

Parallels
Part 1: Astral Border
 30.01–24.04.22

Youssef Limoud
 Lou Masduraud
 30.01-06.03.22
 Opening 29.01.22
 with a performance by Adrian Ganea & Maria Guta

Yannic Joray
 Maria Guta & Lauren Huret
 27.02. 22-03.04. 22
 Opening 26.02.11
 with a performance by Jorge Raka

Mathis Gasser
 mountaincutters
 20.03–24.04.22
 Opening 19.03.22
 with an hypnotic reading by Lauren Huret
 a vocal piece by Léo Natorp
 a performance reading by Fatima Wegmann Guinassi
 a DJ set by the artist aka ven3mo

Barbezat-Villetard
 30.01-18.12.22

Parallels is fifteen solo exhibitions that will be held side by side and one after the other, intertwining throughout the year 2022. Linked together by a network of corridors, they appear and disappear over the course of the year in a movement of conjunctions and alternations. For this purpose, the spaces of the CAN are reshaped into five rooms of unequal sizes. These allow the artists to define all the parameters for the display of their work, while taking part in a common history. The CAN team invites the public to navigate from one room to another through this fluctuating constellation where each new composition reveals a temporary arrangement of multiple intensities.

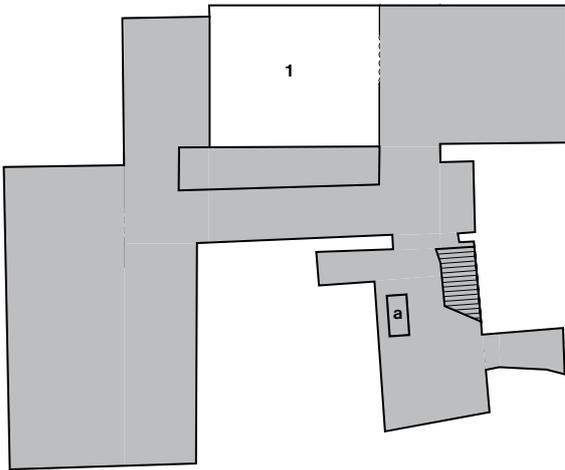
Parallels is a fragmented construction and although it is conceived as a series of independent cells, it illustrates the challenges which lie within the format of a group exhibition. Among these challenges, it is the correlation between a work of art and the space in which it is exhibited that has guided this curatorial choice. Some works require the presence of an audio source, and others special lighting or a rearrangement of the walls. Some exhibition rooms must be able to accommodate one-off projects during regular events; they must be open to practices such as performance, video or dance. What criteria should be used to assign a space of a certain type or size to one practice rather than another? How do we decide on the allocation of linear meters on a wall or allow a certain occupation of a *territory* by a certain artist? In the case of *Parallels*, the corridors form an airlock that separates the CAN from the outside and leads to the various interventions in the dispersed spaces. The resulting fragmented experience, both through this architecture and through the sparse rhythm of the invitations, allows for a free interpretation of the exhibition's narrative and lets the visitor's autonomy sweep away any authoritarianism. The plurality and variety of the sources, both in form and content, leads to a particular reading. For if the exhibition can be conceived as an arrangement of works fixed in time and space, it can also become an oscillating or pendular movement, two sides of the same coin, a miraculous chaotic flow or a constellation of parallel worlds that unfolds its ever-renewed dynamic between individual logic and the activation of collective thought.

Youssef Limoud

Youssef Limoud *1964 (EG)

yousseflimoud.com

Youssef Limoud's work depends mainly on found materials and everyday objects. The idea of the transformation of material, alongside with the sense of the ephemeral, the passing reality, the time and the decay of things through time, are essential aspects in his installations. In this exhibition, he presents a new work titled "Elements of the Void" where he celebrates the idea of materiality which, though in a constant change through shapes and time, remains forever, silent, ambiguous and unperceived.



