
Reading Room for the Working Artist
Salle de lecture de l'artiste au travail

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ANGELAGRAUERHOLZ READING ROOM FOR THE WORKING ARTIST SALLE DE LECTURE DE L'ARTISTE AU TRAVAIL

Aleksandr Rodchenko
Salle de lecture du club ouvrier de l'URSS
conçue pour l'Exposition internationale des Arts
décoratifs et industriels modernes de Paris, 1925.



Photographie d'Aleksandr Rodchenko montrant la Salle de lecture du club ouvrier de l'URSS, en 1925.

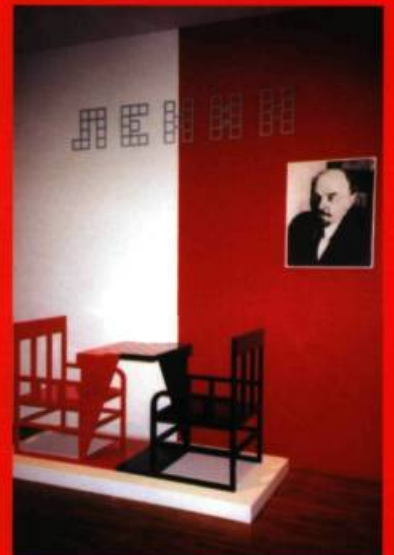
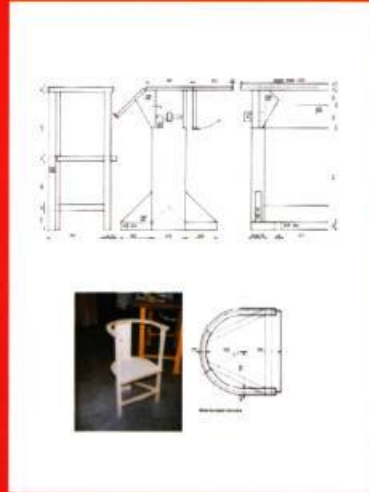


Affiche d'Aleksandr Rodchenko pour le film Kino-Glaz (« ciné-cells ») de Dziga Vertov, 1924. Utilisée sur la couverture du magazine Interview.

Plans (de reconstruction) pour la Salle de lecture de l'artiste au travail, 2003.

Dessins d'Aleksandr Rodchenko pour la table et la chaise de lecture de la Salle de lecture du club ouvrier de l'URSS.

Reconstruction du coin Lénine et des tables de lecture de la Salle de lecture du club ouvrier de l'URSS, de même que de la tribune utilisée dans la rétrospective consacrée au travail d'Aleksandr Rodchenko, en 1998, au Museum of Modern Art de New York. Photographie : François Morrelli.

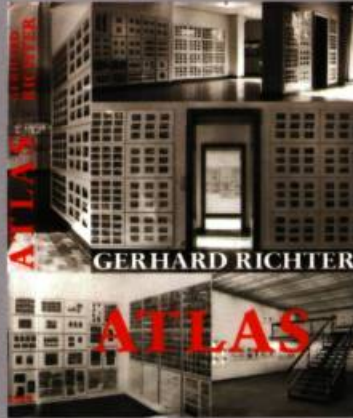


vorbilder (modèles)

Angela Grauerholz, Salle de lecture de l'artiste au travail, 2003-2004, d'après la Salle de lecture du club ouvrier de l'URSS d'Aleksandr Rodchenko. Installation à la Olgas Korper Gallery à Toronto en décembre 2004. Photographie : Michael Cullen.

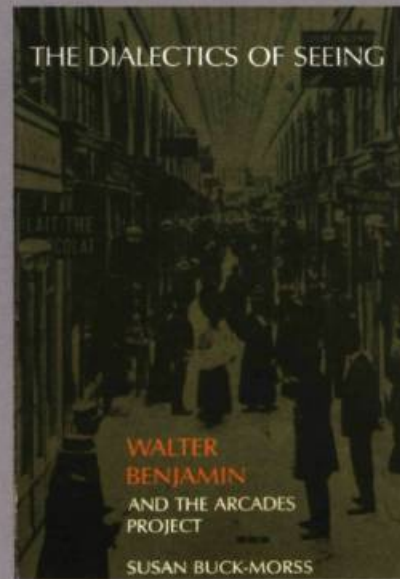
Toute l'humanité est éternellement et de tout temps schizophrène. Sur le plan ontogénétique, cependant, on pourrait peut-être décrire un certain type de réaction aux images mnémoniques comme étant antérieur et primitif, même si il se poursuit dans les coulisses. À une étape ultérieure, la mémoire ne suscite plus de réflexe immédiat, délibéré – qu'il soit de nature combative ou religieuse –, les images mnémoniques étant maintenant consciemment emmagasinées dans des représentations et des signes. Entre ces deux étapes on trouve un traitement de l'impression qu'on pourrait qualifier de mode de pensée symbolique.

