

Fade-out Hanne Lippard

PRESSKIT

curated by furiosa

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furiosa

furiosa est un bureau d'expérimentation axé sur la recherche fondé par les curateurs et travailleurs indépendants [Arlène Berceliot Courtin](#) & [Thibault Vanco](#) en 2018.

Dédié principalement à la recherche curatoriale, sa vocation est de développer une approche analytique et réflexive des modalités de diffusion et principes d'acceptation et d'assimilation des pratiques artistiques contemporaines. furiosa tente d'apporter une réflexion et une vision alternative en intégrant un ensemble de plus en plus diversifié de projets auto-initiés et de collaborations multiples et en élaborant de nouvelles stratégies de représentation et de transmission, considérant les logiques économiques et l'ensemble des attitudes sociales comme bases de compréhension des pratiques artistiques actuelles.

En 2020, incluant sa participation à la Biennale européenne d'art contemporain Manifesta 13 - Les Parallèles du Sud, furiosa développe une programmation intitulée l'm a private person, l'm a public mind.

l'm a private person, l'm a public mind évoque l'obsession du langage et la migration de la parole proposant l'investigation des relations existantes et imaginaires simultanées des urgences privées et publiques par une analyse du lexique de l'attraction et des stratégies de l'intime.

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furiosa is an experimental research-driven project founded by independent curators and art workers [Arlène Berceliot Courtin](#) & [Thibault Vanco](#) in 2018.

Mainly dedicated to curatorial research, its vocation is to develop an analytical and reflexive approach to the modalities of dissemination and principles of acceptance and assimilation of contemporary artistic practices. furiosa attempts to provide an alternative reflection and vision by integrating an increasingly diverse set of self-initiated projects and multiple collaborations and, by elaborating new strategies of representation and transmission, considering economic logics and social attitudes as a basis for understanding current artistic practices.

In 2020, including its participation in the European Biennial of Contemporary Art Manifesta 13 - Les Parallèles du Sud, furiosa is developing a program entitled l'm a private person, l'm a public mind.

l'm a private person, l'm a public mind, evokes the obsession with language and the migration of speech by proposing the investigation of existing and imaginary simultaneous relationships of private and public emergencies through an analysis of the lexicon of attraction and intimate strategies.

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I'm a private person, I'm a public mind emprunte son titre à un poème performé par Hanne Lippard lors d'un après-midi d'hiver. Hantant la mémoire active de l'application Notes d'un téléphone portable depuis deux ans, *I'm a private person, I'm a public mind* marque avec [Fade-out](#) le dernier opus d'un cycle autour du lexique de l'attraction et des stratégies de l'intime, de l'obsession du langage et de la migration de la parole.

Le *fading* nous invite à comprendre la disparition comme un phénomène autonome. Et [Fade-out](#) nous engage à considérer ce phénomène à travers plusieurs entités, des voix comprises comme un ensemble de sons produits par la bouche résultant de la vibration de la glotte sous la pression de l'air expiré et précédant à ce titre la parole. (1)

À travers l'intertextualité, Hanne Lippard permute, fragmente et recompose la langue, usant les mots dans leurs potentiels échos.

Qu'est-ce que ce ghost qui fait écho à l'appel ? (2) *Être hanté par un fantôme, c'est avoir la mémoire de ce qu'on n'a jamais vécu au présent. (...) Est-ce qu'on demande à un fantôme s'il croit aux fantômes ? Ici le fantôme, c'est moi.* (3)

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1. Les voix de la révolution, Paul B. Preciado, Libération, 20 Novembre 2020.

2. J'entendais du bruit pendant l'appel, la parole n'était pas naturelle ou avait un son déformé, l'appel s'est terminé de manière inattendu, l'autre ne pouvait entendre aucun son, je ne pouvais entendre aucun son, j'entends de l'écho dans l'appel, le volume était bas, nous avons cessé de nous interrompre, extrait du questionnaire de satisfaction envoyé par Skype à la fin d'un appel, Novembre 2020, collection de l'artiste.

3. *Ghost Dance*, 16'11", 1983, Jacques Derrida jouant son propre rôle dans un entretien avec Pascale Ogier.

