aspect. We believe that these two domains, which have obviously been visited before but never in this deliberate way, are, in part, two tracks towards which a "fleshy" art with a truly international influence, and that would possibly concern everyone, should follow (before it reaches saturation point and then changes for, fortunately, nothing is ever definitive). So, today, the issue at stake for forms in direct contact with their time, breaking off with stupid nationalisms, but without overshadowing the exotic aspect of every specific culture, is, in our opinion, in the desirable quality of the account of what goes on in this fidgety world, and in the most deeply rooted and most insignificant emotions, "hic et nunc". It will be like bridging the gap between things much too talked about and small, daily and private incidents, between what seems out of our control and what we think is always under our control. This gap seems to us very stimulating. In any case, this is where we have chosen to stand.

Brief notes about the cinema

Far from claiming to throw a new light on the history of the cinema which has been studied abundantly and at length, we would like, through our own personal attempt in classification, to tell about what seems to us to be the most fruitful directions of a means of expression subject to different currents, influences and crises.

When we take a very superficial look at past film-makers, some great tendencies appear (that obviously interlock among those we cherish — for the relationship with the cinema is often a passionate one. First, the ones we might call the "narratives". They form the great majority of the American production, the Fords, the Hawks, the Hustons. Their filming technique has also been an inspiration for someone like Hitchcock, or Sternberg or Satyajit Ray (in France, the "poetic realism" of Renoir, Carné and Prévert, of Vigo or Truffaut). Versatile if somewhat erratic film-makers like Polanski or Kubrick are also related to this filming tradition. Alongside these film-makers are those we might name the "corrupters", the ones who disrupt, narrate and make it grate like Murnau, Fritz Lang and the German expressionists (*Caligari*, *Lulu*), Eisenstein, Vertov, Sternheim, Bunuel, Welles, Ophüls, Fellini, Wenders, or, closer to us,

Almodovar and Greenaway. They are joined by the "involuntaries", those who, using as a pretext an apparently minor and depreciated genre (comic or fantastic) actually collide with the narrative, all the more merely as they hide, clever smugglers that they are, behind their alleged objective. We are talking here about Méliès, Keaton, about Chaplin's short films, about the Marx Brothers, about Schoedsack, Lubitsch, Tati, Woody Allen and Terry Gilliam. And finally the last category : the "minimalists". With more or less lack of construction (Godard in part), they chose to cast a cold eye on everyday incidents and pinpoint them, noting down the symptoms like ontologists : Flaherty, Ozu, Rouch, Varda, and some film-makers from Eastern Europe. Their very "down to earth" approach — even though it may be totally staged and theatrical — conveys, through its density, a poetic and dreamlike quality.

All this panegyric outlines, in our opinion, several promising directions. First, the obvious pleasure one gets at a spectacular show, as it is cleverly defended by the "narratives", a pleasure that turns the release of a film into a momentary "abduction" (why should one deny one's pleasure ?). The "corrupters" and the "involuntaries" may also take the

spectacular when making many-faceted films, playing on the lack of construction and using alternate narrative devices (such as video frames, cartoons, fixed photos, images of synthesis, letters, etc.) which are reinforced by a soundtrack that can be obtained through direct recording or manipulated so that there is a sequential gap between the images and the soundtrack. Such a baroque device, digesting both the history of the cinema and the present state of techniques, serves at the same time the purpose of more modest films, addressed like personal letters — the ones we love to discover. Personalized messages, "small traders" of the cinema, they are the ones who frequently provide the "minimal" visions, in the rough and clinical way (fake reports or fake news) they have to grasp reality so that the imaginary may rise from it. In short, a spectacular cinema and a confidential one that still manage to intertwine, passing from the powerful effects of classical narration to a perfected form of narration, upheld by a formal, playful, multimedia baroque after the fashion of some video clips, and sometimes finally look like, in a disquieting and strongly evocative way, a sensitive and flat report — while respecting the general obligation of the narrative without which one lapses into something

indigestible and abstract (and for that matter we must note that an author like Luis Buñuel has always maintained an extraordinary narrative style).

Anyway, after these very brief remarks, we have a strong feeling that the economic durability of the cinema is inevitably linked to the necessity of working on its content. From this viewpoint, one is left with no other choice than to create, or else to make the most of the "bewitchment" — however true this word may sound, it finally describes the feeling fairly well — one feels in front of the screen — as long as it is still quivering. For watching a film in a movie theater always means more than a mere moment of entertainment for many of us. These still remains a part of fascination, more or less clear and more or less intense it is true, in the midst of this veritable ceremonial. Far from playing the devotees of the past, passionate lovers of an artistic form on the wane that therefore nostalgically invests itself with all the qualities precisely because of its loss of influence (which is, in this case, quite relative), we would like to claim that the comprehension of the past is the first step towards prospective outlines. To that effect, here are a few tracks.

TELEGRAMS

USSR / CHINA / BERLIN / ROMANIA / IRAQ /
HOW COULD ONE HAVE POSSIBLY IMAGINED
SO MANY UPHEAVALS SINCE THE CREATION
OF PAINTERS OF HISTORY AT THE END OF
1988 / PRIVATE DETAIL : OUR ADDRESS HAS
CHANGED / THANKS FOR THE REACTIONS
RECEIVED / ESPECIALLY DOMINIQUE DE
MÉNIL, FROM HOUSTON / BEST WISHES TO
ALL THOSE WHO, EVEN OCCASIONALLY,
PAINT HISTORY : RED GROOMS PLAYING
WITH AUTHORS OF THE PAST, FRANÇOIS
BOISROND AND HIS WORKS ON THE THEME
OF TELEVISION, JOURNALIST-PAINTER CHERI
SAMBRA, OR WOLF VÖSTELL CELEBRATING
THE OPENING OF THE BERLIN WALL / HASTA
LUEGO /

About television :



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 31 (Dimension in 16/9), 1989, 30 min.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 32 (Fashion parade, Guy Laroche), 1990.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 42 (Lionel), 1990.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 7 (T.V. news special), 1989.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 24 (speech in front of the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin), 1990.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 24 (Shy Shoy), 1990.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 59 (Etar à France), 1990.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 42 (Christie at home), 1990.



Laurent Gervereau, TV, *maïa* n° 33 (Etar Coustou [img]), 1990.

About the press :



L'histoire de l'histoire - Histoire sur l'art



Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 19 (France-Goi, april 21st 1990), 1990.



Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 31 (Sunday Times, Jan 3rd 1990), 1990.



Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 37 (AS, June 10th 1990), 1990.



Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 25 (L'Espresso, 11th March 1990), 1990.



Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 10 (The press, October 1990), 1990.



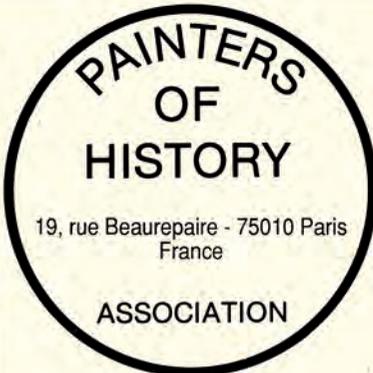
Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 49 (The Wall, November 3rd 1990), 1990.



Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 42 (L'Abnava, September 10th 1990), 1990.



Louis Rollin, *Titiles and dispatches* n° 42 (L'Abnava, September 10th 1990), 1990.



About current news :



Gervereau/Rollin, *Time table*, 90 (dian.) x 32 cm, 1989.



Gervereau/Rollin, *History series*, 3.5 x 8 x 1.5 cm, 1990.



Gervereau/Rollin, *Ecologie Amal*, 47 x 50 x 23 cm, 1990.



Gervereau/Rollin, *German translation series*, 51 x 28 x 6 cm, 1990.



Gervereau/Rollin, *Gate Jump*, 51 x 28 x 17 cm, 1990.



Gervereau/Rollin, *Ant AEO pencil sharpeners*, 13 x 4 x 4 cm, 1990.



Gervereau/Rollin, *Paroville document*, 38 x 48 x 10.5 cm, 1990.



Gervereau/Rollin, *War of religious attacks*, 88 x 126 x 80 cm, 1990.

About daily life :



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 19.05.90 03.30 PM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 19.07.90 10.16 AM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 04.03.90 07.20 AM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 15.05.90 08.41 AM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 17.05.90 04.02 PM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 22.11.90 10.30 AM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 18.10.90 01.34 PM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 28.11.90 09.04 AM.



Louis Rollin, *Daily life par under a microscope*, 28.11.90 11.50 PM.

About art and history :



Guy Bodion, *The style of history* - Saddam Hussein 1990 / The Iraq-on-Saudi drama 1912, 1992 (displayed here with the construction common to the whole series).



Guy Bodion, *The style of history* - Saddam Hussein 1990 / The Iraq-on-Saudi drama 1912, 1990.



Guy Bodion, *The style of history* - Max Ernst's machine from the surrealism movement 1954 / M.G. Wildt's 'sem machine' 1995, 1990.



Guy Bodion, *The style of history* - Miss Pissini 'Nantes Photo XI' / Apollinaire Khmeryst meeting in June 1970, 1990.



Guy Bodion, *The style of history* - Dialectic exhibition at the Musée des arts décoratifs Paris 1960 / Georges Méliès' trip to the moon 1902, 1990.



Guy Bodion, *The style of history* - First night of Alfred Jarry's 'Ubu roi' 1896 / Agreement of Louvain 1905, 1990.

The size of TV, maïa : 50 x 42 cm, *Titiles and dispatches* : 76 x 56 cm, *Daily life par under a microscope* : 15 x 15 cm, finally *The style of history* present two boards, size : 60 x 49 cm, 29 cm deep.

A NEW DIMENSION IN REPORTING NEWS

No, no, no, these fusspots that go by the name of "painters of history" will not revolutionize the media and disdainfully dictate their behaviour to thousands of journalists who are wearing themselves out throughout the world. We are fortunately through with ex cathedra speeches and the professionals—being no more stupid than others—have thoroughly reflected upon the responsibilities linked to their main occupation. Still can we, consumers that we are, afford not to ponder upon what is now commonly called "the huge outpouring of news we have to put up with"? Indeed we can if we want to try to get rid of it. Or else...

The most striking thing about information is that events become obsolete more and more rapidly: a sort of frantic merry-go-round wringing the neck of spectators. A now classical example is in all memories. No sooner had we applauded the Romanian's liberation and been reassured by the dead bodies in Timisoara than we learned that the whole thing had been staged and that ex-communists ruled the country. True and frightening. And it is nothing new (besides, we must notice for that matter that this took place in a country subjected to the most brutal and "out of date" propagandas, and that was right away converted to the so-called "modern" world).

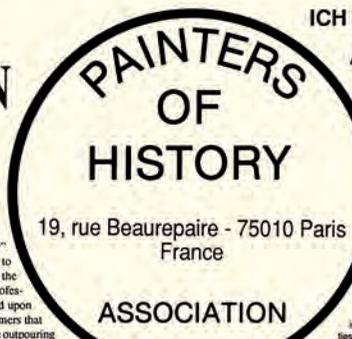
This general ballet, all the more animated as it is orchestrated by televised images that pass in an instantaneous transit, must not stop and will not stop in the years to come. It is one of the constant powers (to inform is always to convince) the people are subjected to and it cannot be helped by the poor journalists who are the unflinching witnesses to what goes on as long as what goes on conveys an exceptional amount of passion, cruelty, or soridness. They even try, and it is praiseworthy, to talk sometimes about places where nothing happens, these places that becoming ones where the action is since television has set up its camera there. The press has also a part to play, drawing the public's attention on those the news left behind or bringing out "affairs" into the open, after long investigations.

But reality is always elusive. Reality is but the addition of the realities of people's individual awareness that reduce the scope of the spectacle they have to face. This notion is very much rooted in the present situations in so far as all individuals are immediately in contact with exotic realities, with a kind of "living theater" they are compelled to react to (the Gulf War). Quite a few are aware of that and they stir the universal mawkishness and whining in favour of the "good causes" destined to comfort the traumatized T.V. maniacs who pay their "due" and are thus under the illusion they are indeed doing something.

On the other hand, this does not mean that we condemn any effective action taken in the field; for contrary to the false moanings over "appearances" of those who intellectually benefit from the situation, events do happen, wars take place, people love and suffer. And the media "cover" this reality in an incovertly sketchy way.

These images catapulted from an over the planet possess a magic quality, and we have not got over it yet, that overshadows their inevitable relativity, and the contingent aspect of their shooting and emission. So the tiresome aspect of this period is the role of eternal "lecturer" a posteriori conferred to the journalist, accompanying an opinion that carries along, what becomes obvious facts. Paradoxically, the more powerful images are, the most consistent commentaries must be. The more important the search for the factual becomes, the more essential it is to explain why the facts were selected. Since reports bring the spectators flashing snatches of awareness in actually sending them out where the action is, it is all the more important to enhance the value of these reports by patiently reconstructing the conditions of their making. The exemplary aspect of images that are *self-sufficient* is, in fact, the reason why it can be enough to just show them. Also, there must be various viewpoints. The video is indeed at a kind of infantile stage.

So what have we, "painters of history", decided to do in this context? We chose to adopt a totally subjective point of view (an individual's view of an event) conveyed by artistic means (drawing, story, or photo). We thus apply ourselves, in our own modest way, to produce what may or might be certain journalistic reports (without their becoming predominant, which would be intolerable), that is to say a report defined as a deliberately personal point of view with a sort of inventory of the conditions of its making that may be compared to an ethnographic report. Books are made on macro and micro subjects, circumstantial contributions. They represent traces and they are a means to have an effect upon everyday life and the news by telling about our own relationship to them. In view of what seems to be such a heavy task, our occasional nonchalance will certainly support us by showing that a few beacons are already worth a demonstration.



ICH BIN EIN KOMMUNIST !

A small article written on the spur of the moment

In the midst of great upheavals, the USSR collapses. All our established bankers—who of course had not foreseen anything, for which they cannot, possibly be blamed—accompany the movement and many "specialists" follow meekly the cathodic flow of events around. What intellectual madocry! We would like them to establish a distance, make efforts of understanding and show courage, instead of that, they merely and contentiously plagiarize the course of events. And if a dictatorship should be set up tomorrow, they will still claim they knew it was bound to happen. Indeed, history builds up in the long term and thanks to ridiculous whims of fate. Everybody now seems to be railing against communism, a facile reaction, like proudly driving a stake through a dead body. Since we have personally always been opposed to the ideology of these communist parties, we feel all the more at ease to be litching—as it suffering from some cranial herpes—to about in the face of those blessing menials: "Ich bin ein Kommunist", following the example of Kennedy delivering his famous phrase right in the middle of the cold war genre; "Ich bin ein Berliner". This will be indeed the challenge in the next few years.

More seriously, we must understand that the questions that led to this bureaucratic mistake called "communist regime", still remain. Is that a reason to clear the name of the authoritarian and bloody Nicolas II? Can one crime wipe out another? What can we make of all those popes steeped in piety, of all those icons lumped around, of this religion brandished like the flag of liberation, that reappear in opposition to the very idea of individual freedom? And what about the commotion provoked by the problem of nationalities, the cause of Stalin and Gorbachev tearing each other's guts out in a peevish and grotesque battle.

Internationalism had its good points. It remains a key idea in anarchist and communist inspirations. Besides, it corresponds to the present necessities of a world that is getting narrower and narrower. And then, what? And then, fortunately, our awareness has changed. Getting free from a mental multiple sclerosis, political pluralism, freedom of thought, and diversity of the press prove to be more and more indispensable. Likewise, economic competition—this famous "market"—becomes the obvious way to all sorts of evolutions. Even though it may lead to a lot of waste, serious ecological mistakes, irreversible destruction, it is nevertheless the only system that permits, thanks to its adaptability, amendments and corrections.

It may be so, but have things changed since Marx and Bakunin developed their generous—if it is worth remembering—doctrine? In other words, has inequality been reduced? It has, proportionally, and thanks to the social measures taken in industrialized countries. It has not when it comes to the heart of the matter. People became suddenly and acutely aware that beside the notion of equality was the notion of equality of chances. It can no longer be assumed that people are equal in the absolute—which was in a way a mystic and not very realistic thought—and without any possibility of evolution. Actually, people should be provided with more or less similar initial situations and then be free to follow their own evolution according to their tastes and possibilities—then discrepancies in money and celebrity would appear.

To achieve that, education appears to be one of the two main points, the other being a salary scale calculated according to the toughness of the job or one's qualification, however, these elements are of course bound to vary a bit because of the huge disparities between countries. In this respect, there is no doubt that some approaches should be made freely and without too much ceremony. The world will have to be aware that so many particularisms, so many religions are the roots of inequalities. The fact that certain practices are admitted, does not mean that the way they are applied shouldn't be criticized.

Moreover, even in the richest western systems, we would like to stress a point often too neglected. An institution that remains deeply discriminatory: the legacy. Why should it be overlooked? Some people benefit from an acquired capital while certain debts loom ahead for others. Although we are in a system of competition where piling up riches is allowed and even encouraged, the transfer of this wealth should not be systematic. Do you think that the people who want to start a business in their name would work less knowing that their children, who will perhaps manage it in their turn, according to their capacities, will not own it? Why not consider a system of allotment that, at the parent's death, would provide the children with an inclusive sum of money or the equivalent sum in objects or in furniture-squarem, the rest of the money being destined to a common fund and the shares of the firms becoming the property of the firm. Anyway, no matter what the modalities are, the thing is that this system will urge each person to create his own universe, to make his own choice. We must put an end to truly feudal practices.

Communism is dead. Indeed, its mystic deeds, its totalitarian claim, its Orwellian peril have fortunately ceased. But the questions raised by the very problems that communism claimed to solve still remain. We have no choice but to rake our brains again for fear of slipping into a worn-out conservatism that does not even correspond to the international economic necessities any longer. History is on the move, a "new world order", as it pompously called, is being set up. Rather than withdrawing into their shells and confining their minds in a kind of numbness as if they missed the meaning of the clip altogether, it is urgent for people to pounce on exceptional conditions. Keeping in mind this fundamental rule, which occupies that stand together, the hope of all is profitable to all—and vice versa. In stagnation as in whirlpool, we have to be all the more demanding.

Paris, August 25th 1991



The open book of *Reportage n°1* (back from holiday on the Lyon-Païs motorway, August 24th 1991) by L. Gervereau and L. Rollinde.



Page 1: "3.26 P.M. getting on the motorway" (size 23 x 65cm).



Page 2: "3.57 P.M. a car is jamming on the motorway".