Aby Warburg (extrait tiré d'une note de conférence à Kreuzlingen)



Andy Warhol, *Time Capsules*, installation temporaire au Carnegie Museum of Art à Pittsburgh.

Armin Zweite, *Gerhard Richter : Atlas*, Städtische Galerie am Lehnbachhaus, Munich, Museum Ludwig, Cologne, éditions Fred Jahn, Munich, 1989.



Marcel Duchamp, *La mariée mise à nu par ses célibataires, même (La Boîte verte)*, une édition de 300 boîtes contenant 94 fac-similés de notes et de dessins pour *Le Grand Verre*, 1911-1923.

André Malraux choisissant des photographies pour *Le Musée imaginaire*, Paris, vers 1947. Dans *The Museum as Muse: Artists Reflect*, Kynaston McShine, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1999.

Susan Buck-Morss, *The Dialectics of Seeing: Walter Benjamin and The Arcades Project*, The MIT Press, Cambridge, Mass., et Londres, 1991.

Notizkästen d'Aby Warburg, carte postale produite par le Warburg Institute, Londres, 1991.

Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal*, Éditions Gallimard, Paris, 1972.

Aby Warburg, panneaux *Atlastafeln/Atlas*, vers 1926-1930 (installés à l'origine dans la salle de lecture de la Kulturwissenschaftlichen Bibliothek de Warburg à Hambourg et documentés photographiquement).

vorbilder (modèles)



There is no question of inventing the flâneuse: the essential point is that such a character was rendered impossible by the sexual divisions of the nineteenth century. Nor is it appropriate to reject totally the existing literature on modernity, for the experiences it describes certainly defined a good deal of the lives of men, and were also (but far less centrally) a part of the experience of women. What is missing in this literature is any account of life outside the public realm, of the experience of 'the modern' in its private manifestations, and also of the very different nature of the experience of those women who did appear in the public arena.

Janet Wolff, *The Invisible Flâneuse: Women and the Literature of Modernity*



"She is a girl and would not be afraid to walk the whole world with herself."

The Invisible Flâneuse (The Experience of Modernity)

The literature of modernity does, like the experience of modernity, have its essentially masculine roots in the public realm of the nineteenth century. The early literature of modernity is thus essentially masculine in its orientation, and so is the literature of modernity as it is defined by its gender. The early literature of modernity is thus essentially masculine in its orientation, and so is the literature of modernity as it is defined by its gender. The early literature of modernity is thus essentially masculine in its orientation, and so is the literature of modernity as it is defined by its gender.

...But a girl like her cannot be the experience of modernity has also been through history. It is, however, in the late nineteenth century that the figure of the flâneuse emerges as a significant figure in the literature of modernity. The early literature of modernity is thus essentially masculine in its orientation, and so is the literature of modernity as it is defined by its gender. The early literature of modernity is thus essentially masculine in its orientation, and so is the literature of modernity as it is defined by its gender.




Here is the self and the knowing moment.

...It's an indelible motion on a Venetian afternoon.

It is a sense of time and my own life on which my mind is calling so wildly, time emerging from the direction of my father and moving in the direction of my death and bearing and contaminating my life.

Venice is a separate country. It cannot properly be part of Italy, or part of anything.