I'm a private person, I'm a public mind borrows its title from a poem performed by Hanne Lippard on a winter afternoon. Haunting the active memory of a cell phone's Notes application for two years. *I'm a private person, I'm a public mind* mark through [Fade-out](#), the last opus of a program focusing on the lexicon of attraction and the intimate strategies, the obsession with language, and the migration of language.

The *fading* of the voice invites us to understand disappearance as an autonomous phenomenon. Thus, [Fade-out](#) allows us to consider this phenomenon through several entities, some voices understood as a set of sounds produced by the mouth resulting from the vibration of the glottis under the pressure of exhaled air and as such precedes speech. (1)

Through intertextuality, Hanne Lippard permutes, fragments, and reconstructs language using words in their potential echoes.

What is this ghost who echoes the call? (2) *To be haunted by a ghost is to remember something you've never lived through. (...) Firstly, you're asking a ghost whether he believes in ghosts, Here the ghost is me.* (3)

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1. The voices of the revolution, Paul B. Preciado, Liberation Newspaper, November 20, 2020.

2 I heard noise in the call, Speech was not natural or sounded distorted, the call ended unexpectedly, the other side could not hear any sound, I could not hear any sound, heard echo in the call, Volume was low, we kept interrupting each other, extracts from the message sent by Skype at the end of a call, November 2020, collection of the artist.

3. *Ghost Dance*, 16'11, 1983, Jacques Derrida playing his own role in an interview with Pascale Ogier.

Hanne Lippard

Depuis une dizaine d'années, Hanne Lippard (1984, NO, vit et travaille à Berlin) développe une réflexion autour de l'abstraction du langage et de notre capacité à exister en playback aux prises avec la standardisation, les logiques inclusives et un certain automatisme du langage courant.

Son travail a fait l'objet de plusieurs expositions solos à la Kunsthall Stavanger (Ulyd, Stavanger Kunsthall, Stavanger, 2018), au FriArt (Ulyd, FriArt, Fribourg, 2018), KW (Flesh, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin, 2017), expositions collectives au FRAC des Pays de la Loire (X, Frac des Pays de la Loire, Carquefou), Lafayette Anticipations (Lifetime #10, Mistakes Made, Lafayette Anticipations, Paris, online), n.b.k (There Is Fiction in the Space Between, n.b.k. Neuer Berliner Kunstverein, Berlin, 2019), à la Kunsthalle Wien (Antarctica. An Exhibition about Alienation, Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, 2018), et performances dont récemment à la Hamburger Bahnhof (Performative Reading, Hamburger Bahnhof – Museum der Gegenwart, Berlin, 2020), au Palazzo Giustinian, Biennale de Venise 2019 (Personally, Everybody, Anyone, together avec Bendik Giske, Palazzo Giustinian, organisé par la Kunsthall Stavanger, Venise, 2019).

In 2021, Hanne Lippard will have a solo exhibition at FRAC Lorraine, Metz.

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Over the past ten years, Hanne Lippard (1984, NO, lives and works in Berlin) reflects on the abstraction of language and our ability to exist in playback, struggling with standardization, inclusive logic, and a certain automatism of everyday language.

Her works have been the subject of several solo exhibitions including Kunsthall Stavanger (Ulyd, Stavanger Kunsthall, Stavanger, 2018), FriArt (Ulyd, FriArt, Fribourg, 2018), KW (Flesh, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin, 2017), group exhibitions at FRAC des Pays de la Loire (X, Frac des Pays de la Loire, Carquefou), Lafayette Anticipations (Lifetime #10, Mistakes Made, Lafayette Anticipations, Paris, online), n.b.k (There Is Fiction in the Space Between, n.b.k. Neuer Berliner Kunstverein, Berlin, 2019), Kunsthalle Wien (Antarctica. An Exhibition about Alienation, Kunsthalle Wien, Vienna, 2018), performances including recently Hamburger Bahnhof (Performative Reading, Hamburger Bahnhof – Museum der Gegenwart, Berlin, 2020), Palazzo Giustinian, Venice Biennale 2019 (Personally, Everybody, Anyone, together with Bendik Giske, Palazzo Giustinian, organized by Kunsthall Stavanger, Venice, 2019).

In 2021, Hanne Lippard will have a solo exhibition at FRAC Lorraine, Metz.

