



LES BAINS-DOUCHES
CAROLINE MESQUITA
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Mail communication between Caroline Mesquita and Julie Boukobza

Julie Boukobza :

Ok great, I'm here from the 4th to the 10th of september too, you have to tell me about this exhibition Les Bains Douches (name of my father's club in the 80's) !

Caroline Mesquita :

In fact it's the name of the place of the exhibition, the title is not yet defined.
Great for the dates, we'll see you very soon.

CM :

Julie,

I really enjoyed the symposium about the Parisian night, I was delighted to meet Hubert!

The title of the exhibition I'm preparing at the Bains-Douches in Alençon will be "Les Bains-Douches".

The title and the idea of the project came more or less out of a misunderstanding in our e-mail exchange.

I like all these links that are woven from these same original places that had been transformed.

I hope you're having a good time in Italy.

I spent New Year's Eve in my bath!

xxx

JB :

Good morning Caroline,



So the central theme of our conversation would be the water, I arrived in Naples two days ago under a torrential downpour, the light is flowing, the alleys are slippery, the crossroads are lakes, the avenues of the inlets, I am waiting, we are waiting, for it to stop.

Yes, I should have been born in the nightclub that has become your exhibition space, and your exhibition in its own right.

Les Bains Douches in Alençon like Pompidou Metz or the Louvre in Lens...

So what are the places and the origins that you relate in this exhibition?

I give you back Dick while you answer me!

Yours sincerely,

Julie

CM :

Well received Dirk, I'm in Brittany in the middle of a storm, my shape in my boots and my wax is far from looking like the shape I can have on the dancefloor.

There is an underlying presence of water in my rooms, with these steel tubes that are used to transport it, these containers for washing or drinking, and these clothes that are as if put to dry; but everything is dry.

There will be a bathtub at the Bains-Douches, and an overturned bathtub.

It is an object that I repeat. It was first presented placed under a glass ceiling, like before that other objects in which one lies down, a bed base or deck chairs, which allow these places to enjoy the outside light in winter. Then this object was moved from the place for which I thought it was intended and presented in a set of metal elements from old rooms and readapted to a new space. It was lying down, caught in a flow, in a bend it was overturned. Lying down, it later became a musical instrument, a percussion instrument thanks to which pieces are recorded that become the soundtracks of exhibitions.



Here it will be made of copper instead of steel. The oxidation of its material will be used to print figures in the same color as that of the place when the Bains-Douches were still a place where people came to wash themselves.

Yes, with the Bains-Douches it's all about the body, with which one we can dance. Do you like to dance?

Yours,

Caroline

JB :
For three days Caroline the region has dried up a bit, I've been able to get to know its true colors, I'm now in Sorrento, I visited Pompei today, its terms precisely, its mysterious villa, its brothel, its ovens and all the things that you can't visit...

The main attraction of the Bains Douches when I was a child was its small pool in the basement, we called "bathers" the regulars of the place.
This pool was special, probably dirty, some people would dive in it but not so much...
My father also took care of a boat called the Deligny Pool.

Swimming often saved me from myself, I never go on a trip without asking about the surrounding water points.

Dancing, every day or almost every day, alone, in meetings, in pairs, walking.

Swimming, dancing, same fight!

I also think a lot these days about the objects on which we sit in the exhibition spaces, lying down to enjoy the winter light is a sweet dream.

What soundtracks do you mention here? Which music for which dance?

A friend once offered me a perfectly waterproof walkman ...

See you soon,



CM :

I was a baby newt, my mother took me to the pool a few months after I was born, we listened to classical music underwater.

For a long time I saw myself as a mermaid, but singing is not my thing, I prefer instruments.

I started music early with the clarinet, which I played for a long time. Then I played the bombard, a Breton musical instrument with a screaming sound, I even led a bagad when I was 16 years old, it's a group of musicians with bombards, bagpipes and snare drums. Then I played drums.

I stopped everything when I started studying at the school of fine arts.

And lately it's coming back. I made flutes with the same tubes with which I made several of my last pieces. I improvise pieces in the places where they are performed.

I have also made a percussion instrument with elements from old pieces, metal containers of different sizes. The recorded pieces become soundtracks for exhibitions.

Some time ago, I became interested in objects that can continue be used in an exhibition space such as a seat, a lamp or a coat rack.

Regarding the seating I started by choosing two deck chairs that I placed under a canopy to take advantage of the outside light in winter. Then I put down pedestals and picture rails so that they become seats, uniting spaces with the same gesture. I made a bench that was used in exhibitions to sit and watch other artists' pieces. I have also designed chairs, armchairs and stools that are difficult to identify and not usable.

But what I like most is sitting on the floor outside and lying down. I also like to drive a lot, do you like to travel by train?

JB:

I left Sorrento yesterday, in my bed in Paris this morning, we put our feet in the sea on January 1st as a wish of happiness...

Singing is my thing, maybe we should start a band together with your art instruments ? Let's call it The Sirens !

The only regret of my life would be not being able to play the piano.

I have often spoken with the artist Sarah Ortmeyer about works that are recycled, that become



other, even remastered exhibitions, I think the Pierre Huyghe exhibition is also a good example. The interest of a fairer economy, of more concentrated gestures, I think it's strangely close to dance in a way, we start from a simple movement that we can infinitely expand...

I came back to live in Europe for its railway network for the most part, to get away from the anguish of air transport, but above all to take the train like one takes a coffee, to miss the train, for the languages that change in the train, for the night trains one day, for the bars in the trains, for the hypnotic noise of the signs announcing the platforms, for traveling without identity.

What are you doing today Caroline?

Kissing you J

CM :

My last memories of Italy are those of Siena, in particular the catacombs of the museum of archaeology. I spent two weeks there four years ago surrounded by bones and ancient sculptures and objects to install my professor Adalberto Mecarelli's exhibition.

I spent a lot of time outside these last days, I looked at the sea but I didn't taste it. I didn't participate to the New Year's bath, I preferred to walk through an old slate quarry.

Yesterday I shot the last two shots of a video that I am currently preparing. I'm filming sculptures that I made for a place where I work, a very isolated farm in the countryside. These images will be interspersed with other shots around the farm, in the garden, the woods, the fields. The soundtrack is recorded on site with the instrument sculptures.

The editing will take place at the Bains-Douches, simultaneously with the making of the exhibition.

I'm going to take a train tonight to Paris, the Atlantic TGV, which I find very beautiful. I like those moments when one moves to a place and can superimpose another activity or simply wander around.

From Paris to Alençon it takes about two hours by TER, passing by Surdon. Surdon is a station in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by meadows and far from the forest, it is a few degrees less than elsewhere. There is only a small station with a candy vending machine. In the evening, the minutes of waiting in the night and the silence are intense. If the train did not arrive it would be the beginning of an adventure.



See you soon.

JB :
Yesterday evening before going to sleep I read a few pages of a book by Etel Adnan " Journey to Mount Tamalpais :

"There is a kinship between travel and water. This one is a pure experience. What kind of experience? An itinerary. I am water and I move. I need to travel around the mountain because I am water.

The mountain has to stay and I have to go. "