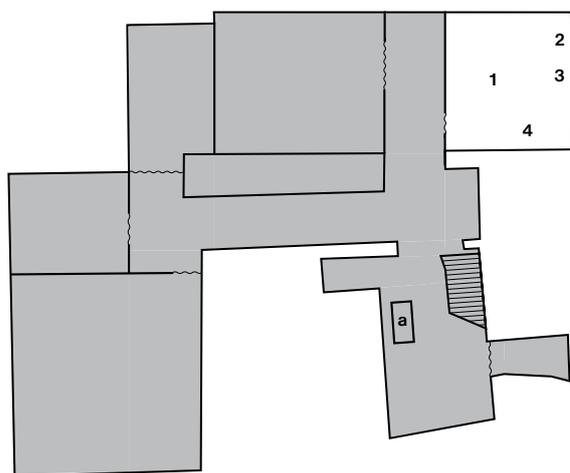
1. *Element of the Void*, 2022
various objects, sand, water, wood

a. reception desk, 3rd floor

Lou Masduraud

Lou Masduraud *1990 (FR)

loumasduraud.com



1. *Active substances Fountain*, 2018
cement, steel, St. John's wort infusion (natural antidepressant) benzyl alcohol, glass, ampoule, silicon, medium, resin, misting system, ventilation system
2. *Plan d'évasion (suture)*, 2021
glazed ceramic, textile, cotton thread, neon light
3. *Plan d'évasion (Lady Godiva)*, 2021
glazed ceramic, textile, improvisation in situ
4. *6dum*, 2021
industrial street light, sodium vapor bulb, steel
- a. reception desk, 3rd floor

This is the story of how I slipped through. How it had no consequences for me, as if it hadn't happened, except that, weren't it for me, it really wouldn't have happened. Hence it wouldn't be remembered. So it isn't with great conviction that I tell this story, it's just that I am the only one to do it and thus, I duly comply. The Problem is: I am the only one left to tell because I was so unimpressed. So I admit that the ones not left to tell are the ones who got more to tell, probably. And I really don't know much about this place. I don't know who runs the square, or if it even still is one. Not all of it is, I assume. It's almost nature, in a way. Designed, but nature. Let's talk about design some other time, let's talk about Him some other time.

The truth did not allow for art. look at those people, who clearly were touched by the truth, but chose to let it go. like he did. but they were basically pessimists, even though in a contra-intuitive manner, it isn't their fault.

When I was around ten years old or so, I would keep a list in my head of all the kids who hated me. I would be out at recess doing whatever one does at recess, making up a list of names, trying to keep a toll of the hate balance. When it was only a few names, then that would be a good week. On a bad week the list would get kind of long. As it is for lots of kids slightly different. I hated the kids in my school and hated being in such an environment in general.

My brother hadn't always been so interested in me. From the age of 15 he spent every evening after school at the village's main square. He'd get picked up from school by a 33-year-old pumped guy who suffocated every room with the smell of cologne. I would try and steal a ride with them to lessen my sense of exclusion. But they decided I was a liability, to be avoided in any public space. So from then on I'd go to the only Internet café across the square. I'd eat cheese and play first person shooter games, waiting until they finished smoking their blunts.

At the time, my father worked the night shift at the local factory, meaning that I would end up going to the main square to smoke and get high. And I was very often cruising in the cruising area. I was actually spending a lot of time cruising in the cruising area. And when his first apparition occurred, I was not present. Or maybe I was. The first apparition in the bushes, where paths are winding but clearings are lit, it was a flicker of white. That is, greenish-blue, then red, glazed over in white. Behind the leaves. Leaves flickering in the wind and sunlit. Do you know of those where the act of them taking their clothes off is sobering, them putting them back on is sobering, and everything in between is factual, not to say functional.

An apparition occurred and was very tall and quite defined – white, as all aryan horror is. hung, where it mattered. Green-grey eyes and a tight butt concealed by ridiculously baggy jeans from which he would often dangle a rusted metal chain. He was a kind of post-emo kid, stuck in a nostalgic loop. He listened to Linkin Park on repeat and there was a cuteness in the way he

would squat in corner and sing “*Crawling*” in my skin...” at the top of his lungs, while smoking his stepfather’s herbal cigarettes. His face would go red; his body would shudder; he looked like he was about to take a giant shit – and that made me hard.

Appearing first only partially, white flickers between bushes and leaves. This was because I first had to get closer – and closer I got, but slowly. straying in two and a half directions, just one dominant, which was forward.

