

Julien Creuzet

Date of birth 12.10.86, Le Blanc Mesnil.

Lives and works in Montreuil

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Solo Exhibitions

2018

- Toute la distance de la mer (...) Fondation Ricard, Paris
- La pluie a rendu cela possible (...) Bétonsalon, Paris

2017

- *SKETCH, Bogotá, Colombia.*
- *Document Gallery, Chicago, IL*

2016

- *Participation to Present Future, Artissima International Fair Of Contemporary Art, Torino, Italy*

· *Jangal mon dawa, Dohyang Lee Gallery, Paris, France*

- *Cet ailleurs, qui rejaillit en moi, lorsque je suis là (...), National Superior School of Art and Design of Nancy, Nancy, France*

2015

- *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna], Frac Basse Normande, Caen*

2013

- *Standard and poor's, le nouveau monde, [Standard and poor's, the new world]* Galerie Dohyang Lee, Paris
- *Standard and poor's, Toi, Tâche, Trauma, De là-bas, [Standard and poor's, You, Stain, Trauma, From there]* Espace d'art contemporain Camille Lambert, Juvisy-sur-Orge

2012

- *Standard and poor's, Capitalis, Estatuas, [Standard and poor's, Liability, Statues], Galerie Hypertopie, Caen*
- *Standard & Poor's, on the Way, the Price of Glass, Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, Turin*

Expositions collectives (sélection)

2018

- NADA - *Document Gallery*, New York
- Le Paradoxe de l'iceberg, Frac île-de-France - Frac Grand Large, le château de Rentyll, France
- Ailleurs est ce rêve proche, La Villa du Parc, Annemasse

2017

- *Biennale des Rencontres de Bamako, Mali*
- *Biennale de Lyon, curated by Emma Lavigne, Lyon, France*
- *Performing the Border, curated by Jana J. Haeckel, Petra Poelzl,*

Kunstraum Niederoesterreich, Vienna, Autriche.

- *Ministry of internal affairs intimacy as text », Museum of Modern Art, Varsovie, Pologne.*
- *La Sfinge Nera The Black Sphinx From Morocco To Madagascar, Primo Marella Gallery, Milan, Italy*
- *Le jour qui vient curated by Marie-Ann Yemsi, Galerie des Galeries, Paris, France*
- *Traversées, Hors Pistes, Centre Pompidou, Paris*
- *Corps sans tête, un lendemain difficile, Maëlle Galerie, Paris, France*

2016

- *Figure, blank projects, Cape Town, South Africa*
- *Ateliers Internationaux, Journal d'un travailleur métèque du futur, curated by Dorothée Dupuis, FRAC Pays de la Loire, Carquefou, France*
- *Sous le soleil exactement. Coucher de soleil et lever de rideau, curated by Éloïse Guénard, Centre d'Art Bastille, Grenoble, France*
- *Participation to the Kampala Art Biennale, Kampala, Ouganda*
- *Participation to the 12ème Biennale de l'Art contemporain Africain de Dakar, Dakar, Senegal*

2015

- *Officiel Art Fair 2015, Cité de la mode et design, Paris*
- *YIA Art Fair 2015, Carreaux du Temple, Paris*
- *15^e salon régionale de la zone Pacifique de Colombie, Cali*
- *ENTRY PROHIBITED TO FOREIGNERS, Havremagasin, Boden, Suède*
- *Scroll infini, La Galerie, centre d'art contemporain, Noisy-le-Sec.*

2014

- *La interrupción de la siesta avec le collectif La Nocturna, ArteCámara, Bogotá, Colombie*
- *Polyform, G8, Cité internationale de arts, Paris*

2013

- *Panorama 2013, Le Fresnoy, Tourcoing*
- *AN BAARA KOW, Les choses de chez nous, Bakary Diallo invite Julien Creuzet, Galerie Dohyang Lee, Paris*

2012

- *Jeune Création 2012, Le 104, Paris*
- *CDD, Galerie 360 m3, Lyon*
- *Le spectre visible, Ou Galerie, Marseille*
- *Sans les murs, Conseil Régional Basse-Normandie*

