

## The Frog Princess or exploring equations on a grand scale

Carte blanche for **Olga Kisseleva**

Group show at the Jozsa Gallery (Brussels) from the 28<sup>th</sup> May to the 11<sup>th</sup> of July, 2009

with *Art Orienté Objet*, Bernard Guelton, Carmela Uranga, Eric Duyckaerts, Florent di Bartolo, Igor Antic, John Cornu, Maria & Natalia Petschatnikov, Natasha Roussel, Olga Kisseleva, Orlan, Pascale Barret, Richard Conte, Samuel Bianchini, Soazic Guezennec, Société Réaliste, Yann Toma.

*In collaboration with the International Art and Science Institute*

The exhibition *the Frog Princess* brings together and confronts the experiences of artists from all sorts of aesthetic worlds, who are interested in applying equally diverse scientific procedures in order to allow for and verify artistic hypotheses.

The Frog Princess (*Vassilissa the Wise*, also called *The Astute*) represents the beauty of knowledge in Russian culture. Beneath its misleading appearance as an ordinary little frog, lies a beautiful and brilliant young woman in hiding, metaphor for the posture of the artist as marginal researcher, capable of producing marvels with a single gesture.

In recent years, innovative theories such as the quantum theory of gravitation or the theory of cords and its extensions have allowed us to envisage the possibility of describing the world from a whole new point of view. Artists for whom art is none other than another mode of formulating knowledge are close on the heels of scientists, appropriating new perspectives of applications such as: locative media, the question of energy, the electromagnetic field or the consequences of space-time curving.

Is it utopian to unite these two worlds of knowledge: Art and Science? On the contrary, shouldn't it be a welcome way of making any researcher's dream come true, to unify in one and the same space the extreme means capable of explaining the Universe together? Why perpetually oppose art and science under the pretext that some reveal an aesthetic finality and others a logical finality?

*The Fog Princess* takes us on incursions into ethology (*Art Orienté Objet*), environmental sciences (Bernard Guelton, Soazic Guezennec), political geography (Carmela Uranga), astrophysics (Florent di Bartolo), the science of language (Igor Antic, Samuel Bianchini), physics (Maria & Natalia Petschatnikov, agronomy (Richard Conte), the physics of fluids (Yann Toma), architecture (Société Réaliste), the political sciences (Olga Kisseleva), the science of information and communication (Natacha Roussel), biotechnology (Orlan), genetic biology (John Cornu), and those who wander freely from one domain to another (Eric Duyckaerts, Pascale Barret...)

If science, when making its laws, insists that man produce concordant conclusions which are not the result of arbitrary conventions or taste or individual interests, then artists can lead us towards a place between reality and fiction, into a world of subjectivity.

These artworks, hybrid objects, reveal the complexity of research and its impact on knowledge. Science is constructed upon evidence against the illusions of immediate understanding. The artists' proposals add enough distance forcing us to question our very existence, with the utmost seriousness, and yet with a smile at the edge of one's mouth. But visitors should rest assured, there lies no sorcery in the artworks presented. There is room left over for the presence of a third element: magic.

## The Frog Princess

Many years ago a tsar had three sons. When they came of age he sent for them and said:

- My sons, before I am too old I want you to marry, and I would like to see my grandchildren.

The sons replied:

- In that case, father, give us your blessing. But whom are we to marry?

- My sons, the tsar said, take your bows, go out into the open field, and shoot an arrow. Wherever it falls, there you will find your wife.

The sons bowed to their father, took their bows, went into the fields, drew them and shot their arrows. The eldest son's arrow fell into a nobleman's courtyard, where it was picked up by his daughter. The second son's arrow fell into a merchant's courtyard, and it was picked up by his daughter. But the arrow shot by the youngest son, Prince Ivan, rose so high and flew so far that he didn't know where to look for it. So he started to walk, and at last he came to a marsh. In the marsh he saw a frog with his arrow in its mouth. He said to the frog:

- Frog, give me back my arrow.

But the frog replied:

- Then take me for your wife.

- Oh, come now, the prince said, how can I have a frog as my wife?

- But you must, for it is the tsar's will.

At first the prince tried to avoid it, but eventually he had to accept his fate and carry the frog home.

Then the tsar arranged for the three marriages; his eldest son to the nobleman's daughter, his second to the merchant's daughter, and the unhappy Prince Ivan to the frog. After the weddings the tsar summoned his sons again, and told them :

- I want to see which of your wives is the finest needlewoman. Each one is to make me a shirt by tomorrow.

The sons bowed to their father and went to tell their wives. But when Prince Ivan arrived home he sat down looking very miserable. The frog was jumping around on the floor, and it asked him:

- You look very unhappy, Prince Ivan ? Are you in trouble?

- My father has ordered you to make him a shirt by tomorrow, the prince answered.

- Do not worry, Prince Ivan, the frog said. You just go to bed. You will feel better after a good sleep.