He was afraid for reasons I could not quite understand. On his twenty-first birthday, he hung himself from the single lamp post of the village’s main square. His pallid skin was sunburnt when we found him. He looked like pink chicken on the bone, his skinny feet dangling above the chair he’d used to winch himself upwards. The only rationale I had was an Imessage from the night before: „I’m recasting the play as a purely interior tragedy.“

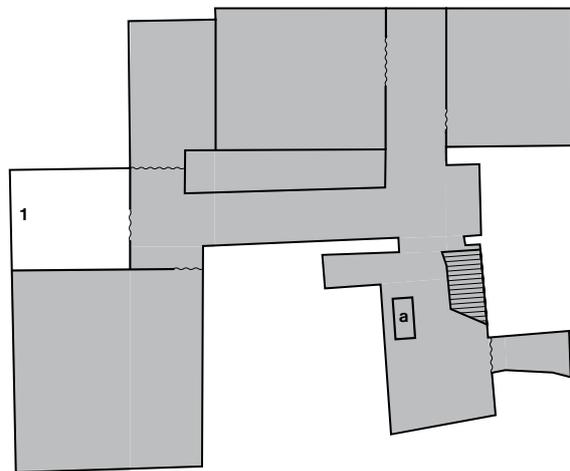
A fire, even when domesticated, is still a fire, that is: all-consuming. and to consume this by yourself is quite really happening, but quite really lonesome, also. there is always a danger that what the consummation leaves upon/within you is only for you and no one else.

I look through my notes, they say: The only part that seems logical to me is the one just standing here, having a cry. But good luck justifying this position.

Mohamed Almusibli

Yannic Joray

Yannic Joray *1986 (CH)



1. *The Red Planet 2021*
plâtre, bois, lumière LED

a. accueil, 3e étage

Dioramas are a dated and problematic convention of display, usually depicting a battlefield, a fortification or a troop deployment, a miniature for a *bis-story* of violence. This one, at first sight, is no different.

In the foreground there are colonial troops under the command of the last radical believer in British imperialism, Francis Younghusband. Born in 1863 in British-occupied India, he was raised in an orthodox evangelical household and became a decorated officer. A militarist and adventurer, he mapped the last swathe of “forbidding land”—the Taklamakan desert and the Karakoram mountains—, led the disparate British invasion of Tibet in 1903 and subjugated Lhasa in 1904. An unpopular offensive in its own time, this colonial expansion and its territorial gains were welcomed only by the Empire’s elite and King Edward VII. Elected President of the Royal Geographic Society, Younghusband obsessed over the Himalayas and wished to conquer Mt. Everest for the glory of Britain. All the while, he developed truly eccentric spiritual convictions. The story goes that he received a little bronze image of Buddha during the occupation of Lhasa and stored it in his saddle bag. On a nearby hill, he had epiphany about his former misdeeds, then dedicated his life to a soothing orientalist mysticism. Soon after mowing down hundreds of defenseless Tibetans, he swiftly renounced his senseless act of violence and became a syncretic absorber of eastern thought, and in his later years, receptive to unworldly all-unifying celestial powers. These are laid bare in a book with a lengthy but telling title: *Life in the Stars: An Exposition of the View that on some Planets of some Stars exist Beings higher than Ourselves, and on one a World-Leader; the Supreme Embodiment of the Eternal Spirit which animates the Whole* (1927). In *Life in the Stars*, and later, in *The Living Universe* (1933), he speculates about the dawn of life that must have happened before the existence of our planet and therefore only infused it subsequently, very much what proponents of Panspermia propose. But in the development of the “primordial germ” he sees an “intelligent guidance” at work. He called this guidance the “Cosmic Spirit.” This supreme being is not on earth, already occupied by Britain, but out there, on one of those planets. And from this planet, namely Altair, another centralist authority—more powerful than the Empire—emanates intelligible order in the whole universe.

The background of the diorama, that looks a bit like an orientalist version of Younghusband’s Lhasa, is a reproduction of a Martian landscape vision by “Hélène Smith.” Born Catherine-Elise Müller in 1861 in Martigny, she was a Swiss medium that envisioned faraway places. She was in the care of Genevan psychologist Théodore Flournoy who compiled and pathologized her visions of India and the Red Planet in *Des Indes à la Planete Mars* (1900). Smith drew pictures of Martians (e.g. Astané), their dwellings, Martian vegetation and landscapes, and—most famously—transcribed the Martian language, thereby presaging the method of Surrealist automatic writing. The drawings are said to be made by a similar “héli-somnambule” mind set: “the pencil slid so quickly that I had no time to notice what patterns were forming. I can say without any exaggeration that it was not my hand alone which executed this drawing, but an invisible force which directed the pencil in spite of myself,” Smith wrote to Flournoy. Flournoy rather dully

