

Elements for the presentation :

- Blue pants, White shirt, green cap, white gloves, white shoes.
- Table with glass-Still and sparkling water (in the hallway).
- A display/stand with a print of a toilet scheme, and directions (in hallway).
- A mic (unplugged).
- A mop (entrance door).
- A speaker (in the office).

The following elements are for the set of the second space :

- small file box (for text).
- A flashlight.
- A watch.
- A film slide projector (projecting a white screen).
- A table, a few chairs and a carafe (for audience to sit and stand around).
- A pedestal. (placed in front of the screen)
- A desk lamp (shining light on the chest).
- Some tape (placed on the floor forming a pentagon, where the audience is standing).
- Printing of the script (framed, displayed in the corner of the room just left of the screen, about 120 cm from the ground, top of the page as a referent).
- Cartel : ("Paper on the wall with cartel and number of exercises : I, II, III, IIII, IIIII, IIIIII, IIIIIIIIIIIIII, IIIIIIII, IIIIIIII, IIIIIIII, IIIIIIII, IIIIIIII, IIIIIIIIIIII, IIIIIIIIIIII, IIIIIIIIIIII, IIIIIIIIIIII, in almost 6165 words").
- A ladder (placed on the floor, in the first space, facing the street).

Welcoming the audience outside the gallery in silence.

Standing close to a panel that is giving a scheme of what seems to be a toilet (its form and its definition) and the directions to find it, in case of need (arrows on the panel).

Wears only white clothing and a green cap as well as white gloves and a mic in hand. The subject stands there for a while, going back and forth (alternating) between smiling (welcoming) and being almost rude, cold (security, surveillance, making sure).

After a sign from someone from the gallery (in fact no one is giving a sign it is completely made up. Going from the hallway to the first space of the gallery with a quick stop, wiping off the feet on the entrance mat and taking off the cap. After a few steps towards the center (close to the ladder), turns around and faces the audience approaching with mic in hand. The other space remains dark and we can hear from that part of the gallery a recording, in fact, two different recordings played at different volumes, one being the noise of an audience waiting and talking and the other being the noise of an audience reacting to something

occurring during the course of a show and eventually clapping or booing to manifest its (dis)interest...

The subject on view seems to begin moving around more and more, showing and pointing to the library, seemingly busy and in the middle of an explanation that would be between something completely private and something that he wishes to share publicly. This may be a rehearsal.

Now, he seems to start a speech, bringing the mic close to his lips (here a few words could be heard like : « The first time I heard about Seth Siegelaub it was when... ») But the microphone doesn't work. He puts it down, turns off the light, and begins to lead the audience into the second space- utilizing a flashlight, if necessary.

(As a note : This part implies quite a bit of acting, though.)

The sound from the other side of the gallery starts to fade out.

The idea here is that part of the audience would sit on the table and two chairs that are embellished with a carafe and a glass of water, which would all be facing the screen. The rest would simply accommodate around the others. The whole difficulty here is to make sure that the delegated area that was just defined is where the audience is going and not to the side against the walls.

So this set up is a bit disturbing in the sense that there is a confusion as to where to stand and where to watch and finally how to consider one's role in the room. Everyone in the room is on what seems to be a stage and composing the decor as much as they are members of the audience.

The subject walks to the pedestal and turns on a desk lamp. The lamp is directed to shine its light onto his chest. He starts speaking:

It all started by going back to the basics. The basic material. With no model. And the intention, was to forget about the experience of it and try to investigate it again. As if fresh, as if new. Let's take paper, for instance, I started to look at paper.

I started to look at paper closer.

I started to look at a page made of paper.

Erasing what was there up until now, which was a mere copy of other things, and playing with the edges of this page,

Discovering shapes and forms that were already there, but ones that I wouldn't have suspected.

I didn't have very many papers at hand, in fact, I only had three pieces.

Therefore I started to unfold and flatten the first page and I used it to make another shape. I wanted to make it appear as if it was standing by itself, standing straight up, erected in the air, on its edges. The kind of image that looks solid, as much as it also looks fragile.

I used the second page to write the impressions and observations of what I could see happening spacially, or on the characteristics of the forms I could witness, the forms that were visible.