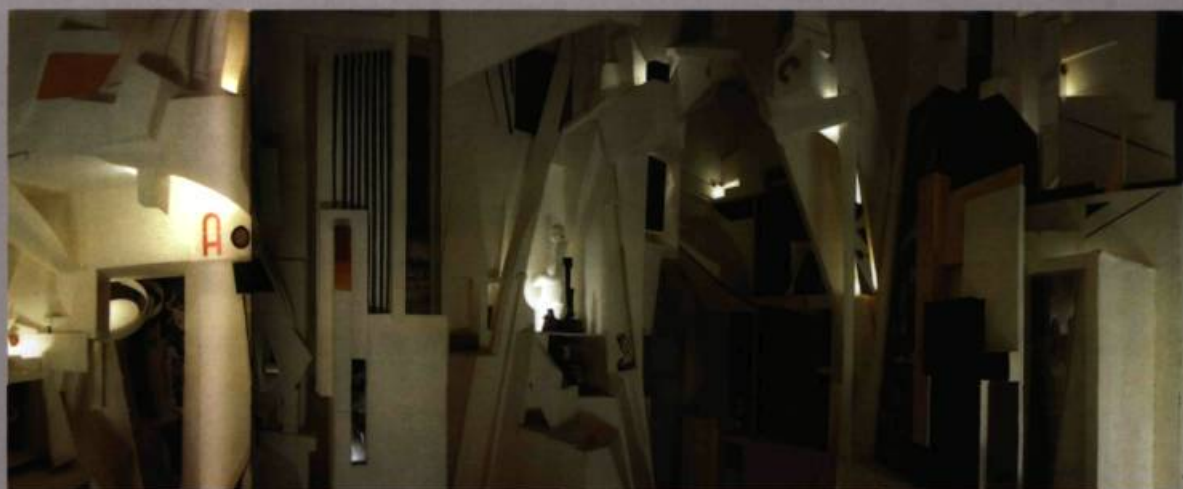
It floats at anchor inside its own will, among its domes and campanili, independent and exotic at its heart, a collection of structures among the waters, monuments of independent will, a city of independent will.

Time is different here than on the mainland.




There is something primordial about traveling on water, even for short distances.

You are informed that you are not supposed to be there not so much by your eyes, ears, nose, palate, or palm as by your feet, which feel odd acting as an organ of sense. Water unsettles the principle of horizontality, especially at night, when its surface resembles pavement. No matter how solid its substitute—the deck—under your feet, on water you are somewhat more alert than ashore, your faculties are more poised. On water, for instance, you never get absentminded the way you do in the street: your legs keep you and your wits in constant check, as if you were some kind of compass. Well, perhaps what sharpens your wits while traveling on water is indeed a distant, roundabout echo of the good old chordates. At any rate, your sense of the other on water gets keener, as though heightened by a common as well as a mutual danger. The loss of direction is a psychological category as much as it is a navigational one.

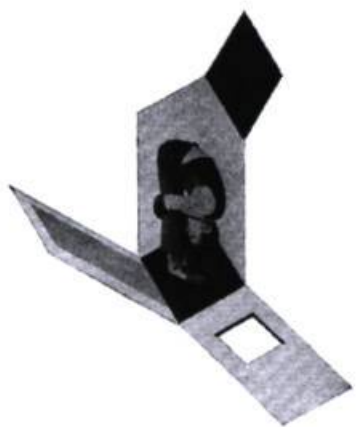


Kurt Schwitters, *Gesamtkunstwerk Merz (MERZbau)*, 1920, original, Hanovre, vers 1923–1936, reconstruction de Peter Bissegger (détail), 1980-1983.

Passage de Choiseul, 2^e arrondissement, Paris.

La maison ne peut plus être scellée, fermée, séparée; pas plus que la rue. Même si elles remplissent des fonctions différentes, la maison et la rue doivent former un tout. Pour y arriver, nous devons cesser de considérer la maison comme une boîte ou un vacuum. L'idée du «chez-soi» – «on n'est vraiment bien que chez soi» – doit être détruite en même temps que l'idée conventionnelle de la «rue».

Piet Mondrian



World-view and self-image are indissolubly intertwined with each other. The way man sees the world is the way he sees himself; the way he conceives himself is the way he conceives the world. Alterations in his view of the world lead to alterations in his view of himself and vice versa.

Christopher Wulf, *Worldviews and Self-Images*



Beethoven

“What does that mean — ‘some’?” (asked the little prince).
 “It is an act too often neglected,” said the fox. “It means to establish ties...”
 “What must I do, to tame you?” asked the little prince.
 “You must be very patient,” replied the fox. “First you will sit, down at a little distance from me... I shall look at you out of the corner of my eye and you will say nothing. But you will sit a little closer to me every day... You become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed.”