Residencies

2016 Residency at Rebuild Foundation Chicago, Illinois, USA

2016 Residency Orange Rouge, Saint-Denis

2015 Residency La Synagogue de Delme, Centre d'art contemporain, Delme

2014 Residency La Galerie, Centre d'art contemporain, Noisy-le Sec

2011/2012 Residency Voyez vous, Transat vidéo, Colombelles

2010 Residency Station MIR, Hérouville Saint-Clair

2010 Festival Cellbutton, Yogyakarta, Indonésie

Performances / Conferences / Live

2016

- *Ciel Ara, Khiasma, Les Lilas, France*
- *Museum ON/OFF, Centre Pompidou, Paris, France*
- *Institut Français, Algiers, Algeria*

2015

- *J'ai fait plusieurs fois le même rêve, diffusé*
- *Opéra-archipel, voix chargées et corps perdus, conférence-performance, médiathèque Roger-Gouhier, Noisy-le-Sec*
- *Opéra-archipel, danses païennes et corps critiques, conférence-performance, salle Josephine Baker, Noisy-le-Sec*

2014

- *Performance pour les 15 ans du centre d'art contemporain La Galerie, Noisy-le-Sec*
- *Projection Les mains, négatives, Julien Creuzet - Ana Vaz, Le Plateau, FRAC île de France, lancement no.3 revue Initiiales*

2011

- *Diffusion pièce sonore Dialecte Digiforme, Gare SNCF de Caen*

Education

2012/2013 Le Fresnoy-Studio national des arts contemporains

2011/2012 Post-diplôme ENSBA Lyon

2010/2011 DNSEP, avec les félicitations du jury, Esam, Caen

«The opera-archipelago, it's me.» J. C. 2015

Emile Renard

During his residency at La Galerie, Julien Creuzet marked a new phase in his oeuvre with the composition of an opera-archipelago. This umbrella title for a host of different works, each of which also has its own subtitle, functions something like the Caribbean Sea, separating islets that are the visible parts of an enormous territory whose true unity lies below the surface. In this mimicking of an archipelago, Creuzet breaks down opera's components—voices, music, dances, sets, costumes, stage, libretto—into a fragmented art form, a miscellany that includes gestures, performances, talks, films and sculptures. The fractured geography of the Caribbean, where Creuzet grew up, seems to have had a profound effect on the structure of work made up of groupings at once composite and unified: accumulations of objects, photographs and videos emerge from planes—floor, benches, tables, screens—and spread over a vast area—the studio, the street, the exhibition—whose uncertain boundaries extend all the way to the artist himself as the ultimate, living synthesis of this multiplicity. Opera-archipelago is him, and him working with his telephone, that magic wand, that extension of his arm, today's equivalent of those big shells that enabled communication from one island to another "back there"—except that this particular shell endlessly records images within arm's reach. The sheer weight of history pressing on the Caribbean people with their legacy of slavery permeates the artist's ongoing, horizontal explorations. The opera-archipelago has its roots in two historical sources which, in France, have helped create a fantasy realm of far-off lands, a bogus exoticism:

Rameau's opera *Les Indes galantes* of 1735, with its simultaneous celebration of amorous conquest and distant dominions; and the 1930s magazine "Toutes nos colonies" (All Our Colonies), with each eloquently titled issue devoted to a "French possession": "Chad, Land of Sand and Gold", "The Paradise of the French West Indies", "Gateway to the East: the Somali Coast, France's Indies". Creuzet dismantles and dissects these sources, wondering what has become of this plurally "Indian" exoticism and of what he calls "these images of the unknown incarnated". He does this by establishing links of kinship between these traces of other places and other times and what he sees here and now, in France, in Seine-Saint-Denis, in Noisy-le-Sec, with its plant life and the life of its residents. This is a quest reminiscent of the "aesthetics of diversity" described by Victor Segalen a century ago in his *Essay on Exoticism*: "the sensation of Exoticism . . . is nothing other than the notion of difference, the perception of Diversity, the knowledge that something is other than one's self; . . . the ability to conceive otherwise."¹ In this way Creuzet connects scraps of the past with what he observes of the new "sensations of exoticism"; this in a world where geography no longer holds any surprises, but where forms of otherness are to be found in the most obscure places. Using images of the known world, he builds other images of less well known ones, bringing to the surface submerged areas of the everyday.