The third piece of paper was used to write down the movement I had done while I was manipulating the previous papers, including the movement implied in writing.

I later started to play with iron, but I might leave the transmission of this experience for later.

The presentation this evening is “written” by Thomas Puisquelaloi, who is taking part in the context of the current exhibition. This presentation is a set of 16 exercises for filling a blank page or for doing a lecture. If the spirit of the whole is to make something occur, then the most important thing is to make sure there is no coherent assemblage of things.

Number II- Notes from an interview with the author :

Please take note, the present lecture is for sale.

In addition, it has been made clear, with the gallery's agreement, that the present object requires a few obligations when purchased. I shall enumerate these obligations below.

First, the total amount of the transaction should remain available for consultation with and in the gallery.

Second, upon purchase, the new owner shall be given a certificate made by the author to validate the transaction. The certificate that the collector is given should be burned shortly after the purchase, and the burning of the certificate should happen in an open area, most preferably a desert (implying out of sight). At this point, the collector is responsible to create his or her own new certificate by imitating all of the signatures that ever signed the old one with the exception that the new one should contain no trace of the hand that produced the initial certificate.

Last obligation, the collector must agree, from the moment that the lecture is owned, never to attempt to show it or recreate it, even if the hand that wrote the lecture changes his mind.

Any further details or questions can be addressed at the end of the evening or in the small print below.

Please take note, considering the to-do with which the rigor of the transaction necessitates, the present author is willing to specify his position towards authorship. Given the fact that he is in no way recognizing what is commonly understood by intellectual property, there will be no crediting for anything like ghosts, that might occur throughout the presentation. Thus, if the person on the other end of the transaction wishes to... the creation of a bibliography is in their hands.

I would like to welcome you at any moment to leave this room in order to get a refill of water. This action can be used as a way to exit the space for good in a discrete manner without catching the attention of the others. Though, as it has already been made available as a possible exit strategy, the chances are likely that the other members of the audience may become suspicious of any water re-filler's intentions. My sincere apologies to the thirsty.

Before continuing on, into the third part, I lay claim to a set of overall multiplicity or even incoherence. My work is made in such a way that each section does not

provide answers to any of the other sections and where the end of one work does not try to herald the other.

In other words, this presentation is far from being a crystal. A crystal would be a gesture that is completely thought-through, able to be read from any perspective, and able to withstand any impact of light, always managing to reveal an ordered rainbow. This presentation is not that. Orange does not need to follow red, yellow does not need to follow orange and so on and so forth. It is the opposite of a programmatic work.

The subject on view is working sometimes, part-time at the gallery, not really as an assistant but nevertheless, a bit. His condition is the one of a working force, helping sometimes at the resolution of minimal as well as human scale problems such as the opening of a door, making sure the lights are on in the first space (even during the day) and making sure they are off in the other (even on a day off.)

(Scratching of the left ear at I perhaps.)

*(Scratching of the left ear at I perhaps)*

I, for instance, have to make sure that there is always enough sparkling water, for anyone who may need or desire to take a glass of water, and if there is not enough water, I have to consider the use of a trolley to come back loaded.

### Number III- An outburst of Methodolgy :

This methodology is protected by the code of intellectual property. Unlawful disclosure may result in disciplinary and legal proceedings.

We'll start now with a description of the central nervous system and the functionings of the brain. In short, the brain integrates information and then produces actions that are in relation to such information.

Let's move directly to point number 2...

No brush on pictures, no poetry on blank, no dance in definite place, no acting attempt, no play thought through, no movie worked, no architecture arranged, no music sounded...

...and the fundamentals of sensory physiology.

The central nervous system will function and organize itself as follow when it is processing information :

- 1/Reception and coding of information by means of sensors in the sense organs.
- 2/the signals are encoded by the sensory nerve fibers using an electrochemical process (action potential, neurotransmitter)
- 3/Processing in the central organs.
- 4/Transmission of instructions encoded by motor nerve fibers (or vegetative system).
- 5/Production of engines and subjective effects : feelings, thoughts, emotions, creativity...



Habits come back faster than one would have the time to consciously acknowledge it.

