

To come into a room, to look for the work of art, and very quickly, to forget that there is a door, a way out somewhere.

Here we are, feet firmly on the ground, rooted to crude concrete.

A humming noise, alone confronting a horizon without perspective, we lose a sense of space-time. We try and work out where all this may lead us. Intrigued, we move closer, we slide instinctively toward the corner formed by these two barriers. Placed between the cold walls of the basic recipient structure, they appeal to our common sense. With fingertips, we trace the work. From left to right, from right to left, a ceaseless journey. The corner has taken over the rest, the room has disappeared, and the ground ceases to exist. And so we hang onto the electric wire that pierces them. It is an invitation. Luminous hollows, it is an attraction born from wanting, because in this space there is no more room.

On the other side, a neon light source. Our eye focuses behind the construction, no, in front of it. In-front and behind, inside and out, it is impossible to choose. The space between the barriers and the walls is too narrow. We are supposed to be there, but we cannot go there. And it is there that the light concentrates its energy. It is a strange sensation to feel stifled, there where our body has room to evolve, and to be attracted to where we would be confined.

The bright ray of light must be followed, but towards where? Another limit, towards the ceiling, towards the concrete. Our eye constantly comes up against this impassable barrier. A fluttering moth. We are this lost insect fighting against the impossible, believing we have found what we were looking for only to be finally broken.

Feet firmly back on the cold hard ground, the story is over. We are not a flailing moth. There is no place for the paradox. It is an art work.

Lucille hérrou, février 2006.