

versie van een lijf

Sis Matthé

een stem nog
vergezocht ben je hoogstens
een gebit.

nu er liplezers zijn en scherpte
de norm is, spreek je achter de hand
waaraan je wordt herkend,
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

je krijgt een naam en de taal
knijpt je keel toe,
ziet een huis en het wonen
staart terug,
hoort een stuk en geluid
luistert alleen nog
naar jou, tijdelijk benoemd
tot dirigent met lege handen,
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

de vormen die je aanneemt vormen
een figuur die niet vertaald geraakt,
contouren van een lijntekening, letters
stemloos, klinkers weg,
geraamte met allure,
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit
te gebaren naar omstaanders en liplezers
die enkel bestaan bij de gratie
van lappen huid die weer eens anders
overlappen, ongenaaid gelegd,
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit
en je met de rug van de hand
het zweet wegveegt dat je zicht
vertroebelt.

vermoed wordt dat de zwaartekracht
een idee is dat dingen bijeenhoudt,
wankel, onvast, afneembaar maar rekenend
op gewicht en het verzet tegen de wind.

los van de grond, ongelijmd bijeengevallen
in vertraging, een carrousel in stukken,
een applaus alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit
dat popelt en stilvalt.

handen houden afstand,
duim en wijsvinger aan armen in strekstand
die verzameldrift, vertelwoede, uitstaldrang
in licht lijken te persen,
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

één woord voor een hand en de arm
waaraan ze is gezet, een vin
voor wie zich niet kan bukken
zonder kansloos spartelend op de zij
te landen,

handen leegmaakt tot ze hele lijven worden
en hitte als vuil op de lens
je onderdompelt
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

je hele lijf gaat om in een stroom,
op in een stoet, je hele intacte, afwezige lijf om
in een hoedanigheid.

alles wijst in de richting,
zoals tokkelende vingers.

zij die nu een brug willen,
hadden de rivier niet moeten graven.
verlies is biologisch.

je zit om te draaien, de reikwijdte van een lijf
dat zich niet in echo's wil verliezen, gevouwen
tot een gebed alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit,
een versie van een dier.

dit is een oogkaart en de instructies
dopen je om tot roosters
en rasters die verzuipen of verdampen
in het licht van een bril uit twee bokalen.

stap uit de huls, schud de veren af
tot een hoop bewijs, houd de stukken bij
ter staving, want pas tussen stem en gebaar
wordt het wezenlijk
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit
dat zich weet te gedragen.

hier klopt iets niet, maar bonst wat,
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

je bent bewogen, met trillende hand
school je je om tot wat je altijd dacht
geweest te zijn: gevonden met een mond
in je hoofd, het vermoeden is
dat je nog ademt.

dat je toch nog ademt.

dat je terug ademt,
alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

vertel het door tot het vervormt.
op de hoogte van de grond
de neerslag van een stem,
zaksel in een kom.

alsof er een lijf in je lichaam zit.

*Geschreven in opdracht van La Verrière,
Fondation d'entreprise Hermès, ter gelegenheid
van de tentoonstelling Ponctuations
& Perforations van Tris Vonna-Michell (2017).*

FA.0000
(Voir *Paterson*)

Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster / S.A.

saâdane, saâdane, cher saâdane
tu m'as demandé une chanson
sur « fountain » by marcel duchamp

j'ai laissé passer les semaines
sans pouvoir écrire cette chanson
sur « fountain » by marcel duchamp

*hier j'étais au cinéma
voir « paterson », voir « paterson »
le nouveau film de jim jarmush
et ça s'est débloquenté comme ça*

au début, j'aimais pas trop
surimpression sur chute d'eau
les lignes du poème sur l'image

tu vois où je veux en venir ?
ou bien tu te demandes encore ?
ce que c'est que cette chanson ?

*je suis allée au cinéma
voir « paterson », voir « paterson »
le nouveau film de jim jarmush
et ça s'est débloquenté comme ça*

il y a l'image de la chute d'eau
l'eau qui coule et la fontaine
étant donné : un - la chute d'eau
et deux, c'est le gaz d'éclairage

*je suis allée au cinéma
voir « paterson », voir « paterson »
le nouveau film de jim jarmush
et ça s'est débloquenté comme ça*

les poèmes du film font penser
à ceux de richard brautigan
avec leur fausse simplicité

*je suis allée au cinéma
voir « paterson », voir « paterson »
le nouveau film de jim jarmush
et ça s'est débloquenté comme ça*

après avoir perdu le sien
déchiré par les crocs d'un chien
paterson voit ce japonais
qui lui donne un très beau carnet
assis devant une chute d'eau
ça lui redonne envie d'écrire
et en sortant du cinéma
j'ai écrit cette chanson pour toi