So he went to bed. But the frog jumped out on to the verandah, threw off its skin and turned into the wise Princess Vassilisa, a maiden so beautiful that words could never describe her. She clapped her hands and cried:

- My faithful attendants, gather round and listen to me. Sew for me by tomorrow morning a shirt like the one my own father used to wear.

When the prince woke up next morning the frog was jumping about the floor again, but a shirt wrapped in linen was already lying on the table. He was overjoyed. He picked up the shirt and took it to his father. When he arrived, the tsar was receiving the gifts from his two elder sons. The eldest son spread out the shirt his wife had made. As the tsar accepted it he said:

- This is a shirt for everyday wear.

When the second son spread out his shirt, the tsar said:

- I could only go to the bath in that.

Then Prince Ivan unfolded his shirt; it was embroidered with gold and silver threads in intricate patterns. The tsar took one look at it and declared:

- Now that is a shirt; I can wear it on important occasions.

The two elder brothers went oft home, remarking to each other as they went:

- It seems we were too quick to laugh at Ivan's wife; she is no frog, she is a witch.

Now the tsar sent for his sons again, and told them:

- Each of your wives is to bake a loaf of bread for me by tomorrow. I wish to find out which is the best cook.

When Prince Ivan arrived home after seeing his father he looked so miserable that the frog asked him:

- What is the matter, Prince Ivan?
- You have to bake a loaf of bread for the tsar by tomorrow, Ivan answered.
- Do not worry; just go to bed. You will feel better after a good sleep.

At first the elder sons' wives had made fun of Prince Ivan's frog wife. But now they had changed their minds, and they sent an old kitchen woman to spy out how the frog was going to bake bread. But the frog, being wise, realised their scheme. After kneading the dough it made a hole in the top of the brick oven and poured the dough through the hole. The woman saw what had been done, and ran to the elder brothers' wives and told them. So they set to work and did the same. But after Prince Ivan had gone to bed the frog jumped out on to the verandah, turned into the wise Princess Vassilisa, and clapped her hands:

- My faithful attendants, gather round and listen to me. Bake for me by the morning soft white bread like the bread I ate at my father's table.

When the prince woke up next morning the loaf of bread was already lying on the table. It was decorated with various fancy designs, and on its top was the shape of a city with walls and gates. He was delighted, wrapped the bread in clean linen, and took it to his father. When he arrived the tsar was receiving the loaves brought by his two elder sons. But their wives had poured the dough into the ovens just as the old woman had told them, and all they had to show for their labour were two burnt cinders. The tsar took the burnt loaf offered by his eldest son, looked at it, and sent it straight to the servants' quarters.

Then he took the loaf from his second son, and sent it after the other. But when Prince Ivan handed him his loaf the tsar said:

- Now this is such good bread, it should be eaten only on great occasions.

The tsar had arranged a banquet for the following day, and he ordered his sons to attend with their wives. The thought of his frog wife attending a banquet made Prince Ivan feel far from cheerful, and he returned home with his head hanging. As usual, the frog was jumping about the floor. When it saw him it asked:

- Prince Ivan, what are you looking so miserable for? Has your father said something unpleasant to you?
- How can I help looking miserable, frog? My father has ordered me to bring you to a banquet; and how can I show you to people?

But the frog answered:

- Do not grieve, Prince Ivan. You go off to the banquet by yourself, and I will follow later. When you hear a knock and a clap of thunder, do not be afraid. If anyone asks you what it means, just say: "That is my little frog who is coming riding in a little box."

So he went off to the banquet alone. His elder brothers arrived with their wives dressed in their finery, wearing their jewellery, their faces painted and powdered. They laughed at Prince Ivan and asked:

- Why did you not bring your wife with you? You could have carried her in a handkerchief. Wherever did you find such a beauty? You must have searched all through the marshes for her.

The tsar, his sons, their wives, and all the guests sat down at the oaken tables, which were spread with embroidered tablecloths. But before they started to feast there was a loud knock and a clap of thunder, so powerful that the palace shook. The guests were alarmed, and jumped up from their seats. But Prince Ivan said:

- Do not be afraid. It is only my little frog coming. She is riding in a little box.

At that moment a gilded carriage drawn by six white horses drew up at the tsar's front door, and the wise Princess Vassilisa stepped out. She was wearing an azure gown studded with stars; on her head was a shining chaplet; she was so beautiful that the guests sat and stared. She took Prince Ivan by the hand and he led her to the oaken table.

The guests began to eat and drink, and to make merry. But the wise Vassilisa only took one sip from her glass, pouring the rest into her left sleeve. She only nibbled at her plate of swan meat, and dropped the bones into her right sleeve. And when the two elder brothers's wives noticed what she was doing they followed her example.

After the eating and drinking it was time for dancing. The wise Vassilisa took Prince Ivan's hand and they danced together. And she danced so marvellously, so beautifully, that all the guests were amazed. Then she waved her left sleeve, and suddenly a lake was formed in the hall; she waved her right sleeve, and white swans floated on the lake. The tsar and his guests were filled with astonishment.