Here we can find the somatotopic organization of the body representation in the somatosensory cortex :

*(Showing different parts of the skull with both fingers)*

Genitals-toes-feet-leg-hip-trunk-neck-head-arm-elbow-forearm-hand-finger-thumb-eye-nose-face-upper lips-lips-lower lips-teeth-gums-jaw-tongue-pharynx.

Now, sensory processing of information is...  
Ah, this part is missing...

Now, the functioning of the hand on paper  
The hand is following the assignment, or is it the hand...  
No.  
The hand is following the assignment, or is it the hand...

My affects effect my intellect by means of my left hand  
Or is the opposite also plausible ?  
Your intellect effects your affect by means of your right hand  
Or further, following a system of positive contamination :  
Your affects effect my intellect by means of your right hand,  
And vice versa,  
Following so many other combinations...

Number IIIII- On view at...from...to...as part of, an artwork from the author presenting, part I, remarks on authorship and production :

Recently presented at, and as part of, from, to, the idea for this project was that it was a proposal for and by the audience, entering a space emptied of everything, abolishing the stage as well as the room. We see a living tableau that is trying to experiment with unexpected forms of relating. Ideally, it is an assembly that would be there to celebrate itself as a community, and sustained by discussing and negotiating the interests of the collective. Food and drinks are the thing happening and the people enjoy spending the little time they have talking about what they feel and what concerns them. The core of this project is interaction and celebration. To form a collective corps, that nothing can destabilize.

Not even the price of the entrance ticket.

I think my position here, or the way I see my activity today, is the one of a manager, I manage space and time filled of entities.

The space is filled but not with what we expect should be there. It is a relational environment producing new modes of engaging with other people, bringing to the foreground that which matters and what matters is being aware that what is actually at stake is the exhibition, the exhibition as the base unit.

After this reunion, which is not without a time frame, the visitors are welcome to enter a new space, a bit smaller, and a bit darker, where they can find the author, myself, in a box made of a glass, sitting on a bed.

Perhaps this situation, like many others, might ring a bell.

The box is open, for anyone who wants to join the author. And the author, living inside the box for the time of the exhibition is available and at the disposition of the visitor entering the box, there are no rules and everything can be asked. The rest of the visitors have the possibility of staying around to watch, which most of them do.

The work is never filmed or even communicated about, only my name appears and is written all over it, to brand it.

Excuse me, I will be back in a moment, I have to check on the water.

*(Starts walking away, but comes back to deliver the the title of the next excercise)*

Number IIIII- Notes on an exhibition by Philippe Thomas :

*(Change of set. Desk lamp turns off. Recording turns on. The subject goes to get a glass of water)*

Form and Content, as the indefatigable board game for all.  
Subtitle : The funnel Part I.

From an author to the other.  
From a single work to an entire exhibition.

In the first room of this exhibition made of eleven room, we can see some static figures looking straight towards whatever is in front of them, which in this case could be you. There is a collection of rare objects behind a glass window. It is a group of heterogeneous objects. A vague impression of Déjà-vu kicks in and one notices it is a sort of prehistory of occidental art on display. A facsination that can only come out of an immense accumulation of commodities. A room to say : « this is where we're coming from. »

Room 2 : Painting hiding itself behind its subject in deceiving the eye, the enthusiasm of still-lifes, the enthusiastic figure of the collector.  
Paintings of paintings, paintings of collections, paintings of choices, paintings of identity, paintings of cabinets.  
Genealogy of the collector type, from yesterday to the present moment.  
The destiny of a long-standing passion.  
Soon rewarded by being able to sign when purchasing.  
It is the least one can provide nowadays !

*(A look at the audience)*

And now, the triumph of scrap, room number three  
Presently,  
From a simple, commercially available product,

Painted representation was forgotten,  
It will consist from now on in the collection of residues of  
the real.

A work reduced to a collection even before having tempted the  
slightest mania in quest for legitimacy.

Room number 4, and if art object equals emptiness, we are now  
wondering how to present this emptiness.

From leftovers to nothing at all.

Key term here would be : subtraction.

With an idea that everything always leaving irreducible  
traces.

So the 'empty gallery exhibition', is not totally empty.