*hier, j'étais au cinéma
voir « paterson », voir « paterson »
le nouveau film de jim jarmush
et ça s'est débloquenté comme ça*

Report from Münster

By Jacob King

NEW YORK CITY, AUG. 15 - Like many of your readers, my last trip to Münster was ten years ago. Just out of college, I knew very little about the workings of international art exhibitions, and I certainly did not know any of the artists or curators participating in the Skulptur Projekte Münster. I stayed at a youth hostel with a distant friend of mine who was studying biology at Cambridge; he didn't really have much interest in art, but he loved biking and the outdoors and was one of the few people I knew who could be roped into traveling with me. Everything seemed enormously exciting, not only the works — Mike Kelley's petting zoo, Isa Genzken's mannequins, Dan Graham's pavilion, the path constructed by Pawel Althamer — but also the landscape, unfamiliar as I was with most of continental Europe, outside of the big cities. I took hundreds of pictures (on an actual camera, not a cellphone), and uploaded them into an album on Facebook.

This year, I was in Münster for the opening in June (on my way to Art Basel), and I knew a number of the artists. I even participated in a project, by Ei Arakawa, although somewhat surreptitiously: I had assisted him in arranging a photo shoot, and he slyly took some pictures of me that he printed on postcards which were distributed as part of his work. But my excitement was rather tempered. I was at dinner a few weeks before with a prominent curator and his friend, and when I mentioned excitedly that I was going to Münster, they dismissed me a snide chuckle; they had no interest in Münster, they told me, it was a relic of the past which had outlived its historical relevance, the sort of celebratory art tourism about which I should be embarrassed, especially in comparison with the seriousness of the very unspectacular Documenta 14.

As I walked on Friday afternoon from the train station to my hotel and then to the center of town to rent a bike, I vaguely recognized some of my surroundings; I passed Daniel Buren's striped arch, and the Thomas Schütte cherries (a favorite of mine which I only just learned was never made for the current location — a children's playground — but rather, for a parking lot, from which it was moved against the artist's wishes.) Once I had a

bike, the work I was most eager to see was by Pierre Huyghe, which was a little ride outside the center of town, down a busy street and out onto a suburban strip mall next to a Burger King. The drab red brick exterior of the "Eispalast Münster" made for a shock when, after waiting in line, I stepped into a cavernous arena, whose cement floor was excavated to reveal a hilly landscape of dirt into which visitors descended. An albino peacock lingered high up the rafters in the far corner, and ceiling panels opened and closed, letting in light and then darkening the space, while at the center of everything loomed a big square glass aquarium, containing a few tropical fish and small shards of cement arranged to evoke the jagged landscape of Caspar David Friedrich's *Sea of Ice*. Ridiculously beautiful (and costly, with a rumored production budget of \$4 million), the glass walls of the aquarium changed from opaque to transparent, and the ceiling panels opened and closed, all in accordance with the growth rate of cancer cells that Huyghe was cultivating in a hidden incubator (or so I gathered from the accompanying text.)¹

From here it was onto more modest propositions: I cycled back toward the town and south, to a squat rusted steel pavilion elegantly situated next to a pond (this was Thomas Schütte's enigmatically titled *Atomic Pavilion*), and to a sprawling 1960s-era glass office building nearby, which the map indicated was the site of Hito Steyerl's work. Circumnavigating a few times on my bike and joining up with a few other perplexed visitors, we finally found our way to the entrance, which led into the lobby of the offices of a commercial bank, LBS Westdeutsche Landesbausparkasse. Playing off the glass, metal and stone atrium, hung with works Heinz Mack, Steyerl installed sheets of corrugated metal connected by black piping, on which she suspended flatscreen televisions (showing videos about robots simulating human motion), while the words "Hell Yeah We Fuck Die," were scattered across the floor in a blocky fluorescent-lit text encased in concrete.

Next I found myself heading south, towards an empty industrial area by the river, where Oscar Tuazon had built a cement structure around a fire pit and chimney. As I approached I could see the artist and a few other people standing around the burning fire, drinking and smoking,

but I watched from afar, too intimidated to climb the steps of the circular pavilion (it felt like the area where the cool kids went to smoke pot when they were skipping out on high school, an apt metaphor, at times, for my general trepidation to engage in "relational" artworks.) Then I set out for Arakawa's work. It didn't look so far on the map, but I think it took me at least 30 minutes to bike there — far, far on the other side of the lake (who knew it was so big?) I liked the comedy of choosing such a remote location, and when I at last arrived, I found myself in a meadow of tall grass, in which were scattered free-standing billboards covered in LED lights. Each broadcast an image of a painting — ranging from Jutta Koether to Gustav Courbet to Atsuko Tanaka — which was pictured on a postcard affixed to the back of the billboard. Also on the back were lyrics to a song written for each work, and as the sun got lower, I crossed the meadow back and forth, listening to the songs playing one at a time.

