



SPACEKRAFT POMPADOUR
LOON & SAN FRANCISCO
05/22/2010 _ 7:00 PM

BY AIR MAIL

45° 46' 09.46" N
4° 50' 02.83" E
37° 44' 58.11" N
122° 25' 15.22" W

SPACEKRAFT POMPADOUR:

SAN FRANCISCO

37°44'58.11"N

122°25'15.22"W

Caitlin Denny,
1448 Valencia Street,
San Francisco, USA

LYON

45°46'09.46"N

4°50'02.83"E

SKP, code 6214B, 3e D
8 rue Saint-Polycarpe,
Lyon, France

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This exhibition, by its very unusual structure, was quite a challenge for us to take up. The idea behind it was to think its pieces in two places at once, plus a third one being the virtual space of a website. The works presented in each apartment can be understood independently, but also make sense with the fragments missing.

Their two counterparts are connected through the website to create a virtual image of the whole event. It is about simultaneity and gaps, motion and transformation, dialogs and echoes, doubles and repetitions, symmetry or the lack of it, fragments and reproduction, communication and relations. It is our very own way to somehow challenge space and time. And as we like to say: "Why do simple when one can do complicated?"

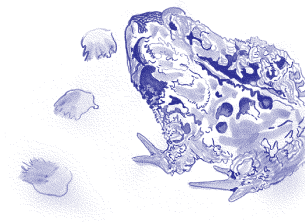
ALEXANDRA CZMIL ADÉLAÏDE FÉRIOT BÉNÉDICTE THORAVAL

JUDY

"For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
'Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix."

(Ovid, "The Story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus", Book IV, Metamorphoses)

Our first motivation was to make our practices meet and combine together. Not knowing what to expect of this hybridation, but hoping for a surprise. It was a way to improvise in order to create a mix, a monster. A way to play at Frankenstein and give birth to our very own creature. Quite naturally, this idea took the shape of a double performance: a character activated over the time of the opening in each of the exhibition's places. Then, we wanted to leave room for small gaps between the two performances. The concise program we chose to write for the performance allows slightly different interpretations through its sometimes loose statements. Our creature is not clearly defined, what matter is his potential of realisation and contingencies. He transforms and mutates — and with him, all his props — according to the time and place he is activated in. He is determined by what surrounds him. Each and every item he encounters make him become what he could be.



No Title.
Nan Goldin



Crapaud.

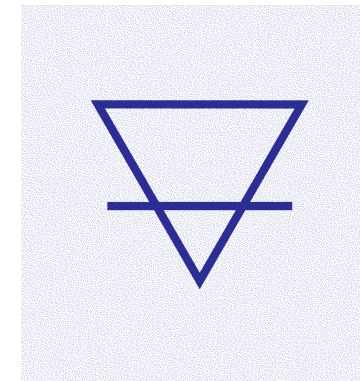
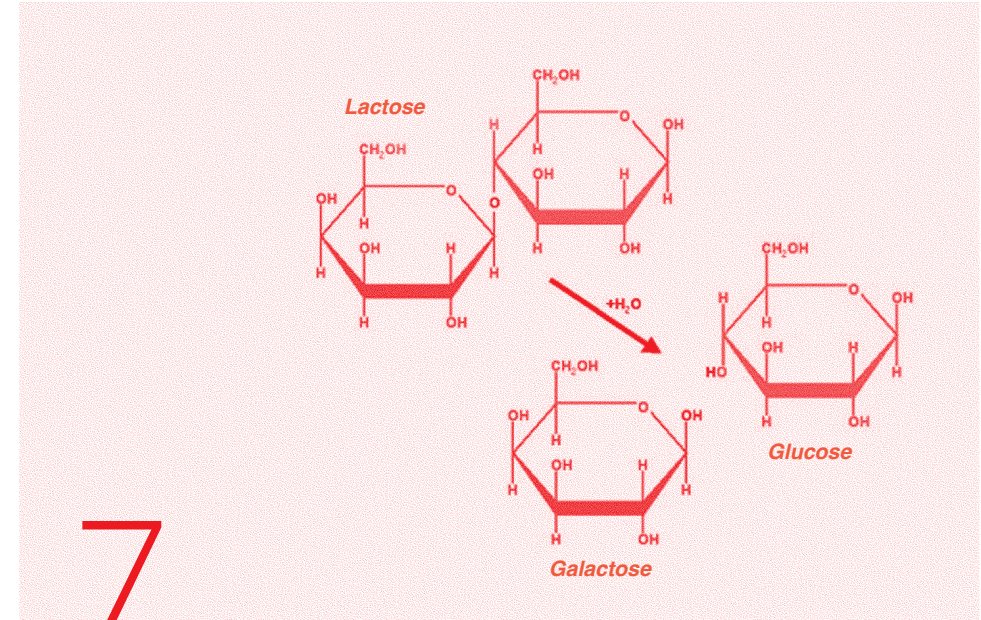
Les lutteurs.
Honoré Daumier