Here comes the ultimate trace : the signature.

In room 5, we will be encountering painting with no story,  
without subject,

Almost as a demonstration of the absence of the author.

Surfaces capturing traces and clues without the intermediary  
of the human factor.

An Art of the object,

Bringing up the strangeness of things,

Giving space for the irruption of the real.

Evacuation of action, of history, of narrative.

Goes on with number IIIIII.

*(Change of set. The projector turns on, yeilding a rectangular  
shape on the wall)*

#### Number IIIIII- White paintings :

The first version of this handiwork does not exist anymore.

*(Pointing at the screen)*

He was short of surface at the time, the canvas has been used and reused to  
produce more and to produce differently.

Great care and precision was put into the work to reveal a flatness as abstract as  
possible in order to come to consider the medium painting as a thing in itself.

This surface is never empty and was never empty, nor does it recall some sort of  
purging aesthetic.

In a way, it exists because of its capacity to reflect and absorb all the images that  
may appear in the room. A surface functioning like some sort of mirror of its own  
environment.

Nevertheless, this needs to be painted again regularly and touched up in order for it  
to remain bright and to keep its image as a mirror once-effected.

There is, present when looking at it, a kind of indetermination that makes each  
viewer see something different.

A musician once wrote: no subject, no image, no taste, no object, no beauty, no  
message, no talent, no technique, no why, no idea, no intention, no art, no feeling.



Something devoid of formal or conceptual content, absorbing thereby everything surrounding it.

Number IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII- :

Number IIIIIIIII- The projective blank page, or how to start to give one's opinion with the consideration of breath :

From a regular point of you it's interesting,  
From a distorted point of you it's challenging,  
From a Kantian point of you it's suffocating,  
From a circular point of you it's allowing new forces to emerge.  
From a pessimistic point of view it's exciting,  
From a negative point of you it's sclerotic,  
From an intuitive point of you it's accidental,  
From a manager point of you it's to be simply,  
From a dramatic point of you it's choleric  
Silence,  
Nothing to declare,

From a modern perspective, everything is to be thought through a bit more  
From a botanical teacher perspective it can wait a bit,  
From a man about town perspective it doesn't go fast enough,  
From a bold one, it's the same, quicker,  
From a ballerina perspective it's passing by and gone for ever,  
From an employee perspective it's long,  
From a tragic perspective it has the potential to start again,  
From a relativist perspective it's far to be transcendent,  
From a child's perspective it's way too paradoxical,  
From a photosensitive perspective it's way above expectation,  
From an allusivative perspective it's poor from it's climax on,  
From a fake humble perspective it's subtle enough,  
From,

Pause,

*(Looking at the watch)*

For a cynical eye it would never be enough,  
For a partisan eye it is categoric,  
For a judgemental eye it is clear,  
For a practitioner eye it is actualised,  
For an art dealer eye it does not matter,  
For a lazy eye it is floating,  
For an amateur eye it is foaming,

From a specific point of view it is dangerous,  
From a conceptual point of view it is problematic,  
From a mannerist point of view it is too short,  
From a dramaturgical point of view it is burned,  
From a critical point of view it is silent,

From a cathodic point of view it is smooth,  
From a passive point of view it is consistent,  
From an ineffable point of view it is alerting.

From an ineffable point of view it is alerting.  
Finally I didn't have to put an I.  
This doesn't belong to me.

Number I I I I I I I I I I - On view at...from...to...as part of, an artwork from the author presenting, part II. A subject watching other visitors :

Almost appearing as phantomatic figures strolling in the wide entry, wandering around without a single trace of regret but rather a convincing uncertainty and hesitation which renders those silhouettes both touching and frightening. For who, for what, how long ?

Rhythms collide, the postures diverse,  
And varied,  
They vary in time,  
In space.

Soon the entry into what really matters, the figures continue to disappear in the darkness along the tunnel,

Soon figures are scattered in the white, with more hesitation than ever,  
The characteristic of the sound that can be experienced at that point is one of a succession of waves building upon the interstices.

It is incredibly difficult to give it a color,  
The temptation is great to say that there is none,  
And it is in no way a disillusion or a disenchantment.