Then the elder brothers's wives also danced. And when they danced they waved one sleeve, but they only sprinkled the guests with wine; they waved the other sleeve, but only bones flew out. One bone hit the tsar in the eye, and he was so angry that he drove both the wives out of the palace.

Meanwhile, Prince Ivan quietly slipped out of the hall, and hurried home. He found the frog skin lying on the verandah and threw it into the stove, where it burnt in the fire. When Princess Vassilisa returned home she saw that the frog skin was gone. She sat down on a bench and said to her husband sorrowfully:

- Ah, Prince Ivan, what have you done? If you had waited only another three days I would have been yours for ever. But now I must say goodbye. You can look for me in the thirtieth kingdom beyond three times nine lands. There you will find me with Kashchey the Deathless.

Then she turned into a grey cuckoo and flew out of the window. And the prince wept bitterly. Bowing to all the four points of the compass he went off into the world to seek his wife, the wise Princess Vassilisa. He walked for so long that he wore out his boots, his clothes were torn, and the rain soaked through his cap. One day he happened to meet a very old man, who asked him:

- Hello, young man! What are you seeking, where are you going?

The prince told him how he had lost his wife, and was now seeking her. And the old man said:

- Ah, Prince Ivan, what made you burn the frog skin? You did not have to wear it or take it off. The wise Vassilisa was born cleverer and wiser than her father, and he was so annoyed that he ordered her to be a frog for three years. What is done cannot be undone. Take this ball; wherever it rolls, you follow boldly after it.

The prince thanked the old man and started to follow the ball. It rolled along, and he walked behind it. In the open country he came across a bear, and took aim, intending to kill it. But the bear spoke to him in a human voice:

- Do not kill me, Prince Ivan. Some day I shall be of service to you.

The prince had pity on the bear, and went on his way without shooting it. As he walked he saw a drake flying above him. He took aim to shoot it, but the drake spoke to him in a human voice:

- Do not kill me, Prince Ivan. I shall be of service to you.

So he had pity on the drake and went his way. Next a hare came running past. Ivan thought he would shoot the hare; but it said in a human voice:

- Do not kill me, Prince Ivan. I shall be of service to you.

So he let the hare go, and went his way. He came to the blue sea and saw a pike lying on the sand of the shore. It was hardly able to breathe, and it said to him:

- Prince Ivan, have pity on me; throw me back into the blue sea.

So he threw the pike into the sea, and followed the ball as it rolled along the shore. At last the ball rolled into a forest. There the prince saw a little hut standing on a chicken leg, and twisting round and round. He said to the hut:

- Little hut, little hut, stand just as you were built, with your back to the forest, your front to me.

Then the little hut turned with its front towards him, and its back to the forest. He went inside, and saw an old witch, the Baba Yaga, lying on top of the stove, her chin resting on the shelf at the top of the stove, and her nose pressed up against the ceiling.

- Why have you called on me, young fellow?, the old witch asked him. Are you seeking your fortune, or are you running away from it?

- You old scold, the prince answered, before you start asking questions you should give me food and drink and a hot bath.

So the old witch Baba Yaga gave him a hot bath, gave him food and drink, and put him to bed. Then the prince told her he was seeking his wife, the wise Princess Vassilisa.

- I know, I know, the old witch said. Your wife is with Kashchey the Deathless now. It will be difficult to get her away from him, Kashchey is not easy to deal with. His death is right at the point of a needle, the needle is in an egg, the egg is in a duck, the duck is in a hare, the hare is sitting in a stone chest, the stone chest is in the crown of a lofty oak, and Kashchey the Deathless guards that oak as he would the apple of his eye.

Prince Ivan spent the night in the old witch's hut, and next morning she told him how to get to the spot where the lofty oak was growing. The prince found the spot, and saw the oak standing, rustling its leaves; in its crown was a stone chest, so high that it was very difficult to get at.

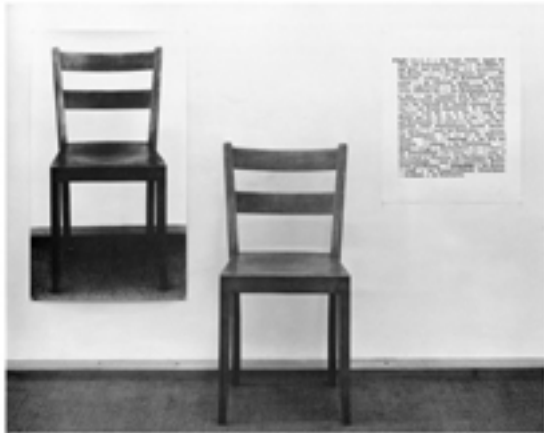
Suddenly a bear ran up and tore the oak up by its roots. The chest fell, and was smashed to pieces. A hare leapt out of the chest, and fled at top speed. But a second hare chased after it, overtook it, and tore it to pieces. But a duck flew out of the pieces, and sailed right up to the sky. However, as the prince watched, a drake flew at the duck; as he struck her she let fall an egg, and the egg dropped into the azure sea.

