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The Eternal Return of the Real

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...to the Real, that always escapes, but by this, always comes back.

The exhibition as the crux of the public sphere; in its different ages, mediums, genres sedimented, staged as pastiche; mocked even. Again sorry here, but some knew from the start. Euphoria at the circulation of signs on networks and their rematerializing from one medium to another has met its dialectical twin: trash, and the expression of desire turned morbid. Scars, only repeated that dress as new growth around questions of borders, of climates, of gender. When the malign part of our humanity enjoys the desire for an end.

So many works that try though. But the something that escapes comes back...

A solitary hacker watching his own publicity, a fictional artist whose motives are trapped between pseudo future wars and childhood icons, an anarchist manifesto of 1968 allegorically shown as a work of art, declaring guerrilla warfare as a dead end, a flag trapped in its own metonymic semantic, a work that does violence to itself, straps to cure some certain pain in symmetry. The most modern painter dumbing down the cave gender painting as discourse, a dandy's flat reconstructed, a drugged reality on paper, monsters? A reference to a fantasized medieval age as unconscious ; primitivism faked as dreams come true. A video essay, 90s godardian style giving the critic of museum administration a try, the spectacularization of culture, losing itself in the criticism of museum administration attacking the spectacularization of culture, losing oneself in the soppy aesthetic of television soaps of the day. From good will to resignation. Style as traumatic simulation.

Repeated presence, childish obsession with the human face evoking as many accumulated attempts at recognition. When history transforms itself into a disposable archive of the conspiracy, *The Eternal Return of the Real* evokes a grotesque pseudo philosophical ridiculously psychoanalytical version of the will to power of which the artist is the emblematic figure: *Try again. Maybe this time...*