explained that he could only concern himself with the author and not with the truthfulness of her creative motives, since these, in his words, did not overlap with his scientific interests. This statement is only to be understood in the context that he had to justify himself for his psychological study, since the study of psychic mediumship itself—be it for psychological reasons only—was considered suspicious. Moreover, he came to the conclusion that she can only tell us something about her own state of mind, that these visions only resemble what is here on earth more than anything else, albeit with an orientalist bent. That she was “amused in spreading this superficial veneer of exoticism over the images of the new world.”

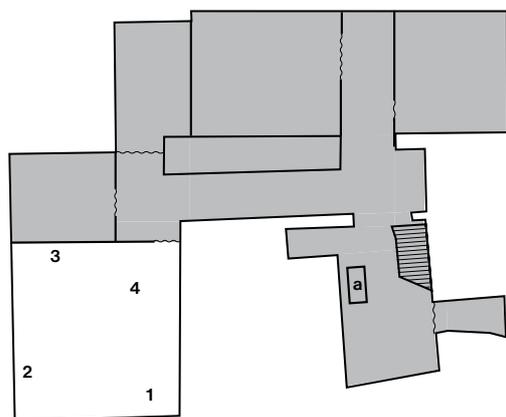
Smith and Youngusband were contemporaries at the turn of the last century. With time passing, their beliefs and motifs are becoming more alien, and yet their conventions hang over us, like an inescapable canopy.

Maria Guta & Lauren Huret

“The solution to the problem of identity is, get lost.” Jill Johnston

Maria Guta *1983 (RO)
Lauren Huret *1984 (FR)

mariaguta.com
laurenhuret.com



1. *She Makes A Very Beautiful Corpse*, Sir, 2022
video installation
(costumes: courtesy of Samantha François/RTS)
2. *Heads for Business and Bodies for Sin*, 2022
video installation
(camera: Carnation Studio, video editing: Carnation Studio /
Maria Guta & Lauren Huret, hair and makeup: Noelia de Jesus,
sound design: FlexFab / Maria Guta & Lauren Huret)
3. *Mad at Dad*, work in progress
video installation
(photo editing: Tudor Guta, sound design: FlexFab / Maria
Guta & Lauren Huret)
4. *Dead but Finally Famous*, 2022
photo installation,
(with: Giona Mottura, photo editing: Tudor Guta)
- a. reception desk, 3rd floor

Thanks to: CAN Neuchâtel, our parents, Pablo Fernandez, Hunter Longe, Clark Elliot, Benjamin Elliott, Félicien Goguey, Laurence Wagner, Raya al Souliman, Horatiu Sovaiala, Noelia de Jesus, Tudor Guta, Franz Hausamann, David Bonavita, Iulia Popescu, Héléne Gagliardi, Sacha Béraud, Giona Mottura, Veronique Evard, Idyne Fernandez, Sonia Garcès, Raphaël Lambelet, JD, Sylvie Linder, Liza Trottet, Martin Jakob, Nicolas Raufaste, Sebastian Verdon, Smallville, Samantha François/RTS, Sharon Stone, Mélanie Griffith, Sigourney Weaver, Mona Awad, Winona Ryder, and many more.