Page 4: "Last toll gate before Paris".



Page 9: "Visiting the ELF site".



Page 11: "Scenes on the motorway".



Page 13: "Back on the road: temperature outside 26° C".



Page 16: "Paris, 50 km".



Cover of the *Reportage n°2* ("Le dimanche des terres de France", farmers demonstrating in Paris, September 29th 89) by L. Rollinde.



Page 4: "In spite of the weather known preceding storms, blue sunny sky". Page 5: "La vascul de France", hard, at the entrance of the Vigneresque valley".



Page 6 and page 7: "Steep".



Page 10: "Dinner in a field with straw 'step off, Charente'". Page 11: "Green hills in the wind: 'Les Antiques de la marine'".

About television :



Laurent Gervereau, T.V. mania n°75 (a poster exhibited in Baghdad), 1991.



Laurent Gervereau, T.V. mania n°77 (gas mask), 1991.



Laurent Gervereau, T.V. mania n°72 (film mask), 1991.



Laurent Gervereau, T.V. mania n°78 (A post-demonstration in Washington), 1991.



Laurent Gervereau, T.V. mania n°76 (War in the Gulf, CNN), 1991.



Laurent Gervereau, T.V. mania n°79 (B 52 taking off), 1991.

About the press :



Louis Rollinde, Titles and dispatches n°59 (Le Monde, January 18th 1991, "Night alert in Dabou"), 1991.



Louis Rollinde, Titles and dispatches n°60 (Le Monde, August 29th 1991, "the end, the beginning"), 1991.



Louis Rollinde, Titles and dispatches n°60 (Le Monde, August 29th 1991, "the end, the beginning"), 1991.



Louis Rollinde, Titles and dispatches n°77 (International Herald Tribune, August 29th 1991, "Communism's collapse"), 1991.



Louis Rollinde, Titles and dispatches n°81 (Sunday Time Magazine, October 20th 1991, "face to face with the world's religious leaders"), 1991.



Louis Rollinde, Titles and dispatches n°81 (Sunday Time Magazine, October 20th 1991, "face to face with the world's religious leaders"), 1991.



19, rue Beaurepaire - 75010 Paris
France

ASSOCIATION

About daily life :



Louis Rollinde, Daily life put under a microscope, 01/05/91 10:47 AM



Louis Rollinde, Daily life put under a microscope, 10/10/91 11:31 PM



Louis Rollinde, Daily life put under a microscope, 15/09/91 12:00 AM



Louis Rollinde, Daily life put under a microscope, 18/10/91 6:18 PM



Louis Rollinde, Daily life put under a microscope, 06/09/91 8:43 PM



Louis Rollinde, Daily life put under a microscope, 10/08/91 11:07 AM

About art and history :



Guy Bodson, The styles of history - (hourings and encaustique 1964 / Menzies by Kertész 1929, 1991)



Guy Bodson, The styles of history - The axes of Veljezich 1969 / PROUDIN 1920, 1991



Guy Bodson, The styles of history - Avignon 1907 / Chirico and Patti 1925, 1991



Guy Bodson, The styles of history - Hen, last 900 set, HMC 1991 / Night of milk in New York, 1991

THE RETURN OF THE NARRATIVE

Erwin Panofsky, on the perpetual look out for hidden intentions, would indeed have difficulty discovering "primary meanings" and "secondary meanings" in many of the works that are produced today. Puzzled by the "arte povera", he wouldn't find much help in his essays on iconography or iconology for the good reason that he has devoted himself to a corpus that privileged narration. The ancient art acted as a storyteller. In two different ways: either in reproducing everyday life or in using symbols. The religious art has privileged symbols, often representing the same scenes over and over again. But the epic art has also drawn its inspiration from them.

In this context, the two novations of the 20th century—the consequences of which we have not fully realized yet, since we are still impregnated with the historic "shockwave"—took place firstly when the notion of representation was put into question (cubism, abstraction), and secondly when some, like Duchamp or Dalí, asked themselves about what deserved to be called "art". Following these two movements a number of various researches flourished thanks to which our time will undoubtedly be remembered as an amazing form of effacement. In reaction against the two "blows", just mentioned, some artists wanted to reinvent some "meaning": the surrealists kept representing the same themes: still life and male paintings, country landscapes, all very typical of the 19th century style.

All this happened at a time when the art market (in spite of

crises) and international communications developed, when museums multiplied and themselves had to redefine their own function, being joined by the technologic "referent". In Neuchâtel, Switzerland, Jacques Hainard and Roland Kahr, for instance, dared to cast a clinical look at the role of a temple-museum faced with the choice of objects and their presentation. The people responsible for the "beaux-arts" are thus the focus of attention, exposed to a similar dilemma, though they try to deny it. What can be called "art", and what belongs to the domain of applied arts or to the technique? The fact that an object deserves the label "art" depends only on the way it is presented to the public and on the spectator's point of view. Is it for fear of misjudgments that domains are clearly separated, the so-called inferior domains being looked down on (as it was the case in the exhibitions on art and publicity in New York and Paris)?

Moreover, a sure way of grasping the "customer's" interest is to give him "biographies". In portraying accented artists, they provide him with modern heroes, rebellious geniuses whose obsessive presence—from a punctual artistic submission to a perpetual religious sublime, negation of the moving diversity characteristic of life—finally overflows their works. Going back to the historical evolution of art, it is clear that we are now living in an "afterwards" period. Some people talk about "post modernism", we shall insist, in a more general way, upon the notion of *relativism*. Having given up the search for an absolute, "total" art that will surpass all others, everyone is trying to create a form which, at a given time, will appeal more than any other to a few people. To achieve that, and following the example of Picabia (who dynamized people's sensibilities with a surplus, whereas Duchamp upset them with asceticism), style does not matter much to us: let us not yield to the yoke of a brand name but let us take our pick among this artistic bazaar.

Meaning must also be taken into account. For several years now, before starting "painters of history", we have been struck by the poverty of artistic donor. It is true that in the seventies, following the pop art and the new realists movements, some politically engaged artists had tried to represent scenes inspired by the news (the "figuration narrative"), but, unfortunately, theirs were too often poorly constructed works, evocative of a commissioned socialist realism. Ever since the 19th century, realism has been subjected to a double handicap linked to its intentions: educating the people or selling to as many people as possible, as a consequence, its very best productions often owed their value to a sort of strangeness, disturbing the public, in spite of the intentions of the author himself. Indeed, the "figuration libre", a joyful cacophony, half-way between cartoons and graffiti had revived the opportunity of showing, sometimes in an acute manner (Basquiat). Indeed, conceptual artists have made an attempt to explore the daily course of events (Annette Messager). But, on the whole, only the formal could be considered as artistic. It was then up to the critics, the curators and the commentators to give their own interpretation on these enigmatic volumes, their analyses thus appearing like genuine parallel recreations that would make the dumfounded spectators realize their mediocrity, being abruptly swept by this new intellectual terrorism.

Choosing to follow the opposite course, we deliberately opted for a narrative, anecdotal approach, for we are obsessed with what constitutes the two main concerns of our daily life, that is to say the news and our everyday little games. Therefore, we have become contingent, elliptic and imperfect painters. And as we refused to confine ourselves to a two dimensional world, we began to create objects.

The word "design" which originally defines a mere "pro-

ject" in the domain of applied arts, has become, for the general public, a synonym for a pure volume, if not geometry. We have tried to give back some meaning to this word, at the prime risk of lapsing into the gadget. We are not trying whatsoever to deny certain gadgets a true poetic quality, but the point is that this poetry concerns certain gadgets only. So we have worked on various materials, rejecting—wherever possible—trite ideas (easy antropomorphism or never-ending representation of animals), alternating gravity with fluidity, the multiple with the unique, in order to preserve the incongruity of such a production. Combining the utilitarian aspect with the narrative side of a sculpture in situation, these objects try to surprise.

The second difficulty we had to deal with was to avoid producing surrealistic objects (without despising, of course, many surrealistic objects like those Marcel Marín made, for example). First, we do not look down on acrobaticism and, though it may not correspond to our opinions, we regard Philippe Stark's spider-shaped lemon squeezer as a "beautiful" and intelligent object. Second, the necessity for a utilitarian function counterbalances this handicap, as the deliberate alteration of creations designed to be unique and others meant to be mass produced. In this perspective, the concern is to attain to an expressive symbol, while retaining the concreteness of the meaning and the line, combines with the practical necessities imposed by usage.

It is an ambitious project. Undoubtedly so. The flaws are many: aestheticism, silly gag, obvious slogan. But the issue at stake is stimulating enough to encourage us to create products that we actually discover in the process of their elaboration, like a kind of "work in progress". So, we are moving forward.

DZINGS AND FALSE NOTES IN HISTORY

Musique mondiale. World music. It is a fact, music circulates. It has become a commercial phenomenon. Madonna, Michael Jackson, or Mozart are all box-office success. Never mind the language barrier, they sell good. Alright.

We should be pleased about that insofar as this movement, even if it deperplexes and debases local traditions, is a notable factor of international unification. Who can tell what influence western sounds had in discrediting soviet communism. Who can tell how the Beatles and Dylan served as vehicles for the English language at the very moment a Viet Nam weighed heavily on the image of the "land of freedom"? Verdi also was, in his time, an agent of ideology.

But there is a marked discrepancy between listening to music all over the world and world music. First, music originates in the West even though it may draw inspiration from elsewhere. Sounds come from loud-speakers of all the radios of the planet. Standards of what is called "classical" music are repeated over and over again. But especially all the children of the westernization of black music: jazz, rock, pop. They experience variations. And fashions. Some travel all over the world in search of dance rhythms that will make people sway their eager hips on the beach. All colours are represented: salsa, calypso, biguine... Rap expresses its uneasiness and its desires in long staccato recitations. Other rhythms will follow.

For that matter, we are dealing with an adaptation to western instruments (electric guitar, saxophone, synthesizers...), with tempi meant for dancing. Music to move to more than music to listen to. In that context, though commercial power is one-sided, self-influences are many. Very well. Yes, is it a "world music"? The presence of African artists in Paris (Ray Lema, Manu Dibango...), Paul Simon's travels, for instance, have caused the use of the term of "world music", which was a wish as much as an acknowledgement.

This term appears to be both appropriate and improper. It is appropriate insofar as even the blues sung by black slaves of Louisiana has evolved. It has spread, it has adopted different tones and accompaniments, that there has been some mixing. Parisians will talk about musical colonialism whereas those are interactions that are necessary to avoid any stiffness of schemes. It is also appropriate in the way that the pop music of the Sixties and the Seventies conveyed — supported by the technological boom — an aspiration to change the world, with other values and other attitudes, which explains its dazzling development. Today, rites are well established. They don't have to break barriers anymore. They are getting more professional and are a part of the general consumption of products. Still the transmitter remains rather centralized and the source, one of the numerous variations on remixed African sounds, and this concerns even reggae, is implanted on another continent.

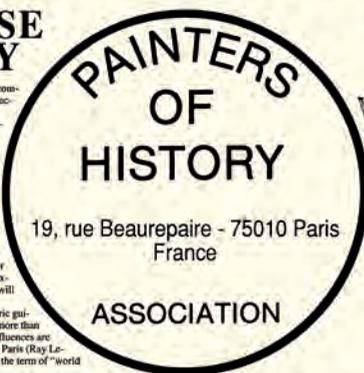
The world is finite. It is united with its disequilibrium. Why should savages be pushed in natural reservations? Tourism has become a common way to establish contacts — and also a factor of destabilization. But the radio or the television are already a factor of conquest. Like music: Must we despair of this? There are neither "pure" cultures, none are there pure races. Isolation has sometimes led to rigidity, but in that a good thing? Whereas protecting sites, combining economy with the fight against the pollution, are necessary, on the other hand, — except in the rare occasions when people can stay in restricted zones (and how long will that last?) — cultures will not come through unharmed. In any case they are always the result of evolutions. The return to tradition, generally supported by religion — the most striking example of this being Islam — coincides with the need to be reassured when confronted with economical changes which mean *ipso facto* social changes. This leads to aggressive and renegeant attitudes.

It is thus important that we should adopt a truly *post-colonialist* way of thinking, just like it is important to stand *beyond* racism by reasoning in terms of individuals and not in terms of groups. The question is no longer to know whether we will impose our rules on "savages" but, since these rules have spread, to ask ourselves how to make the best of the most invigorating aspects of local cultures, or what is left of them, thanks to a *Jeep*-book effect. Let the market of images and ideas be more open and let everyone have the feeling they can bring a certain tone to it. A general hybridization should not convey a feeling of powerlessness but, on the contrary, it should be the expression of freedom enhanced by individual options. This one is no longer the constraint product of local customs, but one is now able to choose what suits him.

This is a silly wish maybe. Supported by all the deconstructions. Within this context, a true "world music" would be a combination of specific traditions and an opening onto several international influences. A multiplication of combinations. Music expresses feelings, moods, emotions and revolt. Everyone should be able — by reproducing or consuming — to weave heterogeneous wholes, choose rhythms, sounds, instruments, according to the colour of such or such piece of music. Less mosaic and more sound, rock and salsa or rai, Monk and Indian music, it doesn't matter.

Protecting traces of ancient cultures does not imply stopping evolutions. It is out of the question to turn the world into a museum. It is necessary to be watchful in front of deconstructions but this must not lead to considering that what is settled must stay that way. We must beware of a traditionalist ecologist perspective. Of course exclusions, dangers, injustices provoke conservative stiffness, by inevitably viewing the past as a "golden age", since one forgets the pitfalls. But the present upheavals may at last arouse a true international thinking, with a generalized multilingual trend. Is that the wish of a wealthy country? Maybe so. But who is to lose by this?

Anyway, music upsets these schemes by showing there is no barrier between oneself and the world. Modernization has led to this. Everyone now looks not only at their own patch of garden or balcony, but also at the planet. Thanks to a genuine consciousness of choice, each person can also compose his own universe, refusing the stereotypes that disturb him. This is what true interaction is all about. A multiple information that implies a decision to standardize. The terms are on the move: Much is at stake. Failure is terrible. To start with, for our cars' sake, let's listen again to some famous hybrids like Strawinsky and the Beatles' White Album. And let's have a change.



AVAILABLE TO SUBSCRIBERS

THE BINDING OF PAINTERS OF HISTORY

The whole of the first 11 numbers has been bound with a reading stick (an antenno-bar) made for the occasion in the series of "Painters of history" objects. Only 50 copies, signed and numbered will be printed. Each copy is sold:

50,00 FF (+ 50,00FF postage)

Please send your order to:
Les Peintres d'histoire,
19 rue Beaurepaire,
75010 PARIS.

(Cheques should be made to the order of Laurent Gervereau. Thank you)

A letter to some fellow men

Little whitey, little whitey, who d'you think you are? You're right, you're right, so right you make the whole world act damn stupid. Colo-colonial-colonialist. But it's all over.

There ain't never been a pure man. No good nature. Animals eat one another. Men hack one another into pieces. So whitey, little whitey, you're not so damn stupid. Except when you're afraid. Damn fool. Everything is white. And when your dollars meet some resistance, it's worse still: despot little bastards waiting about, crooked gurus, masters with stripes. So whitey, why are you in a panic?

Invasion? By whom? You've already invaded everything. Not one tribe left who hasn't got a checked loin cloth. Resisting is again placing oneself in relation to you. Right. You're scared. Thoughtless. Black, yellow — red, no more. You don't have enough kids. Ouch. Too many, is that any better?

Whitey, little whitey. You've got everything. You've invented what you call democracy. Sometimes you knock religion down. You call yourself free. But you're jobless. Help. You sweat your guts out trying not to get bored to death. You don't understand a thing. You get panicky. They're everywhere. With their gods, their customs, and they work. And what do you think you're going to do on your own?

Whitey, little whitey, you've won. But the losers are inside your house. So what. You think you're going to kick them out? There will be others. And you may end up being driven away because of your damn stupidity. So believe me, whitey, little whitey, share your meal with them before they take it away from you. Talk to them. Taming each other is a must. It will be kind of hard, but there are jerks everywhere. Your house will be larger. You'll get reassured. They'll help you because it will belong to both of you.

Scared. They're scared too. Scared of you. They have a grudge against you. You've ruined everything. Afraid of getting lost. In our world of cities, each of us clings to a club to give the impression we're not alone. Things are moving. Whitey, little whitey, would you rather be stuck in other people's stories? A fixed pawn in a village? Repeating the same role? A numbing mummy? Well, it's too late anyway. Whitey, little whitey, things get moving. So shake up your brains. Avoid the stroke. Don't kick the bucket behind your door. You're alive. Get going. You ain't gonna recreate your past.

FUGUE

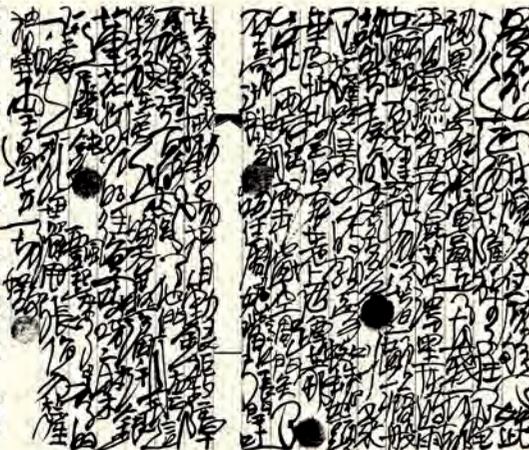
"What? — Nothing — That's enough." That was all. Salif and Li had summed up the situation. The TV was silent. A kind of flat encephalogram of the planet. They were hot. A mixture of greasy black rain of ashes was about to fall. Like everywhere else, building lights were glittering at an epileptic rhythm. For how long?

"Again". Salif bit Li's neck, like a spider. Her head drooped so hard it nearly ripped her skin. Her whole body rolled over. He remained squatted.

Taipheh. Two days later, the filthy rain was now knocking on the windows. They had stopped the air conditioning and were as sticky as gypsum.

"Ah — What." She opened her mouth. Shut it up. A foam of saliva was forming around it. Salif was automatically pinching his dick. The cash dispensers were out of order. Nothing to expect. The music had stopped. They could hear the false silence of darkness. The swallowing down, drops and sweat, whirling anemones, effusions, electric returns. Creaks. Lethargy.

"It's pouring". Li, her hands clasped against her small breasts, let herself down to the floor, her palms downward, hurt. Salif sniffed. They were still the same two days later.



