

The Two Of Us, Wrapped Around Your Finger

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- You enter into the exhibition and there's very few there, just five or six pieces.
- A void.
- Yes, no, actually.
It's completely full, a kind of claustrophobic void.
- It's been like this for a while, these reduced forms, an encrypted meaning, as if we had to decode something, but the meaning is inscribed in the substance of the pieces.
- It's as if it were buried.
- There are words there that have been hit. Concrete works.
- There aren't any images. Just text on paper. It's sculpture, sort of. It's somewhere between the second and the third dimension. At the same time, it's complicated, all this stuff about dimensions.
- This encrypted meaning is also very much in evidence in music now, in song titles, in the hidden side of all these electronic music groups with obscure, multiple identities, the constant mixing of genres, all this obscurity.
- The quest.
- At the same time, you'd have to be online 24/7 to listen to all the fascinating sounds that are out there on the internet, Soundcloud, and all that.
- It's like a fluid substance flooding the web, our ears. It's liquid. It's beautiful.
- As if meaning, the history of music had been diluted in something else. Is it nostalgic, or old hat to say that?
- I believe that's how it's meant to be. It's all born out of a collective intelligence located within a system of control, which tries to appropriate the liquidity by making metaphors out of these images of clouds, the ocean, flows.
In fact, it's just totally real. There's a sublime and also melancholic side to it all, aware of its location or, in fact, its dislocation in time, in this soundscape we're sailing through, guided by markers put into place for us by others.
- Brass sheets are attached to the wall.
- Brass also featured in *The Shrink's Prophecy* at WallRiss in 2015.
- Like big jewels hanging down, with chains.
- Things which you could also hang yourself from.
- Brass is an alloy. Copper and zinc.
- It's to do with alchemy.
- Don't you mean a technique, a way to transform the material, to create an illusion.
- Like in the myth of Faust, this alchemist who made a pact with the devil so as to gain access to life, knowledge, love.
- In the photo for the ad for the exhibition at La Placette in Lausanne last September, there was this girl holding an iron bar behind her head, and the title, *Ich würde gerne dein Herz brechen*, something like 'I would like to break your heart'.
- In the window, there were barrels of gasoline.

– They were red, an aggressive form, a kind of romantic barricade or big bomb ready to explode.
It provided such an emotional, tense tone to the exhibition. This tone was present in the minimal, restricted arrangement of the exhibition components.

– The exhibition is a bit like a portrait, a self-portrait. With all its idiosyncrasies.

– Readymades. Can we still use that word? I don't know.

– Found objects, ready-made stuff, existing forms. It's certainly part of the vocabulary of art history.
Readymades is a technique, like painting, sculpture, photography.

– It comes from photography. Images. For a long time, there was this problem with language. Then it opened up, like learning to read, a reconciliation with words. And words appeared. Photographs and images continued to exist in parallel.

– Like in another dimension?

– It's a text, without words, a way of talking with objects.

– The meaning is partly closed off; the objects are empty and at the same time loaded.

– That could almost be the definition of lyricism, the contradiction between the emancipatory impulse and the constraint of form.

– There is also a kind of modesty in the reduction.

– It's more protection, something almost legal.

– The broken mirror is an object and an image, but struck out.

– It's always good to have a mirror in an exhibition.

– But it's a cliché. A picture. And a found object, which was in the workshop. At one point, it fell over. And it became that. Which is what is exhibited.

– A turtle shell is also a sort of mask.

– It's a totem.

– A talisman?

– The ancients saw the future in the entrails of animals.

– It's like the exhibition, a shell with a vacuum inside that helps us see something else.

– In some primitive societies, turtles were used in people's homes to protect them from the evil eye. And at the same time, when you looked into the shells, you could see the heavens.

– Sorry, thoughts just branching out one from another.

– An exhibition is a constellation.

– You have to dissolve the body in boiling water to obtain a tortoise shell, like when you're making a stew.

– All the same, the body's still there, but it's invisible. Only the covering is left.

– A house that protects a house and that is a universe.

– A house you can't get rid of and which is itself attached to another house.

– At the end of the exhibition, there's a panel that obstructs the space.

– It's a window that reveals confinement.

- There's this song by The Police, full of esoteric references, where Sting sings about an affair with a married woman. Their love is threatened by the monsters Scylla and Charybdis. Then he makes this pact with the devil, and she falls in love with him.
- And that lyric at the end: 'When you find your servant is your master' ...
- He dances, with that baggy white costume and those aviator sunglasses in the middle of rows candlesticks that he knocks over at the end, as if he's knocking over all his idols, his illusions.
- The video is a sort of twilight of the idols... Ha-ha.
- But the meaning of the song is totally enigmatic.
- He said it was related to a later song, 'Fortress Around Your Heart', which he presents as a release, the other side of the same thing. In the video, he's in some kind of solitary confinement and he says: 'Then I went off to fight some battle that I'd invented inside my head' and then, 'This prison has now become your home. A sentence you seem prepared to pay.' Then 'Let me build a bridge ...'
- It's like the exhibition.
- That depression from the Eighties is so alive in us, in our DNA.
- As if our mission is to interpret it, in any way we can, to find the hidden meaning of our lives.
- But it's crazy, *Automatic Re: Fabulous*, the title of the piece that is the sort of cornerstone of the exhibition, the first concrete piece, comes from an e-mail exchange between us.
- About music.
- It's transcendental!
- Yes, what's good with music is that there are no images.
- It's soothing.
- Wan?
- Wann?
- Yes?
- Sorry ... I know ... Modern Talking...