With the support of FCAC - Geneva

They were born in the 1980s. They grew up in the East and the West, feeding on images, artists and movies. They really needed them to escape, dream, invent themselves and work on who they would become. They listened to Pink Floyd, Massive Attack and the Spice Girls. They drank Coke, learned English and made a lot of phone calls. They visited film studios or bought black market VHS tapes. They wanted to believe in movies. They circumvented censorship. They lived through the AIDS epidemic without really understanding it. They saw young and beautiful people get sick and die. They collected magazines and posters. They witnessed the fall of the Wall and a dictatorship. They admired Naomi Campbell, the Little Mermaid, Kate Moss and Eva Herzigova, and also Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, Malcom X and Martin Luther King. They put up pictures on their bedroom walls. They saw women in the '90s wear stiletto heels and lace. They heard adults tell them they had to suffer to be beautiful. What they wanted was to cut class, make out and burn their own mix-tape CDs. They learned advertising slogans. They grew up in heterosexual families. They tried on lifestyles. They were punk skateboarders and hippie-grunge girly-girls. They wanted to wear nail polish and have revolutionary ideas. They went to demonstrations. They downloaded movies. They liked Keanu Reeves, Johnny Depp and Basic Instinct. They danced at raves and to dance music. They sang, “I like to move it move it” and “My love has got no money but he’s got the Stromboli.” They got the subtext and learned the words. They moved out. They started all over again. They often reinvented everything. They watched a lot of TV. They were fans. They watched their mothers cook, iron, clean and go to work. They knew how to adapt. They collected phone cards and perfume boxes. They connected using very noisy dial-up modems. They spent whole days chatting online. They often invented usernames. Their email addresses were at Hotmail, AOL and Caramail. They had cellphones. They rehearsed their identities in pop culture. They studied. They had their periods. They learned to insert tampons and take birth control pills. They still watched movies. They didn’t always say yes. They rented DVDs. They loved female leads. They experienced sexism. They wanted to become strong, liberated women. They learned to say no. They read, talked, deconstructed and theorized. And sometimes they didn’t want to be women anymore. They never stopped creating, getting free, falling on their faces. They were different every day. They watched and were watched. They learned to defend themselves. They got their driver’s license. They traveled. They felt that their imagination was being colonized. They felt like dressing up. They changed haircuts. They were fascinated by Sharon Stone, Winona Ryder and Grace Jones.

They like the female gaze in movies. They want to become the subjects of their own lives. They want to have a head for business and a body for sin. They wondered how images had taken them over. They kept sending emails. They opened a Facebook account and chose a profile photo. They learned to like, poke and friend, and to use Facebook events. They learned to speak in hashtags. They sent texts on Messenger and did a lot of Google-searches. They visited Silicon Valley. They believe in friendship and sisterhood. They checked their horoscopes. They are fascinated by Hollywood and the Kardashians. They fall in love. They have stable relationships. They shared

household tasks. They stalk 'n' scroll. They wanted to be free like Thelma and Louise and invincible like Sarah Connor in Terminator. They wanted to decapitate patriarchy and stab domination in the heart. They wanted to seduce. They had an office. They got hefty, white MacBooks. They sent messages on WhatsApp, Telegram and Signal. They understood that the medium was the message and also the massage. They take a lot of pictures with their phones. They answer with gifs and emojis. They take selfies. They tag friends and have opened Instagram accounts. They share photos and Stories. They have felt like they were possessed. They do exhibitions. They reenact fantasies. They really wanted to laugh. They are beautiful and hideous. They vomited up their cultural memory. They created all sorts of files -- doc, tif, jpeg, mp4 and multitudinous pdfs. They stored their movies on hard drives. They lost USB sticks and saved their work on Dropbox. They became vampires, sucking up the images that drank their childhood blood. They wanted to conceive artworks rather than babies. They had jobs. They became managers, directors and department heads. They sang their hearts out and lip-synced. They worshipped images as if they were sacred. They were teachers. They were afraid of getting old. They wanted to capture our bodies and our gaze. They wanted to become eternal. They considered that ridiculous.

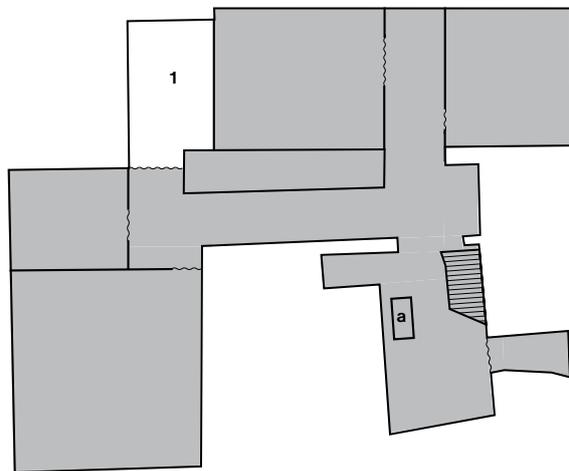
They keep moving. They identify and shed their identifications. They find that death becomes us. They are box-office Gorgons. They are fictional. They twist their necks, disfigure themselves and burn their bellies if they want. They play and gloat. They are Mina & Lucy, Nicky & Vicky, Maria & Lauren and so many others yet to come.

