

PRICE

*A familiar hole*

*“A queer topology makes traces toward the unspeakable” in “A Holey Curiosity” (Baedan, Journal of Queer Time Travel, 2015)*

*Very recently at Capc musée d’art contemporain de Bordeaux (where I work), PRICE was invited to present an iteration of his performance work “I Try My Tongue (Sequence)”. In the great nave, he used around 200 chairs attributed to architect Roger Mallet-Stevens (who would have designed them in the early 1930s) which were edited 40 years later by interior designer Andrée Putman through the Ecart agency she founded in 1978. The heavy steel chairs were scattered across the space, some stacked, other tilted. Most importantly, they were not oriented towards one specific viewpoint. The absence of a unique perspective laid the ground for the performance to roam through the chairs and manifest in various spots and angles. One could say the performance refused to set the stage.*

*“A familiar hole”, another version of PRICE’s exhibition of the same name which took place at Blue Velvet in Zurich back in 2022, equally relies on multiple refusals. Here, chairs are also stacked up. One tower standing up, the other on the ground. A rebellious one is trying to escape the fall. In a corner, white plastic tables are also piling up, a tablecloth stuck between the second and third table. Unable to fulfil their function, they cannot host: looks like the garden party is over. Some glassware (made out of a composite of cutlery, glasses and plates) has been left out. Bended and holes-riddled, they couldn’t serve any function either, and so a whole dramaturgy slowly unravels: the crime scene of design by sculpture.*

*On the walls, facing each other’s, four glass works looking like black portals deny the transparency usually associated with the material they are made from. They hide scent diffusers, which fill the room with a rose-fragrance (devised by PRICE and often summoned in his performances). At once architectural features, props for a performance yet-to-come and portraits of black holes, they are the counterpoints to the artist’s mouth (who blows air in glass sculptures / containers to diffuse his fragrance in the form of perfumed-talc). The familiar hole we’re invited in is raw indeed, no lube is provided, but pleasure often comes when you’re less expecting it, when things aren’t ready. When neither the table nor the stage are set.*

Cédric Fauq