There is a red thread,  
The figures,  
The figures for what they are at that specific moment in...

Space,  
It is as difficult to say that there is movement,  
But there is,  
In actuality,

A sort of unprocessed kind of movement,  
Though it would be quickly asserted that there isn't such thing,

*(Pause)*

From large and heavily grounded one to fluet or even transparent others, it is accumulating consciousness of its presence through a transfer of weight but not only, Points of tensions and their release,

Head against the wall to arm on the chest, crawling on the ground, moving back up, elbow creased, leg to belly facing successively four regular points in the void.

Some showed some sign of absence from afar, and paradoxically seem to be the most present in fact,

Suspension in displacement is a way to characterize or name it, perhaps.

In a way, one could think of the Standing Woman, 1948, the Man Pointing, 1947, the Monumental Head, 1960, Spoon Woman, 1927, Head contemplating, 1927, Pointe à l'œil, 1932, On ne joue plus, 1932, Main Prise, 1932, Fleur en danger, 1933, Femme debout, 1953.

Having in common that they are some kind of Giacometti figures.

And release, walking again, social manner, movement of the hips, and moving of the lips in a codified way, again.

There was, indeed, at some point some solid as well as liquid objects on display, but in no way did it seem to be the point of this here and now.  
But this depend of the perspective that one takes on things.

*(Changing the set)*

*(Lights turn on)*

*(The subject moves away from the pedestal and walks in a semi-circle coming to stand on the opposite side of the room from the office. He is profile to the audience and after a while removes the tape from the floor making the audience adjust in the space)*

### Number IIIIIIIIII- Stand up, and the risk of failure :

So what I was doing was that, before opening the door, I would bring a bucket and a squeegee mop and start cleaning the floor.

I quickly realized that by cleaning it in such a way I was actually leaving a lot of traces for afterwards when it would be dried.

I decided to change my technique to something that still left some traces, but these traces were much more subtle.

There would be a slightly darker zone on the floor, creating waves, barely noticeable. And this became a sort of practice on its own, it was both constitutive of the daily work I was performing, as well as quite specific to the space and the material of the floor.

It was a preparation, but one that was much more than just purely practical, it was the kind of preparation that would allow things to happen,

A gesture.

There was this one time that a man entered the space, maybe thinking that the gallery was open, even if the door was still closed, but I was still in the process of preparing and he followed to ask if the gallery was closed. I, in turn, answered that it was open. He did not notice anything special in what was happening.

I went on for a while and after a few more weeks, when the exhibition closed, I started to do the same thing with the walls, prepare them.

*(Changing the set)*

*(Walks to the wall to face the framed text, he stands there and starts to read number 10 followed by number 11)*

### Number IIIIIIIIII- The time it takes to write: Observations of a lecture, in delay :

Pour introduire à cette intervention, (words thrown out of an astonished face) à ce qui semblera d'abord en être le thème, (disturbed by a sound) j'aurais aimé pouvoir dire qu'il y serait simplement question de la modernité (touching microphone to chest with assurance, head down, head up). Seulement les choses ne doivent pas être aussi simple puisqu'à simplement s'arrêter sur cette question, ou sur cette expression, on peut déjà demander. (Head turn to the left, eyebrows wrinkle) S'agit-il de questionner la modernité comme un objet, c'est-à-dire pouvoir prétendre à être extérieur à elle et donc l'interroger ? (Fingers cross again, thumb touching twice) Ou bien ne faut-il pas penser plutôt (look up, look down with constant micro-movement of the neck) que dans cette expression on entend aussi ceci, à savoir est-ce qu'on ne va pas questionner seulement à partir de la modernité et donc rester dans son horizon. Cette même difficulté (tongue on upper lips) ce retrouvera d'ailleurs quand il s'agira de dire ce que l'on entend par modernité. Je pourrais à ce propos (hand on forehead, slightly sweating) me référer à Benjamin Buchloh qui dans un article de Artforum écrit (the throat is stiff, sweating slightly more) : « The essential feature of modernist art is to criticize it self from within ». Ce qu'on peut traduire par : le trait essentiel de l'art moderne ou moderniste est de se critiquer lui-même de l'intérieur. (Stares out with mixed feelings, index on moustache)

