

Artists : Ethan Assouline, Angélique Aubrit et Ludovic Beillard,
Anne Bourse, Corentin Canesson, Rémy Drouard, Nitsa
Meletopoulos, Anouchka Oler Nussbaum, Peggy Pehl

Curated by : Tom Castinel et Marie L'Hours

Exhibition title : Infortune cookies

Venue : 19 CRAC, Montbéliard

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Photography : Ludovic Beillard , A. Pichon

Press release :

Hard blow to the writing when the input cursor blinks, drags and gathers dust for an hour at the top of this white page of woe. Uniformity of titanium white underlined a la Ethan.

Hard blow to the writing as I say Infortune Cookies over and over.

Hard blow for the writing that after my third coffee pushes me to write the anecdote I'm going to tell you.

It takes a beginning, a door to push, that of an all-you-can-eat restaurant, thirteen euros fifty. Imitation marble floor, red and pink lanterns, heart shapes appearing in the golden light, Anne's inevitable cat purring on a pencilled counter, neon lights in the same colors turning blue, a fountain glittering with rhinestones, a hubbub in the smell of fried food, a sympathetic welcome, a formula that goes without saying that no wastage is allowed, a multitude of dishes under the heaters, egg rolls, gyozas, shrimp fritters, samosas, apple sausages, lemon and morel brochettes, rice and noodles, shapeless shapes, pastel-colored ceramics in the heap of dishes, Nitsa's receptacles, a coconut dessert, a vanilla ball and a coffee accompanied by its inescapable fortune cookie, that I was going to eat for the first

time in my life.

After removing it from its plastic wrapping printed with unknown symbols, I had between my index finger and my thumb a kind of dry ravioli held, a light film of sugar made its shell shiny. It fits perfectly in the hollow of my spoon which goes down delicately in the coffee, this one soaks it in a second. Its pale complexion turns brown and in a flash, it ends up on my tongue, joined by a swig of arabica, the latter dissolves the cookie which releases a strange body that I swallow without respite.

I am told that I have just ingested my future, my premonition written on a piece of glossy paper.

It is terrible to know that I was close to knowing what the future holds for me, it is terrible not to learn what the oracle has to tell me, it is terrible that my digestive juices at this moment are dissolving the answer to this question: will I become rich? I am not one of those who lose hope, lament their fate, I know how to make quick and effective decisions, it's only been thirteen minutes since my fate was swallowed. As Anouchka's theory says: the asshole is a way to explore the body. You look for stuff in it, you put stuff in it, you take stuff out of it. It is connected to the mouth by the digestive tract. My mouth and my ass. The anus evacuates the residues of digestion, the transformed matter (...).

The laxative is thus the first thing that comes to my mind, knowing that a box of Colon Pure costs fourteen euros ninety, that my all-you-can-eat buffet with coffee is fifteen euros for a total of twenty-nine euros ninety, that is expensive for my small artist's purse, without speaking about the horrible moment to spend, this idea, I cross it from my thoughts.

It is necessary to know to rebound, to be sharp, time is counted to me, spark, light, good idea, it is beside a house, in a court of beaten earth, the left hand leaned on the big plane tree beside the range cart that I decide to make me vomit by introducing, the two fingers of my right hand out of wooden, at the bottom of my mouth in order to tickle my

glottis.

Sacrificing a meal for the truth, spasms and burps, I disgorged everything.

Red eyes full of tears, shivers down my spine, Angelique and Ludovic, sylvan characters with dreamlike faces, like druids, wizards who read in the tea cups, the coffee grounds. It was crouched over my well-chewed puddle, between the vermicelli, the Cantonese rice, the peas and the grated carrots that I saw my pearl, my piece of paper. It was there, intact, exhumed from the entrails of man. I take it with my fingertips, wipe it gently with a crumpled handkerchief from the bottom of my pockets. I move away from my All-over, my Corentin, so that the pigeons flatter the trap door of my waste. I decide to read my future accompanied by a diabolo grenadine on the sheet squared of Peggy, nice man the hand on the stomach, entwined of small colour red bubbles jumbled. After a sugary sip, I open my hand preciously revealing the small blotter where it is written in black letters, of mediocre impression with a basic font, a maxim in bold italic which teaches me that: All that is entered can leave.

Infortune Cookies you are far from my dream of wealth. Fortune Cookies I am disappointed in what you predicted. Fortune Cookies you did not lie to me.

Rémy Drouard, 2022