Calligraphy: Ye Xin

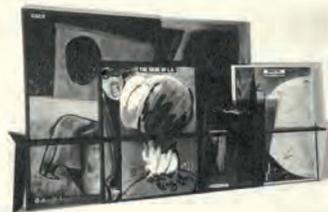
PECULIAR FRIENDSHIPS

Arno Schmidt,
maniac weaver of texts





1



2

1, 2. Generally speaking, our concern for the presentation of the series of Painters of history works in two dimensions, what to create objects paintings that visitors presented here were made to "spontaneous" dimensions. So the framing device chosen for Titles and dispatches takes into account both simplicity and mobility. Each sheet was mounted under a glass - as solid as possible - and with a narrow wooden frame painted in a colour in continuity with the one used for the drawing background. These thus rigidified sheets were placed into metallic trays, either single, for individual presentation, or collective.

Thus, the paintings can be held, moved, orientated, inverted, just like newspaper on a display shelf. They provide a freedom of manipulation which breaks with the usually rigid aspect of a mural framing.

Material: bent iron sheet and clear glass.
Size:
single display shelf: 70 x 30 x 16 cm.
collective display shelf: 192 x 30 x 16 cm.

3. Daily life under a microscope bears its title on the image. With an interactive capter, it indicates the instantaneous quality of the switch, of the instant (year, month, day, hour, minute, second). Flipping the circle to leave, the frame acts as a house of mirrors, like a target. With the functional neutrality of polished metal, it zooms in on this desiccated fragment of time that opens by.

Material: aluminium sheet, 6 mm thick.
Size: 40 cm diameter, covering 15 x 15 cm.

4. Television is a box. Without lapsing into parody, we had to symbolize the object and evoke the capturing power of the screen. The automatic stack, the way it is on our home cabinet. Of course, it might be a different colour. The glass is flat since a convex glass, with a magnifying effect, would probably have drawn too much attention. Finally, again in order to suggest without imitating, the box is relatively thick.

Flat screens thus spring up vertically. They can be combined as to form a wall of images or a succession of long series.
Material: bent iron sheet painted in gloss black paint.
Size: 60 x 57 x 7 cm.



3

PAINTERS OF HISTORY

19, rue Beaurepaire - 75010 Paris
France

ASSOCIATION

SHOWING IS PRESENTING

There is no state of nature. Every human behaviour partakes of a theatricalism of everyday life. Every feeling, however deeply rooted, is given back to others through a series of words and attitudes subjected to judgement. Only subtlety of analysis allows, thanks to imperceptible details, to measure up intelligences or clever simulations.

Politics used to be in direct contact with people. Harangue, eloquence used to warm the hearts of the crowds. From now on, through the means of television, it can convince people at home. Leaders prevail themselves as much as they present their programmes. In a way, though distant physically speaking, they are in fact closer, as the least detail of their skin texture or the smallest twitch are multiplied millions of times on the screens. The dramatization of feelings thus becomes perpetual, favouring demagoguery, the cult of seduction, but it may also turn cruel, provoking much publicized assassinations. The public, who is changeable, may applaud but it also may grow weary.

An idea, however powerful and just, must be packaged. According to the way it is defended, the idea will either spread, will give rise to debates and comments or it will go unheeded, sometimes allowing others to take it over in order to exploit it more skillfully. A powerful and sincere passion prevented the wrong way - often because it is a burning one - may fail, whereas another, more brilliantly evoked, will find its fulfillment. Seduction requires staging and artifice, these being found among animals which apply themselves to complicated nuptial parades.

We are now dealing with the sempiternal debate between content and form, the terms of which prove to be definitely indissociable. Likewise, in the artistic domain, we must be finished with the notion of rough, absolute, raw masterpiece. We have shown it before (*): an artistic work requires the vision of the spectator to be considered as such.

The spectator is influenced by the way the works are displayed, though this presentation factor is overestimated. How many spectators visiting public or private galleries would not see such or such painting if they ever saw them in somebody's home, at a flea market or in one of those exhibition halls where 400 artists display, side by side, a painting each? The spectator is conditioned by the way the painting stands isolated, and the way the signature is set-off. Signaling determines attention.

Taking this fact into account, the museum has replaced the church as a place for meditation. One by one or in great numbers, strangers glide from one retable to another. Yet the museum institution has evolved. In first chose an accumulative presentation (in the 19th century and at the beginning of the 20th) when it used again the standards of middle-class and aristocratic lounges, giving them to the public, even often settling in castles or in palaces emptied of their inhabitants. Then specific buildings were erected. Settings were refined, decorations erased and surfaces whitened so that the work was the only focus of attention. Finally, more recently, pushing the institutional logic to the extreme, some artists have used this "museum" concept in order to make the room itself become the work of art by filling it entirely with "installations".

With an auction based on consensus, the museum often takes refuge behind its respectability. The curator confers a title of nobility. He designates - a choice which is not devoid of notable commercial implications - what is meant for collective sublimation. Museums, like critics rule over taste. They point out what deserves to be seen. It must be said in their defence that one of their roles is a pedagogic one. After all, it is true that, despite a state of tiredness, it takes a keen eye to detect, at the back of a cupboard, what a dirty piece of canvas may be worth. But, conversely, the Mona Lisa has become, for many people, literally impossible to look at. The painting is so marked out, so signalled that it turns into an image of the Mona Lisa. How can we possibly cast a fresh look upon it and try to feel its aesthetic emotion?

For this is precisely what is at stake: to feel pleasure. To achieve that, some people need the task to be worked out roughly for them, they need to be explained why such or such document is important. The way the works are set up then becomes an intellectual mediation. Others, on the contrary, want to peck at what leaps to the eye in a suite. It doesn't matter.

They all interiorize the setting and are subjected to its architectural proportions of course, but also the "packaging", the "stitching together" of the work - the pedestals and the frames. For that matter, it is striking to see that impressionist paintings, for instance, are still persistently presented in heavily adorned and gilded frames which, though suitable for certain "pompos" paintings, remain in thimble to inserted subjects and styles. Even an artist like Saura would today see his paintings in re-framed frames, and this is highly paradoxical since Saura did his best to make and paint his frames. The presentation is thus very often totally inadequate.

At best, it is inconstant. That is to say that the frame and the pedestal are neutral, just like the rooms of the museum themselves. The good point is then that one can forget about them. But how many documents suffer from this lack of presentation? How many waste away because they are misunderstood? The Russian constructivist (Lissitzki) had planned alright, during the twenties, not only the framing of their compositions but also the arrangement of the space around them. Conversely, we must notice that the appreciable excess of the present "art poverty" lies in the fact that nothing is left but an arrangement devoid of artistic work.

Yet, artists should have the possibility to conceive entirely the rooms of the museums (or galleries) where their paintings or their objects will be displayed, just as the surrealists tried to do for some of their great collective exhibitions. And even certain curators might, with the help of architects, venture to achieve the idea of a stem-point museum with multiple corners.

No one could deny the necessity for a pedestal or a frame to be in harmony with what it represents. But it is more than that. As it is joined to the work, it thus forms a composite object. Being itself an element of creation, it draws attention on the work, thus constituting the initial act. It must rebound or else its neutrality will be synonymous with weakening: it will depreciate what it is meant to emphasize. A contrario, certain poor quick sketches may gain a true seduction thanks to their packaging. Creation is favored. Why not? What occurs in the end is charm, a captivating wit, the depth of perception.

There is no barrier. There are some who deliver not rough art but brutal art. The straws is lying on the table and it must be tasted without vegetables, without bearable sauce, without side leaves. It may be edible but some thinnings wouldn't spoil anything. Showing is presenting.

When great exhibitions turn into shows, one is all the more surprised to see how poorly organized things are. One has to queue, book one's ticket. But the layout is meagre, the rooms in a row, the paintings are simply lined up and that's it. Some works are graffitiing - and the rest doesn't matter. Others are just lost.

At another level, there are paintings for dining-rooms, little pieces of canvases from home one took a long time to select to place, like little daily beacons meant to be seen, standing among other familiar objects. This creates an unusual stream that tells stories. Within the works and outside them.

So it is time we considered reasoning publicly in terms of sign-posting and arrangement of space. Without lapsing into "techno-chandni" excesses. Art, in its excessive desire to ascend to a religious level by displaying relics in long white rooms - real aesthetic hospitals - is despising, on purpose any context, while it crushed into its volumes the left-over daily objects, has defended its prerogatives. It is now important that it should conceive marriages. Let it blend, mix, adapt.

Of course aesthetic pleasure is individual. Some people take pleasure in indulging in it, others don't care. It alternates caresses and brutality. Art captivates, disturbs, astounds, seduces. But it is contingent too. And passion is variable. In order to give it all its chances - and this applies to creation as well - one has to take risks.

(* See "About taste" in Painters of history n°3, 1989.



4

5. The principle of *Painter of History* is the depersonalization of the work of the painter insofar as the famous "style", which is the artist's personal touch, is missing here (because of the multiplicity of styles). In order to emphasize this phenomenon, it was necessary to confront two paintings, and thus break up the unity of the work. A sort of enigma was then created that places side by side the two compositions. The spectator is thus faced with an interrogative hybrid that stands at a right angle.

Material: wooden frame painted dark red.
Size: 60 x 57 x 29 cm.



5

CURRENT DEBRIS

There are new technologies, just like there are new ways. For the latter, either children take them up, fantasize them, transform them, or they finish up in a corner like an old abandoned truck. As for the first, it is important not to let yourself be associated by the playful aspect, nor to allow yourself to be essentially conditioned by the technological processes, at least if you want, putting aside pure technical research, to use it as an artistic tool.

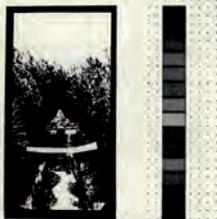
In the field of what we could sum up as the "new images" (computer graphics, synthetic images, holograms...), the pleasure of the manipulation too often eclipses the content. And so, under the general of technical "amusement", poor collages are put forward - involving, vaguely decorative, watered-down shop. However, in a general fashion, we can note that the defining characteristic of these realizations remains, in a corner which has flattened painting, the reproduction of what the Renaissance painters called the *perspective avertisible*, this illusion of volume, of the third dimension, in the second dimension. A striking depth of field has been its way into images.

But what variation does it serve? Whether you are talking about animated or fixed images, it is for the most part decoration. How often do we wish that we had images that were less shimmering and changing, that were rougher, denser and more directly intense, instead of these overvalued arabesques or poor man's geometry? The desire to explore the technical possibilities is more of an obsession than thinking about what to do with them. And there remains the question of the "end product". The more these images benefit from the screen and its fascinating electrical kaleidoscope, the more, as soon as you pass into two dimensions, the question of the end product comes up. Of course, one of the solutions is to keep them on the screen, but this type of equipment is devoted to the moving image rather than to removable ones. This we see in exhibitions of computer imaging, with real, overly perfect photos, overly clean in their little frames and their right-angled frames. Still holograms stick to the walls.

The same question arises in relation to transforming scientific images into art. The more it goes beyond, in its raw state in the laboratory, because of its content, its initial reasons, the more it just becomes a vague formal game when it is really presented on the walls. So, how can we artistically reorganize visual images, these products of machines? It seems to us that several paths are open. First of all, images, meaning, affect, movement must be brought into the picture. Why should painting be the stoniest expression of an individual, and computer images just a little game of pixel juggling? Without oversteering the quality of our work, *Les Peintres d'histoire* has decided, pursuing the investigations in which these virtual art are by this time accustomed, to deal with current themes ("current debris").

Moreover, going beyond the meaning and the finished product, you have to choose a reproduction method. The first solution is to consider these images as multiples. Even if the final solution of numbering and signing disks seems a little unsure, the prototypes are simply too inspired. Perhaps only the solution of some silk-screen print on good paper could render the intensity of the colors. Another option is to make one-off objects out of them. For this, you would have to think of special frames for each one, which would consecrate it and give it a difference (like glass to enlarge or sanded glass for grainy effects). It could be, moreover, whatever the physical medium (chromium, photocopy, hologram...), the worked-off material, by or per next to manual works as a counterpart on the same theme. Let's give back to it density and intensity.

Computers cut up reality, turn it into an infinite spatial journey through the debris of appearances. It breaks up images. Computers raise the vision of the world, and in a God-like way, they explode it, multiplying distances and nearnesses. They give a post-hoc metamorphosis of reality. They are the Hubert Robert of the end of this millennium. Above all, let us reflect on what to do with them.



Louis Rollinde, Current debris n° 21, Green Fountain, 1993. Computer-generated image and montage of various materials on end under painted wood panel (88 x 88 cm).



Louis Rollinde, Current debris n° 22, International scene, 1993. Computer-generated image and montage of various materials on end and under formica covered panel (88 x 88 cm).



Louis Rollinde, Current debris n° 23, Protection of the environment, 1993. Computer-generated image (before layout).



Where are we going?

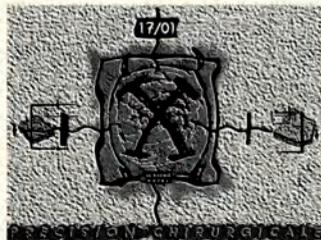
General depression. The markets are depressed (but the stock quotations still fairly high), the artists are depressed (but verbose), the critics are disoriented (but perfectly sure of themselves). The dictatorship of conceptual-minimalist-pover-art is starting to allow some stringing criticisms to seep in (already with the creation of the *Peintres d'histoire* (The Painters of History), at the end of 1988, we were criticizing this new form of emphatic pomposity). The phenomenon of the museum, useful and spectacular — at the same time as it was understood in a way which wiped out any vague desire for a spectacle —, created an art for museums, outside of the field, outside of the appreciation of the spectator, which reassures curators and art historians (their explanatory notes become the real object of the exhibit). In wishing to place itself beyond recall, it has become a terrorist system. But let us not open fire on a hearse.

Let us make an effort rather to avoid the gloomy return swing of the pendulum. There are sensitive conceptualists to stand up for (Boltanski, we have said, Broodthaers and Beuys). Calm reflection does not necessarily kill emotion and can even show itself to be a productive agent. Even if fashions replace fashions — which is, after all, natural in art — we keep our passions. Authors, who, what is more, can change with time and with our preoccupations, talk to us and incite us. So, let us not fall today, at the sight of our total generalized decadence, into just anything. Diversity is not just anything. The fact of appreciating easel painting does not force anyone to settle for sorry decorative dining room compositions.

It's not a question of criticizing the practice of painting for living, but rather of sweeping aside the obstacles, the ridicule, for example, of going on with little reviews at a time when there are no more little reviews (painters don't need to think, they say, painters do), to stupidly, heavily, ridiculously, affirm the overriding importance of the need. This solitary need that certain people have stubbornly taken upon themselves. This need — comic for many because it seems so derisory — which is a part of what we could call a "life plan" (is life able to be planned, when surprise is its very spice? But is it not also terribly precarious when it is not wanted, or chosen, or directed? This need whose sudden perpetual ending remains a fundamental, unacceptable, motivating given. A preoccupation for the well-to-do sheltered from the unending search for the means of subsistence? Certainly, and all the better for them if they have the intelligence and the drive (the spirit of amazement and of discovery) to really take advantage of it. For the goal remains to ever enrich, and not to impoverish uniformly).

So, painting remains sometimes a necessity. A partial application of the liberty of expression, it gives its images to the world, transformed and filtered. Everyone gives, with pride and braggadocio, his or her version faced with the one way flow of art. And so what if everyone mocks these endeavours? It's a matter here of essential art, of mental salubrity of pulling up by the roots of real suffering of pleasure. Some artists spend their lives defending, through economic necessity, a striking commercial image. Small fry who want to win big. Let us rather allow ourselves to be struck by their images. Let us react.

We want paintings by hell-raisers, paintings by obstinate pains-in-the-neck, paintings that have form and meaning. Here, at the end of our Christian millennium, everything amuses us and nothing makes us laugh. Enough of these ephemeral thrills, of spinelessness, of being shackled to these Sunday painters or labeled professionals. We must be annoying, sour-tempered, pathological. Let's get on with it.



Silvia Nono, Current debris n° 4 34, Surgical precision, 1992. Computer-generated image (before layout).

SCENES

From paper model to marble, from home-spun fabric to pure bronze, where is sculpture going today? You find, on the one hand, a sort of formal abstraction or vague human forms (like copies of Henry Moore), and on the other, scrap-iron accumulations of "art brut".

The fundamental (and so innocent) question remains that of the form. Too many sculptures are overripe. Now, without wishing to artificially generalize, sculpture merits the avoidance of half-measures. Either you use human, or superhuman sizes, or you limit yourself to a Lilliputian world. The monumental (or at least human size, which troubles the spectator by the analogy) can cause understandable production difficulties. It is better then to keep to little formats, even to models, which, through projection, provoke a new fascination, like in the observation of a terrine mound.

But what and how to do with these formats? We have, for our part, chosen to take our "scenes", and we want in this way to comment on everyday life and current events. Between political realism, pompous allegory, or the decorative (the trap for open), it must however be possible, on a given theme, to produce fairly free interpretations, allowing ourselves formal transformations (we are thinking of expressionist decor, of sculptures by Picasso, and even of the grotesque-games of certain centralists...), so as to make surprising contrasts for the spectator. Moreover, we must think about the introduction of painting. Indeed, everyone knows that Greek sculptures were painted. But many masks and ritual staves are also. Painting can have a role other than just illustrative. It can redirect, add levels of meaning, comfort, and undermine. Without falling into montage-operas (which Magritte suggested in his very redid way), there can be anatomy between the two mediums, confusions and convergences.

In the end the subjects remain potentially very varied, while we see around us a terrible shortage of the spectrum. In addition to simple human forms, faces, animals or objects, there can also be complete scenes produced on an infinite number of themes (sports conferences, murders, the branding of teeth in the morning, leaving on an airplane...). What is important is to avoid playing with toy soldiers or falling into modeling in order to, on the contrary, offer a real plastic ensemble as content. There must be a formal commitment, and not just thematic illustration. Guacerni, a great inventor of our century and not just — contrary to what certain people think — a puppet of a business game, understood both the need for protection of sculpture and the capacity of the spectator to extrapolate from a reduced format.

Sculpture retains a fertile field of work, with multiple possibilities. However, it is, in its most troubling variants, a faded theatre of lively, moving, lifeless figures. Sculpture defirms and interrupts reality. It suggests another perspective. It imposes its own world from a time in which (like the survivors in *Paris qui dort* by René Clair, we stroll, forever dead, forever living.



Laurent Gervereau, Scene 2, Arrival of the Tour de France - at the seaside, 1992. Wooden structure and composite painted elements (31 x 41 x 25 cm).



