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La chambre humaine et la planète close

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I first came across hir in the bedroom. It had been too hot for the past few days and the radio had just announced the failure of a climate conference. I was zoning out on the internet to kill time, bored or scared, and just kept wandering around the remnants of a violent world until my eyes landed on a photogram signed by these three enigmatic letters, halfway between meme and slogan. I didn't know what or who DFG was, but the chase was on. I picked up the odd scattered clue, the variety of the artist's media, the profusion of references or attention to streams of consciousness and sensitive areas. My shadowing was based on a simple rule: eventually, they would have to go to bed. So, I decided to spend some time in the exhibition, observing every nook and cranny in great detail while kids played Floor is Lava next to me and, just when I was beginning to lose hope and go home, I was so scared we'd miss each other that I started to invent hir.

Lying in the sheets, lights off, DGF's eyelids were closed. Hir face was occasionally illuminated by the flashing of various dreamlike electronic devices in the room. The flashes unveiled features combining concentration and malice along with the outline of limbs beneath the fabric and the set piece of a home environment, familiar yet strange. I saw no windows but plenty of room. The furniture was simple and delicate, a rug, some documents, and a low mattress base. At times, you could pick up the sound of white noise close by, the reflection of an unknown frequency or tropical downpour. It was like the set of a shoot about to begin, the vivid recollection of a film seen before. Hir lips would part as if mouthing the script. They sketched her anticipation by conjuring up fables and utopias, memories and imagination. Watching hir body follow its mental map reminded me of the self-adhesive galaxies you glue to the ceiling of kids' bedrooms. DGF's eyes were closed in the dark.

Since then, I have accumulated more and more visions of this elusive presence: the hallucinated gaze and dogs held at arm's length, a book open on a sleeping bust in a crystal palace glitched by the strobe of cosmic navigation, bleached hair caught in the swirl of a swimming-pool, the slow-motion climb of ladder rungs pointing to the void, wondering about in front of the racks of a Comme des Garçons boutique, lying on a towel laid flat over concrete or stretched out on a molten floor, leaning on the prow of a boat heading to the Corsica shore, walking along the Kamo river or watching the planes take off from Rio airport, mouth glued to a grimy club mic, from 1887 till 2058, fleeing in a dream come true before taking refuge in hir inner self, curious, vulnerable, shy, wrapped up in a survival blanket or a loved one's hug, on the waves of an interview, in the pages of a novel or on a museum poster, diffracted, contrasted then desaturated, holographic, domotic or calorimetric, infinitely small at the core of an apocalyptic diorama or infinite in the intimacy of a virtual reality.

DGF takes some cotton pads and makeup remover. The liquid runs down hir face of the moment, deleting the lines of a celebrity profile. The eye in the mirror believes it sees Lola Montez, Maria Callas, Emily Brontë. A glitzy dress lies among the cosmetics on the floor. DGF glides from one appearance to the next, from state to state, body to body, avoiding wearing a wig for fear of dirtying it. Someone knocks on the door and calls out "Sir". They makes not a noise, turns down the lights and faces the entrance. Hir gigantic shadow covers the opposite wall, the brush-wielding silhouette marks out the shape of an armed creature. DGF looks back at the mirror to continue hir metamorphosis as if nothing had happened. Within seconds, it will be Maupassant, Ludwig II or Fitzcarraldo. They looks at hir naked, transitional presence, hesitates a second or two then smiles at hir reflection.

No matter how much I talk about hir with my friends, Lou, Masa or Dominique, something will always escape me. Each time they presents himself, DGF will blur the lines. They will remain an artist, author, reader, pop idol, filmmaker, architect, set designer, and often none of that, doing shows, arrangements, performances, installations, attractions, films, operas, design, SF, music, or even none of that, they will plunge into geographies and dreams, in what will happen, in what lives, in things, in the borderline or in narratives, if nothing of that at all, they will be a man or a woman and sometimes neither of all those, they will resemble a fiction, a ghost, an avatar or a conspiracy to say nothing of all that. Reducing this community to a single record would be a betrayal or a lie. I won't disclose hir identity: that's not what characters are for.

DGF will be lying in the sun on a computerized model of a moveable landscape; a lagoon, park or volcano... hard to say. It will be hot and a virtual voice will announce the failure of a climate conference. The mutant space will swarm with a thousand more-than-human species of contagious energies. Daylight will burn the pixels of the HD screen one by one like an acid. Free of the algorithm, DGF will roll up hir rayon sleeves and invent hir own technology, writing tangled glyphs on the malleable ground. The words and symbols will seem to be predictions or archives, myths or speculations instantly distorted, twisted and quickly indecipherable on the image. The atmosphere will cloud and the frame begin to tremble, then, slowly, in the heatwave, everything will start to melt. Floor is Lava. Fractal, hybrid and mysterious, presence will arouse uncertainty and pique sensations. Before the signal cuts out, at the very moment of turning absolutely liquid, DGF will plunge her finger in the ground and engrave three letters.

Théo Casciani (2021)