The next day, Saturday, I started right after breakfast, making my way to the Westfälischer Kunstverein to see an exhibition by Tom Burr. In the plaza in front of the museum — next to a permanently installed Henry Moore sculpture — was a comically huge 18-wheel flat-bed truck, carrying a huge wooden crate marked "FRAGILE"; easy to overlook as an artwork, this was Burr and Cosima von Bonin's contribution to the Skulptur Projekte, and the crate was made to fit the Moore, as if the truck were there to cart it away. Next it was on to see Nicole Eisenman's fountain, Mike Smith's tattoo parlor (for those aged 65 and over), and a film by Barbara Wagner and Benjamin de Burca, which revolved around *Schlager* singers and was installed in the Elephant Room, a dark 1970's era lounge complete with disco ball and purple fluorescent lights (I sat at the bar and drank a Campari soda while I giggled at the crooning singers.) Later, on my way from the Nairy Baghramian sculpture to see Alexandra Pirici's performance in the Rathaus, I stumbled into the Picasso museum (who knew that Münster had a Picasso museum?), which had a show on view of works from the collection Yvon Lambert — a highly particular mix of art by the likes of Lawrence Weiner, Niele Toroni, On Kawara, and Marcel Broodthaers, together with big brash 1980s paintings — Basquiat, An-

selm Kiefer, Julian Schnabel, and more.

I had a vague feeling as I went around Münster that something was different about this iteration, that it felt detached somehow from the show's history; maybe this was an outward projection of how differently I see things now than I did ten years ago, or maybe it had something to do with the content of the exhibition: for instance, the absence of Michael Asher's famous caravan, undoubtedly the show's most iconic artwork and a staple of each previous Skulptur Projekte. Also from what I remember of Münster ten years ago, part of the experience was that of looking back and forth from the crumpled paper map to the streets, locating myself and finding the various artworks. This year I used an iPhone app, Exhibitionary, which instantly tells you where you are and where the artworks are, in a sense, navigating for you. Ten years ago there was no Instagram or Snapchat, and Facebook was a new technology.

I suppose you could argue that there is something outdated about the format of Münster; when Kasper König organized the first edition in 1977 — two years before Rosalind Krauss penned "Sculpture in the Expanded Field" — building sculpture outdoors had a radicality, motivated by a desire to get outside the white cubes of the art world and into "real" space. Now this kind of thinking seems a quaint illusion, especially in a place that is such a staple of art tourism. And yet I think even if you were to deride the Skulptur Projekte by saying that there is something "artificial" about the experience — Münster is manufactured for tourism, reconstructed in an old style after it was utterly destroyed in WWII — this does not necessarily diminish the exhibition, nor the engagement of the works with their sites. The context is no more or less "real" than that of a museum, just *different*, and many of the most successful works are those that take this as a given, like Dan Graham's pavilion, which engages the history of garden architecture (which is all about the manufacture of landscapes of leisure and their meanings), or Mike Smith's tattoo parlor, which features, in the waiting room, a video that follows "Mike" as he embarks on a senior citizens' bus tour of Münster and decides to get a tattoo on his ass. The contrivance of the context means that many works in Münster involve a degree of ridiculousness — from Schütte's cherries and Asher's caravan, to so many of the works in this iteration (the funniest of which was probably Burr and von Bonin's truck or de Burca and Wagner's film) — and I think this is part of what makes

visiting the Skulptur Projekt so pleasurable in ways that a typical biennial is not.

I It was only in writing this text that I discovered that Huyghe's project has a mobile component, an augmented reality application, "After ALife Ahead," which viewers can use while inside the ice rink. I downloaded the app on my iPhone back in New York, but after giving it permission to access my location via the phone's GPS, I received the message that "The augmented reality is only viewable at the location," with a map directing me to the former ice rink and the exhibition hours.



MÜNSTER, JUN. 11 - Tom Burr & Cosima von Bonin, *Benz Bonin Burr*, 2017 (Photo: J. King)

In Brief

The opening of the gallery's first show with works by **stanley brown** coincides with the beginning of the Brussels Gallery Weekend (08/09 - 10/09). During these days the gallery will be open from 11 am till 7 pm.