At the sight Prince Ivan shed bitter tears: how could he ever find that egg in the sea? But suddenly a pike swam up to the shore with the egg in its mouth. The prince broke the egg, took out the needle, and set to work to snap its point. As he snapped it Kashchey the Deathless struggled and writhed. But he could do nothing: the prince snapped off the point of the needle, and Kashchey died.

Then the prince went to Kashchey's white stone palace. The wise Princess Vassilisa ran out to meet him, and kissed him on his lips. So Prince Ivan and Princess Vassilisa returned home, and they lived happily to a ripe old age.

## Igor ANTIC

Serbie, 1962  
Lives and Works in Paris.  
<http://igor.antic.free.fr/>



*1+1=4. Mais quelle est la question ?, 2009*  
Acrylic on canvas  
150 x 120 cm

My works is based on emphasizing relationship between things that seem to be "normal" or "appropriate", and the other ones that seem to be "disturbing" in their environment. Through the working process I step aside from the formal level of thinking, to explore new dimensions out of that discord. Generally speaking, I think that everything can be inverted, even contested, particularly our certainties, whether they are artistic or social. Within this framework, I try to create a fabric of contradictions and let it act, the time it takes to verify its effectiveness. The contradictions are my raw material.

I produce objects. Yet they are not the ultimate purpose in and of themselves. An object serves as an axis around which different questions linked to the conditions of its production and its use, are raised.

*1+1=4. But what is the question?* is an artwork made specifically for the exhibition *Princess Frog*.

## ART ORIENTE OBJET

Paris, 1991

[www.artorienteobjet.com](http://www.artorienteobjet.com)



*Cabinet du Dr Pinnipedia, 2004*  
50 x 40 x 30 cm

Marion Laval-Jeantet and Benoit Mangin came together in 1991 to form Art Orienté objet. In a collaboration that resembles that between a playwright and a stage director who are in constant dialogue (we can see them as artist and "artistic-output-director"), they are fascinated by the sciences of life in general and of behavior in particular-- from ethology to trans-cultural psychiatry. During the last fifteen years, they have put forth several poetic and surprising projects that have resulted from their experimentations and that reveal our behaviors as we face existence and the environment. Their works take on various aesthetic forms (installations, objects, videos, and/or photographs) in which we find a familiar animal presence and a staging of their own existence.

The partnership Art Orienté Objet are concerned with issues of the environment and animal experimentation. Their works are informed by a critical interest in socio- biology, psychology, and behavioural science which they bring together under the roof of the museum. Their works reveal an attempt to bring into the public's view experiments and issues which often exist behind the closed doors of laboratories.

## Pascale BARRET

Lives and works in Brussels

<http://www.imal.org/synapse/>

<http://www.pascalebarret.com/>



*Synaptique n°1*, 2009

Prints and mixed techniques in white frame

50 x 50 cm

*Synaptique* is a visual and abstract interpretation of the definition of the synapsis in a scenario of IT programming for an immersive and interactive installation.

Represented by a central projection screen, the synaptique phenomenon crosses the collections of video images, sounds, and actions of the visitor in some singular loops.

Pascale Barret work in Brussels and online. New media, audio-visual installation and performance art are her main ways of work expression.

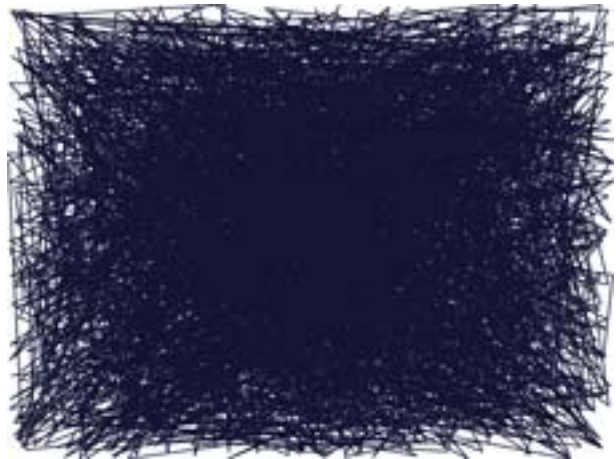
**Florent DI BARTOLO**

France, 1984

Lives and works in Paris.