Laurent Gervereau, Scene 3, Bombs in Sarajevo, 1993. Wooden structure and composite painted elements (21 x 41 x 25 cm).



Laurent Gervereau, Scene 4, A scow on the river, 1993. Painted model on wood panel (27 x 27 x 18 cm).



Silvia Nono, Current debris n° A 35, Displacement, 1993. Computer-generated image and montage in a tiled plexiglass frame (50 x 70 cm).



Silvia Nono, Current debris n° A 36, Displacement, 1993. Computer-generated image and montage in a tiled plexiglass frame (50 x 70 cm).

**PAINTERS
OF
HISTORY**
19, rue Beaurepaire - 75010 Paris
France
ASSOCIATION



Louis Rollinde, *Tides and dispatches n° 102* (Le Monde of the 2nd of February 1993), 1993.



Louis Rollinde, *Tides and dispatches n° 103* (Libération du 17 janvier 1993), 1993.



Gervereau/Rollinde, *Anti-nationalism table*, 150 x 70 x 40 cm, 1993.



Gervereau/Rollinde, *Famine breadbasket*, 50 x 23 cm, 1992.



Louis Rollinde, *Tides and dispatches n° 104* (Le Monde of the 3rd of March 1993), 1993.



Louis Rollinde, *Daily life put under a microscope*, 17.03.93/14 h.04.



Gilles Ghez, *"Vandy" Times Business*, Box 121 x 26 x 9 cm, 1992.



Gervereau/Rollinde, *Sturdy mirror*, 63 x 33 cm, 1993.



Guy Bodson, *The styles of history - Magnelli - anti-radiation mask, Dubuffet - the new poor*, 1993.



Laurent Gervereau, *T.V. menu n° 86* (new television), 1993.



Laurent Gervereau, *T.V. menu n° 84* (wounded amputee in Croatia), 1992.



Laurent Gervereau, *T.V. menu n° 82* (outspeaker in Algeria), 1992.



Guy Bodson, *The styles of history - Magritte - camouflage project / Matisse - the white fashion*, 1992.



Guy Bodson, *The styles of history - Futurism - employment / Commemoration of the single European market*, 1992.

Cha-cha

Charity-ball, charity-bill, charity-bash, charity-buzz, charity-blah, charity-business. When principles are compromised, we all take back our opinions. Let them die, say some. Let them die, think the rest, as they pull their T.V.-dinners out of the microwave, during the endless difficult times at the end of the month that so many middle-income earners in developed societies experience.

Charity versus action. Charity hiding inside a large concealing overcoat. And action? The Americans superbly invading a beach full of journalists in Somalia? What is the work in the target zone? Efficiency or getting bogged down? What is the target zone? Blah-blah. Zip-zap. We must bring back meaning, reason and politics into fa-

vor. Why keep on applying bandages to wounds which are just reopened every day. Charity is done by remote control, at a distance. Cha-cha-cha. The barometer of right and wrong remains an obsession, but what are the real practical applications which are targeted? Where are chances offered and reward given for merit? Reality-shows, which say nothing about reality but everything about television, which is inventing itself with shots of people fleetingly transformed into televised objects? They are obscene with an obscenity that you will never find in a porn-flic. Cha-cha-cha.

The reconstruction of a collective will starts with individual choice. Down with privileges, long live competition. But

who has time to waste on these arguments over a good conscience? The environment surrounds us, but what are the clear stakes and struggles for influence? Through letting themselves be carried away, a section of Western population has managed to lose its intelligent egoism, which takes other people into account, to sink into a stupid egoism that believes in isolated, careful rescue operations. Blah-blah-blah. Others scatter the crumbs which allow them to congratulate themselves. There's nothing worse than people who are perfect. Let leave the saints to their narcissistic love. Let's us choose our times, and our periods. Cha-cha-cha. Where are our passions? Charity kills action. And action will allow us to get on with something else.

SPECIAL REGARDS

Erich Salomon, the "Leica" of the unguarded moment



Time

We are limited. Limited by what the Greeks called the «ages of life». This physical constraint becomes also a mental constraint. Intolerable. What is more annoying than to react according to ones age? Adolescent during adolescence? Mature as an adult? Old when you're old? What is also more annoying than behaviour which goes against the flow? Fake-old young people or fake-young old people? In short, no way out. Being aware doesn't let you avoid the inevitable pitfalls. In the same way, being an «artist» is a real problem. A poser, full of himself or herself, pretentious. Happily, some escape from this deadly litany. Will that save us? We hate artists these reconstructors of the world who think themselves smarter than the rest.

We also hate this current fashion for commemoration. At the moment memory is everywhere. You must remember. The craze for anniversary dates threatens to hang around until the end of the 2nd Christian millennium. Historians have got to the point of collecting oral testimonies. And museums are asking themselves about their «limits». From the metro ticket to the video cassette, everything is symptomatic, everything is analysable, everything is an historical document. With multi-media nothing is lost - at least on the surface.

Nothing is created either. It is meaningful that the Louvre Museum exhibition in Paris in 1993, corresponding to the anniversary of its foundation, was on the theme of «copyings». Well then, do we copy or interpret? Does not our enormous need to remember ourselves, to look at the traces of the past, even of a very recent past, with a sort of instantaneous nostalgia (the current vogue for music from the 70s), admirable in itself, become a handicap for creativity? Or even sometimes for the understanding of the past, when the individual's testimony becomes too cluttered when compared with the simple cold analysis of what remains?

Good. Let's harass our contemporaries a little more. So, we convinced ourselves that we in the West were not «barbarians» (as for the others, many are not yet unfortunately sure - who knows the history of the peoples of Africa?). That was a step in the right direction. We respect and appreciate the works of our predecessors. Perfect. But we must also know how to forget, choose and reject. Innovation and creation are at this price. Let's lose our memories a little. Let's know how to go quickly through a museum to look at what really touches us. Let us not think that all the dodderly old fools have something passionate to say. In short, let's choose. Let's start a period of subjective desire. Let's preserve and throw away. It is the sum of our thousands of tastes and interests which, globally, will ensure in any case an overall preservation. We must not be afraid to express our desires.

We are not really barbarians (although in certain places human stupidity speaks for itself). We are not going to destroy the museums, burn the libraries, pillage collections, film libraries or book stores. But it would be desirable to get out from under this mental heaviness which forces us to respect everything in the name of the past. Good intentions do not make good exhibitions. Let's also talk about antagonisms. Let's stop reinventing the wheel because of our good consciences.

History is definitely not finished. Knowing it? Yes, but we must take part as well. We must know how to guide ourselves. That fashions exist is natural. But we must rehabilitate the rule of taste and individual imagination. It is at the price of a certain flippancy with the past that we will be able to act on the present. Warning our children of the dangers in light of the



cruel events of the century? Certainly. But we must also pull them out of a paralysed attitude towards life, and because of which they do nothing under the pretext that everything has already been done. What remains is to reinvent a new curiosity, to reaffirm the importance of personal desire, to choose our responsibilities and also our conduct. And for all that, yes, we must lose a little of our memory.

But we don't, in fact, really love time. We adapt it, we civilize it and we clean it. For example, should we restore? Should we copy antiquity? Do we need to reconstruct something in order to restore it? It's true that an archaeological site evokes little to a non-specialist. However, the brand new logs of hastily constructed Gaulish huts is not worth much more. Like in the «costume» films; you must be able to see the wear of time. The Italian film-maker Pasolini understood that costumes and decors had to have lived.

Sometimes it takes 3 centuries for a wall to acquire its mossy aspect. Two hours to repaint it. At the same time as we put the past on a pedestal, we are destroying it; we demand a past-present. When, by chance, we inherit an old mansion, we must not muddle up the lay-out, even if it is random. First we must breathe in the odours. The staleness. Then conceive the place in terms of rooms, like town planning must conceive itself in terms of the lay-out of differentiated perimeters. Play on the contrasts: fix absolutely some spaces and totally modify others. Take care, in any case, that the preservation of the whole (walls, roof) does not spoil the interior and exterior atmosphere.

For a painting, the risk is the same. How flippantly restorers allow themselves to strip old canvasses. They carry out an irremediable scrubbing with almost total indifference. It's better to keep a yellowed work than a planed-down board still bleeding the acids which have corroded it. Without exaggeration it is clear to any amateur that the vast majority of current restorations are excessive and irreversible. They do not restore a hypothetical original state, but rather destroy all the depth, and all the details of volume added by the painter. They reduce the canvasses to the state of «posters». A day will come when restorers will have the humility to consider that their hands should be lighter.

In a general fashion, time in this way often appears as an added value because it brings the idea of rareness and nostalgia. With the industrial proliferation of objects, it is the parameter which transforms the emotional value of the banal (e.g. the pleasure of buying an old coffee grinder). But it is individual choice which determines the price in reality. There can be an immediate pleasure attraction for what is new. For example, in the fascinating universe of the knick-knack (all these «souvenirs» of places, balls with fake snow, key-rings etc.) the pathetic is combined with amusement or emotion. Fascinated by the urinal of Marcel Duchamp or a plastic leaning tower of Pisa? What counts in reality is the fascination. The souvenir-object has the worth of the emotion we give to it. It contains the seed, with its astonishing stupidity, the stuff of memories to come. It functions even as a reminder for memories that we haven't had - it is the virtue of exoticism, this fantasy link which often constitutes our link with others.

In reality time is not a value in itself. It is above all a constituent given of the existence of some bipeds. It stretches easily. We go from over-activity, from self-satisfaction because of a victory over time where we have been able to «pigeon-hole» millions of unclassifiable things, to the pleasure of wasting time, of doing nothing, of looking over the roofs, at the rain, - happily outside- in our kitchens. Like the French writer Georges Perec, his neighbours, known and unknown, Their obsessions. His own. In other words, time is unequal. And the idea of individual ending is always unacceptable, but also stimulating. Planets, the cosmos, the big bang and all the rest relativize a little our worries. Without ever playing down the unique nature of our experiences, pushing us to struggle, to experience and to work.

But, after these clumsy (but unavoidable) life strategies - continual confrontations between the will, the enjoyment of pleasure, and surrounding parameters - does old age bring with it a progressive detachment? Does a reduction of the faculties soften the intolerable, with a new dream-like perception of the real? If that is the case, we will surely write no more on it. Let us come back to time, in general. It is thus decidedly subject to contradictory uses and perceptions. We overvalue it by stealing it. At the same time we commemorate by transforming and idealising it, by making «present times», and then we throw ourselves into destroying its traces. Nevertheless, relativity is still our liberator. Because of the knowledge of the past and the uncertainty itself of the future, guide us and allow choices.

At the same time, inevitably, in our personal existence, we willingly forget the temporal dimension, apart from suffering. So, why does suffering alone bring us back to relativity? Why does it remind us with such burning intensity of the joy lived and lost in a moment, often ignoring an obvious banality?

We will assuredly, moreover, have the time one day to die. Then others, to forget about it.

PECULIAR FRIENDSHIPS

to the Tyrolian artist of the 17th century who created this «vanity» towel rack, impressive «Painters of History» object before its time.

(Tiroler Volkskunstmuseum)



Exhibitions

Exhibiting is like a form of strip-tease. Leaving the cocoon of the workshop, these vague zones of experimentation, to give a public presentation. That is to say a representation. For exhibiting is also a form of theatre. That is the big difference between domestic visions and public hangings. The former are the end result of patient organization where the painting, sculpture or object are part of a network of utilitarian and decorative elements, in ensembles which constitute a kitchen, living room, bedroom or dining room. The latter are integrated into spaces, like a stage, which are there solely to receive them.

Exposition spaces are thus in general non-spaces, non-surfaces. This is why white dominates the walls and the only volumes are geometrical. The container must be eclipsed by what it contains. However the theatrical aspect of the exhibition can give rise to other approaches. The Surrealists, for example, organized entire spaces, mixing the global meaning with the particular (cannasses or objects). Conceptual artists have often conceived their installations, depending on the new museum spaces, on the scale of the room or of the building, and not just by reference to a wall. Exhibiting is thus being aware of the surfaces and functioning within a situation which is always contextual. Never neutral. You don't just expose, you exhibit somewhere. Within a volume, an architectural whole, a suburb, a city, a country, and at a given moment. All the interest in an exhibition, of a «show», rests in the care taken with the surroundings.



The Painters of History are now in Naples for their first showing. What is more they are in Naples at the moment when the G7 (the group of the 7 most industrialized countries in the world) are meeting in the city. The challenge to be met is thus, at the same time, to put on a retrospective of 5 years of work, to act and react to Naples and to the G7, and to conceive the exhibition within the framework of the imposing palace of the French Institute. Nothing there but the very ordinary. However the task has proved difficult. All the more so as the town itself has a prodigious cultural and historical wealth, with a myriad piled-up influences, a stupefying stratified mountain, from Pompeii to football, with Benedetto Croce and Vespas in between. Incredibly dense and vital. So, really, how can you not feel mediocre, pale, and feeble faced with this setting?

The strip-tease is thus double. The strip-tease of exposing yourself after years where everything rested quietly in little review illustrations. Also the strip-tea-

AFTER FIVE YEARS OF WORK
FOUNDING EXHIBITION OF THE
PAINTERS OF HISTORY
FRENCH INSTITUTE IN NAPLES
(DIRECTOR: JEAN-NOËL SCHIFANO)
VIA CRISPI 86
80 121 NAPLES
ITALY

19TH MAY-13TH JULY 1994
A catalogue-exhibit with 90 colour plates
has been published on this occasion.
It can be obtained on request from the Painters of History.
(19 rue Beaurepaire, 75010 Paris, France)

se of showing yourself here, amongst the intense turmoil of a city which has seen so many others. You need to have a hide even to attempt the whole thing. However, there are moments where you have to face up to it. Painting, building, carving, sculpting, modelling, slapping on and jotting down only has meaning if it is to provoke a reaction, to be seen, appreciated, hated, or treated indifferently, to provoke scorn or enthusiasm - whatever. To exist through the illusion of a relationship with the public. Whatever the reactions are, it is all just a normal question of taste. Indeed, in the very first issue of this review we wrote that we had no pretensions to create anything new in terms of style, but merely to concentrate on certain subjects (the media and daily life). Our creations are thus quite simply immediate, sensitive and in any case sincere, ways of reacting to what surrounds us. Then it is up to the individual, like any other plastic event, to judge with his or her feelings and personal rationality.

In this context, however, little will be pardoned, in as much as the entire space has been set up with the friendly participation of the head of the establishment. There is thus a collective responsibility for the damage. But, in any case, let us stay calm. It's only a matter of exhibiting, of presenting some forms and colours in a place designed for that. This fleeting creation is just the ephemeral reflection of states of mind before the real volcano of urban life.

To exhibit is to impose. But to exhibit is also to hold the delicate threads of impression, of feelings, of all that you are in such a place, but which never resembles you completely. To exhibit is to show yourself and to betray yourself. It provokes passion and fear. It also means thinking about something else.

Exhibiting also quickly becomes a re-exhibition.

Guy-Ernest Debord committed suicide. There is no trace of despair, loss of direction or failure in this act. Nor should it give rise to sudden homage from the very people who were rejected by his rigorous work, and who in turn scavenged from it to sell their own cheap intellectualism.

A man wrote, directed films, instigated and took part in collective ventures. He lived, enjoyed, suffered, meditated, and undoubtedly finally decided that reason demanded that he put an end to it all, before his will was weakened by apathy. It was his choice.

No judgement or interpretation is called for. It is a sad, symbolic act, like ashes thrown from a jutting cliff into the sea. It stresses the dignity of an ethic centred on life. Others also have responded (though more positively, and without withdrawing so much to the sidelines of society) to the same need; a need which punctuates human existence with periods of misanthropy.

Let's get back to the bare facts of social roles. We live in a time of sequins, noise, effects, cheap imitations and theatricality. More than ever, art and thinking (but what is the difference?) are only of interest if they capture both the life of the creator and his vision of the world. They must be an interpretation of the bazaar we live in, a reaction to the outpouring of forms. All of which implies total commitment and risk.

However, art is also naturally a product. It passes from hand to hand through financial transactions. What differentiates it from a plastic-wrapped piece of chicken is its social function, and the eyes of the public. The public creates art. Artists and the market together create art, as do the places where it is shown. But how does this all affect life itself, putting aside the furtive, game-like consumerism governing entertainment? It doesn't. Besides, should we think that art is going to change life? Is this its role? In earlier periods of history, what we now call «art» was in fact a form of functional aesthetics (aesthetic treatment of a utilitarian or religious object). Aesthetics was integrated into daily life. Indeed, it can still be found in what we call architecture, the decorative arts, graphic arts etc. But art as such has been split off into an isolated realm, restricted to special places — temples designed uniquely for visual appreciation.

All that doesn't mean much, apart from the idea of function and market. Marcel Duchamp exposed the mechanics of all this. In fact, there is a whole range of interaction. Art has broadened its horizons with land-art, body-art, and performance art. Further, despite the barriers still kept in place because of pressure from the public and the market, there is no longer any differentiation between low and high art. There is no difference between one-off pieces and mass-production, or between originals and reproductions, at least to the extent that paintings have become multiple, transmitted images, and prototypes



ON ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING

or models can be recognized as beautiful works in their own right. What is more, links between the various arts (painting, music, theatre, fashion, the decorative arts, architecture etc.) have been established at particular moments. Here again, only the psychodramatic aspect, the public eye, and sometimes theatricality, have counted. The artist is a dabbler in everything. If he has any common sense, he will treat his own life like one total work of art.

But how does the artist operate amongst all these roles? Creating and doing nothing is the same thing. Some express themselves by over-production, others by withdrawal. In the end, only their external visions are different. Some complicate life, leaving traces of their passage, responding to the movement around them, while others dream, laugh, talk, and then are silent.

Why is it important to get up in front of others,

to act, to magnify oneself, to fill up galleries, museums, art centres, kitchens, bidets, newspapers and fences? What is the purpose and the message? What is really important in this for our fellow men (and possible «future» generations)? A vision of the world, just as Pablo Picasso represented his private life and external events in haggard faces using different media, in permanent interaction with the insights of the public (where are the limits of reality?)? A sort of wild, driven production, which either interests or bores — or fascinates and fills rooms, attics, warehouses and bric-a-brac stores?

At a time when we are delving into contemporary history, and the ethnography of the artistic phenomenon, the creator, with his little individual work, little bundle of belongings, and his brand name, seems ludicrous. He works himself up, lays out his pretensions, and fights for his piece of the market. He is a lost player, struggling in a trading system which pretends (in the best and worst case scenarios) to admire him, but which doesn't really need him. The result is that he only has the choice between silence or over-production.