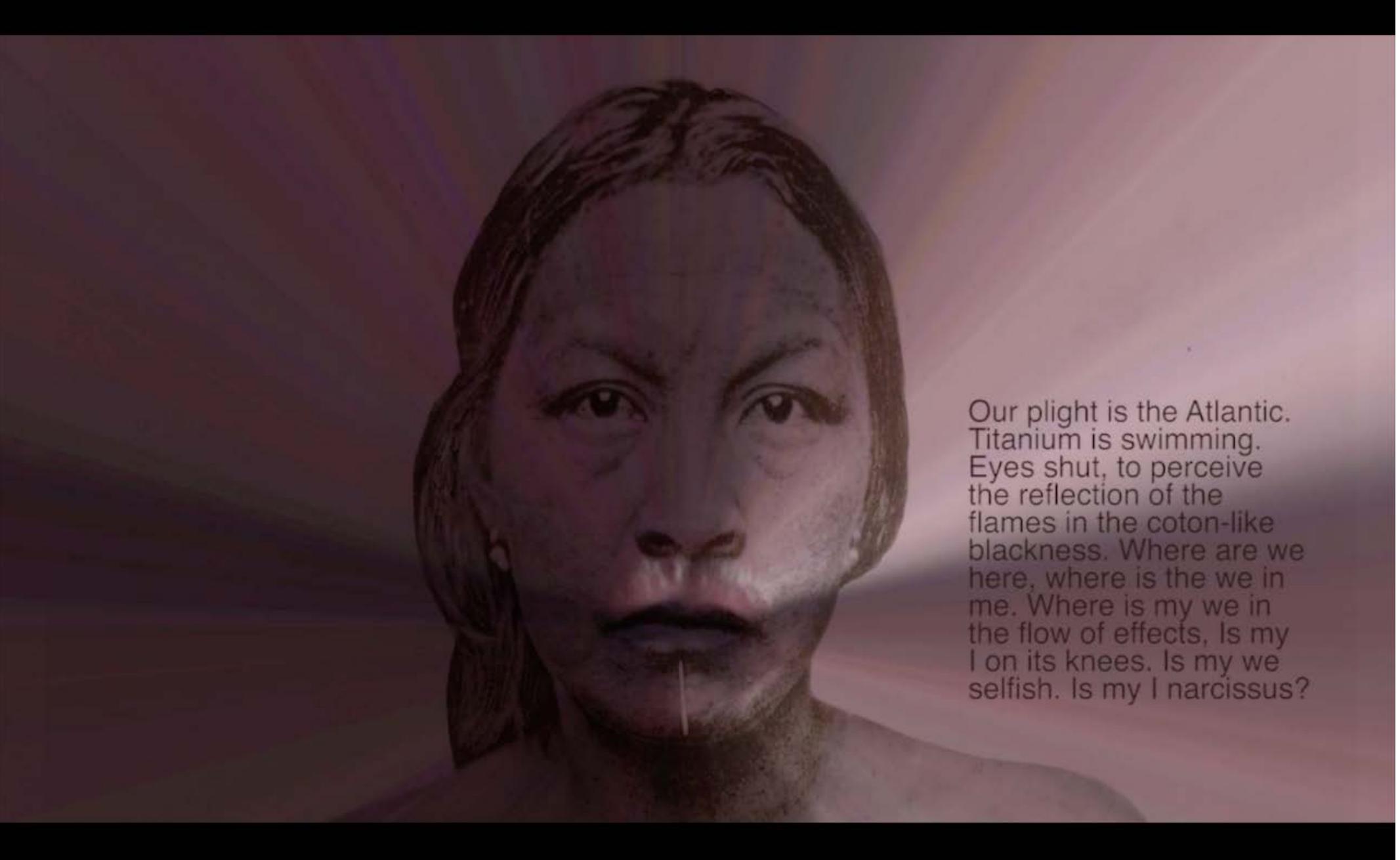
1. Victor Segalen, *Essay on Exoticism: An Aesthetics of Diversity*, trans. Yael Rachel Schlick, Durham NC: Duke University Press, 2001, p. 19.