Beethoven

Child: Did you ever have bad dreams?
 Therapist: Yes, sometimes I have had bad dreams. Usually when I have bad dreams, it means that I'm worried about something.
 Child: What are your bad dreams, usually?
 Therapist: I think that they are a bit like yours. You know, monsters and things like that.
 Child: And snakes...
 Therapist: What else do you have bad dreams about?
 Child: A snake biting...
 Therapist: When you have those bad dreams, what do you think you are worried about?
 Child: You dying. Everyone dying in the world and leaving me alone.

© Richard B. Taylor, The Reducing Health Techniques Report of the Training Board for the Therapeutic Professions Ltd.

Beethoven

These spectacular ferns originated in Africa and Australia. They are epiphyllous; that is, they adhere to other plants though they do not draw any nutrients from them. They produce two types of fronds or leaves. The smaller, sterile fronds attach to its support. They accumulate organic debris which supplies nutrients to the plant and helps to retain moisture. The fertile fronds develop from the centre of the plant and can grow up to three meters in length for some species. The sporangia are grouped together to form large brown masses under these leaves. Sporangia are the organs which enclose the spores.

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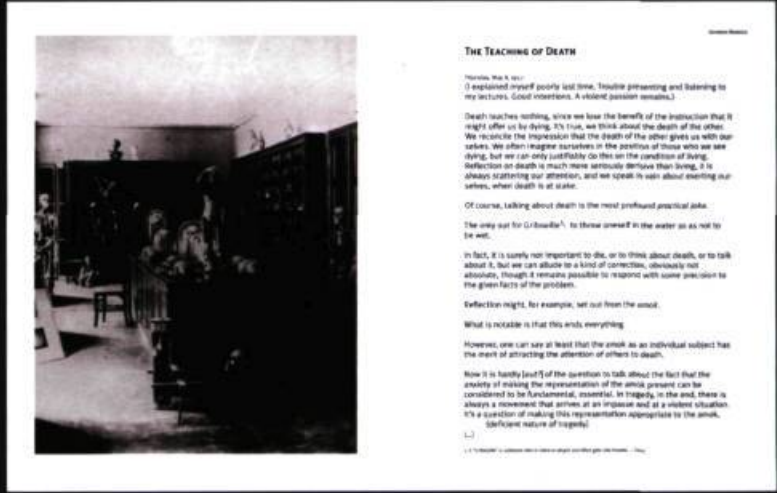
Beethoven

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sans titre (courting death)



Annette Lemieux, *Courting Death (Flirt mit dem Tod)*, 1985.



THE TEACHING OF DEATH

News, he says... I explained myself poorly last time, trouble grasping and listening to my lectures. Good questions. A violent passion remains... Death teaches nothing, since we lose the benefit of the instruction that it might offer us by dying. It's true, we think about the death of the other. We retrace the impression that the death of the other gives us with our selves. We often imagine ourselves in the position of those who we see dying, but we can only just flatter us in the position of living. Reflection on death is much more seriously disturbing than living. It is always scattering our attention, and we speak its own about existing ourselves, when death is at stake... Of course, talking about death is the most profound practical job. The only aim for Grouillard¹ is to throw oneself in the water so as not to be wet... In fact, it is surely not important to die, or to think about death, or to talk about it, but we can arrive to a kind of correction, obviously not absolute, though it remains possible to retrace with some precision to the given facts of the problem... Reflection might, for example, set out from the amok... What is possible is that this ends everything... However, one can say at least that the amok, as an individual subject has the merit of attracting the attention of others to death... Now it is hardly just of the question to talk about the fact that the possibility of making the representation of the amok present can be considered to be fundamental, essential. In tragedy, in the end, there is always a movement that arrives at an impassioned end or a violent situation. It's a question of making this representation appropriate to the amok, (deficient nature of tragedy).



La mort n'enseigne rien, puisqu'en mourant nous perdons le bénéfice de l'enseignement qu'elle pourrait nous donner. Il est vrai, nous réfléchissons sur la mort d'autrui. Nous reportons sur nous-mêmes l'impression que nous donne la mort des autres. Nous nous imaginons souvent dans la situation de ceux que nous voyons mourir, mais justement nous ne pouvons le faire qu'à la condition de vivre. La réflexion sur la mort est d'autant plus gravement dérisoire que vivre c'est toujours disperser son attention, et nous avons beau nous évertuer, lorsque la mort est en jeu.