We have taken the path of over-production. We have chosen to delve into styles, methods, and modes of action. We have decided to respond to mass media with mass media. We have decided to consider all work which preceded us as a pool in which we can choose bits and pieces. Our work reflects the cities of today, not a rigid layout of careful urban planning, but various psycho-geographic insights concerning existing forms in different periods, unpredictable collages, and the fragmented suburbs.

So far, we have exhibited at the French Institute in Naples, and later in a Parisian gallery. Soon, we will appear in several German cities. But all this is just one aspect of a dabbler's approach, which can also shift towards video, writing, and performance. None of this is very important. When one develops the vice of communicating with the outside world, when it is no longer enough just to talk, enjoy, experiment with feelings, invent or discover, and when one clutters the environment with even more products of all sorts, then one commits these frail craft to the mercy of the waves.

Do they reflect personal experiences and the world? How do they respond to the merry-go-round of appearances, to the detached images which have replaced the theatre of everyday life in which a thing is not real unless it is flashed on a screen, and the tongue atrophies? Do they have an effect? Do they create moods and special moments? Do they lead to adventures? Or are they just a rehash of well-worn formulas? Creating is a sign of weakness which can only be forgiven when the creation communicates to the public its irresistible nature.

But everything has a purpose, and comes to an end. Thankfully.

Games without Frontiers

Notes on Global Fragmentation

Payment is no longer an exchange of goods, nor even receipt of the numbered papers we call «money». Payment is now just the simple transfer of information, which amazes some people when they see that in some cases it can suddenly lead to hard, inescapable physical consequences. The same is true of borders. In an age of airports, they have lost their barbed-wire entangled aspect. All the same, people are still turned away, and battles are waged in the name of national, ethnic and religious demarcations.

Only in the field of physical and mental representation, however, are borders not open to any ambiguity. These days, they are unfailingly linked to the dotted lines drawn on maps - dotted and not unbroken lines, as they are meant to be crossing points after all - which *divide*, which set up a *here* and *elsewhere*. We can note in passing that this fence-building tendency is not the exclusive result of human customs. The geographical layout of the planet also promotes the idea of division: continents and seas, rivers and mountains, high and low. Political and economic differences are laid over this dichotomy springing from the differences imposed by earth and water, together with historical development, cities and countryside, and population density.

But borders - without descending into facile remarks on mental borders - are more subtle than that. The front door of every dwelling, whatever its size or nature, is a decisive frontier. Frontiers cut up reality into *inside* and *outside*, to what we belong and to what we do not. On the cosmic scale, this is laughable; compared to the circulation of information or of molecules, it is absurd. However, frontiers, even before being mapped out, are above all emotional. They are an illusory protection, something which defines affiliations which can be used for identification.

At a time when so many doctors and psychoanalysts are justifiably insisting on the importance of individual development, of the first phases of education, of initial cultural context, it would be useless to push for the development of a new global race which would be indifferent to its past. Just because the populations of the rich countries live under a constant bombardment of images, just because they indulge in tourism (this transitory vision of peoples and places taken in like so many film sets), does not mean that they no longer have any cultural or social roots. On the contrary, they draw together in fright, often travelling to satisfy themselves of their own superiority, just as we visit a neighbour's apartment to reassure ourselves of the advantages of our own and the life we lead within it.

However, cracks are appearing in the traditional image of social groups centred around given geographical locations and rituals. *Man is becoming global in outlook because he can no longer ignore that 'elsewhere' exists.* No matter how developed the desire to band together, to put up barriers, defences, safety barricades and continually repeat the same actions in the same limited area, man knows that there exists somewhere beyond his own locality, a beyond with other ways of functioning. This is what many of our contemporaries find so terrifying: a multi-faceted world which forces us to choose.

In a world where dress, behaviour, or artistic production are no longer dictated by tradition, individual choice must take over. Conversely, this is why new urban families and tribes have sprung up (punks, mods, hippies, rappers, trendies etc.), this is why exported American films and music have generated clone-like behavioural patterns (or traditional reactions). Through fear of individuality, many grab at any port in the storm. Moreover, this is highly developed amongst today's youth, which is lost in the transition from parental values to other behaviour patterns which function as social identifiers.

As a result, the idea of borders remains a topical issue to the extent that, putting aside the multiple examples where it leads directly to bloodshed (front lines), even when they seem to have been suppressed by often uncontrolled flows of people, many are trying to revive them. What we must aim for is not some sort of absolute and false individual freedom of choice,

but rather visits and dialectical exchanges between groups (which are not only impossible to deny but absolutely necessary) and participation in the exchange of images, ideas, and behavioural patterns. Borders in space, between societies and sub-groups must coexist with a free market, a sort of patchwork quilt within which attitudes can circulate.

The stakes are naturally the same for video artists, painters, computer graphics designers, and musicians. Each explores his tastes and directions, creating a «style» which is the child of his own background and environment, but which is shaken and vulnerable to current events, to what he sees, and is an expression of it. Furthermore, this leaves the public free to choose whether to consume or not. Using this argument as a basis, some artists promote (in little villages in the Pyrenees or the equivalent in Ghana) the preservation and continuation of traditional forms. They set up academy-like institutions, which are a little artificial because divorced from current developments, but which could become a new form of activity through which talented artists could produce work based on traditional forms. Others boldly decide to adopt the strongest means of expression they can find, choosing to confront head-on their doubts, hybrid forms and changes in direction.

In this regard, Pablo Picasso, in the plastic arts, can be held up as an example. He did carry on a playful dialogue with traditional art, never abandoning his research on the limits of representation, always perched on the dividing line between representation and abstraction. Rocking the art world during the cubist period together with Braque by introducing the outpouring of what would be called «modernism», he subsequently re-transformed himself afterwards. From this point of view, he remains, in relation to Marcel Duchamp, the last of the traditional artists. He was also, in our opinion - together with Francis Picabia - the first post-modernist painter, which is to say the first painter of the age of images circulating wildly, free choice, freely borrowing from other fields, styles, materials and influences. In this way, Picasso spanned the period from traditional art to modernism (which he offered to his century in 1907) and also post-modernism.

He revealed with brilliance that this post-modern, post-religious aspect is not necessarily limited to nostalgic by-products, but to a real exploration of independence of spirit, and playful exploration on the border between recognition of the past and irony. He did not in any way jettison his culture, his traditions, or well-established means of expression, but explored them by mixing them with other references, and other influences. He was both *here* and *elsewhere*, in the same way that an Aboriginal computer graphics designer or a Malaysian sculptor can be both *here* and *there*.

By contrast, Duchamp worked on the concept itself of art, on what had been defined as such in the Western world. He exploded the frontier between utilitarian objects and art by showing the public that it was *it* which was putting on the performance. His relativism was a constant awareness of the passage from one domain to the other, just as certain musical composers have focused on the borderline between noise and music, just as artists have never given up fighting against the separation of art and life, the single and the multiple, the transitory and the eternal. However, is it absolutely impossible to bridge the gap between conceptual art and a more representational approach?

In such a context, the borders will certainly not be the pre-established functional categories, what is recognised socially, but rather borders laid down by individual opinions. Each individual, whether consciously or not, reviews the ongoing experiment of his existence and defines blow by blow his goals, his good and evil, his right and wrong, his likes and dislikes. Of course, he is a part of a society governed by rules to which he is subject (through its constraints, organisation, relative poverty, and suffering), and which he occasionally attempts to influence, but he reserves for himself the absolute necessity to judge everything regularly by reference to his own internal standards.

The creation of new political, economic, cultural, religious, and protectionist constraints will not change the sea change which has come about during the 20th century. The global man has been born, whether he likes it or not. Stumbling forward, he will be forced to reconcile the interplay between the borders and differences which will always exist in one form or another (because even nomads have traditions) and the consciousness of a world in flux. Why should artists believe that they will be immune to all this?

A little reminder to all those who take an interest in our activities: the *Peintres d'Histoire* are preparing a travelling exhibition in Germany for 1996 entitled «Est-West» and a project for a monument in Hanover destined for the Universal Exposition of the year 2000.



We are living in a century of noise. An individual is in contact with the rest of the world, permanently in contact with the rest of the world, or at least with what seems to be the rest of the world, an image or discourse derived from the world. The first observation we can make is that everyone acts as a receiver. Everyone has a funnel planted in their heads which fools them into believing nothing else exists except what comes down the funnel. In fact, this funnel only delivers an arbitrary and edited version of reality. Earlier societies considered a picture of the monarch to be equivalent to the regal person himself, mistook a photograph to be proof positive of the scene it depicted, and then believed that moving images were an objective, authentic representation of what they portrayed.

Every individual acts as an interpreter. Faced with a given situation, we all perceive only a part of what is happening, and each person's perceptions can be contrasted with those of another witness to the same scene. How then can a camera, or even multiple cameras, be expected to give a neutral representation of reality? There is no one fixed reality, but multiple realities as perceived from multiple points of view.

What other role does an artist have except expressing his particular interpretation of reality? This interpretation, whatever it may be, then generates a different meaning depending on the context of communication in which it is placed. Here we come once again across one of the lessons which that great joker Marcel Duchamp taught us: the context of communication defines the work of art. Big department stores deal in items of mass consumption, museums take in unique works of art to place them on pedestals, magazines contain illustrations and so on. Even so, museums are beginning to clog up these days.

Why should any of this be different today? Put yourself in the shoes of the lowliest, honest museum curator working faithfully on contemporary art. Up until recent times, let's say up to about 20 years ago, he was able at least to identify two things. First, artists and artistic movements which enjoyed relative notoriety in their own time (just look back through newspaper archives). Second, creative individuals who could be dug up and re-evaluated. Even if his personal taste, that highly subjective and controversial phenomenon, could not help but influence his decisions (and sometimes even lead him to intervene favourably on behalf of an artist), there were at least some references that he could cling to.

Today, the whole field has degenerated into chaos. This chaos is made even worse by the absence of any real movements or ideas and the fact that everything and its anti-thesis has already been thought about and done. As a result, individual taste and choice has inevitably come back into force. Exploration of a given concept, which allowed an escape from purely aesthetic judgements as the work became an embodiment and means of expression, finds its limits with repetition. Post-Duchamp artists have nothing left to prove with their production, except their own complexes and fin-de-siècle superficial pomposity. Marcel would be running screaming back to doing landscapes himself. Nonetheless, art has adapted to these new open horizons, which are no longer limited to those of the bourgeois salon, and include our museum temples and monumental commissions.

Nowadays, taste is openly accepted for what it is: an expression of the irrational, a phenomenon of fashion, collective emotion and tightly linked with the cultural wealth of individual social groups. There is no more *avant* or *après-garde* - that great holy cow of the 20th century - but just stratifications and constant re-evaluations in a given field of time and space. A post-atomic age has begun.

Does this mean everything is worthwhile? Everything is worthwhile in theory (except in financial terms, which means as a product). However, everyone is ready to assert that not everything has value, at least for him or her. The choices made by curators, in relation to hard-core contemporary art, are based on their own likes and dislikes, influenced by current fashions (for example, at the moment photography is very fashionable whereas perhaps tomorrow it will be computer-generated images). It would be unfair to reproach them for this. How can they do otherwise? The only solution would be to forbid the acquisition of any work created in the last 20 or 30 years, and such an act of retaliation would not be quite as absurd as it sounds. At the very least it would prevent a lot of the overcrowding and nonsense which goes on. In fact, art history and history itself have both been traumatized by



THE MEGAPHONE

the fact that they both completely ignored recent history for the longest time, and held up to ridicule the very figures who were to dominate their fields in the future. All the same, there is no need to let the pendulum swing completely in the opposite direction and abolish any form of temporal distance or criteria for selection, leaving us adrift on a sea of total subjectivity. In any case, this subjectivity vigorously denies itself: the more total the absence of rationality, the more vigorously it is reaffirmed in critical practice.

Curators find themselves in a paradoxical situation: they study art history and make it at the same time. They display and proclaim to their respective publics: here is what should be worshipped among the works of the past - which is a vital task, even if it is up to the public to choose as well and decide whether they prefer Caillebotte or Poussin. However, curators also play a role at the leading edge of contemporary art. No longer merely a barometer for others, they become a true agent in the process of art history. They choose.

The importance given to this appreciation is disproportionate and ambiguous. We find ourselves looking out the other end of the funnel: if all objects placed in museums become works of art, those that are excluded are not works of art by definition. Of course, they are created as such and described by the artist to his circle of friends as such, with some even making it to exhibition spaces or even galleries if they are lucky. The critics are given the task of broadcasting their views on what is worthwhile, and shaping public opinion. Here again, though, how can the poor devils possibly cope with the sheer volume of work being produced? They are brave men just trying to stomach it all and keep it down. We all know that it takes an extremely sharp mind not to forget about the one truly interesting piece hidden among dozens of others in a small museum or gallery in which almost everything is pitiful. The jumble served up to the eye is complete. This is made worse by the visual chaos poured out by intervening screens of all sorts and also by the fact we find ourselves today burdened with all the various art histories and aesthetic systems of all the countries that have ever existed on our backs. How can we go on living and avoid the feeling that we would be better off with *nothing at all*?

How can artists find the desire to keep on adding to this swirling chaos? The only thing which allows us somehow to reconcile ourselves with art is emotion, pleasure. Just as it is the only thing which can bring us to reconciliation with love - this strange attraction between individuals. Emotion, pleasure felt standing before the work of certain other people. Then our pretension encourages us to take our own measure and not simply consume. Creating is acting, and reacting. Artists react to what is imposed on them. All well and good, but who knows what this is?

You do a bit of painting at home. You kill yourself for hours and days and months to put something together out of nothing. It exists. Sometimes it costs you your health. But this thing never leaves your house to become something offered up as a work of

art, though you can keep on scratching while you waiting. This is why you need a megaphone. Artists are forced to scream like cats in heat: hey, mister, I'm an artist. A humiliating and grotesque position.

We find ourselves in this lopsided situation, which obviously also exists in other fields, where all a famous artist has to do is fart and it is preserved as a relic. They make curators, art movers and everyone else run around in circles for a production which inevitably has its highs and lows like any other human being, while unknown artists work themselves into the ground in total anonymity. Of course, we're not so naive as to point out the inequality of society as if it were some new phenomenon, but even the increase in population and the advent of new forms of communication are not making it any more democratic. Means of expression remain more than ever controlled, snatched and locked away.

Is there any solution? Probably not. But at least it would be a start to distinguish better between the past and the present; between creators who are dead and those which are still working. The work is not the same. With respect to active creators, we need to use computer-based distribution techniques which will increase the amount of supply. In addition, in an age when contemporary art galleries are languishing throughout the world, because buyers are naturally turning to secure investments, we need more institutional programmes in order to increase production in decent conditions, which means open spaces to provide the public and critics with alternating exhibitions of works. Individuals are then free to make up their own minds one way or the other. Perhaps, to come back again to the same point, museums should make a clearer distinction between what belongs to history and the (even recent) past, and experimental halls where contemporary

works, of unequal and sometimes mediocre value, can be submitted to the public eye with regularly rotated hangings. Curators can choose, but should not be forced to feel personally responsible for what they exhibit. These should act as laboratories for a wide range of experimentation, and be open to the city.

Because, in a society dominated by media, information, and in which direct contact has been reduced to a minimum, isolation from media is equivalent to non-existence. We no longer live in a time of differences and debates, but of murder through silence and indifference. The inability to speak has become the most serious punishment. The planet is occupied by a rare few who monopolise our attention, whom we elevate to stardom, who are omnipresent, while the rest are reduced to the status of living-dead. They are not even dead, they are pale, insubstantial, neutral, transparent and invisible. We do not look at them. We do not see them. Incorporeal puffs of air. It's not that we don't like what they do, but as if they were not there at all.

In the information market, no relativity is admitted. And the vast majority of individuals perpetuate this hysteria themselves. They heap praise without thinking or expressing any personal preference. On the other side of the screen, the disembodied faces of media stars urgently scream out their wretched rituals, blown totally out of proportion in comparison with their real content. They are constantly in the limelight. Every gesture is part of the show. They are besieged. They have to struggle to stay on course. Sometimes they are destroyed, in a spectacular fall. At the same time, anonymous faces are constantly clamouring in pathetic voices. «I'm the best», so that we will end up believing them, pouring out works in a never-ending stream of non-art and non-expression.

«Being an artist» at the end of this second Christian millennium is one hell of a task! You have to want to do it. You have to hold tight to that illusion of passion for certain works and people. You have to decide that the world today has a meaning, rules, a face that the artist can express about this world. In his own way. Accept that the rubbish that he leaves behind will only be ephemeral traces to be loved, hated, ignored or joked at. To add to the great heap that already exists.

Let's destroy a little, even if only our minds, of the build-up of the centuries. Let's make our own selection, change a little. Everyone creates their own art history. Let's use the diversification of production to narrow the distance between the lives of our global media stars and the phantom population. Let's abandon the sanctity of art. Not the passion or sublime content, but the rigidity of idol worship. The future should be a time of choice. ■

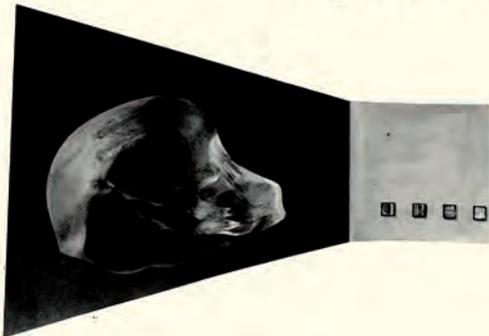


Transparence / la transparence



Laurent Gervereau, *Screens / Écrans*, 1996.

Space / l'espace



Louis Rollinde, *Museums / Musées*, 1996.





Jean-Hugues Berrou, *Paris*, 1996.

Appearance



l'apparence



Jean-Hugues Berrou, *Paris*, 1996.

Art / l'art



Guy Bodson, *Styles in History / Les styles de l'histoire*, 1996.

Sound / le son



Silva-Nono, *Sound Lines / Lignes de sons*, 1996.