Ricochets, The pebbles that we are, will flow through (...) (Epilogue), View of the exhibition, 2017, at The 2017 Biennale de Lyon.



I was digested,
a little longer ago,
and that is my integration.



Our plight is the Atlantic.
Titanium is swimming.
Eyes shut, to perceive
the reflection of the
flames in the coton-like
blackness. Where are we
here, where is the we in
me. Where is my we in
the flow of effects, Is my
I on its knees. Is my we
selfish. Is my I narcissus?



We will flee, into a huge enclosure, we will go around in circles. Once again, that will be an end, and once again a departure. We will bounce back, ricochet, until our last ounce of strength. We will live our lives as human beings, with our temporalities as human beings, we have a short passage. Sensitive gust. Frail and fertile, weak and vain, we should have taken clues from crazy ants. Land rebound, we will eventually sink. (DEEP, DEPTH, BODY, FLOW), 2017, at The 2017 Biennale de Lyon.
Wood, bottle, water, seawater, fork, magnet, cable, jeans, plastic, hydrangea, metal, fabric, rice, shoe.



*Seed after seed, on the humid and cracked ground. Severe erosion, seed, my odds. Where is the manna, the seeds of Antiquity. Seed or pawn, scrawny, economic chessboard. China will not eat our leg, the spine. If you disappeared in my stomach, swollen with misery. Invisible hero, cancerous shield, fucking humanity. Settled in my furthest life, a plot, tenacious parasite. Rainwater, we call upon you again. My day forever. (Without you, I can feel you are leaving). 2017, at The 2017 Biennale de Lyon.
Flag, bedstead, plastic, cloth, cabe, shoe, rice, carpet, kalashnikov*



*Hiding behind the foliage. Search for Mygalia,
View of the exhibition, 2017, at Document Gallery, Chicago.*



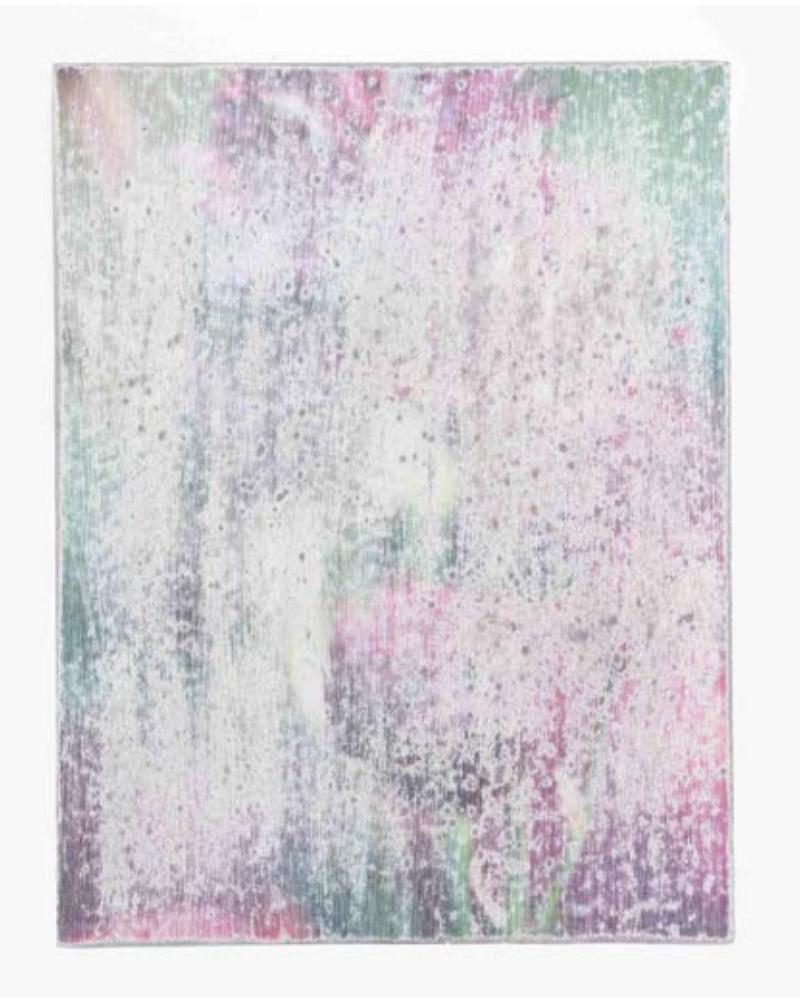
We would not have touched Greens, dizziness at full speed, Your heart my beat
Drum on my tight skin The lake is not the sea, Escape, flight. to run away (...), 2017
Cable, plastic and lilly