Georges Bataille, *L'enseignement de la mort*

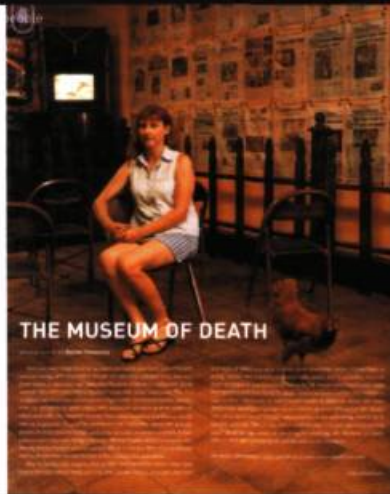
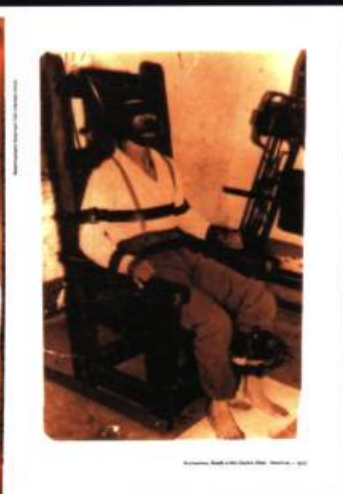