Laurence Wagner
Traduction : Leo Stephen Torgoff

Jorge Raka

Jorge Raka (PE)

jorgeraka.ch



*Kinetic energy,
Small body at high speed,
The wheel is just part of the system.
But what is the point of being part of the system if there are no good paths to follow?
All roads lead me to the abyss of the capitalist market.
Where are the roads that my ancestors built?*

*Sumerian chariots,
Roman roads,
Inca roads,
Los Angeles California freeways.
Show me my sense of place.*

Progress is coming.

*Wheel in the butt opens the track,
Wheel in the ass, lead the way, vanguard, rearguard, vanguard, rearguard.*

Progress is coming.

*Transatlantic
Transcontinental
Transprovincial
Transnational
Transgenetic!*

*The paths of life are not as I thought, as I imagined them, they are not as I thought.
The paths of life are very difficult to travel, difficult to navigate, and I can't find the way out.*

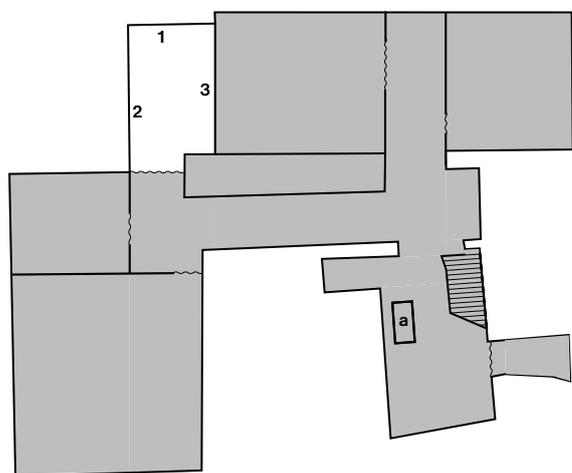
1. Raka'n'Roll

a. accueil, 3e étage

Mathis Gasser

Mathis Gasser *1984 (CH)

mathisgasser.com



1. *Arrival (Siberia)*, 2022
Oil on canvas.
 2. *Ship (Invasion)*, 2022
Oil on canvas.
 3. *Domo*, 2022
Oil on canvas.
- a. reception desk, 3rd floor

Mathis Gasser's room at CAN features three paintings of interstellar spaceships. The series forms part of a continued exploration by the artist on the intersection between science fiction and institutional structures.

The theme of the hovering spacecraft has long been a familiar archetype of the science fiction genre. Viewed from afar, floating megastructures loom over the terrestrial realm, provoking at once awe and fear from the spectator below. The fascination for such imagery lies perhaps in the idea of a ship serving as the vehicle for an entire civilization and culture, harnessing simultaneously the potential for the advancement or destruction of earthly life.

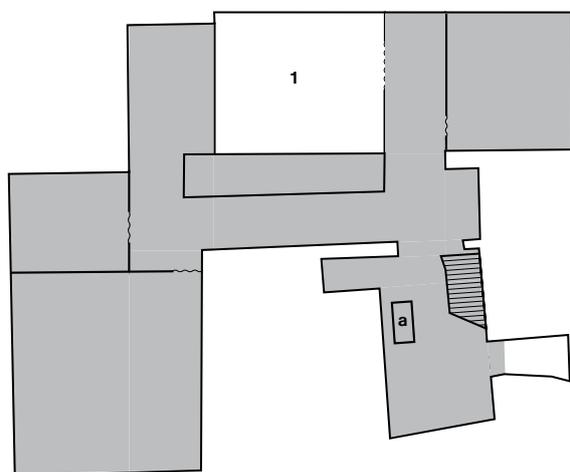
In the last decade, Hollywood productions have moved away from the conventional "saucer" spaceship to espouse geometric and organic-like forms. Gasser's selected ships are evocative of other types of imagery, ranging from modernist abstraction, surrealism, land art, scientific illustration, and even ancient monoliths. Past and futuristic references collide within these megastructures whose purpose remains unknown to the external viewer. On the one hand, the interstellar vessel always possesses a utopian character in its ability to encapsulate an entire civilization within a unitary and enclosed structure. The hovering ship offers the hope for technological prowess as well as new forms of social organization. On the other hand, the spacecraft's hidden interior equally conceals its inhabitant's intentions and possible destructive capabilities. In Science Fiction, the ship's appearance in the sky is always a moment of heightened indeterminacy, tilting between visions of prophetic salvation and annihilation. More recent iterations of the alien spacecraft in contemporary media have served as powerful metaphors for current economic, environmental, and technological catastrophes. These megastructures provide a form for the abstract and volatile forces that govern current society.

