

Sharon Kivland, *Ma Nana (encore), autres filles, et quelques petites explosions*

17 November 2012 – 5 January

2013

Galerie des petits carreaux, 75002

Paris

The gallery of little squares seduces with warm puceness, framing feminine temptations for street punters. Squirrels man the threshold, fixed tableau teasing lacey ephemera, naughty play.

Entry breaches a boudoir, salon *cum* gallery space. A discreet curtain in back questions the nature of trade. Flesh and skin dominate, nude, pink, puce, calfskin leather, the stuffed. Female faces, a body, separate, absent, suggested cumulatively by intimate accoutrements.

Prevented from sitting waiting (for what?) [swabs upper lip] on posh tapestry chairs by knickers strewn about, language distracts. Repeat, *je suis une femme moderne* ... quietly embroidered as talisman or mantra by previous inhabitants. A sounding.

Framed works, *Mes vedettes*, *Le rouge baiser*, *Mes mouches*,<sup>1</sup> make reference to artifice, beauty fakery, and fade with pointed interventions to physigogs, organs of Lacan's *jouissance*,<sup>2</sup> obliterating the ~~empowered~~ limpid gaze with blinding sparkle.

Play with women's things, and titular language,<sup>3</sup> myths of feminine construction. *Ma Poufiasse*, exquisite pad and bustle, procured *via* passive hooves, divorced from a head garroted by revolutionary ribbon. Politics to sexual politics via phonetics: puffy ass, slang; my bitch. The artist laces us in, as bitch – sexual misadventure with no *ma* on a horse to save us?<sup>4</sup>

Still a modern inculpable bright thing outside this curious cabinet, or starting to perceive art plus language as symbolic act, a working through in the present by inhabiting, understanding the past to make future? Dead objects only work when in use.<sup>5</sup>

The *livre d'artiste*, *Nana* reiterates Zola *via* the artist to the mind of the reader stood opposite the *En corps*' headless body. A moment of cognisance. *Autres filles*? She, me? Little explosions of cognisance, literal puffs of *toile* in perfume bottles in the boudoir, so potentially incendiary when lit, active in the street.

1. Trans. my stars, the red kiss, beauty spots.

2. Eyes, mouth.

3. *Mes lignes parfaites* – my perfect lines, *Mes hanches effacées* – my contained hips, *Mes poitrines rondes et hautes* – my round and high breasts.

4. Angela Carter (1979), *The Bloody Chamber and other stories*, London: Vintage, 2006.

5. Presentation by the artist, Wimbledon College of Art, 7 December 2012.