Photo: Agence France Presse, AFP

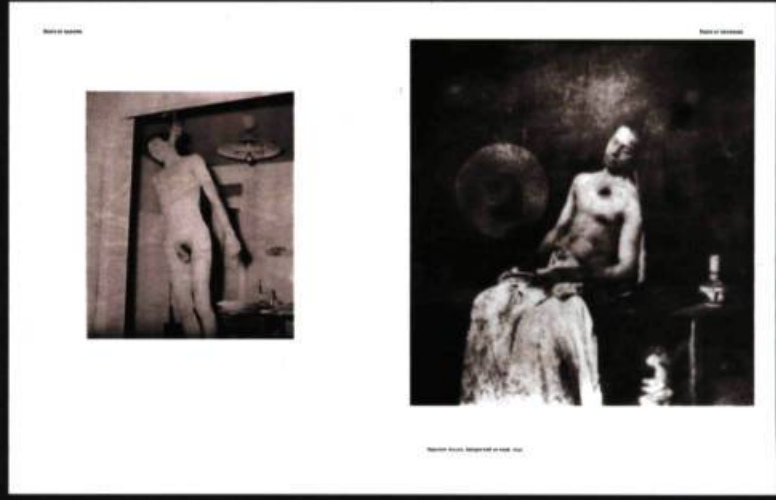


Photo: Agence France Presse, AFP



Photo: Agence France Presse, AFP

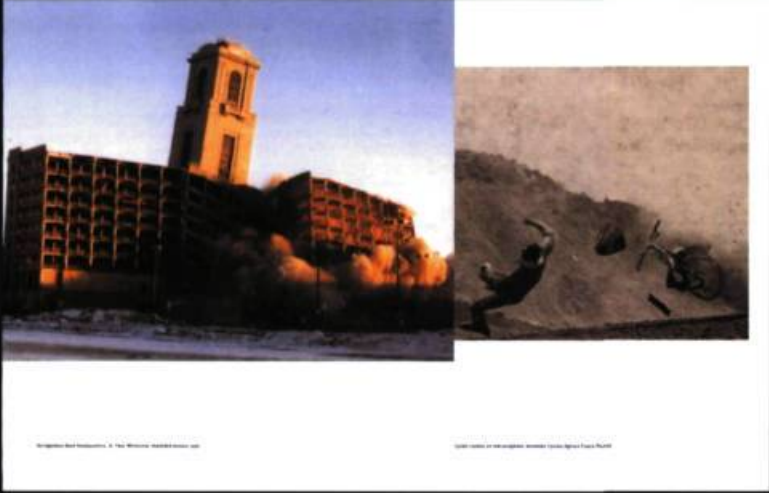


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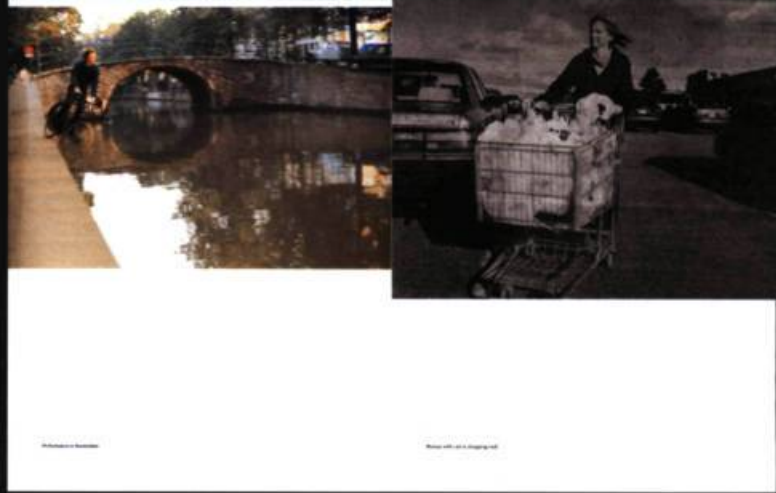
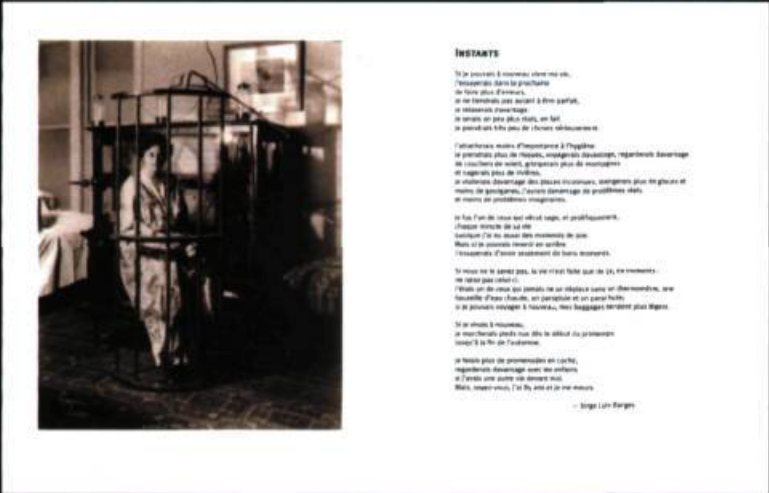


Photo: Agence France Presse, AFP

Photo: Agence France Presse, AFP



INSTANTS

Tu te précipites à l'inconnu, cher me va,
l'insouciance dans la poche
de ton plus d'instants,
de ton instant pas avant à être après,
de l'instant l'instant,
de l'instant en ton plus d'instants,
de l'instant en ton plus d'instants,
de l'instant en ton plus d'instants.

L'attente, l'attente d'attente à l'attente
de l'attente de l'attente, l'attente de l'attente,
de l'attente de l'attente, l'attente de l'attente,
de l'attente de l'attente, l'attente de l'attente,
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de l'attente de l'attente, l'attente de l'attente.

Je t'ai vu de loin qui était sage, et profondément,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant.

Je n'ai pas le savoir, je ne suis pas celui de la, et l'instant,
de l'instant de l'instant,
de l'instant de l'instant, et l'instant, et l'instant,
de l'instant de l'instant, et l'instant, et l'instant,
de l'instant de l'instant, et l'instant, et l'instant,
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Je n'ai pas le savoir, je ne suis pas celui de la, et l'instant,
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— Jorge Luis Borges



POST-SCRIPTUM

Je t'ai vu de loin qui était sage, et profondément,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant,
l'instant de l'instant de l'instant.

Photo: Agence France Presse, AFP



C'est dire qu'établi en soi, l'étranger n'a pas de soi. Tout juste une assurance vide, sans valeur, qui axe ses possibilités d'être constamment autre, au gré des autres et des circonstances. Je fais ce qu'on veut, mais ce n'est pas « moi » – « moi » est ailleurs, « moi » n'appartient à personne, « moi » n'appartient pas à « moi », ... « moi » existe-t-il ?

Julia Kristeva, *Étrangers à nous-mêmes*



« Mon livre et moi ne faisons qu'un »
Montaigne



100 pages

100 pages



I declare that the Library is endless. Idealists argue that the hexagonal rooms are the necessary shape of absolute space, or at least of our perception of space. They argue that a triangular or pentagonal chamber is inconceivable. (Mystics claim that their ecstasies reveal to them a Circular chamber containing an enormous circular book with a continuous spine that goes completely around the walls. But their testimony is suspect, their words obscure. That cyclical book is God.) Let it suffice for the moment that I repeat the classic dictum: The Library is a sphere whose exact center is any hexagon and whose circumference is unattainable.