I cried to change Skin reversed, Rumpled, I vomited, Purplish petals I have the green blues, Wild plant, Plant wise image of nightmare. It is the calm storm, A bubbling before yelling, 2017
Rubbing on paper,
14 3/4h x 11 1/2w in



upset, gloomy, wonderful, sunset of moon, 2017
Archival pigment print face mounted to acrylic with custom engraving
46 1/2h x 32 3/4w in



To hide, in a lost hole, In the black south. I'm not from here, But I was there, near you, close to you. I caress each tree, Roots, my earthly wanderings. Roots, tuber, Touching my brothers, in the ground, Tears, morning dew, Tears, brandy (...), 2017
Rubbing on paper
14 3/4h x 11 1/2w in



Mañana Vapor, View of the exhibition, 2017, at SKETCH, Bogotá, Colombia..



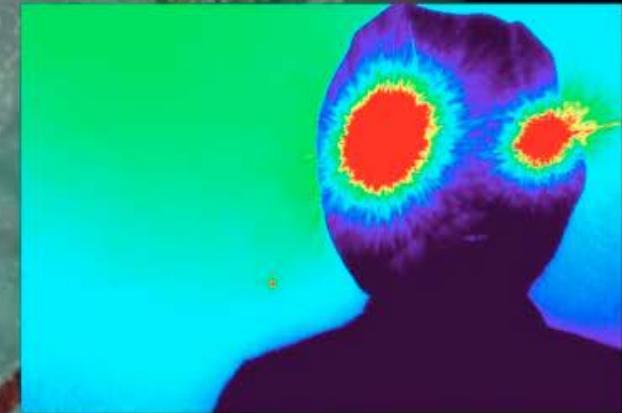
(...) The artist guides you in *Mañana Vapor* on a path where jungles and nebulous streets are to be crossed. His installations, collages and poems, create an atmosphere composed of material elements that give an account of his existence. Behind his choreographies and videos a ritualistic energy emanates and enchants. Fragments of poems and photographs are superimposed and printed onto polished surfaces, feverishly wanting to escape from the video that contains them and whisper magic stories into your ear. By creating powerful visual narratives, he seeks to weave documentary reality and fantasy into one colourful cosmic tapestry.

*dirty wind,
the dust of the earth,
comes against me,
comes without an edge
without body
tonight he/she whatsApps me
it comes from vapor,
sweetness and torment*

The exhibition embraces the idea of the reversible and mutable through hybrid works where Julien Creuzet recovers objects and myths that history has, to date, left aside to make its own agenda prevail. Between the occult and the visible his work questions the idea of a blurred timeline, the fragmentation of identity, the possibility of multiple realities, which are neither static nor minimized by contemporary cultural clichés. Strong transitions and plastic displacements transcend a binary vision allowing collective reappropriation of history. Then and only then Julien Creuzet stories reveal themselves as possible: they shine in silence waiting for our hands to embrace them.
Text by Aurélie Vandewynckele



Mañana Vapor, View of the exhibition, 2017, at SKETCH, Bogotá, Colombia..



