

For a while pornography might have been considered, theorised and experienced as revolutionary, but now, diluted by commodification, it has to be faced not as sensual immersion but as senseless indetermination. Pornography is the world around us: the pounding of mindnumbing images masquerading as fun and the endless urging to join the consumer festivities. So when Sturtevant reworks an entire advertising video in the form of deftly composed wallpaper, it's a killer.

During more than twenty years, Sturtevant has lived and worked in Paris, she passed away in 2014. Her first exhibition at Air de Paris took place in 1998 and was entitled "*Ça va aller*", the second "*Blow Job*" was in 2009. She is one of the most influential artists of the twentieth century. She was awarded The Golden Lion award for Lifetime Achievement at the Venice Biennale in 2011.

She has had numerous retrospective exhibitions including recently "*STURTEVANT STURTEVANT*" at Madre, Naples, "*Double Trouble*" at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, "*Sturtevant: Double Trouble*", Museum of Modern Art, New York. "*The House of Horrors (The Ghost Train)*" is part of the collection of Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris.

A Sturtevant exhibition is always an event. An event that renegotiates the issue of representation, and sets it in motion. It opens up a double-bottomed space: inside there's the double of language, the artwork and its replica.

But what interests her more in this digital age is the way values, and the hierarchies of reality and its representations, have been turned upside down. "My pieces," says Sturtevant "reflect our cyberworld of excess, of fetters, transgression and dissipation. In the past the higher power was that of knowledge, intelligence, and truth. Nowadays the higher power is hatred and killing, while the mask of truth covers the dangerous power of lies."

Sturtevant's late work takes a frontal look at this all-embracing violence, and the fascination exerted by these shimmering realities. She foreshadowed this turn in art, its transformation into a segment of culture, swept up in its entirety by the mindless, dazzling ambience of simulacra: no longer a locus of creation, but a mere tape recording, an encoding and decoding, a tape magnetised by signs. She anticipated the advent of Warhol's reproductive machine, the giddy intoxication with these serial signs, beyond falsification and sublimation, immanent in their own repetition: the cool world of the digital, which absorbs the real but cannot repress it.

— Stéphanie Moisdon Excerpt from *Sturtevant Sturtevant*, 2015

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