Fade-out

Incl. fragments from R.Barthes, A Lover's Discourse, 1977 The Human Voice, Jean Cocteau (played by Ingrid Bergman), 1966 Bruce Sterling, The Hacker Crackdown: Law and Disorder on the Electronic Frontier, 1992

The ephemeral qualities of speech only live adjacent to the mouth which releases their form. But we are not our bones, but rather, that which is in between. When our voice is gone, when our voice evaporates, who can reconstruct the muted tone of our digital dialogues and narratives? The mechanical sounds of incoming texts and emails, hovering voice-recordings, numbing elevator music and automatic clinical replies, merge with our own uncontrollable as well as controllable human sounds. A machine without a melody evokes scepticism. Is it dead or alive?

For what is a body without sound?

No one answers, for what is given is precisely what does not answer. (R.B)

My hello, bonjour, ciao, coucou, salut, vanishes into thin air. Unable to see their mouth behind the mask, my voice in waves resonates down the hallway, greeted only by their blank stare. Just like the unreplied email stares back at you in its present absence. It does not exist, and yet it exists too much. In fact it exists so much that every time you hear a *pling* you think, it's the *thing*, finally, a response, to my waiting, but it's only a pling, and then no *thing*.

Nothing but an ad for expat accounting services, or a group email about how, what and where to take down the trash in your sublet studio building; *please fold the cardboard according to the attached jpg, empty the empty plastic bottles of any excess air, discard any surplus fluids*. Your email gets lost and time passes, as does your smile behind the mask, the carnal version of two dots and a colon, hiding behind two layers of 100% cotton, tightly woven. Where do all your wasted communicative efforts end up when nobody replies? Deep down in the colon of unreplied emails and greetings, your answers are bulking up, only creating a pile of unreplied shit. Digestive issues, are also issues. You see, there's a hell in hello, not only an oh.

Freud, apparently, did not like the telephone, however much

he may have liked listening. Then, too, on the telephone the other is always in a situation of departure; the other departs twice by voice and by silence: whose turn is it to speak? We fall silent in unison: crowding of two voids.

First of all, this voice, when it reaches me, when it is here, while it (with great difficulty) survives, is a voice I never entirely recognise; as if it emerged from under a mask (thus we are told that the masks used in Greek tragedy had a magical function: to give the voice a chthonic origin, to distort, to alienate the voice, to make it come from somewhere.

I'm going to leave you, the voice on the telephone says with each second.
(R.B)

11. 20. pm: the phone rings. I pick it up only to see the name of an old friend who I haven't heard from in years sliding sideways along the screen. I look at the phone. I look at her name. I look up from the phone. I look down again. I look at her name. I look up and out into the empty room and wonder what to answer; a simple hello seems so out of place and even more so; time. What do I expect her to say? What would we talk about? Before I manage to answer to all my frenetic internal questions the call stops. Instead she leaves a message on my voicemail, initiating a latent conversation. After an hour of contemplation I listen to it. The message is about three minutes long but I struggle to hear anything but the sound of a faint bass in a club, and even more faint, among other voices, her voice, saying something indecipherable. I try to make sense of her words, but no sense can be made. The message is clearly, or unclearly, not meant for me, nor was it ever meant to be recorded. The unclear message is a message in itself, it is a non-verbal confirmation that we are now worlds apart.

You can't hear me??

Well, I'm speaking quite loud!

Well that's strange, now I can't hear you

Hello hello???

Now I can't hear you

Yes, but you sound very far off

And you can hear me

Oh it's my turn then (laughs)

No darling don't hang up
Please don't hang up! (Hysteric)
Now you're back
Oh I can hear you again
Ah yes I hate that
It's like being dead
(I.B)

R.B a ajouté un « J'adore » à «  ».

I.B Gav ett hjärta till en bild

B.S laughed at :-)

Cyberspace is the “place” where a telephone conversation appears to occur. Not inside your actual phone, the plastic device on your desk. Not inside the other person’s phone, in some other city. The place between the phones. The indefinite place out there, where the two of you, two human beings, actually meet and communicate. (B.S)

Before the world comes to an end this will already have dispersed: the sound of her discretely smoking a cigarette over the telephone, as well as the restless tapping sound of her nails upon a glass table once she decides to quit for a week, the loud sighs heard in a shared workspace over the growing immaterial pile of yet unreplied mails, the groans and moans expelled loudly when missing a bus, a flight, or an opportunity, the ticking of the digital clock which keeps you awake at night, painfully aware of your own nocturnal existence. These million miniscule sounds of mortality which encompass our own existential etcetera and viscera, repeated daily, weekly, yearly, subtly, but not always softly. What will be left of our voice-messages, our long-distance phone calls, our skype conversations, our amorous emojis exchanged through passionate DM scrolls? They will evaporate with ease, like our own mortally salivated droplets, withheld only by a single piece of cloth:

The mouth shapes the O
The breath shapes the H
Together, they say

OH

HÖ

ØH

HØ

ÖH

HO

It's almost a cough
But it's not.