Check Point Charlie Chair,
par Laurent Gervereau
et Louis Rollinde, série
Peintres d'Histoire, bois
et techniques mixtes, h.
95 cm x l. 74 cm, 1989

[ce meuble a été conçu et dessiné dans son principe exactement le soir de l'ouverture du mur de Berlin, tandis que Laurent Gervereau était au téléphone avec son ami berlinois Hans-Joachim Neyer du Werkbund Archiv ; ce meuble est fondateur de toute la démarche des Peintres d'Histoire et illustre la complicité entre Laurent Gervereau et Louis Rollinde ; d'autres meubles et objets suivront. En plein écroulement des idéologies et du triomphe de la marchandisation de la planète abrasant les cultures, la volonté de créer un mouvement appelé «Les peintres d'histoire» par dérision est apparu fin 1988 avec les premières «téléphagies». Toutes les séries réalisées alors en parallèle à la revue et aux expositions (Naples, Paris, Hanovre) visent à revisiter l'histoire globale et les histoires intimes]



Lampe vente aux enchères,
série Peintres d'Histoire,
techniques mixtes,
h. 51 cm x l. 36 cm x p. 17 cm, 1990



FRONTIÈRES / BORDERS

Frontières / Masculin-Féminin,
série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique et reliefs sur panneau de bois avec métal et techniques mixtes,
format h. 91 cm x 1,34 cm, 1990



Frontières / Borders : Gender, série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique et reliefs sur panneau de bois, format du diptyque :
2 panneaux de h. 91 cm x l. 130 cm, 1990





Ouvrage-objet avec ses pincès à linge rappelant l'installation monumentale dans l'entrée du palais de l'Institut français de Naples pour l'exposition collective *Les Peintres d'histoire - Napoli* ouverte en mai 1994. La photo des artistes ornait la façade en grande banderolle.



Catalogue-objet (boitier contenant des cartes de dérives artistiques Ost-West) édité à l'occasion de l'exposition collective au Kubus à Hanovre en juin 1996.

Carton d'invitation pour l'inauguration de l'exposition réalisée à Paris à la galerie Pascal Gabert en octobre 1994.



Scénographie : Sarajevo, série Peintres d'Histoire, peinture acrylique sur sculpture en terre avec bois et techniques mixtes, h. 28 cm x l. 41 cm x p. 31 cm, 1993-1994

SCÉNOGRAPHIES



Scénographie : Sous surveillance, série Peintres d'Histoire, peinture acrylique sur sculpture en terre avec bois et techniques mixtes, h. 31 cm x l. 25 cm x p. 41 cm, 1993-1994



Scénographie : Robotisé, série Peintres d'Histoire, peinture acrylique sur sculpture en terre avec bois et techniques mixtes, h. 25 cm x l. 26 cm x p. 30 cm, 1993-1994



Scénographie : Série, série Peintres d'Histoire, peinture acrylique sur sculpture en terre avec bois et techniques mixtes, h. 41 cm x l. 31 cm x p. 25 cm, 1993-1994



Scénographie : Face à l'écran, série Peintres d'Histoire, peinture acrylique sur sculpture en terre avec bois et techniques mixtes, h. 17 cm x l. 27 cm x p. 26 cm, 1993-1994 [cette sculpture a particulièrement vocation à être reproduite en très grand format, pour tourner autour dans des espaces publics en étant dominé par le visage et l'écran nettement supérieurs à la taille humaine, techniques possibles : bronze ou technique respectant la polychromie]



Scénographie : Emballage médiatique, série Peintres d'Histoire, peinture acrylique sur sculpture en terre avec bois et techniques mixtes, h. 27 cm x l. 41 cm x p. 31 cm, 1993-1994



BÂCHES

[les bâches étaient présentées en installation
suspendues flottant dans l'espace,
comme de grandes bannières en lévitation]

Bâche : *Terreur*, série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique sur toile libre,
format h. 107 cm x l. 140 cm, 1993-1994



Bâche : Marcel Proust gisant, série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique sur toile libre,
format h. 107 cm x l. 140 cm, 1993-1994



Bâche : *Gnome cinéma*, série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique sur toile libre,
format h. 107 cm x l. 140 cm, 1993-1994



Bâche : Yourte, série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique sur toile libre,
format h. 107 cm x l. 140 cm, 1993-1994



Bâche : Magie noire, série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique sur toile libre,
format h. 107 cm x l. 140 cm, 1993-1994

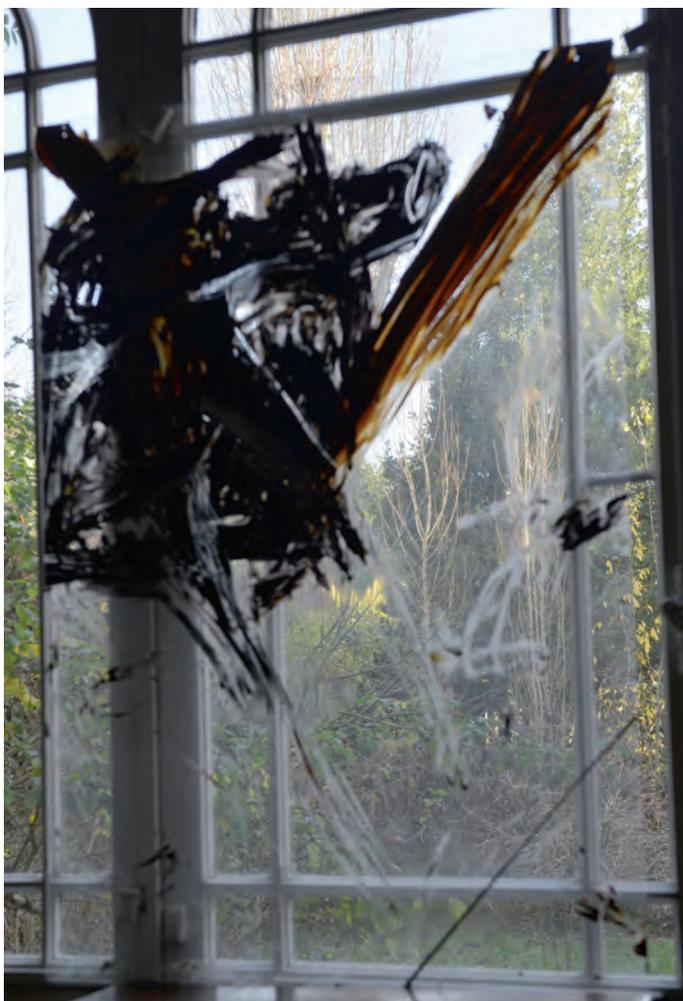


Bâche : *Climatique*, série Peintres d'Histoire,
peinture acrylique sur toile libre,
format h. 107 cm x l. 140 cm, 1993-1994

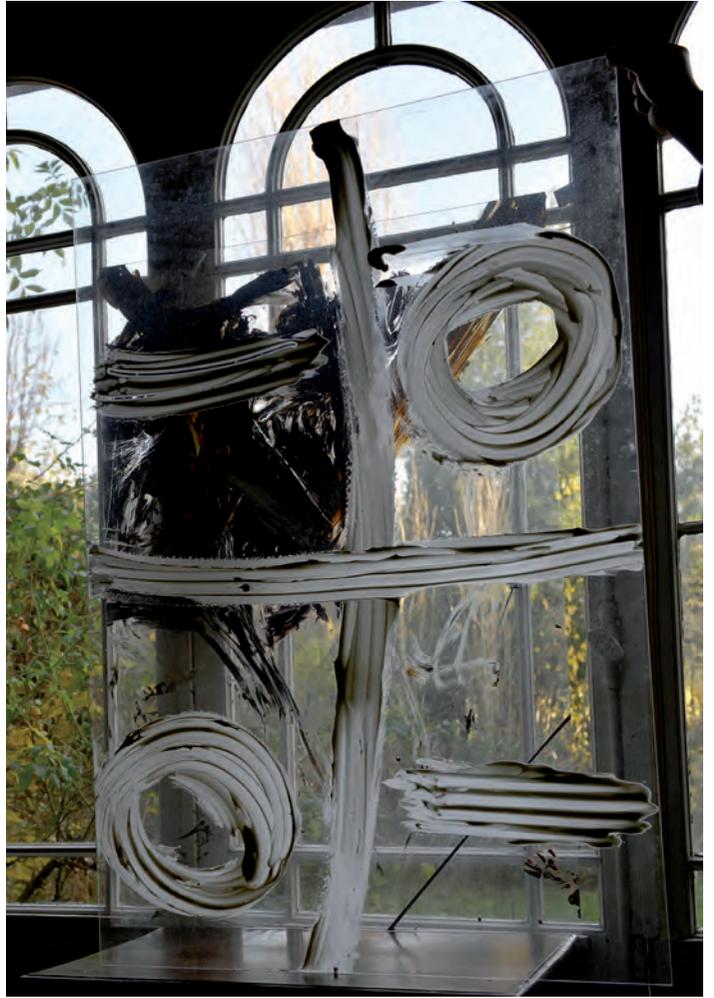
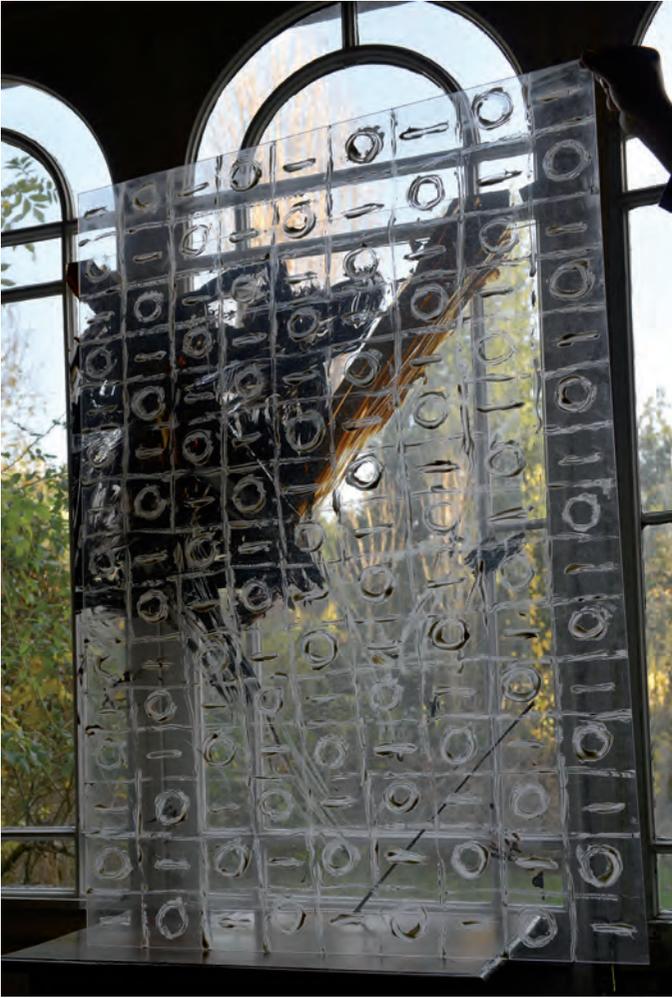


ÉCRANS

Écrans, série Peintres d'Histoire, photo d'une installation d'écrans grand format transparents au Kubus à Hanovre [d'autres écrans plus grands furent réalisés, dont un détournant l'image de la Tour Eiffel, qui ont tous été détruits à l'occasion de déménagements], peinture acrylique sur feuille de plexiglas, 1995-96



Ecrans : Encodages, série Peintres d'Histoire [reste des plexiglas peints, sachant que tous les grands formats ont été détruits ; ils étaient présentés en installation de plusieurs panneaux suspendus et flottant dans l'espace pour tourner autour], peinture acrylique sur plexiglas, format h. 131 cm x l. 90 cm, 1995





TRANSPARENCES

Transparences, série Peintres d'Histoire, peintures acryliques sur feuille de plexiglas [qui étaient accrochées dans l'espace à des distances et des niveaux différents], format h. 52 cm x 69,5 cm, 1996-97











FENÊTRES

Fenêtre, série Peintres d'Histoire, encre et peinture acrylique sur plexiglas dans une structure en bois peint [il s'agit du seul exemplaire encore existant de cette série], format h. 170 cm x l. 100 cm, 1996



VIRTUEL

Virtuel, série Peintres d'Histoire, encres et peinture acrylique sur feuille de plexiglas souple avec collage d'impressions sérigraphiées [suspendues dans l'espace, souvent superposées à des sérigraphies, ces oeuvres ne sont pas du tout montrées ici dans leur présentations normales --comme d'ailleurs la «Fenêtre» précédente--, qui sont irréelles et flottent dans l'espace à des niveaux différents en grandes installations], format h. 83 cm x l. 110 cm, 1997-2000













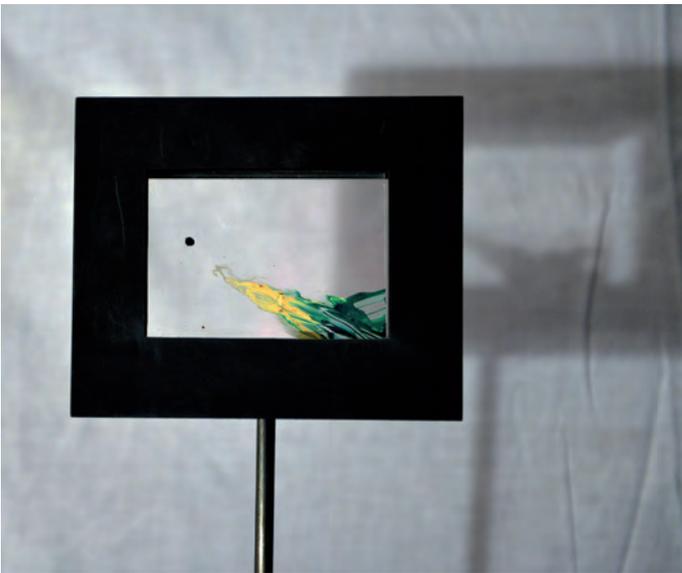


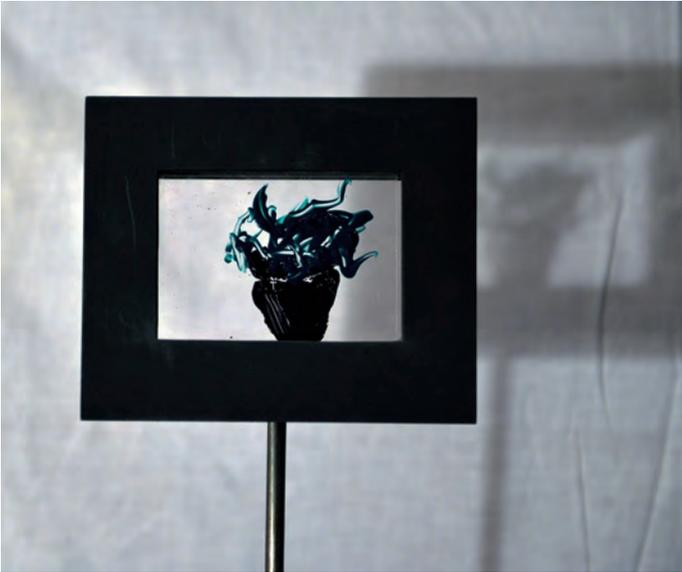
NOT AN IMAGE / NON-IMAGE

Not an Image / Non-Image, série Peintres d'Histoire, acrylique et sérigraphie sur présentoir métal peint [cette série est complémentaire de *Focus* – dont elle possède le même format et le même système de présentation – et de *Virtuel*], format du présentoir h. 55 cm x l. 17 cm x p. 10 cm, 1998-2000

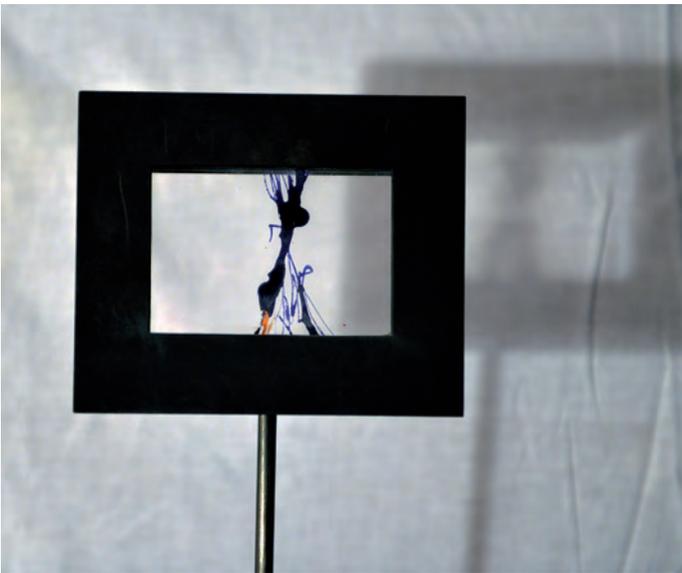
FOCUS

Focus, série Peintres d'Histoire, peinture acrylique et encres sur feuille de plexiglas, format [de la plaque de plexiglas, sachant qu'elles sont toujours montrées dans un présentoir qui permet de les superposer avec utilisation de plaques sérigraphiées] h. 8 x l. 11 cm, 1995-2000







