

« 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*