#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.

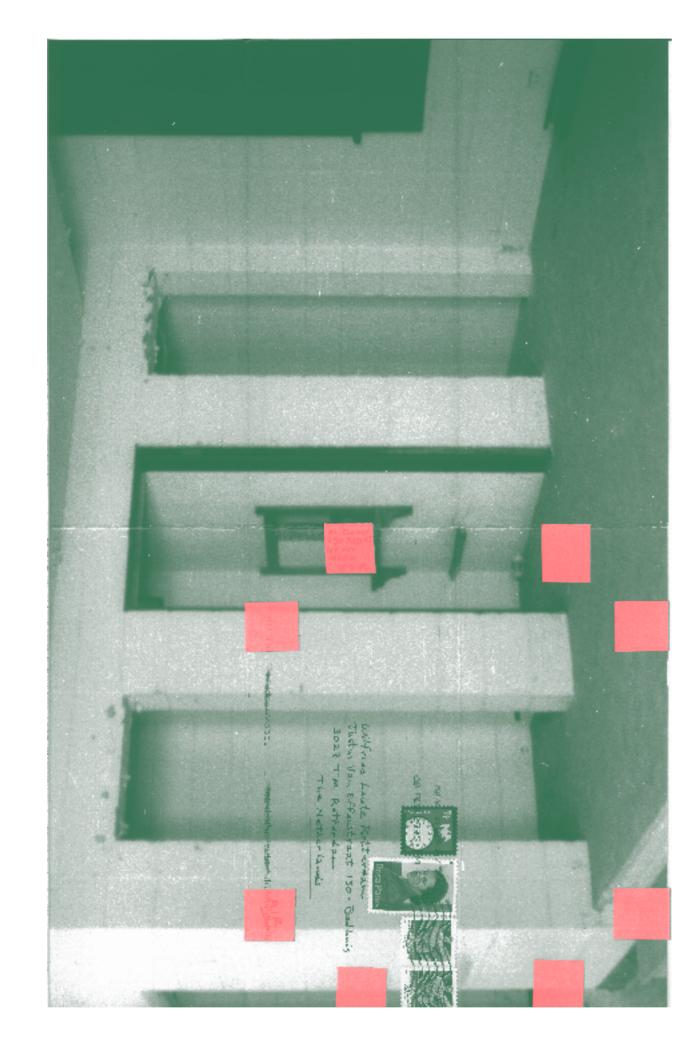
**ALL IMAGES** Digital C-prints, tape, postage, ink. 28 x 43 cm

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postcards in the lobby-I wanted a at the Cernuschi. I intended to buy muinifab fadbnat2 ffams ym pnivad sew I-betsusdand and exhausted-I was minutes before closing, I felt mydown in the large Buddha hall ten around me in Paris, finally sitting self-searching and protest going on igninanom and fis to tabim and ni probably trash most of the files. in a desultory way knowing I would pictures of small, terracotta horses bers on the guide, drifting. I took I circled the rooms, hitting the num-

over the camera mike. noon flight back to New York. placed the audio-guide headphones buy the postcards), before my afterin the foreground, Eventually I ot viiser tud) miit ot painnom txea enitnesend nier to steldorb tet lenois ruins, and decided I'd come back the gan to film these views, with occawindows overlooking the park. I beout an Egyptian pyramid and other as well. In the shadows I could make drawn to the large, rippled glass held, shaky scenes will get dumped of wandering, and immediately I was thinking to myself that these handon racks. Thus commenced two hours bumping the ASA up to 3200, but also guide, noting the postcards displayed bird sounds, filming some statues by then decided to return for the audiorain-soaked park, recording intense Cernuschi's bust is adjacent to it, I walked in darkness through the I climbed the marble staircase, a house containing a collection. key, the cash register closed. of my favourite types of museums: ready been put away under lock and and located the Cernuschi. It is one French fashion, everything had al-I found myself at the Parc Monceau

oppression, but still… orous defiance of centuries of Anglo I know this was meant to be in vigmy language, proud of my homeland!'). fière de ma patrie!' ('I am proud of sius əţ ,əupnaf am əb ənəif sius ət' to stand in formation and holler: In Catholic school in Quebec we had

was a native French speaker. exuberant linguists, none of whom since the department was made up of sont faits, but no one was the wiser was teaching undergrads Les Jeux accent in remote San Diego when I duty-bound to substitute a sanitised but I will always be a fake. I felt I can speak like the French, or try, I feel cheated of authentic French. this, but having grown up in Quebec off a lot of my friends by saying emphatically two. I know I will piss word, unlike in France where it is In Quebec 'fille' is a one-syllable contraction of 'Je suis une fille.' clare loudly: 'Cht'une fiy(e),' a teaching his granddaughter to described his seditious pleasure in Quebecois writer Yvon Rivard deget gobbled, final syllables dropped. In Quebec, it's the opposite: words

sometimes letters are even added.