Ceci ressemble bien à une définition qui pourrait être un point de départ. (Passing right hand on the forehead again, hand shaking even more) Mais si l'on pense au rôle qu'a joué Benjamin Buchloh dans le développement de l'art qu'on appelle moderne de ces dix ou vingt dernières années, (appears to be sure and calm about what's happening) on peut déjà suspecter cette même définition et se dire par exemple qu'après (shoulders following the flow of the sentence) tout elle ne pourrait être elle-même qu'un exemple de la modernité. (Slightly coughing) Elle appartiendrait à cette modernité puisque finalement elle dit qu'il faut critiquer, il faut répondre à l'ordre moderne à savoir se critiquer soi-même de l'intérieur. (In an almost noticeable tone of pretentiousness) Ceci étant dit et en laissant toutes ces questions ouvertes pour le moment...

(Interrupted by an event)

...Merci...

Donc ceci étant dit et laissant toutes ces questions ouvertes pour le moment on peut se laisser aller au doute. (Breathing now)

Si l'injonction de ce programme critique donc défini par Buchloh doit être respecté. L'art moderne y trouvant son trait formateur essentiel, il faut en effet supposer une pratique artistique qui en vienne naturellement sous la stricte obédience à son programme à se retourner sur elle pour en examiner les présupposés. Ne saurait-elle rien d'autre de l'art que la seule existence de cette prescription, celle lui fournirait le point minimale d'adhésion dont elle a besoin pour orienter son investigation et obtenir ce en vue de quoi elle aurait à se développer. Car ce n'est pas la moindre difficulté que de pouvoir distinguer dans la phrase de Buchloh ce pourquoi est mis le pronom "itself". Si l'art tout entier à la possibilité de cette critique menait de l'intérieur (from within) encore faut-il savoir ce qui va critiquer, mais aussi ce qui va l'être. Autant dire, savoir établir une ligne de partage des plus nette entre ce qui en droit est autorisé à la critique et ce qui de fait devrait en subir l'épreuve. Hors cette ligne de

partage ne va pas de soit puisque le pronom "itself" est là pour le dire, c'est le même qui doit en même temps se présenter sous la critique, se poser en objet et en assurer le plein exercice comme sujet. Une inévitable coexistence du pur et de l'impur, du faux et du vrai...

## (Interruption)

...Bon la littérature commencera quand on se dit après tout il y a du jeu, (**often out of breath**) ce que j'écris ne m'appartient pas, le langage parle tout seul. (**Running out of breath**) Et à partir de là, bon quelqu'un par exemple si on essaie de marquer la rupture quelqu'un comme Pessoa (**hesitant**), a le même rapport à son livre qu'il (**distracted by something occurring in the room**) considère comme un objet que l'écrivain traditionnel par rapport à sa phrase. Il se dit ce livre, (**hand checking by touching the face again, a sign of stress**) comprenez cet objet, ne m'appartient pas, il parle tout seul. (**Start smiling, smile again**) Bon pour répondre à votre question, j'ai essayé moi de par rapport à ce livre Frager der Präsentation qui pose une question théorique sur la présentation (**look slightly embarrassed**) artistique de jouer ce jeu. C'est-à-dire il n'y a le livre lui-même en tant qu'objet peut s'écrire, ou peut devenir disons un objet qu'il suffit de travailler et (**exaggerate his sweating**) surtout qui peut se travailler dans une relation d'indépendance entre l'auteur et l'objet livre.

Voilà la seule euh disons spéculation (**humble again, sign of humility**) que j'ai, de laquelle je puisse répondre. (**Looks uncomfortable**) Mais en fait ceci n'avait, à mon sens d'autre intérêt que de poser cette autre question : pourquoi et ça me semble être une question très importante, pourquoi aujourd'hui encore (**distracted, staring out again, eyebrows again, sweating again**) la seule relation possible qu'on n'admette entre disons un artiste puisque maintenant on parle de l'art et l'oeuvre est toujours (**very calmly**) une relation directe, une relation de dépendance directe, c'est -à-dire vous ne, dans la majorité des cas une oeuvre (**available and light again**) sera toujours celle de x, y, ou z pour ne citer aucun nom, mais (**carafe moving, eyes following**) rarement, très rarement l'oeuvre elle-même est proposée (**pause in the sentence**) dans une relation d'indépendance par rapport à son auteur ou disons l'artiste qui l'a produit...(SOON some signs of fatigue should occur)

### Number IIIIIIIIIIIII- Notes on an exhibition by Philippe Thomas:

Form and Content, as the indefatigable board game for all.  
Subtitle : The funnel Part II.