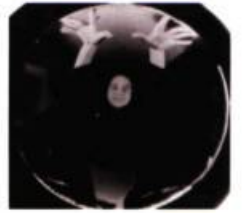
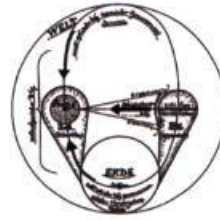
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Je ne sais pas ce que c'est un livre. Personne le sait. Mais on sait quand il y en a un. Et quand il n'y a rien, on le sait comme on sait qu'on est, pas encore mort.



100 pages

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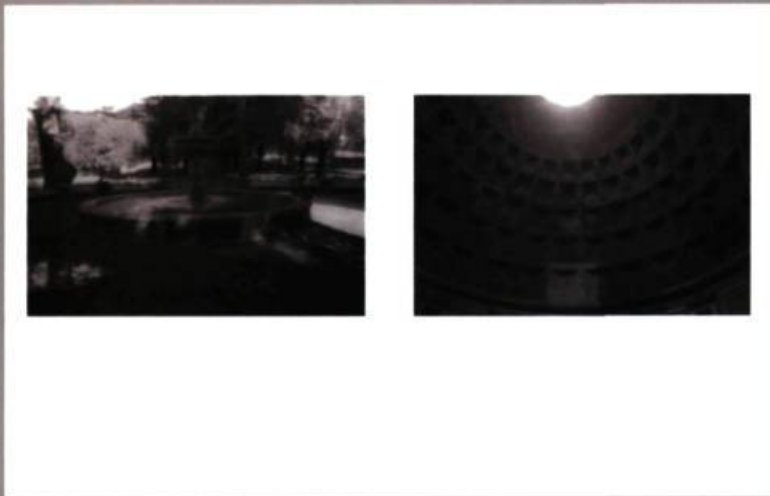
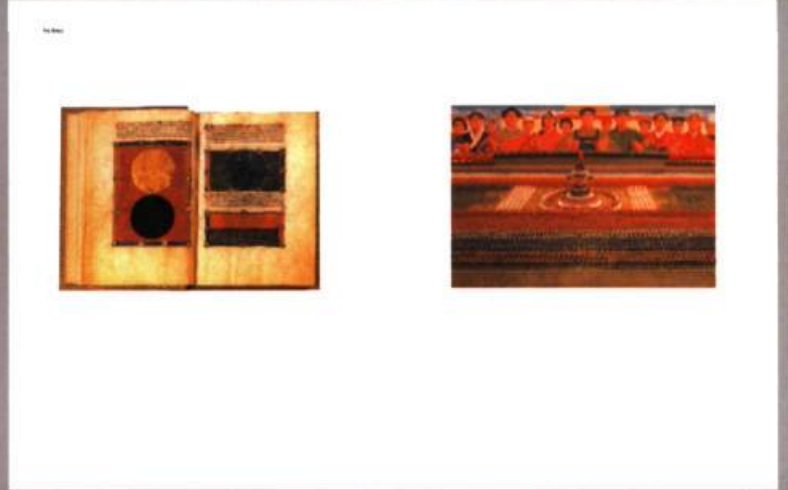
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Suis-je vraiment tenu de me justifier si je m'empêtre moi-même et s'il y a, dans mes discours, de la vanité et des erreurs que je ne perçoive pas ou que je ne sois pas capable de percevoir même en tentant de les imaginer? Car souvent des fautes échappent à nos propres yeux, mais la maladie du jugement consiste à ne pouvoir les apercevoir lorsqu'un autre nous les indique. La connaissance et la vérité peuvent loger en nous sans le jugement et le jugement peut y être aussi sans elles. [...] Je ne cherche dans les livres qu'à me donner du plaisir par un honnête divertissement; ou, si j'étudie, je ne cherche que la science qui traite de la connaissance de moi-même et qui m'instruit à bien mourir et à bien vivre.

Montaigne, « Des livres », chapitre X des Essais



sans titre (washed water)



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multilingual




BLU
bottled



L'eau, telle une peau
Que nul ne peut blesser ...




