

#9 THE REVENANTS is the ninth issue of a series of publications issued by Wilfried Lentz Rotterdam. Published as an accompaniment to the exhibition *The Revenants* at Wilfried Lentz Rotterdam (April 11 - June 21, 2015). This artist publication is signed and numbered in an edition of 250 by Moyra Davey.

ALL IMAGES
Digital C-prints, tape, postage, ink. 28 x 43 cm

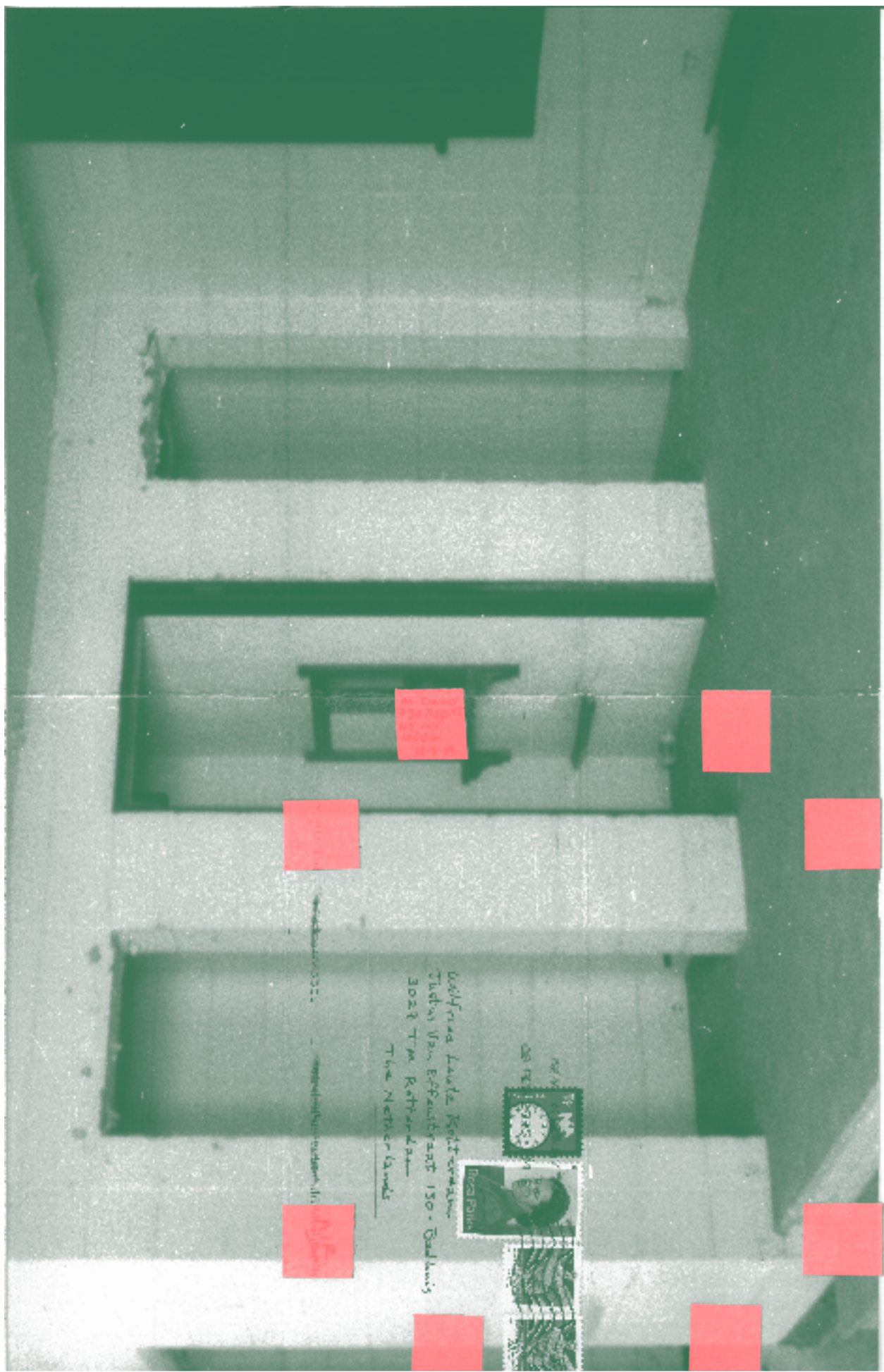
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THANKS TO
Alison, Amanda, Hannah, Jason, Julia, Julie, Sanne & Wilfried