At the half of the exhibiton, Quoting, appropriating and redoing identically is what was left after those 5 last rooms.

Everything has been said, but this is from the beginning.  
All that seems possible is repetition,

From this realm of quotation, "Characters" and "authors" could bring fiction to the real.  
I is another.  
Following,

Now a room waiting for images,  
A white screen free of any images,  
A "screen memory", a memory which hides an other,  
A repressed memory maybe.  
But nothing new since in the meantime, monochrome has become a convention.  
Cinema as an art whose raw material is time,  
Being able then to preserve the storia.  
Hence, maybe as an attempt to escape the castrating poetry of the time and of the space in modern art, a clapperboard placed on an empty screen already itself on the ground the offer to a collector once again not only to enter art history, but to remake history.

Few more notes :

*(Looking at the watch)*

A photographic collection of famous museum façades.  
The new devotion of a so called collector,  
Yes it is for the first time a truly fictional character, a character that doesn't exist.  
A follow-up of this large work to two other museums, Boîte en Valise and the Museum of Modern Art- Departement of Eagles.  
In the room number nine, we measure, essentially about comparing quantities,  
The value of art,  
Work versus museum, museum versus work.  
The art of or should we say the quest for measurement.  
Eternal reflexion on the value of  
For sale,  
An empty space, in the museum that is for sale,  
Nothing to be seen not even a proper title,  
No history already made showed here, or measured,  
History therefore in its process of being written,  
Seeking for character,  
Last room,  
An editorial treatment of the index in space.

*(Changing the set)*

*(The subject is leaving the wall and starts walking. He begins to enter the first space heading in the direction of the ladder)*

Number IIIIIIIIIIIII- A quick chronology :

*(The subject takes one step per date, eventually reaching the ladder)*

1948-1991-1952-1964-1985-1959-----

*(The subject goes back to turn off the lights in the second space followed by turning on the lights in the first space. The subject puts his gloves on, in order to prop the ladder back up against the wall. He climbs the ladder.)*

Number IIIIIIIIIIIIIII- A bibliography :

And because nothing happens by itself :  
A bibliography mainly made of Biographies,

A Joseph Albers baffled, Merci Aurevoir, Authority In Good, Eyes Closed. The story of the last years. 234 pages only. Publishing house : Price I don't know.

Morris Robert, The Mind And Body Thing for Who Ever Choses To Take It.

Second Edition : The Mind And Body Thing : Up For Grabs.

Thomas Philippe, "Un Tout, En Vérité. Démonstration..."("An Everything In Thruth. Demonstration...").

Olson Charles, "Don't call me Ismael anymore, my autoportrait is in this room, a wonder somewhere above the mediterranean sea horizon".

Kaprow Allan, Of The Intimate In Art And The Art Of Radical Juxtaposition.

Greenberg Clement, Prophecy on the Kitsch.

Cage John, I Heard Two Sounds, One Was...

Bourriaud Nicolas, A Man In Hurryisme.

Kelley Mike, On More Hommage, A Tribute.

Seghal Tino, De la Paresse Dans L'Action (Of Laziness In Action).

Artaud Antonin, Lunatic Impetious Eye and Happenigs.

Paul Sztulman, To open eyes.

Manzoni Piero, Naissance Et Sabornement (Birth and Scuttling).

Garcia Torres Mario, Sans Texte (Whithout Text).

D'arcangelo Christopher, ... Bears A Name.

Duyckaerts Eric, Copier, Un Exercice, Pour Mieux Dévoyer, Leçon.

Soutif Daniel, Mémoire Photographique (Photographic Memory).

And so many more... *(And so many more)*

Number IIIIIIIIIIIIIIII- No index provider :

No index provided.