The alien ship's simultaneous evocation of fear and hope parallels the questions surrounding our current institutions, their governing bodies, and their roles. The museum shares not only visual but conceptual similarities with the Scifi vessel in its purpose of encapsulating culture and its artifacts of civilization.

Samuel Luterbacher

mountaincutters

mountaincutters (FR)



1. *ctrl c reparation*, 2022
recycling plastic tarp, kapok, glass, wood, copper, paper,
clay, ceramic, agar-agar, digitized video 16mm, various
images, various objects.

a. reception desk, 3rd floor

A breath. Footprints. Footsteps. Far away, then near. Then moving away again. Inhale. Exhale. The breath of life. From burning fire to breaking glass. Fragile. Feverish. To perpetrate. To protect. Resist. To stretch matter to infinity.

1_ 2_ 3_ 4 _ hold your breath

From the concealed to the revealed. Emerging in our hands. Crutches over tarps over feet. Bodies buried, unburied. Emerging from the earth or taking root. Paleolithic Venuses. Prehistoric hips. Timeless fertility, huddled, curled, covered. Fragmented bodies. To be restored or embalmed. Caring for the caves. Between embedded and excavated.

b r e a t h e _ out

A textbook case of archaeology in broad daylight. Here a construction site, there a dig. Archeology of metamorphosis. Handling the origins. Layer after layer. Repeat. Yes. A desire to unveil the mystery. Dig up the clay. Humus ex machina. Tooled strata. Shuffle the dust, reshuffle the cards. Fortuitous terrain. A loud crack. Between the instant and eternity. Awaken a sleeping world. Protect a world asleep.

ctrl c _

Superposition. Right on the horizon. Active, stalled interdependence. Steer. Isolate. A planisphere of somnolent energies. Copper. Glass. A hybrid network. To contain the tension. To scatter our attention. The community, Kléo and the rest. Rhizome.

ctrl _

mountaincutters. A fiction or a language. A sign language. An unfolded perspective — that of transitory world. Illogical myths. Mineral, energizing, spiritual potentialities. Inscribed on sacred soil. The motherboard. Layers of knowledges and beliefs. Kinships, lineages. Who understands what. Eternity in full transformation. Indeterminate. Done here.

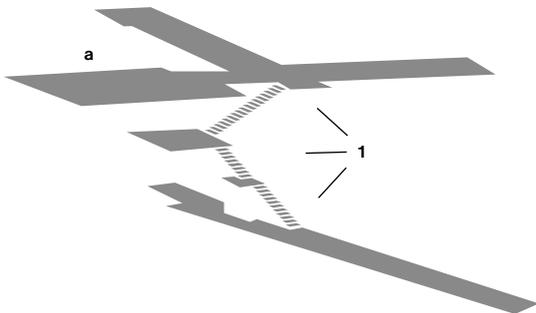
Claire Contamine
Traduction par Leo Stephen Torgoff

Barbezat-Villetard

Matthieu Barbezat *1981 (CH)
Camille Villetard *1987 (FR)

barbezat-villetard.com

To take over the passageways and corridors of Parallels, the CAN team called on the Barbezat-Villetard duo. Their intervention, *L'Humeur*, is conceived as a counterweight to the rest of the exhibition. It begins at the entrance door and extends along the stairs, the corridors and into the reception area. It combines itself with the characteristics of the building, responds to the architecture, blurring its own boundaries. It functions as a climate airlock where light, air pressure and humidity become integral components of the work and are influenced by the public's visits. Visible throughout the year 2022, it envelops the entire exhibition in a fleeting sensory veil.



1. *l'Humeur*, 2022
L.E.D. lights, misting system, ventilator (Orion), motion sensor, Arduino® and computer
- a. accueil, 3e étage

LONESOME NAVIGATOR

Here I am. As a hundred times before. And yet, there is something weird. Is it the reddish tint? The dark glowing texture of the tubular ceiling? Or the smell? That's it. Diffuse. It carries the pungency of greasy scents rising from the depths. It is sickeningly sweet like the almost visible perfumed trail of an earlier passenger, which must have permeated the porous walls and stagnated in this cramped corridor.