MAXIME CHARRON

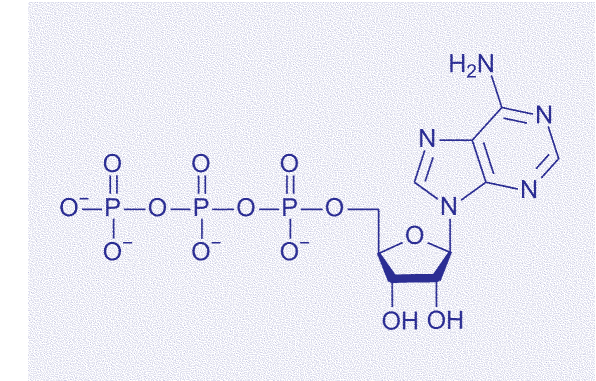
ASKIN' YOURSELF: (IN)MOTIONSculpture

The movement might be an action of a mass traveling through space. This mass can take different forms. From simple organic structures to more complex ones, like human beings. But, with the fact that a unity is traveling, moving, time and space need to come into play. The duration or a sequence of events will take place and must interfere with the bodily characteristics of his surrounding. Like throwing an apple on a wall. From its intact structure and stillness before being picked up and thrown, the physical integrity of the apple is respected. Even in mid air, the fruit keeps his shape, taste and color. But from the moment it hits the firm surface of a wall, his kind of rounded shape will change drastically. Maybe you're saying "yeah but, space is influencing on the object", then just change the apple for a rock and the wall for a window. The relation between the movement, time and space is plural. But we need to add another notion when human being (or animals) are involved. This could be emotion. A meta-physical state that can't be applied to inert objects. A notion that humankind is struggling to understand, control and articulate. It can be even harder to understand our selves, as humans, when we are trying to represent our

possibilities trough motionless and still representation. Like art tries to accomplish. How can we imitate the fact that we're evolving in time and space? Can we achieve it? So it is a more sophisticated question then what is traveling, moving away. We might be more sensible to the aspect of the moment, the here and now.



The Molecular Structure of Lactose.



Alchemy Earth Symbol.

The Effect of Freezing.

ALARIC GARNIER

THE SPACE BETWEEN
SPACEKRAFTPOMPADOUR.ORG/_SF_LYON/
THESPACEBETWEEN.HTML

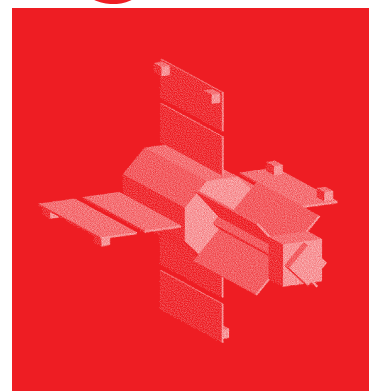
As we land, we fly over two huge red boardings that stretch on from the airport's runway. A couple of manoeuvres later, we finally get to Terminal 1. After some time spent striding the airport hallways, I reach a Bay Area Rapid Transit station. Its tracks intertwine with the highway and drop me off at San Bruno, a connection with the Caltrain network. Then, I zoom along the railway, watch parking lots go by, leave intersections behind me and observe the silver trains go the other way. The warehouses pass before my eyes and I cross a canal after which the tracks split in two. Freight trains are parked under a highway bridge, nearby the South San Francisco City Hall.

On the left, going along a construction site, a hill reads SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO THE INDUSTRIAL CITY in white letters. The train drives under an interchange, and reaches the Bay going around San Bruno Mountain. At the summit, high TV and radio antennas overhang the city: KQED-FM, KTSF-TV, KNTV-TV... After passing Brisbane, I go through a wasteland and the train stops at Bayshore. The station is nothing but a footbridge over the rails, lost in the middle of this no man's land. There's no one

on the platform except for a cyclist waiting for the next train. I go on toward the street. At the intersection with a bigger street bordered with palm trees, the trolley takes me north, where I meet the highway. The traffic there turns quickly into a jam. The Down Town towers stand right in front of me. After a while, I reach Alemany Maze, the interchange between James Lick Freeway (U.S. Route 101) and John F. Foran Freeway (Interstate 208). On my left, I can see small houses painted in pale shades of green, pink, yellow and blue, whereas on the right side of the road, there are only warehouses, parking lots, stores and restaurants.