<http://florent.dibartolo.free.fr/>

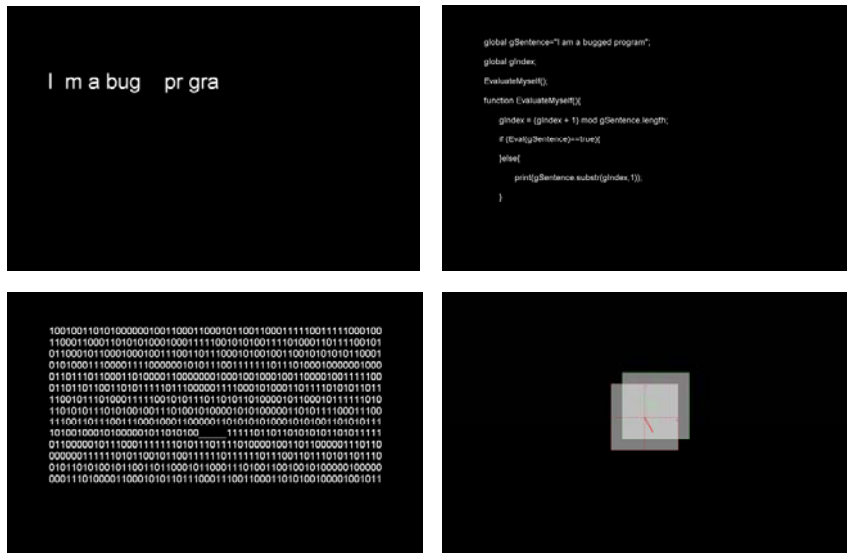
*Cosmogonie*, 2009  
Tirage numérique sur Diasec  
30 x 40 cm



Cosmogony, or cosmogeny, is any theory concerning the coming into existence or origin of the universe, or about how reality came to be.

The work *Cosmogony* has been made with only one single blue line. It can be considered as a visual interpretation of the origin of the universe. The random trajectory of the blue line inside the image creates the depth of the representation.

Samuel BIANCHINI et Sylvie TISSOT  
<http://www.dispotheque.org>



*In Realities, I am a bugged program, 2009*  
 Installation  
 Programme sur ordinateur avec quatre écrans

*In Realities - I am a bugged program* est une installation qui met en œuvre un ordinateur ayant pour tâche d'exécuter un programme bogué. Sous les yeux du public, le programme tente d'écrire ce qu'il est : "I'm a bugged program". Cette situation paradoxale à plus d'un titre est reconduite au sein même du programme : celui-ci, amené à "évaluer" régulièrement une proposition indécidable, est ainsi confronté à une situation rendant impossible la suite de son déroulement, l'obligeant à sans cesse récidiver. À la manière du paradoxe du menteur, chaque échec condamne sa réussite opératoire mais valide en partie ce qu'il énonce. Différentes vérités qui valent suivant le niveau de réalité auquel on les considère. Cette stratification de la réalité est représentée ici par quatre affichages simultanés de ce programme, dont la synchronisation rend perceptible leur source commune. Ainsi, sont donnés à voir, en train de s'écrire sur quatre écrans, le texte en langage naturel, le script (langage d'informaticien) de ce programme, le code binaire ("langage machine") qui en est déduit et la représentation quantique qui peut symboliser la valeur de vérité du paradoxe. À la différence de ses congénères, cette dernière propose une alternative au tout ou rien binaire pour prendre en compte des états intermédiaires, des zones d'incertitude permettant, peut-être, de résoudre certaines formes d'indécision.

Jouant avec des processus informatiques élémentaires tout en les déjouant, cette installation rend perceptibles et même sensibles les formes temporelles qui habitent ces dispositifs aujourd'hui quotidiens et renoue avec certains pans de l'histoire de l'art travaillant sur l'énonciation et ses représentations, en premier lieu, l'Art conceptuel.

## Richard CONTE



*Pommes libertines*, 2005-2009  
Tirage ultra-brillant sous Diasec  
30 X 30cm

Richard Conte is an artist. He paints, performs, makes videos and photos. He "played" two football World Cups by painting in 1998 and 2002. The 64 paintings were exhibited in Busan's Museum ( Korea). In 2004 he performed Straightaway with *pétanque* players of the Chalonais ( France) ; (exhibition in the Niepce Museum). Since 2005, he has been elaborating fruits and branded vegetables, with the gardeners of *Le Potager du roi* in Versailles. He has published *Pommes libertines* (Emmanuel Pierrat) in 2008 at Bernard Pasquito, Paris.

Richard Conte has made stencils to "brend" apples with drawings coming from erotic engravings of the late XVIII ° century ; fruits has been sacked in bags then exposed to the sun. The artist was assisted for this purpose by the gardeners of "Le Potager du Roi (Versailles's Vegetable garden ). We are in front of the very principle of photography but also in front of the "natural" shape of drawing - but without paper. This work actually, maturing and disappearing with seasons, release by its erotic and symbolic power, one of the oldest graphic processes of the world: the sunburn! The photos of these branded apples, "crystallised" by the diasec are exhibited as untouchable pieces of evidence. Return of the forbidden fruit?