At the Festival international du livre d'art et du film in Perpignan (FR) **Pierre Bismuth** received the Golden FILAF Award 2017 for his film *Where is Rocky II?*

The gallery participates in FIAC Paris with a solo presentation of **Pierre Bismuth** entitled *The Potentiality of the Dead End* which will include works from the 80's until now selected by curator Desislava Dimova. (18/10-22/10)

Manon de Boer is currently artist-in-residence for two and a half months at the NTU Centre For Contemporary Art in Singapore. The residency is located in The Interlace, OMA's awarded building completed in 2013.

The Cinematek in Brussels will present two films by **David Lamelas**: *The Desert People* (1974, 44') and *The Invention of Dr Morel* (2000, 23'). On October 2, 7 pm.

The second exhibition of the new season will be dedicated to Jean-Luc Vilmouth (1952-2015) and curated by **Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster**. The opening of the exhibition on November 8 will coincide with the launch of Vilmouth's monography published by Flammarion. Exhibition until 02/12.

Since 2004 Saâdane Afif has been asking writers and artists to write lyrics inspired by his works. These commissions follow a certain set of rules and a detailed account of the artwork in question, thus giving some structure to the poetical form that the texts take. Upon accepting the invitation, an agreement is made, outlining the rights of usage for the text produced upon this commission. The texts became a fundamental material of Afif's artistic practice, questioning the notion of interpretation and commentary on a piece of art. They attempt to materialize what is happening in the mind of the beholder when "it is the beholder who makes the picture" (M. Duchamp). The song written by **Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster** in this context is reproduced on page 4.

Agenda

Francis Alÿs

The Fabiola Project, Menil Collection, Houston (US), 21/05 - 28/01 (solo); *Archaic*, National Pavilion of Iraq, 57th Venice Biennale, Venice (IT), 13/05 - 26/11; *En Marche*, Musée d'art du Valais, Sion (CH), 03/06 - 08/01; *Le Rêve des Formes*, Palais de Tokyo, Paris (FR), 12/06 - 10/09; *Ruinen der Gegenwart*, KAI10-Arthema Foundation, Düsseldorf (DE), 26/06 - 01/10; *THE MOUNT ANALOGUE*, Triennial of Contemporary Art in Yerevan, Gyumri, Sevan, Kapan (ARM), 24/07 - 30/12; *Unsettled*, Nevada Museum of Art, Reno (US), 26/08 - 21/01; *Reenacting history_ Collective Actions and Everyday Gestures*, National Museum of Modern and Contemporary Art, Gwacheon (KR), 22/09 - 21/01; *Biennale Art Encounters 2017*, Timisoara (RO), 30/09 - 05/11; *FRArGILE Fragile / Argile / Moments / Fragments*, Maison des Arts de Schaerbeek, Brussels, 07/10 - 02/12; *Age of Terror*, Imperial War Museum, London, 12/10 - 28/05; *Ruinen der Gegenwart*, KINDL - Centre for Contemporary Art, Berlin, 22/10 - 11/02; *Sumer and the Modern Paradigm*, Joan Miró Foundation, Barcelona (ESP), 26/10 - 27/01; *Never Ending Stories. The loop in art, film, architecture, music, literature and cultural history*, Kunstmuseum, Wolfsburg (DE), 29/10 - 18/02

Sven Augustijnen

How To Live Together, Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, 25/05 - 15/10; *COM □ □ TIES - Thresholds / Seuils / Dremfels*, ISELP & Argos, Brussels, 24/09 - 17/12; *Biennale 9: Oh Les Beaux Jours, une esthétique des moyens disponibles*, Ottignies-Louvain-la-Neuve (BE), 06/10 - 10/12

Pierre Bismuth

Where is Rocky II?, LOK, Kunstmuseum, St. Gallen (CH), 08/07 - 12/11 (solo)

Manon de Boer

The Still Point of the Turning World - Between Film and Photography, FOMU, Antwerp (BE), 23/06 - 08/10; Arco Art Museum, Seoul, 21/07 - 04/09; *Experiment in Leisure, The Untroubled Mind*, NTU Center for Contemporary Art, Singapore, 06/09 (screening); *An Experiment in Leisure*, Royal Academy of Art, The Hague, 13/09 (screening); *Simone Forti, Luca Frei, Manon de Boer, Charlotte Prodger & Kenneth Tam*, Hollybush Gardens, London, 21/09 -

(advertisement)

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Screening
02/10, 7 pm

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AT
CINEMATEK**

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