I take the next exit and drive on west, going through Cesar Chavez Avenue. The traffic is a lot more fluid there. I believe I'm in a Latino neighborhood. After ten blocks or so, a car dealership reads BUY. SALE. TRADE. followed by the precision Se Habla Español. Once I passed Valencia Auto, I turn right and drive one more block.

Soon, I'm at the intersection with Valencia Street. I turn right again. And half a block further, I'm there. At Caitlin's apartment.



The Bayshore station in december. The guy with bike was very friendly when I asked him the road for Valencia street.

The space between this story and I.

The car dealership next to Valencia Street. BUY.SELL. TRADE. Se Habla Español.

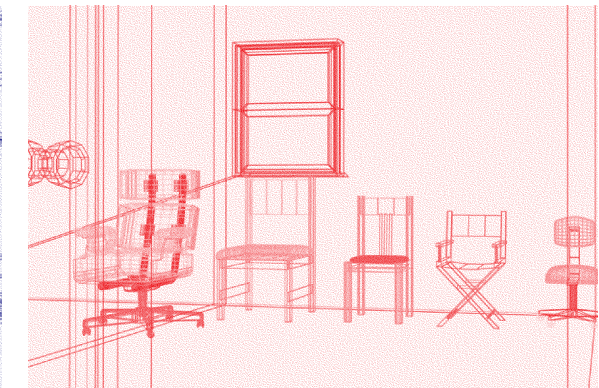
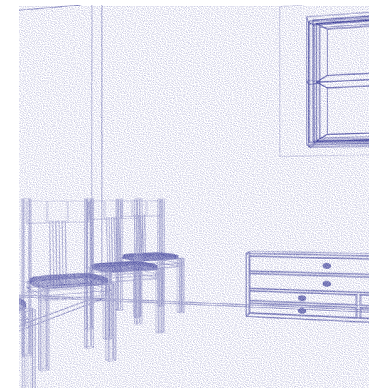
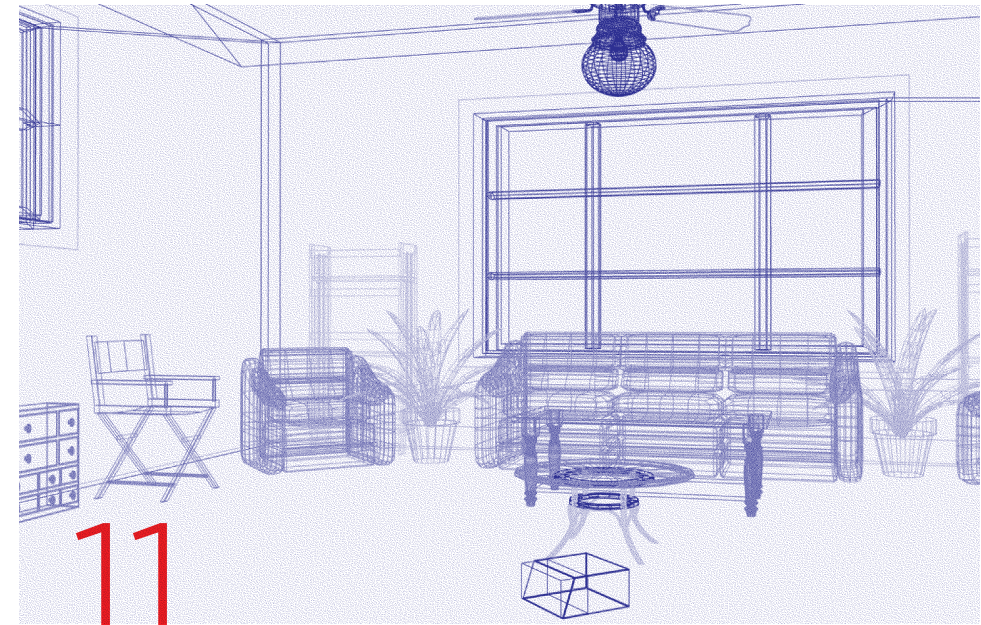
GAËLLE CINTRÉ

MAKE ROOM

Two private apartments
Distinct in dimensions, locations, time zones
Given as spaces: rooms and walls
Exhibition spaces: volumes and surfaces

Those apartments being inhabited
Furniture, objects, devices
Occupy, reshape, alter the place
All items attesting of the residents' activities
specifically arranged by their habits

Now as a disruption of that order,
that state of things
Assembling elements systematically
not functionally
According to their plastic characteristics
Producing a new setting,
a formal reorganization
Making a space for a new object
to come into play
An alien one but fitting right in



Symmetric Living Room.