## John CORNU

France, 1976  
Lives in Paris.  
[www.johncornu.com](http://www.johncornu.com)

*Beauty Shot (Rachelle)*, 2007-2008  
Tirage argentique  
80 x 120 cm  
Edition 1/3



Carried out by professional tattoo artists in sterilized salons, Beauty shots are *in situ* tattoos of beauty spots: onto each selected model a new bodily cartography of abnormal symmetry is introduced. As soon as the procedure has been completed, the mimesis is such that it is impossible to distinguish the added spots from the natural ones: it is as if the genuine and the false were able to merge definitively.

John Cornu has developed a body of work that is contextual, minimalist and which is integrated in its exhibition space in a way that is subliminal and yet overt at the same time. Taking as his starting point a physical detail from a place, he performs a process of reconfiguration that emphasises this detail and yet at the same time subsumes it in the new work. His works often borrow their materials from the buildings that house them in order to blend in more effectively. At the Villa Savoye, whose architecture is so characteristic of Le Corbusier, he multiplies the original pilotis in a game of contamination, which, whilst it disrupts the modernist aesthetic, is closely akin to certain ideological aspects of the architect (such as "the museum that never stops growing", conceived of as a building in perpetual development). The artist's other proliferations and grafts take on a new dimension in his recent works, moving away from abstract geometric forms in order to evoke more organic forms in a reconquest of a synthetic Eden. Blurring the boundaries between the exhibition space and the work installed there, he presents us with a proliferative work, a rhizome, which contaminates other works, thereby helping to reveal the links contained within the strategy of the group exhibition and, by extension, within the workings of the art world. (Christian Alandete).

## **Eric DUYCKAERTS**

Belgique, 1953

[http://www.galerieperrotin.com/artiste-Eric\\_Duyckaerts-3.html](http://www.galerieperrotin.com/artiste-Eric_Duyckaerts-3.html)

<http://www.documentsdartistes.org/artistes/duyckaerts/repro.html>

For years now Belgium artist Eric Duyckaerts (born in 1953, living in France) has developed a body of work based on lecture-performances, videos, objects, drawings, and writing, including a book on certainty, called *Hegel ou la vie en rose*. His varied lectures and objects are comedic, thought provoking, metaphorical lenses for looking at prehistoric analogs like the square, the labyrinth, and games like hopscotch, as well as problems of advanced logical analysis: quantity versus number, mass versus weight, analog versus digital, Boolean operations.

He has lectured on diagonals, the problem of couples, the epistemology of happiness, the history and meaning of the square; he has demonstrated the labyrinth's relationship to a cross pattern (also used as a model for the city of Troy) and, in his analogy, to modern real estate. He has redesigned hopscotch games (a rebirthing game from the Paleolithic age, now shaped like a cathedral and preserved by children) with binary code (0 and 1 as the steps to heaven), and Sheffer strokes, which are logical operations that cancel conjunctions to allow the possibility of zero plus zero to equal one, at heaven of course. He has strung mobiles with analogical objects, one above another, creating enigmatic juxtapositions, so that, in his words, "a rolling-pin is an air pump the way a reductive prism is a magnifying glass." His videos are funny and serious in a way only possible in the context of art (where meaning lurks beneath the skin of humor and style).

For Duyckaerts humor is the pretext, not the sole purpose of his artistic speculations on theoretical possibility, the etymology and the evolution of words, and, perhaps, Wittgenstein's idea that "meaning is use," and that we construct our world on patterns of everyday utility, which recede into the collective unconsciousness through their repetition.

His methodology partly derives from seventies conceptual and performance art. But in his epistemology—his projected system of knowledge...

## **Eric Duyckaerts' Facts of Life (extract) by Jeff Rian**

## Experientiae Electricae

[www.experientiae-electricae.org](http://www.experientiae-electricae.org)



*Interac wearing* , 2009

Tissus, fibre conductrice, système de son, système de communication électronique  
Taille humaine

Experientiae's realisations develop the poetic potential of the interactive relation between the interface and the content and the user and the piece. Through the means of interactivity the user is personally and physically engaged in our contents. The social relation to technologies glorifies the screen and forgets human. We believe minimalism leaves space for our imaginary construction it lets a media relation enfold to finally speak about what we are as living beings.

**Bernard GUELTON**

[www.archifiction.org](http://www.archifiction.org)



*Le Syndrome de la Grenouille, 2007*

Résine et image de peau sur tissu

30 x 38 x 38 cm

Since 1986, Bernard Guelton has worked in art centres, museums, galleries, in France and abroad. His Works consists in questioning social and architectural contexts in which he intervenes. The question of relationships between architecture and fiction qualifies a part of his realizations. This relation with fiction is never conceived as rejection of real life but on the contrary as an attempt to disturb beliefs of the foundations not of a unique world, but several worlds between evolution and destruction.