I did an atomic bomb because there was fog

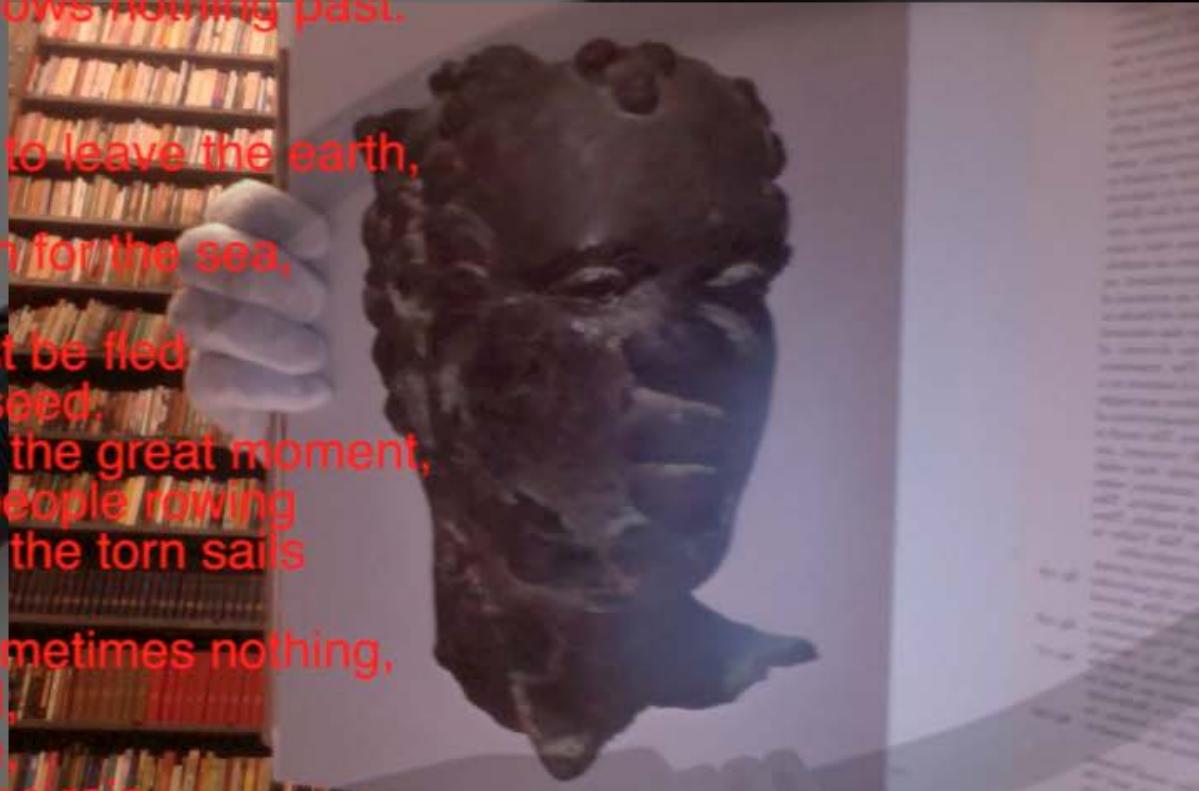
Knights tell a tale of a dead pharaoh, 11,46"

Pages are passages
Or we forget,
Because he knows nothing past.

