

« Chambre 10 »

Sans titre (2016) is pleased to present their first show in an hotel, the mythical hotel La Louisiane.

La Louisiane is famous for being the Parisian home of many major artistic figures of the XXth century: American jazzmen (Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Lester Young, Chet Baker, Charlie Parker...) were gathering there to jam. Writers and directors as Ernest Hemingway, Henry Miller, Jean-Paul Sartre or Simone de Beauvoir, Louis Malle, Leos Carax, Quentin Tarantino were also regulars of the hotel. Moreover, generations of plastic artists used to stay in, or are still staying in La Louisiane: Nam June Paik, Lucian Freud or Cy Twombly until his last months.

Linked to the passion of the owner, Xavier Blanchot, pioneer of the French Internet in the 90s, this «Parisian Chateau Marmont» became a meeting place for start-ups.

For this exhibition eight young international artists will be taking over three rooms of the hotel. Alongside the artworks, Paul Henry Bizon wrote three texts, the artists could get inspired from. The writer, author of La Louve, published recently by Gallimard, imagined three fictional characters inspired by the famous guests of La Louisiane: a writer, a musician and a internet entrepreneur.

The artists selected by Sans titre (2016), Paloma Proudfoot, Marie Aly, Ieva Kraule, Agnes Scherer, Bea Bonafini, Camilla Steinum, Agata Indarden and Saelia Aparicio imagined pieces for this occasion, sometimes created in-situ, inspired by the characters invented by Paul-Henry Bizon.

Louisiane, new oraires – texts written by Paul Henry Bizon

Merri

I don't work.

I don't pray.

I stay lying down.

I wait, I think, I laugh but never work nor pray.

Rue de seine – Quai des Grands Augustins – Rue Saint-André-des-Arts

Geometric fomula

At the end of the rue de Seine, a gymnasium

At the edge of des Augustins, a fountain

After des-Arts, a state

Whenever I happen to leave Paris, the first night, I have the same dream

I leave La Louisiane and I hail a taxi.

Rue de seine – Quai des Grands Augustins – Rue Saint-André-des-Arts

It goes around the walls counter-clockwise and brings me back

My cigarette withers in my mouth

My mouth withers

I smoke until I feel the first touch of poison

Tobacco from Louisiana

No longer tobacco out there, some products

Even in the scent of lilacs

The walled grounds are a prison of lias stone
Of a very fine grain
A chic butchery of oolites
A cloister where I amble
Where a hundred disconnected tongues pray
Where my tongue stays made of lias stone, immobile
When I come back to Paris, the first night, I always have the same dream
I leave La Louisiane and I hail a taxi.
Rue de seine – Quai des Grands Augustins – Rue Saint-André-des-Arts
It goes around the walls counter-clockwise and brings me back
John waits for me, his tongue speaks to me
Os opprime !
Shut your face !
Wither the mouth a semitone
Unfurl the cloister
Wait and pray.

John

Seen from Carolina, Louisiana
When I was a boy, a neighboring state
A thing too far but not so different
Now, I understand
That it's another world
Rue de Buci
How do they say it, already?
Ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci,
ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci,
ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci, ru'dbuci,
ru'dbuci...
Fluck !
Me I say rue de Buci
And I don't mix it with rue Debussy
In the 17th arrondissement, pouah!
The words
I mix just the words
Hangover
Temples on fire
I turn in circles lengthwise in my bedroom
I am incapable of berating myself
Too much whiskey, cocaine, LSD, benzedrine
I wait patiently for the effects of the hash
For my hands to calm
For my mouth to *close*
For my withered *mouth* to call
Wait and pray

Let the blue devils in
F sharp tonic
E and B flat in the major range
The little blood left to us
Before the last touch of poison
Changes us all into big black balloons
No choice
The lock must jump
Breath, fucker, breathe!
Command the blue sky to open itself!

Savara

30,000 plans per day in a blue sky
Gasoline, products, our lives
Go ahead, my friend, solve this magic formula
With 1 and 0
Only
Just 1 and 0
To you, Modernity!
ATM
Air Traffic Management
Adobe Type Manager
Automated Teller Machine
Ass to mouth
30,000 plans per day in a blue sky
Gasoline, products, our lives
Ass to mouth
Louisi-anal
Open your mouth
Throw your F-sharp
The *Ora* is the mooring
Not prayer
The mooring when the rest floats in tatters
You thought to break the lock of the prison
You thought to let everything out
The way to let everything in was found
The A cloistered itself
We await the base-coat
All that you think is there
The sky indeed opened
All blue all huge
With neither devils nor roads
The gymnasium is on all the mouths
All the sodomies of the world
Come on planes

Shut themselves there in padlocks
@ss to mouth