## Soazic GUEZENNEC

France, 1971

<http://www.soazic.org>

### *Acid Rain, 2008*

Acrylique sur toile de spi, parapluies, nylon,  
silicone, papier miroir

Dimensions variables

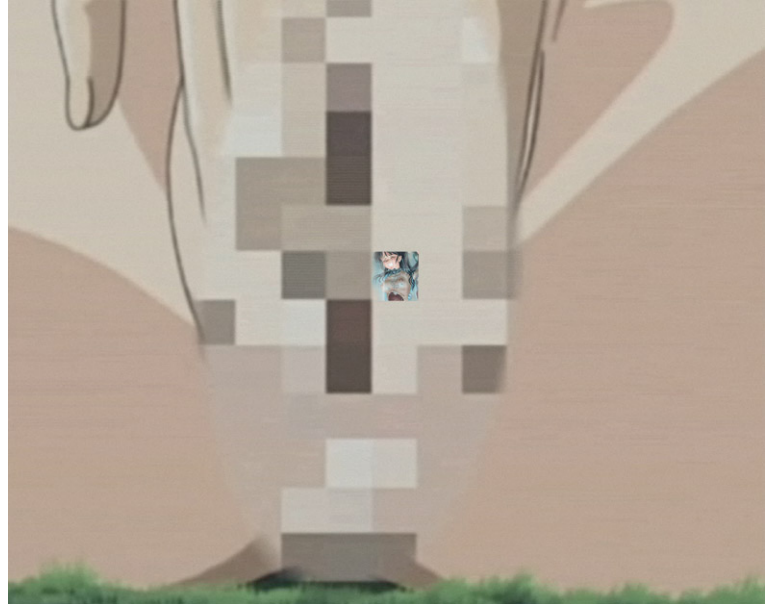


Des parapluies recouverts d'une peinture bucolique sont désintégrés par une pluie acide. En détournant des objets initialement conçus pour protéger l'homme de son environnement, (tente, moustiquaire, parapluie), en les amputant de leur fonction première jusqu'à les rendre inefficaces, Soazic Guezennec met l'accent sur l'insouciance de l'homme et sa vulnérabilité face à la Nature.

Derrière l'apparente légèreté, la menace est perceptible. Il est question d'une « maison finale », tente déchirée perchée sur des gravats d'où s'échappent des sons inquiétants, d'une « boîte à rêves », moustiquaire grouillant de bêtes étranges, de « pluies acides » qui font fondre les parapluies. Le paysage idyllique peint sur la toile s'érode, les ailes des oiseaux se consomment, le ciel se délite, tendant vers un horizon incertain.

**Olga KISSELEVA**

<http://kisseleva.free.fr/>

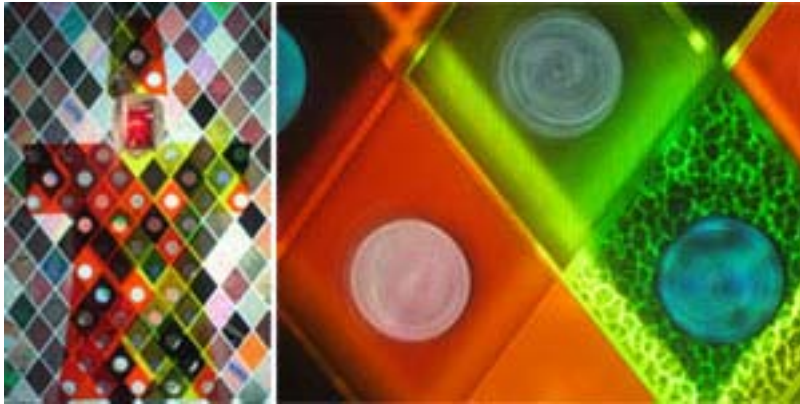


*Hidden*, 2005  
Video, 4'10''  
Edition of 5

Censorship is totally integrated into information production and distribution. In the photographic series *Hidden*, gore and zoophile images have been randomly integrated into the censored image. But censoring the images increases their efficiency by introducing a new degree of codification. Despite being decipherable, these codes become totally incongruous since they have no line of reference in the image. The photographic procedure, in Olga Kisseleva's work, goes from the simple understanding of reality to the metaphorical decoding of its hidden side.

## ORLAN

<http://www.orlan.net/>



*Le Manteau d'Arlequin - Multi-cellules en co-existence - Version 1* (Universite de Biologie et d'Anatomie – Laboratoire Symbiotica Perth, Australie), 2007

Video, loop, 7'

Edition de 10

Since 1965, she has been active in photography, video, sculpture, installation and performance. Currently, ORLAN is working on several series at the same time. The Self-Hybridizations: in 1998 she launched a worldwide tour of differing standards of beauty in various civilizations and through history (in Pre-Columbian, African, American-Indian and Chinese cultures). She hybridizes her new image (her face modified by surgery) to aesthetic values from other cultures to produce digital photographs.

The Harlequin's Coat will be created with skin cells cultivated in vitro, taken from ORLAN and from people with various skin colour and origin.

