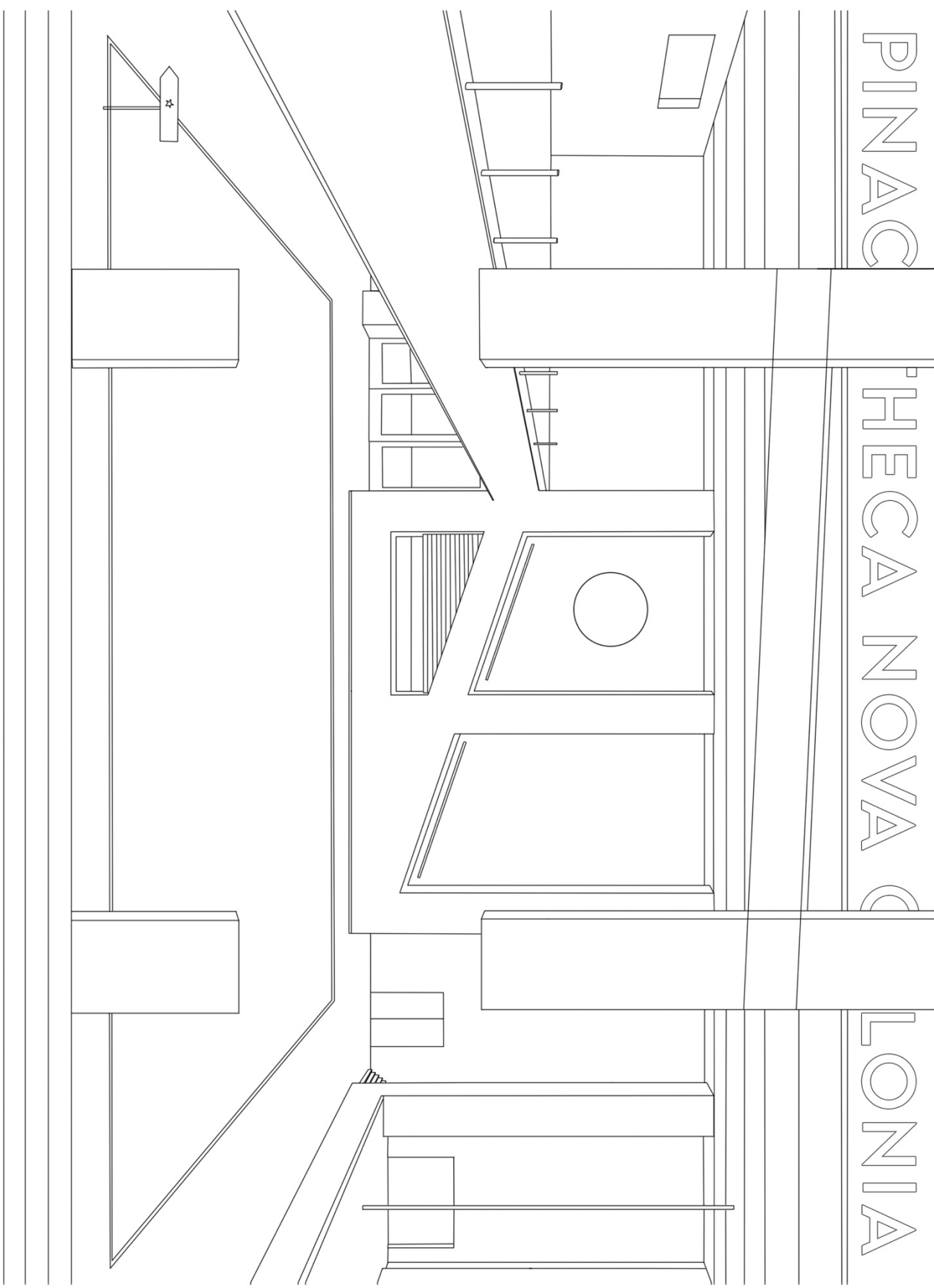


PINAC

HECA NOVA

LONIA



PR-Run (in 16 FPS)

On this page *Renée Paule* is best represented in italics, the slanted angle superficially presenting *Renée Paule* in motion, *Renée Paule* rapidly running around the museum room, *Renée Paule* from the beginning to the end of this text and *Paule, Renée* back before you've even finished this sentence, *Renée Paule* engaging in professional small talk with literally anyone present enough to engage. Though her various conversation partners would never suspect *Renée Paule's* professional small talk to be professional small talk, qua fluency and brevity and little shimmers of character flaws (perfectly endearing...) these conversations meet with any prescription of professional small talk nonetheless. No one ever catches *Renée Paule* running *away from them*, you *only* notice *Renée Paule* running *your way*. It's the artist's 'presence', not her 'absence' that is felt. No nobody is left feeling interchangeable, everyone goes home feeling they make a difference. Without any material proof, *Renée Paule* occupies the sum of museum spaces, meeting and greeting 'people' with such economy there is no time for anyone to see *Renée Paule* is reduced – or, you could say, expanded – *entirely* to the social realm. It is all happening so swift not even the biggest fan could keep track of her every move. If not art, exactly, this work, undeniably, is *an art*. In *Renée Paule* we see (flashes of) the photographer beating her own discipline. Famous slave to time, photography thanks most of its prestige – rendering timeless what is *being* outdated – precisely to its passing. Here RP ups her tempo, outrunning the focused frames per second, as if not just resisting, but outright rejecting the formulation, the formula of *any* photograph or representation outside her own. Printed press releases, secondary sources tout court, *Renée Paule* puts to shame. High-heeled *Renée Paule herself* replaces the paper pile, standing in for her own PR, her own image. In person, *Renée Paule* brings to life whatever words were abandoned on paper, doing so with an artistry no copyedited-to-death rhetoric could ever correct, let alone overpower, or even explain. No-thanks to *Renée Paule*, the press release is run-down. No PR, it turns out, is RP-proof. R.I.P. As you can read: on paper, the decadence knows no end. Fortunately for the reader, in person RP prefers to refrain from puns, having no time for such PR nonsense. If a train crash prompted the first press release to be sent out 'immediately' in 1906 by pigeon mail (or is that apocryphal?), *Renée Paule's* run could easily make this the last. All that is left to do now is trust the copy-editor to take out "The press release had a good run" as a final statement – should it miraculously pass and wind up in print after all, feel free to copy-paste.

.