Chairs Composition One.

Chairs Composition Two.

HEIKO VOLKMER

AN IDEA OF REALITY

I have never been to San Francisco and I am in Lyon for the first time. I saw San Francisco in movies so I know what it is like to be a police detective, gangster or someone in love in San Francisco. I know there is a red bridge, everybody is beautiful and the sun is always shining. The best is that everything you do is meaningful, adventurous and romantic.

When I saw a picture of an art student's apartment in San Francisco, it suggested that their life might be different. Actually, it looked like an apartment of an art student in Lyon. Maybe that's because they are people who didn't want to become a police detective or gangster and because what we imagine about places we don't know usually isn't what we discover to be reality. So I will be sending a piece to a place I don't know. One of so many places I don't know and maybe never will be able to see. To see and to be at a place means to make it real and to replace a preconceived image by the reality. For me, San Francisco is just a name, like Lyon was. Now I am in Lyon.

I entered the reality and the universe of this place. At one point I will leave it to go home or to discover something new.

But when I am somewhere else I can still be sure that this place exists. The time won't stop even I am not part of it, but because I will always be able to retrieve its memory in my mind.

Different places are like different parallel realities with their own time and space. We can only be part of one at the same time. The reality I am in is the only reality that causes direct impact on me. At the same time I am and I have my own reality. Every person, every mind resting in the head of its physical shell all alone, watching the outside through small holes, has its unique point of view, feelings, thoughts and subjective definition of what is real. That means that we carry our own personal universe within different parallel realities and we broaden it by absorbing them. That's what I would call to broaden the horizon.

This project means to connect me and my reality with others and San Francisco with Lyon. It makes me think about and imagine another reality, which now has an indirect impact on me and my life!



Shot, Reverse Shot in San Francisco.
Video still from Vertigo, Alfred Hitchcock

Shot, Reverse Shot — An Image of a Concept — An Idea of Reality.

Point of View — A Reality — Her, looking away.
Video still from Vertigo, Alfred Hitchcock

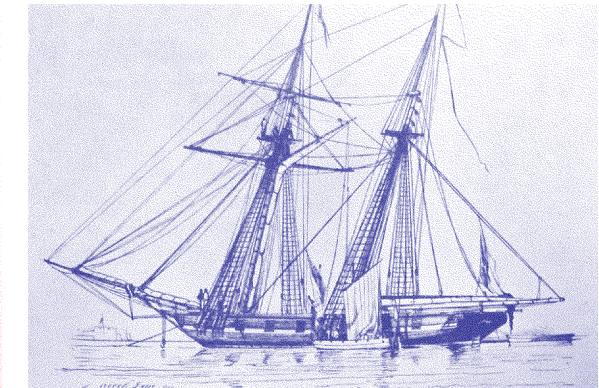
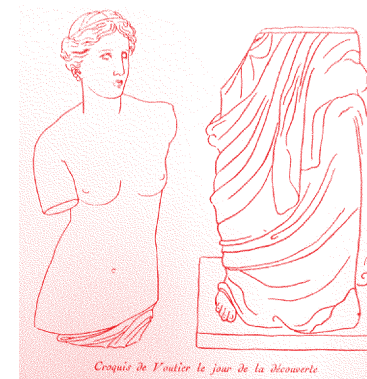
MAXIME BAUDOIN

D'APRÈS OLIVIER VOUTIER

Venus, goddess of love married to Orion, is a guide in the darkness of the future. She keeps with her the remains of an uncertain past, billions of particles and infinite worlds.

The iron hand of Zeus unites them in an attempt to heal the universe and preserve it from decay, the big bang of History.

This very same Aphrodite inhabits the house of time. Through its narrow slits, she gazes at her contemporaries, all gathered in a world with no beginning, no end, no past, no future. A very specific aim sets this crowd into motion, thus setting the pace of the world. All these individuals walk toward her and you can read certitude in their steps.



Map of the Odyssey toward the Venus de Milo.

The Venus de Milo.
Drawing by Olivier Voutier
on the day of the discovery

The Schooner L'Estafette.
Engraving by Morel Fatio

THIS CATALOGUE
HAS BEEN PRINTED
IN 60 COPIES ON
THE OFFSET
PRINTING PRESS
OF THE SCHOOL
OF FINE ARTS OF LYON,
ON MARCH 16TH 2010.

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Thanks to

Katya Bonnenfant
Jean-Marie Courant
Damien Gautier
Cécile Mazoyer
Yves Robert
Joël Tardy
Caitlin Denny