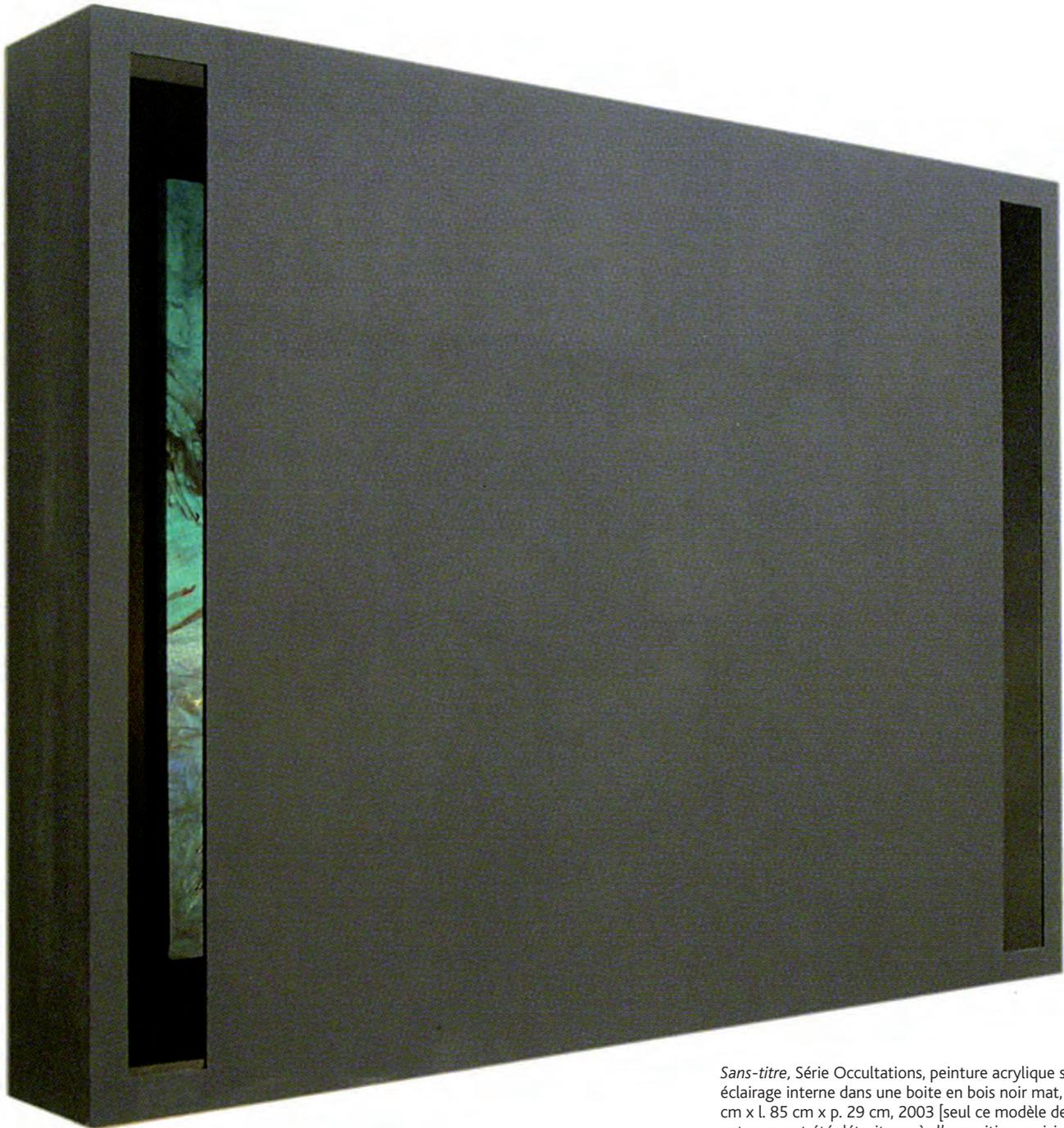


occultations

(2000-2010)



[Les «occultations» autour de 2003, sont clairement une révolte contre le déversement indifférencié des images lié à l'émergence massive d'Internet, média global provoquant l'accumulation exponentielle des icônes de toutes origines en circulation planétaire. Les pièces UNIK, elles, ne sont visibles qu'en un lieu. Elles sont cachées (plaques de bois noires, rideau...) et se perçoivent difficilement ou selon un rituel rare. Elles arrêtent le regard. La démarche est théorisée à travers le livre La Disparition des images, paru chez Somogy en 2003 (en même temps que l'exposition à l'Espace Beaurepaire à Paris). Elles arrêtent le regard. Laurent Gervereau défend alors la persistance signifiante de l'œuvre unique, sorte de fracas magique (quand il emporte le spectateur) : ART = A Real Trauma]



Sans-titre, Série Occultations, peinture acrylique sur toile et éclairage interne dans une boîte en bois noir mat, format h. 85 cm x l. 85 cm x p. 29 cm, 2003 [seul ce modèle demeure, les autres ayant été détruits après l'exposition parisienne de 2003, correspondant à la sortie du livre *La Disparition des images*]

LAURENT GERVEREAU

LA DISPARITION DES IMAGES

SOMOGY, ÉDITIONS D'ART

moving signs

(2012-

[les 47 moving signs –voir le signe qui clignote sur www.gervereau.com— servent à de multiples usages dans le monde : photos en situation –voir www.see-socioecolo.com—, estampes, toiles artistiques sur châssis, stickers, t-shirts... Mister Local-Global est ici devant une toile exposée de 110x110cm]



[Les MOVING SIGNS ont été montrés pour la première fois le 3 novembre 2012 à Hong Kong. Il en existe 47 (cliquez sur le signe qui clignote en page d'accueil pour voir l'ensemble). Le principe est qu'ils peuvent prendre tous les formats et être tirés sur tous les supports. De très grands tirages sur bâches peuvent ainsi envahir les espaces, comme des sculptures géantes interroger les promeneurs dans les villes ou les campagnes. Ce sont alors des sculptures uniques conçues pour un lieu déterminé. De même, chacune et chacun est susceptible d'installer une ou plusieurs toiles à domicile.

L'unicité de ces œuvres tient en effet à plusieurs facteurs. Lorsqu'il s'agit de panneaux ronds sur un poteau (signalétique géante de 10 mètres de haut), ces sculptures signifiantes sont choisies en fonction des lieux, placées. Elles constituent des opérations de land-art (dans la nature comme en espace urbain) et se structurent par série de panneaux espacés permettant de musarder de l'un à l'autre. L'œuvre s'intitule alors : Chemin de Pensées. Le placement des panneaux, leur choix, leur ordre, leur nombre, constituent donc des moyens d'organiser ces œuvres uniques et pérennes.

Il s'agit de l'inverse de l'occultation : un kit philosophique pour provoquer la réflexion tant individuelle que sur nos fonctionnements collectifs. Une œuvre de propagation et d'interpellation dans les structures publiques ou privées]





Happening-intervention à Tokyo en 2013 par un artiste japonais (Yoshiro Kimura).

chemin
de pensées

(2013 -





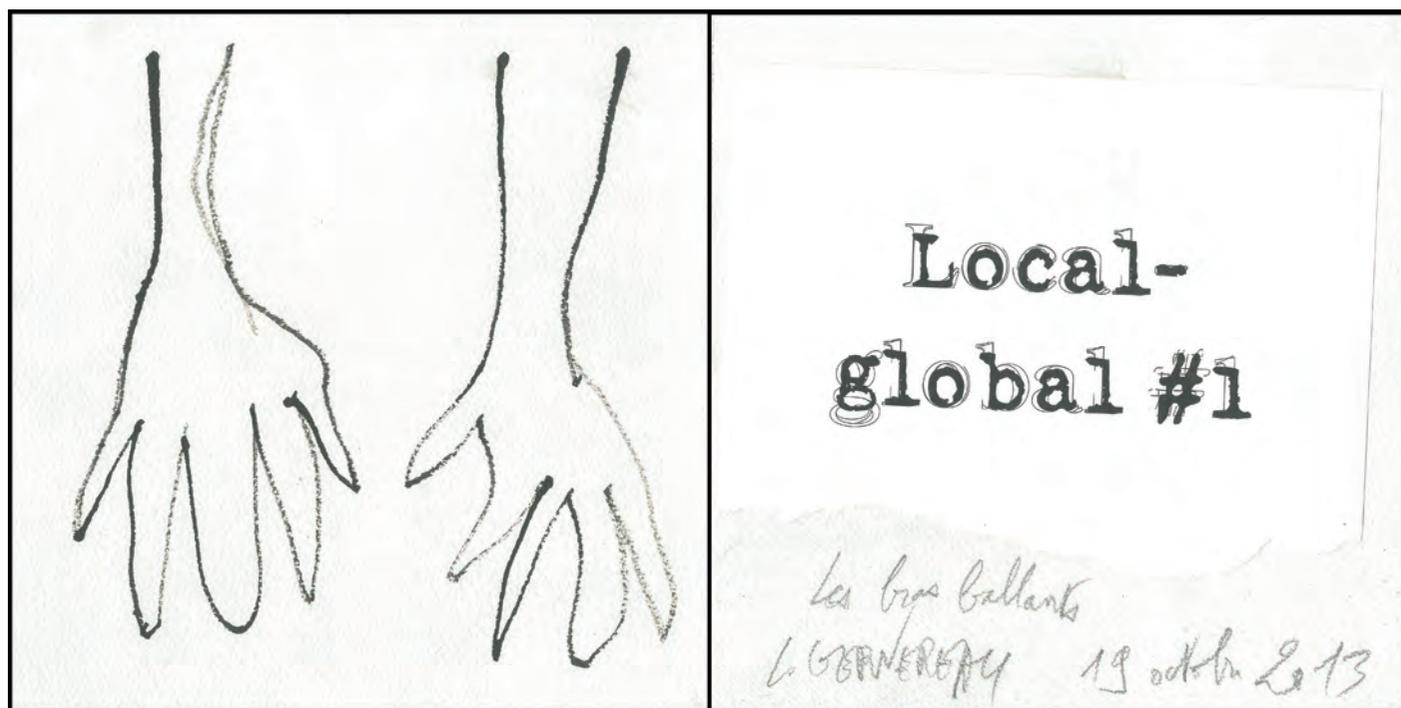


[Nous connaissons dans le monde entier les panneaux de signalisation routière de nos villes : le principe est le même, sauf que cela jalonne un parcours de découverte et de dérive urbaine ou campagnarde et que les panneaux peuvent éventuellement être plus grands. Voilà donc une proposition d'ordre de passage et de choix (10 panneaux sur les 47 existants) pour cette signalétique singulière à adapter : taille des panneaux, nombre et positionnement en fonction des contextes géographiques et humains (agrestes ou urbains)]

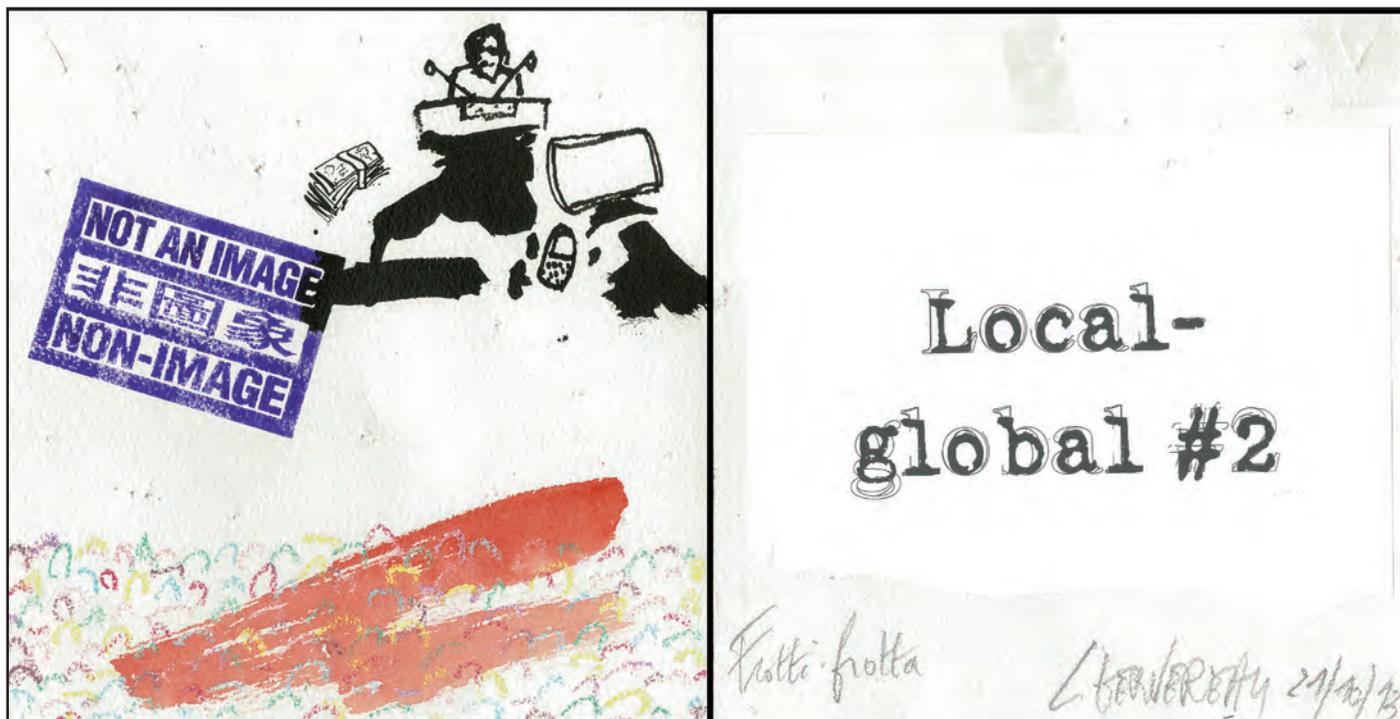
artkronik
local-global

(2013-

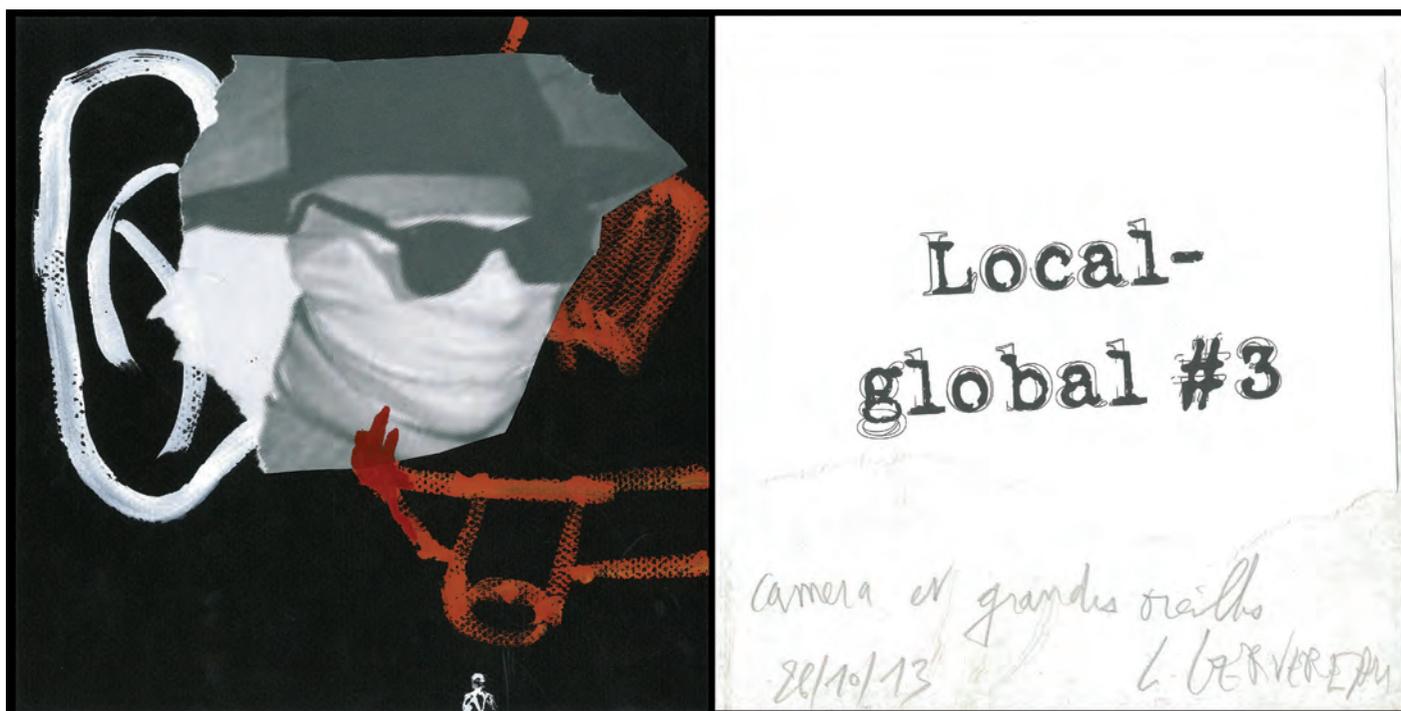
[Cette série terminale sur le local-global (avec son pendant de grand format «alteractu localglobal»), est une façon d'appliquer la philosophie de la relativité, de réfléchir à l'unique et au diffusé, à la fin de la séparation ville-campagne, l'intime et le social, au passage des frontières... Une réflexion sur notre ubiquité constante avec des figures volontairement pauvres et dérisoires]



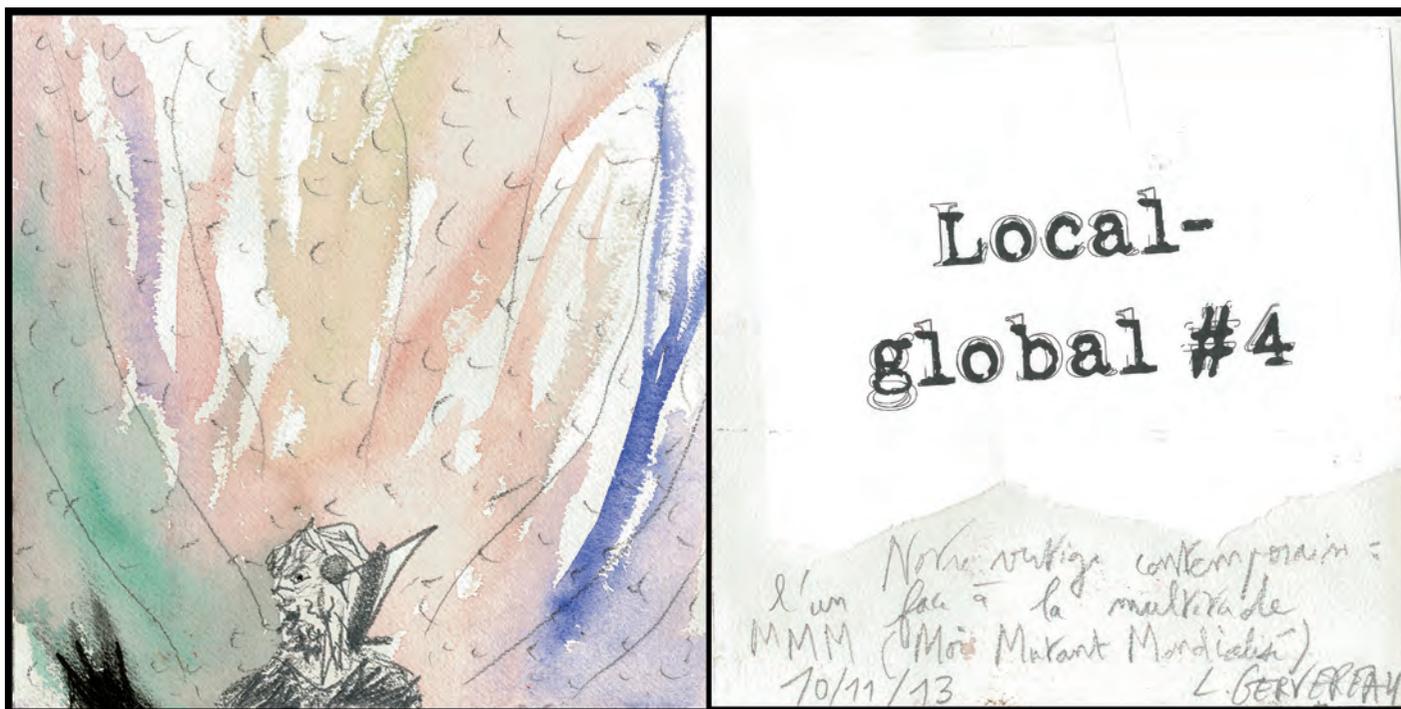
Reste de l'artkronik localglobal n°1, Les bras ballants, encre de Chine et bambou sur papier Arches (utilisé dans la vidéo),
format 23 x 23 cm, 19 octobre 2013 / vidéo artkronik #1 sur Dailymotion :
http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x166tao_les-bras-ballants-par-laurent-gervereau-artkronik-local-global-1-19-octobre-2013_creation



