

*Alexandre was a great imper-
-sonator of David Bowie before.

Alex has a motivation driving his work

*Infact not at all.

his place in the world.

*But Iforgottoaskifhe'smakingcontemporaryart

He makes his work,

*We once read a book together, he
would turn the pages before me

He sees other people make his work

* Once we had a coffee together, I was
tryng to sit next to him but he want-
ed to sit opposite, we gradually or-
bited the table until it was 4 oclock.

They are confronted by a situation

* X

Through their reactions

*Mr. Gérard had a tinkling
feeling about his person...

X: we see our place
in the world.

*It doesn't seem that far
away, there's a tension
and then something
happens, it sends a
chill up the spine, it
floats above reali-
ty, it's not fiction,
but a game, we
resolve through
a sense of guilt
and then look
a bit further,
it sends a
chill up the
spine.

- - - - -
his anecdotes are private ; i ask him for his an-
ecdotes ; instead i imagine the circumstances.

- - - - -
A n a l o g i e s . .
Anal G's
A L G U E S
AL G
A DÉ. GUISE
ALEX GÉRARD

- - - - -
My own interpretation is one where we
- are given the space to laugh at our own

misfortune.. even futher is to dwell and

see it's value in understand-
ing the mess it leaves us with.

Alex suggests that it's sub-
ject to interpretation.

I subjected him to an understanding.

... I want to speak about liars, artists,
common sense and social emotions.

..I want to speak about.

- a n e c d o t e s i n v o l v i n g

Alex and lying

- a n e c d o t e s i n v o l v i n g -

Alex and other artists

- a n e c d o t e s i n v o l v i n g

Alex and common sense

- a n e c d o t e s i n v o l v i n g

Alex and social emo-

tions/ conciousness

We
once
woke
up at 5,
took our
macintosh-
es with us out
into the cold,
we marched and
marched to find a clear
view of the Aurora Bo-
realis, but it didn't make
sense, from the illogical an-
gles we perceived nothing
more than the skin of our teeth.

Alexandre assured me that there was nothing to worry about and that i could manage my fear if i accepted the rules, the rules were that we must sit on tall chairs looking into the machine, making no attempt to look around, pressing the red flashing buttons and then tapping in some coordinates with some other buttons. My head was spinning with anxious thoughts but like an angel from the darkness the whirlwind passed around our heads and resolved itself. Dolly Parton. I was back in the room.

We gained access to the building, a security officer halted our tracks, we provided them with a story which aimed to confuse them so much that they would forget who we were, what we wanted and make them begin to question their own identity, following that the enormity of human existence and the fabric of the universe, finally plunging deep into the psyche and triggering malfunctions so that they were no longer be able to grasp reality. We told him about a security guard we had seen on holiday, a lonely figure who spent two weeks on an empty beach patrolling the sand and and sea in his underwear.

We
tried one more time, this time
attatching seal skin to the bottom
of our feet, we gathered wet snow
particles like useless information,
our tracks led us to our obscure
objective.