The communal fear of touching both strangers and those familiar to us, is exceedingly present in its physical absence. The resistant physical demagnetisation of our bodies are now lingering in a space of confusion, creating a thick social wall of its own, obstructing ourselves from a gentle act of physical touch, a hug, or a kiss, that otherwise would be completely normal, or even considered polite or kind. It's as if we are putting the interaction of bodies on hold, in the same way we are holding our public breaths to ourself. Any external interaction apart from touching our own bodies and surfaces, is deemed potentially lethal. And so we fervently touch our phones, stroking the glass surface, begging for a response. If B has hearted your comment from a 100 km distance, that must surely mean something? The surface of my screen has more than twenty splinters, and I am close to cutting myself badly with every digital caress. My ears, my fingers, my jaw. The screen broke when I threw it with full force in the wall during a fit of jealousy. Unable to confront the person in question, I was forced to attack to the wall instead. The wall remained silent, untouched. I went to bed shortly after, but the phone remained awake until dawn. Damaged, but still functional. So was I.

Language is a skin: I rub my language against the other. It is as if I had words instead of fingers, or fingers at the tip of my words. My language trembles with desire. The emotion derives from a double contact: on the one hand, a whole activity of discourse discreetly, indirectly focuses upon a single signified, which is "I desire you," and releases, nourishes, ramifies it to the point of explosion (language experiences orgasm upon touching itself); on the other hand, I enwrap the other in my words, I caress, brush

against, talk up this contact, I extend myself to make the commentary to which I submit the relation endure. (R.B)

R.B a ajouté un «point d'interrogation» à « hello ».

I.B Gav ett hjärta till "LOL"

B.S gave a thumbs up to 'crescent moon emoji'

*You can hear but you can't make yourself heard
Yes oh yes, much better, even better than before
But theres a strange, sort of echo
Doesn't sound like your phone at all
Your phone always sounds the same
Whenever I listen to you I can see you
Yes! (Laughs)
Oh no no pyjamas
A tie
The blue one with a grey pattern
In the left hand, you have the receiver
Yes, that's easy, I know
And you have a pen, you're doodling
Dots, hearts
Ha ha, You see I have eyes instead of ears
Oh but whatever you do, don't look at me
Afraid, no I'm not afraid, its worse than that
(I.B)*

R.B a ajouté un «point d'exclamation» à « I'm going to leave you ».

I.B Gav ett hjärta till "BRB"

B.S gave a thumbs down to 'yes'

To undo a reaction, repeat the steps above and deselect the expression you selected. The person who sent the message will receive a notification that your reaction has been "removed."

This human has ended the conversation. This human has disconnected from the discussion. This connection has ended. This discussion, is thus over. Us, as us, too.

[bip]

Hanne Lippard, 2020



Performative Reading, Hamburger Bahnhof – Museum der Gegenwart, Berlin, 2020



Installation view, *Contactless, RIBOCA 2 and suddenly it all blossoms*, Riga Biennale, Riga, 2020
(cur: Rebecca Lamarche-Vadel), © the artist, and LambdaLambdaLambda



Exhibition views, *Flesh*, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin, 2017,
(cur: Krist Gruijthuisen), © the artist, and LambdaLambdaLambda



Exhibition view, *Ulyd*, Kunsthall Stavanger, Stavanger, 2018
© the artist, and LambdaLambdaLambda



Cunt, 2018, draped silk-curtain, dimension variable, © the artist, and LambdaLambdaLambda

X

DEAR P!

CONSIDER THIS MY FINAL ANSWER:

A R F
A R R G H
E E E R R R G
U R R R H H H
W I U U H R J J K
G R R R R R R R R P

YOURS,
M D