Other presences reveal themselves slowly. I anticipate the steps coming behind, like wingbeats of low flying swallows, I see the rosy halo of the one ahead on the seat. I feel them like the gentle flow of a tropical breeze. As I move on, my slight mood-altering headache intensifies. Low pressure. Would the atmospheric agents play against me today? Saturated air. I inhale. A slight nausea surprises me. I spit out. The floor is slippery. Is it raining outside? A few beads trickle on my forehead. It sticks to my skin, the smell, the sensation, like a gluey mist that would infiltrates through my orifices to then spread and grow through my cells.

I lose my bearings. As if to better let myself be carried away by this score already started, that I constantly, unwillingly replay. It seems that all the existing visuals and sensory patterns are continuously reshuffled, my surroundings reframed. I extrapolate and let myself be transported by this soft manipulation. My diaphragm tightens. My pulse accelerates. *Allegro*. I rise.

SILHOUETTE

1565, Florence. Was Vasari really thinking of protecting the fragile nasal cavities of the Dukes and Duchesses from the foul, meaty miasma coming from the Ponte Vecchio when he conceived his corridor? Elevated, it boldly allowed the members of the Medici family to rise to the upper level while passing unnoticed from one Palace to another. A shortcut, a privileged path, a secret way, in and out. A corridor. In this element of domestic architecture one walks through, one rushes, from A to B; one does not stay still in a *corridor*. No wonder that it carries the name of "the one who runs".

2022, Neuchâtel. The alley I'm facing now is 14m long. How long would it take me to cover this distance with 86 pulsations per minute? How many steps would I need to catch up with this silhouette, that I vaguely distinguish at the other end of the hallway? I can hardly identify it as a human figure but I hear a breath, slightly panting, mingling with the dripping of the pipes and my own cadence, as if to form a common acoustic matter. *Andante*. The figure moves forward with allure, a swiftness without hesitation, as it seems to slip through the obstacles in its way. It is about to climb. I can't see its face but it guides me. I recall the obscure walkers in Alan Clarke's *Elephant* (1989), plunging the observer in a sort of never ending opening credits. I follow the oracle.

The roaming silhouette acts as a vector of speculated futures, of the darkest fantasies, of myriad conjectures. The gallery, vehicle for romanticized ventures and dreadful scenarios, is a place for expectations and reveals the attractive irrational and even delirious promises of our imagination. What's happening at the end of the way? On the next level? On the other side of the gate?

SIDEREAL PRESENCE

Rue des Moulins 37. I remember an oculus that I had spotted before. It seemed to observe me as much as I observed it. As I glimpsed through and gazed into the exhibition space my vision was obstructed for a short moment by the dazzling icy sun rays. Thus, the narrow entry looked like a darkly lit underground path. I could barely determine the hue. "On en reste bleu, on voit rouge, on est vert", they said.

I stepped in. The entrance hall opened on the vast distribution space of the CAN formed by a large communication routes network acting like the telescopic arms of the architecture. Reaching out, drawing in, connecting different realities, levels and states. They invited me to stay.

So I sat there, and the corridor became a hospitality area that allowed me to rest, in expectancy. Reflecting on the endless combinations of the waiting room's amberlike modular structure, I realized that this corridic display was slowly shifting into a free-floating location that possessed a somewhat destabilizing, transitory quality. A vessel being nothing but a long maze-like airlock made of lanes and lobbies, gates and thresholds; it nevertheless had its own rules, an identity, and a weightlessness to be shared with its still-undetected inhabitants.

Resting, waiting, cogitating. *Lento*. A haze thickened, becoming a bluish veil of auroral obscurity. I sat unaware that the changeover had already started. Recall Dr. Clair in J. G. Ballard's *Crystal World* (1966) so mesmerized by the sinister beauty of the invasive quartzes that she surrenders physically to their spread. Like her, I lingered with pleasure in an addictive liminal state of semi-consciousness. I had not realized as I entered the sas, where referential and parallel universes meet, that I would be walking into a transition phase. The twitching of the neon lights woke me from my torpor and I saw it, the vibrating punctum, staring at me and gently pulling me out.

Marie Dupasquier