

MANIFESTATION MIRACLE *

POST – performance : skull à trois étages

alien 1 : Horrible, isn't it? All those poor people . . .

alien 2 : It's just too horrible. I can't look.

When Molière defended the bourgeois values of “light comedy” in 1622 against the church, the salons, and the critics – the priests, in effect, of High Art – he simply claimed that “the people” deserved their choice of the light rather than the heavy. Now, in 2019, we hardly need to duplicate so basic a strategy. Of course it is always necessary to mediate the conflicting claims of high, middle, and low culture – and particularly to demonstrate that these claims can be equally satisfied in a single work of art, or entertainment (thus paradoxically refuting Molière, who wanted completely to sever “high” from “low” art). But this is not even required at present, deluged as we are with articles and exhibitions proclaiming the virtues of **new punk and new wave = new art**.

- break ⇒ change configuration **ping pong graphic**

“Lieu du crâne” – gulgulta en araméen, et calvariae locus en latin.

“Je me peins pour me rappeler à moi-même que je suis toujours là”, déclare Warhol officiellement retourné d’entre les morts après son attentat en juin 1968: Oxidation Paintings, Shadows, Rorschach Tests, Zeitgeist Series, Skulls, Camouflages, Self-Portraits with Shadows, Self-Portraits with Skulls, Self-Portraits with Camouflages . . . etc etc usw und-so-und-so immer weiter.

“Un crâne est magnifique à peindre”, disait Cézanne qui a peint entre 1896 et 1900 - à la limite implicite brisée - **Le Jeune Homme à la Tête de Mort**, **Les Trois Crânes** ou encore **La Pyramide de Crânes**, ce qui nous permet de regarder sans être vu. Comme tous les peintres, Cézanne savait que la contemplation longuement méditée d’un crâne passant dans la représentation par l’oeil, le cerveau et la main, n’ouvre pas au mortifère mais au néant, c’est à dire à l’Être.

Obsession **e. Be. ee. b. bb. B. BB. BBBB. BeeBee. Bee Bee.** Just be. I am what I am and what I am I am.

Cultivate the appearance of spontaneity, of doing only what the moment demands. Masturbating beneath the sloped floor, talking to a dead hare, dancing with a coyote – *I like Coconut and Coconut likes me* – playing violin on an ice cube stage in the street of Genoa that was **Pre- Punk punk** @ you can read the signs, you've been on this road before.

alien 1 : Hello, excuse me, can you tell me where and who am I?

alien 2 : Don't you know the world has changed ? But you will always be the same.

From the standpoint of dressing, the **New Wave Wave New** style calls for a sophisticated appreciation of once-neglected fashion artifacts and attitudes carefully fused into a timeless present tense, may seem the peculiar product of a perversely cool and passive personality until we realize that this numb, voyeuristic view of contemporary life , in which the grave and the trivial, the fashionable and the horrifying, blandly coexist as passing spectacles, is a deadly accurate mirror of a commonplace experience in modern art and life. It finds its first full statement, in fact, a century and a half earlier in the work of Manet. Like **Warhol**, **Manet** wears the disguise of an aesthete-reporter whose camera-eye range extended from the haut-monde of famous people (from **Mallarmé** and **George Moore** to Clemenceau and Chabrier), of proto-Fauchon luxury edibles (from salmon and oysters to **brioche** and asparagus), and of pampered dogs (from poodles to terriers), all the way to contemporary events which would earlier have been interpreted as harrowing tragedies (a bullfighter killed in the ring, a barbaric execution of an Austrian emperor, a hair-raising maritime escape of a political prisoner from a penal colony, an unidentified man who has just shot himself on a bed etc etc usw und-so-und-so weiter immer weiter). The familiar complaint that Manet painted the harshest facts of **death** with the same elegant detachment, cold-blooded palette, and unfocused composition that he used for still lifes, picnics, pet animals, and society portraits is one that could be leveled at Warhol. But in both cases, it perhaps is not blame but **gratitude** that we owe these artists for compelling us to **see** just how false our conventional moral pieties are when judged against the truth of our usual shoulder-shrugging responses to what often ought to be the shattering news of the day.

⇒ press boombox wiz track *Bringing Down Their System* 00:00/ 06:19

<https://hectoroaks.bandcamp.com/album/grown-from-the-ashes>

Jean-Michel Wicker, Berlin 1.1.2019

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