DISTRIBUTION
Motto, Berlin
pro QM, Berlin

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The rain softened and soon enough sometimes letters are even added. In Quebec, it's the opposite: words get gobbled, final syllables dropped. Quebecois writer Yvon Rivard described his sedition pleasure in scribbling his granddaughter to death on a marble staircase. I climbed the marble staircase, a house containing a collection of my favourite types of museums: key, the cash register closed. I walked in darkness through the rain-soaked dark, recording intense bird sounds, filming some statues by bumping the ASA up to 3200, but also thinking to myself that these hand-drawn, shaky scenes will get dumped as well. In the shadows I could make out an Egyptian pyramid and other windows overlooking the park. I began to film these views, with occasional fat droplets of rain presenting in the foreground. Eventually I bought the postcards, before my afternoon flight back to New York.

I circled the rooms, hitting the numbers on the guide, drifting. I took pictures of small, terracotta horses in a desultory way knowing I would probably trash most of the files. In the midst of all the mourning, self-searching and protest going on around me in Paris, finally sitting 'de suis fière de ma langue, je suis fière de ma patrie' ('I am proud of my language, proud of my homeland'), minutes before closing. I felt myself enervated and exhausted—I was having my small Stendhal delirium at the Cernuschi. I intended to buy postcards in the lobby—I wanted a

I thought of the 'Black & White Paris' of 1976—I call it that because I remember it drab and cold. I arrived in Paris the morning after the *Charlie Hebdo* shooting. The media gorged, and soon I began to read the stories in the *Herald Tribune* and French papers, and eventually in the *New York Times* about the French-Maghrebi communities relegated to ring cities close to lateos and finally understood that it's not so difficult to do this, to sit down, choose from the menu and end up with something edible and fortifying.

It rained on and off, sometimes heavily. I traversed the long church, and when I exited at the long end, the rain had slowed. My body was steadied by the food. I had a trajectory, a destination.

In 1976 Genet was working on a screenplay inspired by his lover, Mohammed El Katrani, about a young Moroccan immigrant who comes to Paris and mistakenly rides a first-class train with a third class ticket. I took a shower and managed to get myself out the door without the usual evaporation of at least two hours of theater, he wanders about Paris, deciding to return home to Morocco at the end of the day, famously profane and anti-French, pro-Palestinian, a favourite infamous personages from contemporary life, in one of his cell wall collages? The acuity of Genet's intelligence was matched only by the intensity of his perversity and his willingness to confound.

I stop at a newsstand to buy a paper, the vendor says 'merçi' and adds a hiss at the end so that it sounds like 'merçiss'. The French love their language and they draw it out to maximum effect. Every letter of every word is pronounced; silent consonants at the end of words come to life when spoken alongside brasseries etc. and wonder at the I used to peer into the windows of the city streets with the paper maps its practical and also gratifying.

secret 'nudes board', posted in his cell. I affixed photos culled from magazines and newspapers with chewed-up secret montage on the back of the 'nudes board', before. This recommended by my friend Patricia nats and police. I can't help but wonder: had he been alive, and maybe still in prison, what would Genet passionately about its collection of ancient Chinese bronzes, and since how would he have parsed the *Charlie Hebdo* killings? Would the brothers have been pictured, among Genet's favourite infamous personages from contemporary life, in one of his cell wall collages? The acuity of Genet's intelligence was matched only by the intensity of his perversity and his willingness to confound.

It had crossed my mind to find a 'nudes board' and make my own version of Genet's faltsmanic collage. I had crossed my mind to find a secret montage on the back of the 'nudes board', before. This recommended by my friend Patricia nats and police. I can't help but wonder: had he been alive, and maybe still in prison, what would Genet passionately about its collection of ancient Chinese bronzes, and since how would he have parsed the *Charlie Hebdo* killings? Would the brothers have been pictured, among Genet's favourite infamous personages from contemporary life, in one of his cell wall collages? The acuity of Genet's intelligence was matched only by the intensity of his perversity and his willingness to confound.

I decided to make the Cernuschi my destination. I'd been craving 'Stendhal syndrome' how would he have parsed the *Charlie Hebdo* killings? Would the brothers have been pictured, among Genet's favourite infamous personages from contemporary life, in one of his cell wall collages? The acuity of Genet's intelligence was matched only by the intensity of his perversity and his willingness to confound.

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