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**MR. PALOMAR
ON THE BEACH**

Reading a wave

The sea is heavily watched, and little waves make the sandy shore. Mr. Palomar is standing on the shore, looking at a wave. Not that he is lost in contemplation of the waves. He is not lost, because he is quite aware of what he is doing: he wants to look at a wave and he is looking at it. He is not contemplating, because the contemplation you need the right temperament, the right mood, and the right combination of exterior circumstances; and though Mr. Palomar has nothing against contemplation in principle, none of these three conditions applies to him. Finally, it is not "the waves" that he wants to look at, but just one individual wave; so his desire to avoid vague contemplation, he establishes for his every action a limited and precise object.

Mr. Palomar sees a wave rise in the distance, grows, approaches, changes form and color, folds over itself, breaks, vanishes, and flows again. At this point he could convince himself that he has concluded the operation he had set out to achieve, and he could go away. But looking one wave is not easy, separating it from the waves immediately following, which seem to push it and as times overtakes it and sweeps it away; and it is no easier to

© 2002 The Coca-Cola Company

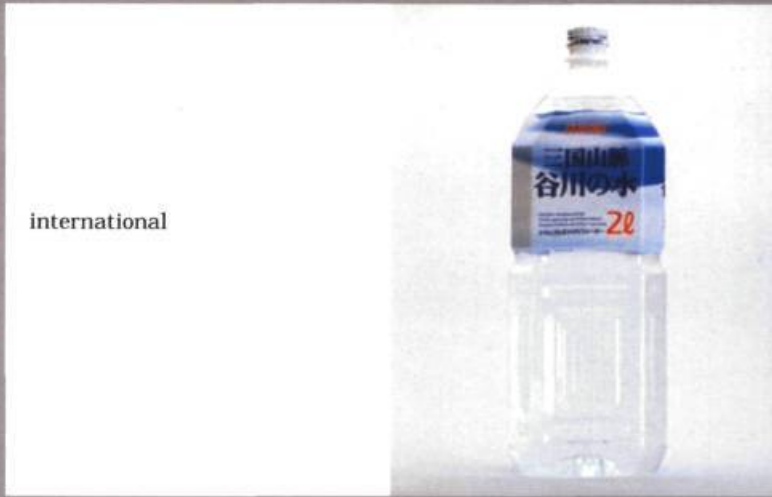
The question today is, however – perhaps has always been – how somebody can appropriate (in fact steal) somebody else's doing and yet make something of it that is uniquely his own. In other words, the question is not what are the models to be followed or that are being followed, but what are the doings that by the fact of being reappropriated are turned into models: in this process – when true reappropriation is involved – the models generated become something that is at once identical and different from their source, like an old being that is the offspring of a younger one, issued from itself, and who only in this relation could come to realize what it was (and is: 'figlia del tuo figlio' – daughter of thy son – says Dante of the Virgin Mary). Thus a new form (of seeing, of hearing, of living, etc.) gives life to an old one. When this occurs – it occurs constantly, or we would be all dead – some form of art is at play, something that turns out to be absolutely necessary, but only after the fact. This necessity, a posteriori, is akin to that which governs magical thought: that form of thought which refuses to accept that anything may be without a recognizable cause and that behind this cause there may not lie a definite intention.

Francesco Pellizzi, *Riddles of the Model*





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mon ambiguïté essentielle

affirmer-dérober

Quelle est la forme la plus
angoissante de l'affirmation ; la mieux
construite

n'importe comment, me semble-t-il, j'aurais dû recommencer

d'une part j'en sais plus long
mais d'autre part j'achève d'être las
et je n'aurai pas la patience, à l'instant j'oublie d'échouer
ainsi je ne pourrais faire mieux

Georges Bataille, *Hors « Les Larmes d'Éros »* [Appendice]



ci-dessus

Angela Grauerholz, *Reading Room for the Working Artist* (Salle de lecture de l'artiste au travail), 2003-2004
Installation à la Olga Korper Gallery, Toronto, Décembre 2004.
Photographie : Michael Cullen

à gauche

Angela Grauerholz, *Reading Room for the Working Artist* (Salle de lecture de l'artiste au travail), 2003-2004
Première installation montrant le film-collage intitulé *Ephemeris*, produit pour l'œuvre en collaboration
avec Réjean Myette. Blaffer Gallery, The Art Museum of the University of Houston, 2003.
Photographie : Rick Gardner

Images extraites du film-collage *Ephemeris*.