



CLINAMEN
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A colored ring, like a portal, to an as yet unknown afterlife.

Like in a science fiction movie, the door remains in the shadows, framed by light. All around it. It is not yet clear what the glare of this open door announces, if it invites us to cross it or if it prefigures the monster. Like bridges, between one world and another, on paper, the ink can be transformed into a colored pencil, and the spot of paint sublimates, leaving behind it only a shadow marked in negative by the trace of fire. These transmutations there are subtle, they operate on the scale of the infinitesimal, in a temporality which is their own.

We are the music makers

And we are the dreamers of dreams [1].

The white surface is starting from 0. It's giving yourself the opportunity to invent a new language, like when you're a child, that years later, only some will recognize. And this encrypted language has, in each of its symbols, an unsuspected incantatory potential. We will have lifted up leaves and stones and found the runes that nested there and now form our alphabet [2]. The figures grew on the paper like lichen, clinging to the sometimes chalky and porous edges of our ideas, sometimes cold and sharp of our thoughts.

The images float in weightlessness, neither quite on your side nor quite on mine. Where you thought you recognized a bone, a precious mineral shape or a rainbow, the familiar or a notion you thought you had tamed, the shape now eludes you and turns into water vapor. The image is also everything it is not. Perhaps the image finds its true meaning in the imprint it has left on the bottom of your retina, leaving its watery state, getting rid of its silver salt pool, and leaving behind a white silence.

A fragment of screw, schematized moon phases, colored spirals, a blown ink stain, or a flaking lacquer mixture, a fragment of reddish stone, a miniature landscape in grisaille as taken from a Flemish painting, can thus coexist. The paper comes to life. They are sometimes mirrored from one sheet to another, sometimes further away, on a different scale, as if to evoke the possibility that another spatio-temporal order is possible: a plastic interpretation of the butterfly effect.

Sometimes the motifs extend over several sheets of paper exchanging their places on the front of the stage; they have recently gone so far as to emerge from the paper to take on a three-dimensional physical form. Coal, plaster, mortar, and their manipulation in space, offer an endless number of possibilities: the opportunity to share the emotion of the first explorers, everything is to be done. Then, like a red thread, there is above all, in all these pieces, the pleasure of



composition, and there is the pleasure of the pencil and the lead pencil that draws and scratches: the gesture of meticulous work, embroidering lace, the weft of a new image.

Ana Mendoza Aldana

Revolution 909.

Anthea Lubat plugs her iPhone in the player of her car and turns the ignition key. The sound accompanies the sound of the engine vibrations. She starts, her attention is focused on the breath, the taste of the goat cheese swallowed this lunch with the fig jam goes up in her mouth, she exhales towards the windshield. The senses are organized in the passenger compartment, each one finding its way in and out. Mist.

The colored organ is set up mentally, the laboratory assistant rolls towards the white cube, her meticulously wrapped soaked paper plates, they do not fear the impact of speed bumps on the asphalt ribbon, no glass, no microscope, the result is revealed to the naked eye.

Immobile in space, the particles take over and wriggle visually, iris bacteria, life gel, concentrated asthma, the distance is in the depth. The patterns are chanted with auditory, sexual and olfactory blows, incisive responses of the body's memory.

No GMO tomato sauce. Various colored sticks, sensitive cartridges monetizable for gravity, the colored spectra prevail on the length of the growth relays.

The mist, a possible solution to the flea market of the daddys followers, molecules with a life expectancy longer than that of the last fetishists.

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François Curlet