a word beginning with a vowel; and come to life when spoken alongside consonants at the end of words of every word is pronounced; silent out to maximum effect. Every letter love their language and they draw it sounds like 'merçiss.' The French ti tent os bne ent te sein e ebbe paper, the vendor says 'merçi' and I stop at a newsstand to buy a

willingness to confound. intensity of his perversity and his intelligence was matched only by the wall collages? The acuity of Genet's contemporary life, in one of his cell mont segenosned suomethi etinuovet have been pictured, among Genet's Hebdo killings? Would the brothers How would he have parsed the Charlie have made of the Kouachi assailants? still in prison, what would Genet wonder: had he been alive, and maybe nals and police, I can't help but convict who eroticized brutal crimiand anti-French, pro-Palestinian, a the end of the day. Famously profane deciding to return home to Morocco at thereafter, he wanders about Paris, Humiliated on the train and alienated class train with a third class ticket. Paris and mistakenly rides a first Moroccan immigrant who comes to Mohammed El Katrani, about a young screenplay inspired by his lover, In 1976 Genet was working on a

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

.pniyjing. and end up with something edible and to sit down, choose from the menu it's not so difficult to do this, tatoes and finally understood that and most of the serving of yellow pothe whole piece of delicate white fish dered cod and 'English' tea and ate table facing the large church. I oron Place Saint Augustin and occupy a to walk the gauntlet of La Pépinière lised by pharmaceuticals, I managed too hungry to be timid, and, stabifeed myself in Paris, but today I was I never adequately found a way to choose this flashy café over another? etrate such a milieu? How did one at lunchtime. How did a person pencopiously and with great conviviality

eating habits of Parisians dining brasseries etc. and wonder at the I used to peer into the windows of

is practical and also gratifying. the city streets with the paper maps conforming the concrete reality of less source of agreeable daydreaming; Studying the blue map book is an end-- a little like a memory-puzzle game. street names depicted on the page buildings with my recollection of the match up the blue plaques affixed to trajectory in the map book, then My system is to examine the planned

.noitanitaeb I decided to make the Cernuschi my I'd been craving 'Stendhal syndrome' ancient Chinese bronzes, and since passionately about its collection of was not the first time she'd spoken Falguières the night before. This recommended by my friend Patricia of the Cernuschi museum, highly started walking west in the direction I , yngnud asw I , noitsnitsenconq evaporation of at least two hours of myself out the door without the usual I took a shower and managed to get

talgia in New York City. was no longer possible to feel nos-Gornick's claim that after 9/11, it response had echoes of Vivian targeted with such violence. Their ing something so familiarly banal was the biggest shock to them, seeadolescence. And in some ways this it was part of their childhood and me of growing up with *Charlie Hebdo*of urban Paris. French friends told far removed from the cosy nautilus looking uncannily like a pizza slice, shows one cité (La Grande Borne) vice. A photo in the New York Times -nas fian ataupabani yd basifanigaam Paris, but essentially cut off and relegated to ring cities close to the French-Maghrébin communities tually in the New York Times about Tribune and French papers, and evenblenaH add ni sainots add bean media gorged, and soon I began to the Charlie Hebdo shootings. The I arrived in Paris the morning after

.(sərīnəwī my enduring one, when he was in his affix photos of former flames (and series) as a surface on which to 'oozing wall' (from the penitentiary an idea that eventually led to the

sion of Genet's talismanic collage, 'rules board' and make my own ver It had crossed my mind to find a

the cemetery. her Montmartre garret overlooking same photos as Genet on the wall of Divine, for instance, who has the al characters of his imagination present, in his cell, to the fictionperson chronicling of Genet in the -Janif, citainaib-iaanp monf abvom tady of the Flowers, a novel that ed. We learn of this montage in Our and live out his fantasies undetectblacard under the blankets at night of stars. He could take this small coloured beads and wire in the shape semblage certain of the faces with bread, and framing within this aszines and newspapers with chewed affixing photos culled from maga-'rules board' posted in his cell, secret montage on the back of the ones. In prison he fashioned a thieves, and snapshots of his loved bns sranabrum [ulitusad to sanut sion with certain photographs, picbeen thinking a lot about his obsesentered the Larousse. Lately I've 1976 was the year Jean Genet's name

.bəfiat yədT which point they'd be mortal again. ty-four hours to fall in love, at from the dead they were given twennants in Sartre's story: returned is what was demanded of the revebody, which, now that I think of it, lose yourself, to forget about the being back in this city except to acquittal. There is no purpose in not wolfs never allow for sins and degradations? Ageing flesh, Reverse something? Atone for my recounts…But to do what exactly? along with the Hades-like tale it yellow cover I still vividly recall, UC San Diego, and whose generic students when I was a French TA at faits, a play I had to teach college love, as in Sartre's Les Jeux sont not exactly to find happiness and granted a reprieve to return, and the streets, that I am a dead person I have now when I visit and wander early '60s-and the strange feeling ourless, like a Rohmer film from the -foo bna danb ti nemember I seusosd Paris' of 1976-I call it that I thought of the 'Black & White

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The rain softened and soon enough

memento of the day-but in typical

