



While in Krems I finished sculptures and installed an exhibition in Vienna, in a new gallery called Gianni Manhattan, for a duo show alongside Barbara Kapustra, alumni resident of Krems Air residency in Kunsthalle.

I enjoyed the relative remoteness of Krems mostly when I had to start the production of a twenty minutes sound pieces, mainly textual. The text was a dialogue between two humanoid sculptures, both in the same metamorphosis, but at different temporality of the mutation. Two bodies with a hard outer shell, containing an animated inside world of smokes and liquids transitioning from one body to the other, and ending as vapors in the space surrounding the sculpture. The sculpture therefor becomes an empty moult, containing only the voice of the two actresses, narrating their now over metamorphosis.

Alongside this project I have been working on a new set of pieces. I have been producing three vases of papier mâché and marble powder infused with essential oils. The vases follow a unique pattern with some variations, a cast of a head with closed eyes and open nostrils is at the center of the vase. Then one side of the face extends in a spiral shape and come to partially cover the face from sight. It is then finished with some spikes. The face become as a mollusk surrounding by its shell and protected by spikes. Inside is arranged a bouquet of flowers.

Living in Krems, away from my friends and habits, allowed me to think about my relationship with the act of sculpting and story telling, and to reopen questions concerning my practice and interests.

I became more aware of the binary situation I am in between a necessary time of self imposed isolation to write screenplays and story, and the necessity of collaborating with other, mainly with the precious network of friends I waved until now, and of whom I now realise I am dependant in order to fulfill my ambitions, as much for emotional support that in more practical aspects, like actresses cinematographer and narrator.

I was as well extremely happy to have the opportunity to get a glimpse of the artistic scene in Austria and Vienna, and to get to collaborate with new people and spaces.

During the last period of the residency I have been writing a new screenplay for a video, probably inspired by the proximity with the Danube and the eery qualities of the Viennese visua landscape. I will be filming this film when back in London in February.

The film will be a conversation between the different roses of a bouquet of human arms, covered by a long gloves of latex finished at the tip of the fingers by humanoid mouths surrounded by roses petals. This piece will be presented in London in relation with the vases. As part of a group exhibiton with artists Lucia Quevedo and Justin Fitzpatrick.





A

B

didascalies

BOTH

A is putrefying, liquifying, she is scared. She is transitioning

B is made of ashes and vapour. She is the result of the transformation

I slowly closed my eyelids, they fell heavy, they shut.

I could feel the muscles of my face relaxing.
I could hold no more facial expression, I didn't want to use my body for communication,
I wanted it for myself.

The two red slits that marked the limit of my eyelids slowly disappeared.
And the eyelashes that had vibrated and sealed my wet eyeballs were now useless and falling on the floor under me.
I had no slits, no way to see the outside.
My eyes were then covered by a uniform, soft velvet textured surface of skin.

I could feel my entire skin crystallising, becoming hard as stone.
I was sealed from the outside.
My skin became an exoskeleton, hiding the rich animation happening behind it from sight
I opened my mouth and started to breath.

Breathing sound from the two Mélusine start, (A starts before B)

I struggled to turn my eyeballs inside my orbits, I succeeded, and could look inside..
There I could see a warm red moist surface, pulsating to the rhythm of my heart.
My breathing accelerated, my veins opened up, allowing a rapid circulation of air and blood inside my body.
It generated an intense heat, the air that came in and out of my mouth was burning.
Under my skin, my organs started to melt. My insides were liquifying. becoming a hot agitated juice of flesh,
waves of thick liquid came back up in my mouth and hit my lips as I breathed.
This steaming hot pink pulp was running up and down inside my limbs, i could hear my liquidated heart pulsating in my gums..

Her eyes fell from her skull, she swallowed them, they ran down her throat.
They dissolved in the fluids of her stomach, mixed with her bile,
her eyes were now a hot white liquid.
It traveled through her veins, she could now see all of her cells transforming, becoming other.
By digesting her own eyes she gained the ability to see her inside all at once,
on the other side of her body, was I, I could feel her watching me, from the back of my head.

Sounds of belly starts...

Two drops of this red liquid that were now my organs crossed my crystal skin through a wound in my abdomen,
they ran down my thighs, they fell down onto the floor, two steaming drops of human pulp, two shiny diamonds.

These two drops rippled on the floor,
turning into two snake-like shapes of undulating pink vapour.
From our arms grew snake tails.

Both almost at the same time with a slight gap

This tail grew and crawled to join you and support your melting body

This tail grew and crawled to join you and support your steaming body

The fluids contained in my guts, became a fountain.

From my liquified bowels, a river flowed.

This frightened me

I now fell reassured.

I was once queen amongst mankind, able to create kingdom and armies from a breath. Moulding them in my mouth. My words were equal to reality.

But because my lover watched me, I now have to mutate. He betrayed me, broke his promise,

I had to respect my part of the contract as well and

turn back into a hybrid of animal life. I can't be human anymore.

Sounds of fountains, and joyful crying, almost uncontrollable...

I am now queen of the fairies, I own an army of toads and snakes,

I give my orders to the dragonflies that watch over the pond that is now my body.

Pond of blood and tears.

I am immortal, just an image, a crowned queen, deposed,

my face surrounded by two long snake tails,

my hair running down my cheeks like two streams of dark fluids.

I have disappeared from the sensible world, but mankind misses me.

My image is everywhere, in all the train stations and on the street corners.

I have gained the gift of ubiquity in exchange for the loss of my physical form.

I can navigate through the reflective surface of the ponds, cross their mirrored surfaces and reappear in another reflection. Each time I cross the mirror with a big splash.

after I cross there can be no more reflection.

I am made of tears and vapours.

But this tears don't belong to me, they are tears I borrow from mankind, to reflect and offer the spectacle of sorrow I am asked to be giving.

They are tears of joy, I celebrate my freedom.

My true face is smiling, and turned on my inside, staring at you my double, through our common warm innards.

I am already metamorphosed, or rather always in metamorphose. I have no more body; I have all the bodies.

My true form, my true essence, is vapour and blood, tears and ashes, my only organ is blood, black thick blood running from my wounded chest, travelling down stream in

rivers, reaching the bottom of the oceans, I become coral, flowers of blood.

It is a body that is unsure of its one way of existence, alternating between mineral vegetal and animal.

It is simple me, a colonies of organisms, they are drops of living blood

You are now just a skin, you my double, a fragile moult, containing some marks of labile blood, remembrance of whom I was.

Is left only a puddle on the floor, of dark liquid, your organs liquified. They are still smoking from the resurgent heat of you, of us. Our moist vapours teint the air around us in

a dark red.

It fall in the snow around us. Shiny sparkles of reflected light mixed with our inner liquidity, turning into crystal of bright red as they loose their heat in contact with the ice.

I have become a breath, the heat resulting from my transformations utters from my mouth.

Clouds of hot ashes deliver from my nostrils.

Your skin burns, you leave it.

Through your breath, its your body that expands in the space, your arms now reach my tights as well as the walls that now contains this hot air that come out of your cavities and that enters mine. We both become each other as well as our surroundings. Our bodies now know only the limits of our sight.

I hear your voice, that is mine, but an new me.