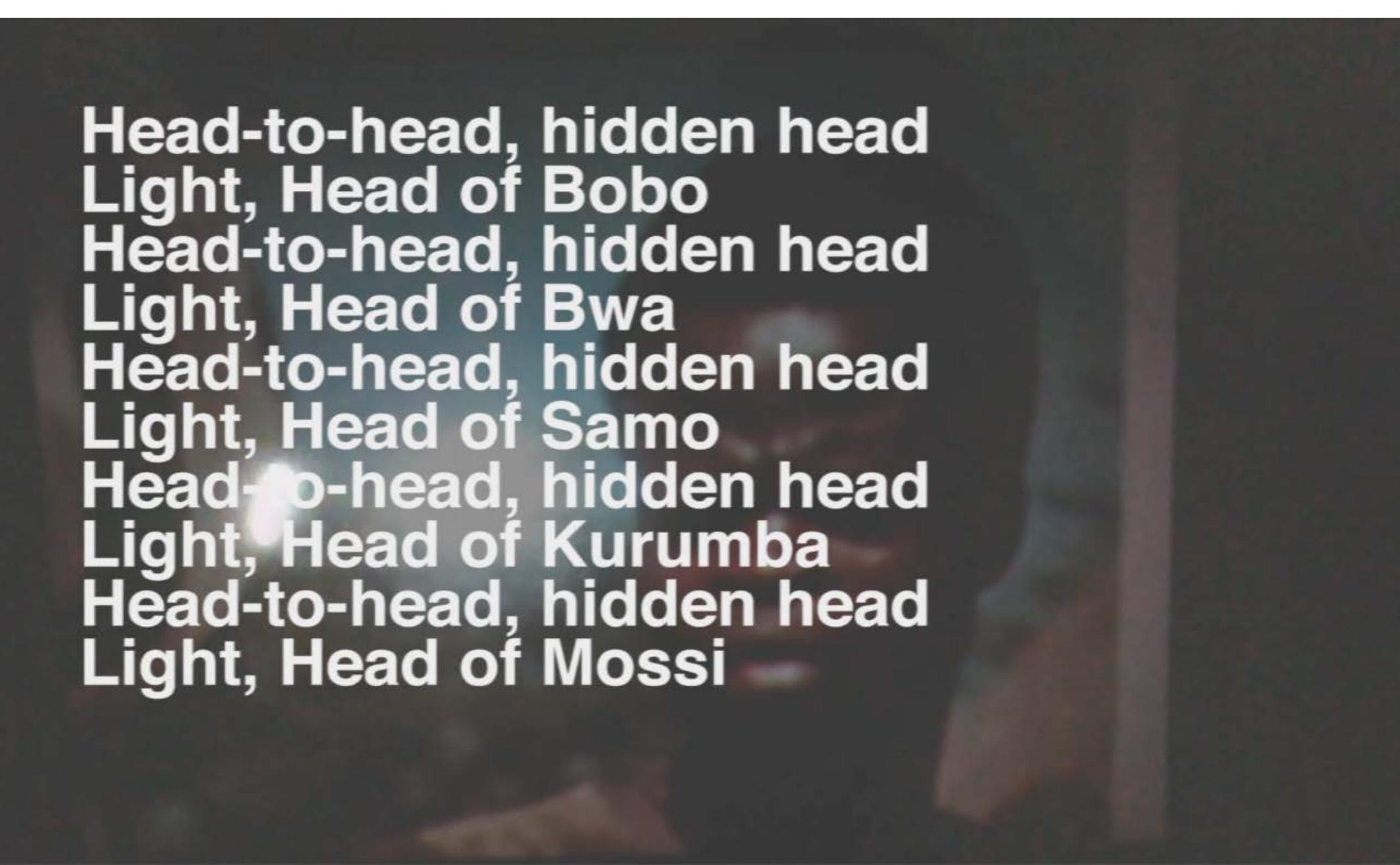
Man one day.
It is necessary to leave the earth,
Step away
Leave the earth for the sea,

Arid lands must be fled
Who have no seed.
It remains only the great moment,
And all those people rowing
Which stitched the torn sails

Humanity is sometimes nothing,
A chiseled field,
A herd of cattle
The weather, the rain,
Wait, is shirtless man,
Under the sun.