## Maria & Natalia PETSCHATNIKOV

Russia, 1973

[www.petschatnikov.de](http://www.petschatnikov.de)



*Experimental Lab, 2009*

Artificial furs, balloons, mechanicus

Transparent border between reality and fiction is of great interest to us.

We are inspired, by popular accounts of scientific discoveries and experiments. 'Research station' or 'lab' is a typical framework for our pieces. Our "Lab" project explores (in an ironic way) the theme of artificial organisms. Cozy, touchable and yet weird and unfamiliar "clones" animated by carefully hidden mechanisms move and interact with one another, while the viewers get a chance to "study" their behavior patterns...

The twins Maria & Natalia Petschatnikov constitute an entity, not only in family but also in artistic terms. They work together on all their projects – from planning to implementation. For the past seven years, the two Russian artists have been living in Germany. The works by the Petschatnikov sisters are rooted in an education in classical painting. Overcoming the limitations of contemporary painting, they have developed together a visual language for their installations and wide-ranging works, which gives a formal structure and color design to the spaces created in each case. In the purchases proposed by the jury, i.e. *UNORTE: Schule* (2008) and *Unorte: Ruheraum* (2008), they focus their artistic analysis on the artificiality and emptiness of three-dimensional designs.

**SOCIETE REALISTE**

Set up in 2004

[www.societerealiste.net](http://www.societerealiste.net)



**MINISTÈRE  
DE L'ARCHITECTURE**

n

*Volksballast der Republik, 2007*

Ink on paper, 297 x 21 cm

MINISTÈRE DE L'ARCHITECTURE (MA) is an ongoing project developed by Société Réaliste under the form of an administration and a production unit, devoted to work on various aspects of the politics of the space. This administration produces studies, public presentations for the results of its inquiries – sometimes under the form of exhibitions -, and advertisement or communication material.

Société Réaliste is a Parisian cooperative created by Ferenc Gróf and Jean-Baptiste Naudy in June 2004. It works with political design, experimental economy, territorial ergonomics and social engineering consulting. Polytechnic, it develops its production schemes through exhibitions, publications and conferences.

**Yann TOMA**

<http://ouestlumiere.free.fr/>



*Flux Induction Ouest-Lumière, Stockholm, 2008*  
photographie argentique  
100x70cm

Inspirée de l'expérience de Michael Faraday, la compagnie Ouest-Lumière, à travers le Cabinet M, a mis en place un laboratoire d'expérimentation qui propose à une quantité d'abonnés de l'entreprise d'énergie de participer à des séances de charges électromagnétiques. L'oeuvre proposée est une fidèle transcription de ce que les différents cobayes qui prêtent leurs corps à Ouest-Lumière endurent quotidiennement, une subtile alchimie entre émerveillement et dangerosité. Ouest-Lumière développe un programme de voyage dans le temps parallèlement à sa politique de prospection électromagnétique.

Yann Toma est artiste et chercheur. En récupérant des éléments d'archives de l'ancienne compagnie d'électricité Ouest-Lumière au début des années 90, il s'est approprié un réseau symbolique, une infrastructure usinière dont il a fait son territoire de recherche et la matière même de son activité. Si différents champs d'opération reflètent aujourd'hui les manifestations de Ouest-Lumière, il s'agit avant tout d'un réseau immatériel que l'artiste a constitué patiemment, un réseau reposant sur la notion d'énergie.

## Carmela URANGA

Washington, 1968

<http://anton-weller.com/artistes/uranga/uranga.html>



*Point de Vue*  
Carte plastifiée  
143 x 83 cm

A plastified, eurocentric map of the world, the countries of which have been cut out, leaving the political frontiers in place, suspended from the ceiling, some 20 cm from the window of the gallery, and back to front, (or inside out).

The effect, as seen from the outside of the gallery front, is of a floating, fragile, white, lace-like chart (the back of the map), parts of which seem to be peeling away from itself, like old paint from a damp wall. Due to its back to front positioning, with Asia to the left, and the Americas to the right, it draws the viewer in to it for a closer look at the size of each country (necessarily distorted for the 'flattening' of the globe), who is surprised by the disproportions that one would not necessarily notice in a map the right way round (to which one would no longer give a second glance). On the inside of the gallery, one can look at the map the 'right' way round, but this time it is the frontiers which draw one's attention, as one begins to notice, and question why exactly, some are as straight as a line, and others are so 'reworked'...

Carmela Uranga is Scottish-Argentinian, was born in the States, and has lived most of her life in Europe as a 'non-European' artist and translator. She has a natural preference, in her work, for the 'in-between', and for multiple layers of interpretation. Her installations, photographs, sound-work and Super 8mm films explore the notion that any fixed state or position is subject to change, and as such the work is often steeped with a sense of precariousness and of the absurd. Recently, with her cut-outs and reworkings of maps and newspapers, she has addressed the distribution and 'reading' of knowledge and information.