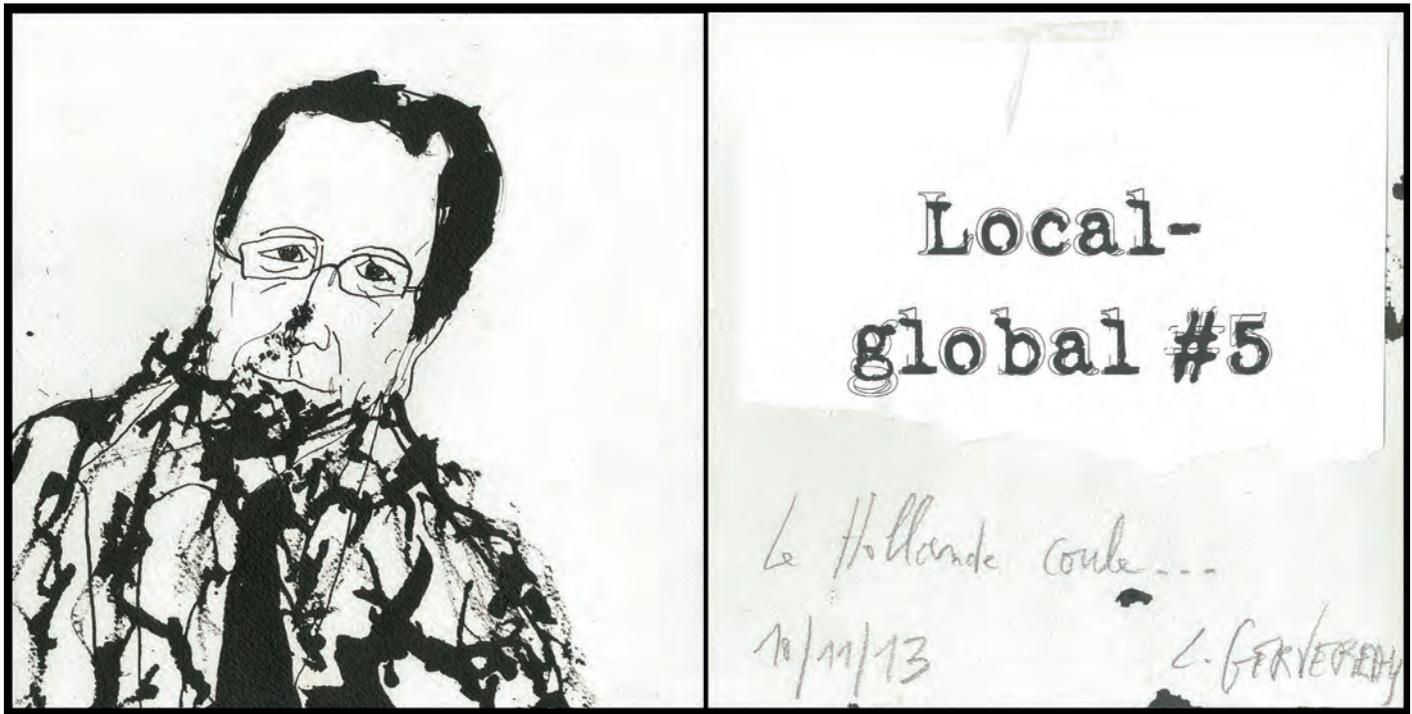
Reste de l'artkronik localglobal n°2, Frotti-frotta, encre de Chine, bambou, gouache et tampon sur papier Arches (utilisé dans la vidéo),
format 23 x 23 cm, 21 octobre 2013 / vidéo artkronik #2 sur Dailymotion :
http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x1680t4_frotti-frotta-par-laurent-gervereau-artkronik-local-global-2-21-octobre-2013_creation



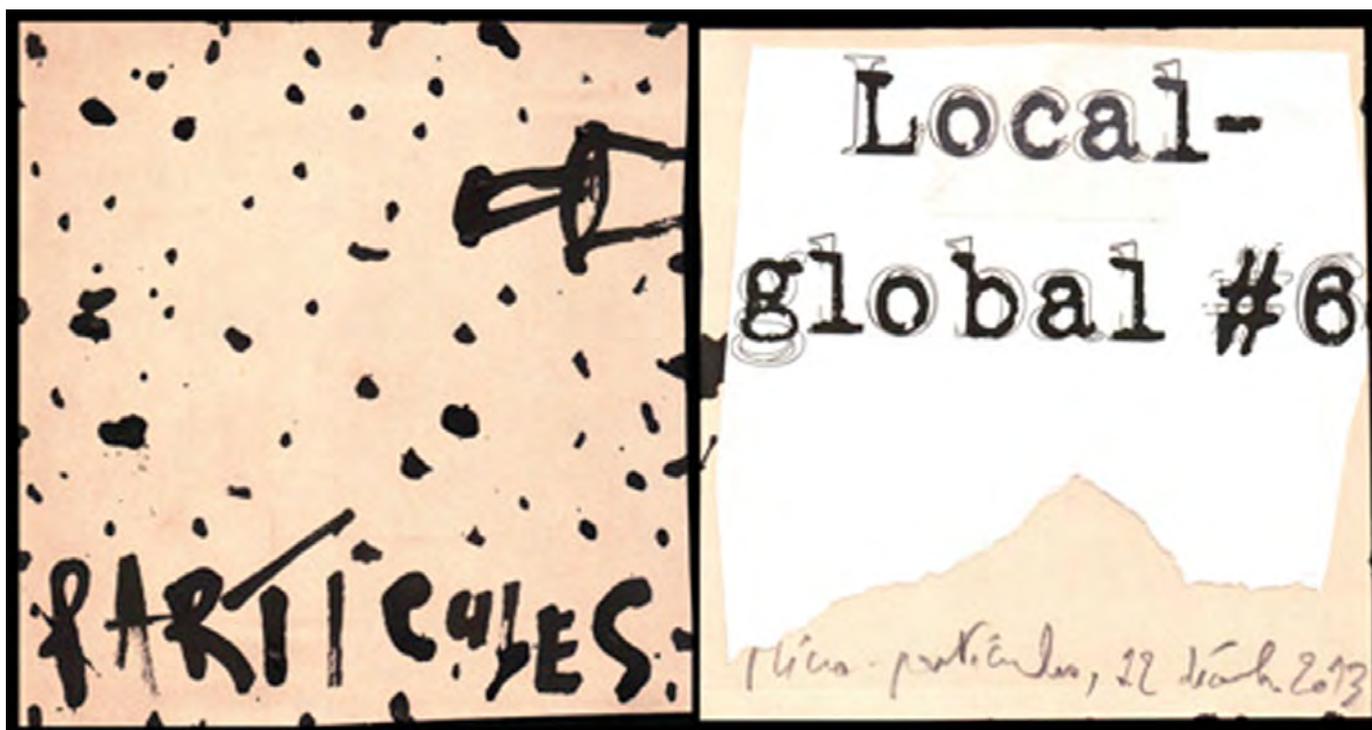
Reste de l'artkronik localglobal n°3, Camera et grandes oreilles, gouache et collage sur papier Canson (utilisé dans la vidéo),
format 23 x 23 cm, 26 octobre 2013 / vidéo artkronik #3 sur Dailymotion :
http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x16gl5x_camera-et-grandes-oreilles-par-laurent-gervereau-artkronik-localglobal-3-26-10-2013_creation



Reste de l'artkronik localglobal n°4, L'un face à la multitude, techniques mixtes sur papier Arches (utilisé dans la vidéo),
format 23 x 23 cm, 10 novembre 2013 / vidéo artkronik #4 sur Dailymotion :
http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x170rhe_l-un-face-a-la-multitude-par-laurent-gervereau-artkronik-localglobal-4-10112013_creation



Reste de l'artkronik localglobal n°5, Le Hollande coule..., encre de Chine, plume et bambou sur papier Arches (utilisé dans la vidéo),
format 23 x 23 cm, 10 novembre 2013 / vidéo artkronik #5 sur Dailymotion :
http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x170rw9_le-hollande-coule-par-laurent-gervereau-artkronik-localglobal-5-10112013_creation



Reste de l'artkronik localglobal n°6, *Micro-particules*, encre de Chine et bambou sur papier Arches (utilisé dans la vidéo), format 15 x 15 cm, 22 décembre 2013 / vidéo artkronik #6 sur Dailymotion : http://www.dailymotion.com/video/x18qjdr_micro-particules-par-laurent-gervereau-artkronik-localglobal-6-22122013

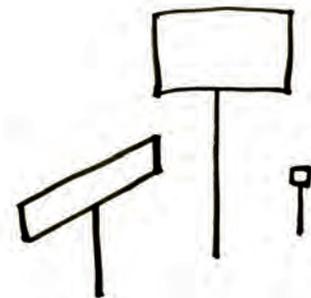
cit  des points de vue

(2013-



Cité des points de vue n°1, série Cité des points de vue, dessin préparatoire pour la réalisation de structures en métal peintes noir mat dans un format monumental où la plus petite doit permettre à l'écran dessiné d'être à hauteur du visage d'un individu de taille moyenne qui peut ainsi avoir des perceptions différentes de l'espace l'entourant suivant l'emplacement où il se positionne, 2013

[cet ensemble de sculptures a vocation à être disséminé sur tous les continents et peut connaître des variantes suivant les sites, tant dans les formats que dans la nature des capteurs de paysages]





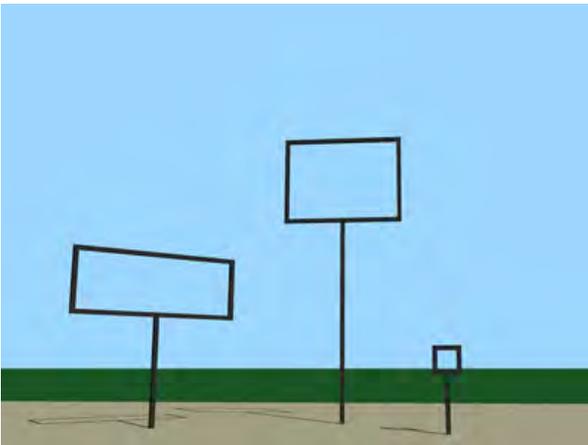
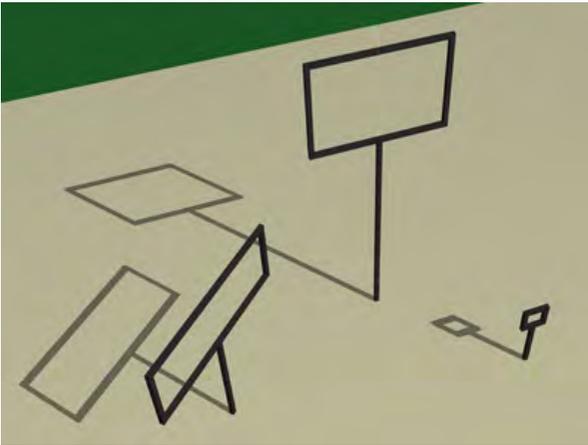
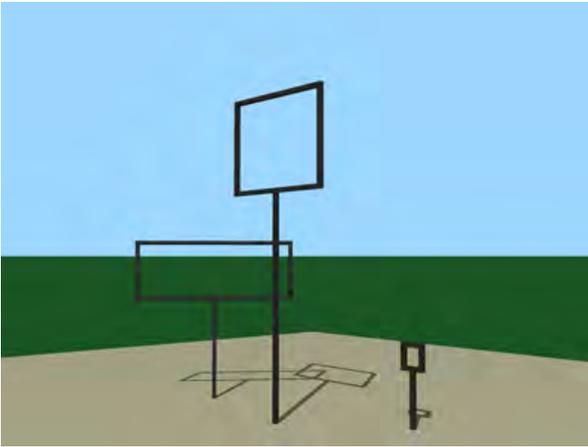
Voilà donc la première installation de la Cité des points de vue. Elle a été réalisée à l'atelier de Laurent Gervereau à Hautefage en Xaintrie (2014). Le paradoxe veut que la vue naturelle sur la Maronne fut presque un handicap pour l'artiste, ne voulant ni abîmer ce dégagement visuel en le surchargeant, ni tenir un effet facile alors que l'oeuvre est destinée à tous les lieux, même considérés comme les plus ingrats. Le propos est alors bien d'indiquer que, suivant le site où l'installation est positionnée ainsi que l'endroit où chacune et chacun choisit de regarder, la perception et la compréhension d'une situation sont différentes. Il s'agit d'un monument à la tolérance et au comparatisme. Exercice concret de philosophie de la relativité.











Pour proposer une installation sur un point de la planète :
www.gervereau.com / rubrique "contact"

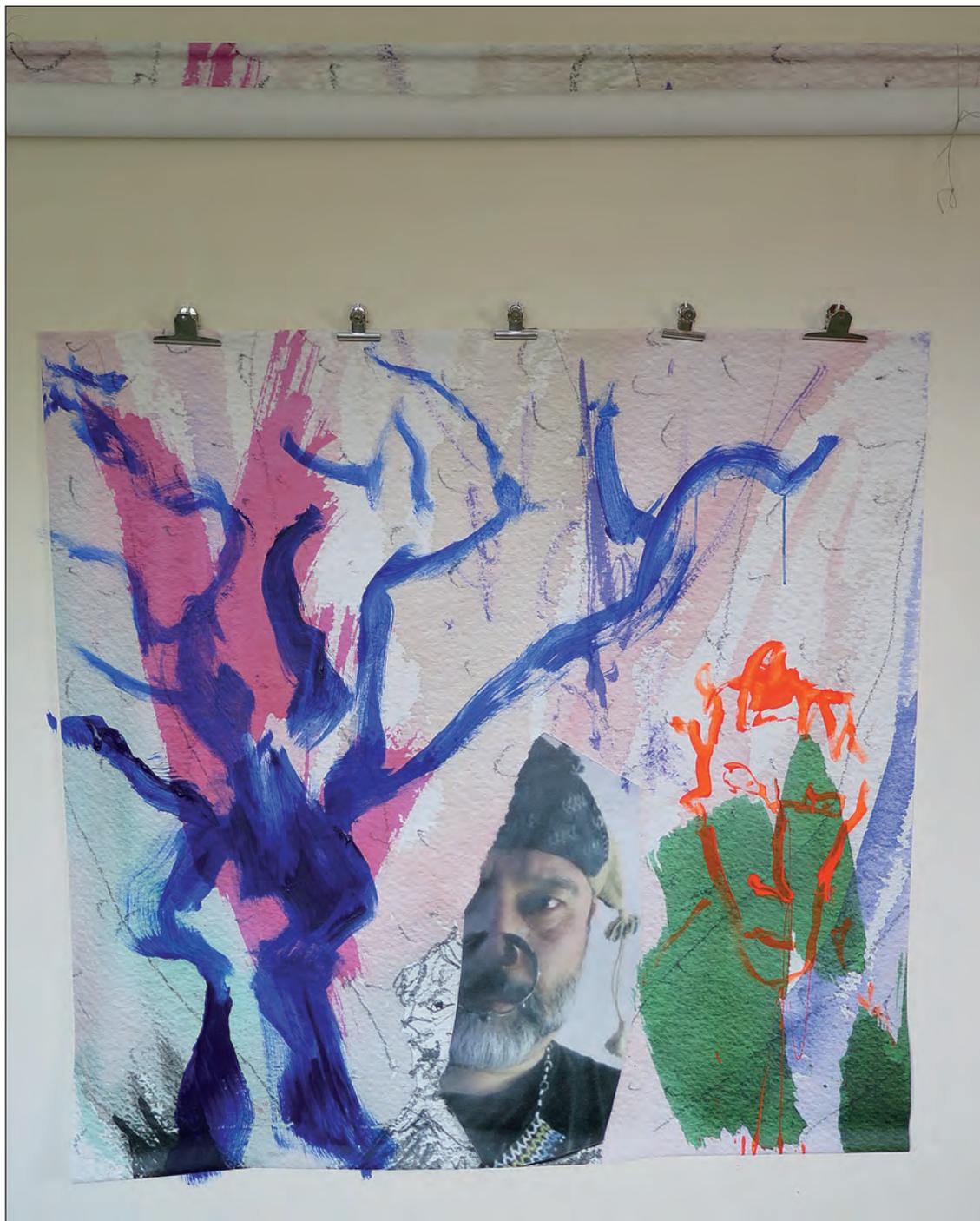
Ce dossier technique a été réalisé par Francis Guerrier
pour placer la première installation monumentale
(2014, Hautefage)

alteractu
local global

(2014-

[Dissémination de signes,
notes éparses
et ultimes cadrages :
Laurent Gervereau
a démarré dans son
atelier d'Hautefage en
2014 une série de peintures
sur bâches accompagnées
de vidéos. Ce sont des
représentations dérisoires
de notre univers ubique où
il se met en scène, une
pantomime acerbe de
notre submersion par les
images quotidiennes,
ici et partout]

Alteractu localglobal :
noyer / Edward Snowden,
acrylique sur toile,
2m x 2m, 2014.
Les 2 vidéos correspon-
dantes sont visibles sur
Vimeo. La présentation
de l'œuvre ne se conçoit
qu'avec l'ensemble :
peinture sur bâche
suspendue dans l'espace
et vidéos.







[apparence / appearance : www.gervereau.com]



[apparence / appearance :
facebook / France-monde
www.decryptimages.net
www.see-socioecolo.com]



[apparence / appearance :
Phalanstère de Productions Locales-Globales (PPLG)]

[publisher : plurofuturo international, 2014]
[printed in Europe : lulu.com]

[ISBN : 978-2-919331-11-6]