Unnamed history, spike, hazy effects, of the grimoire, 9,56"



**Head-to-head, hidden head
Light, Head of Bobo**
**Head-to-head, hidden head
Light, Head of Bwa**
**Head-to-head, hidden head
Light, Head of Samo**
**Head-to-head, hidden head
Light, Head of Kurumba**
**Head-to-head, hidden head
Light, Head of Mossi**

Head-to-head, hidden head, Light. 10,13"



Ricochets, The pebbles that we are, will flow through (...) View of the exhibition, 2016,
at the Frac des Pays de la Loire.



We had to row, through the mist, the world is changing, fuel blurs the foam. Early in the morning, he had relented, found settlement, in the new nation (...) Fresh water spills from the agitated acoupa, from the acoupa which is choking in the open air. The fish, prey, will be the meal. The air envelops the plate-earth, sometimes austere. 2016, Sculpture-active, performer, metal, plastic, electric cable, painting, plate, bulb, picture of book «Oro del Peru».



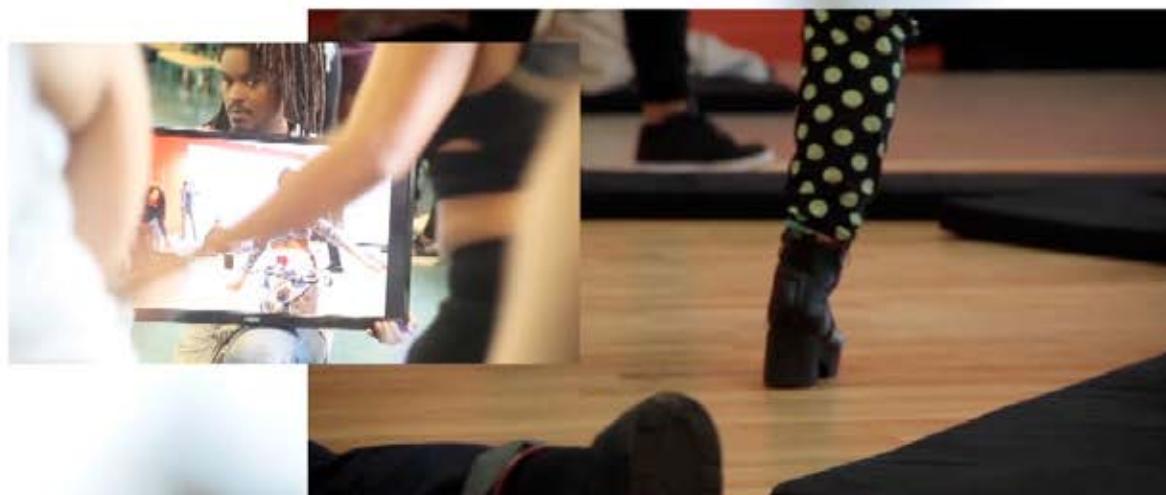
Ricochets, The pebbles that we are, will flow through, this is the big night, and our plunge is a revolution, a burst of resistance, I let myself go, when later on, I heard the dogs barking. Yours, the white people envious of my land that never was my land, that still have my buxom mother. I have to accept, so as not to clash, with the rocks still warm from the day, I feel the impact coming, I feel the ground getting closer. I won't be alone pissing manioc fermentations, decrying manchineel burns. I arrive, I touch the roots, all downwards bound, caress the naked child I was at birth. I scream, the aspiration of the very first day, this new air that placed me outside myself, outside my mother's scarred body (...) 2016, Sculpture-active, performer, electric cable, plastic, glass, rice, glass, rice.



Ricochets, The pebbles that we are, will flow through, only empty orbits are left of the skull, souvenirs go around in circles in the void. What are these fruits doing suspended back against the wall? My eyes hang to and fro. What are these fruits doing suspended? Is representation fixed a while, via the brushstrokes? What are these fruits doing suspended, at the end of a rope, what are these still-life bodies doing, along the plank. Have they found respite and immortality In the association of pigments. What are these fruits doing in time, Strangely lodged in my memory. 2016, Wood, boiled limestone, graphite, electric cable, fork, bag of potato, tomato, clock, picture of book «Oro del Peru, metal. (Diptych-crane) (diptych-tomato) (diptych-clock).

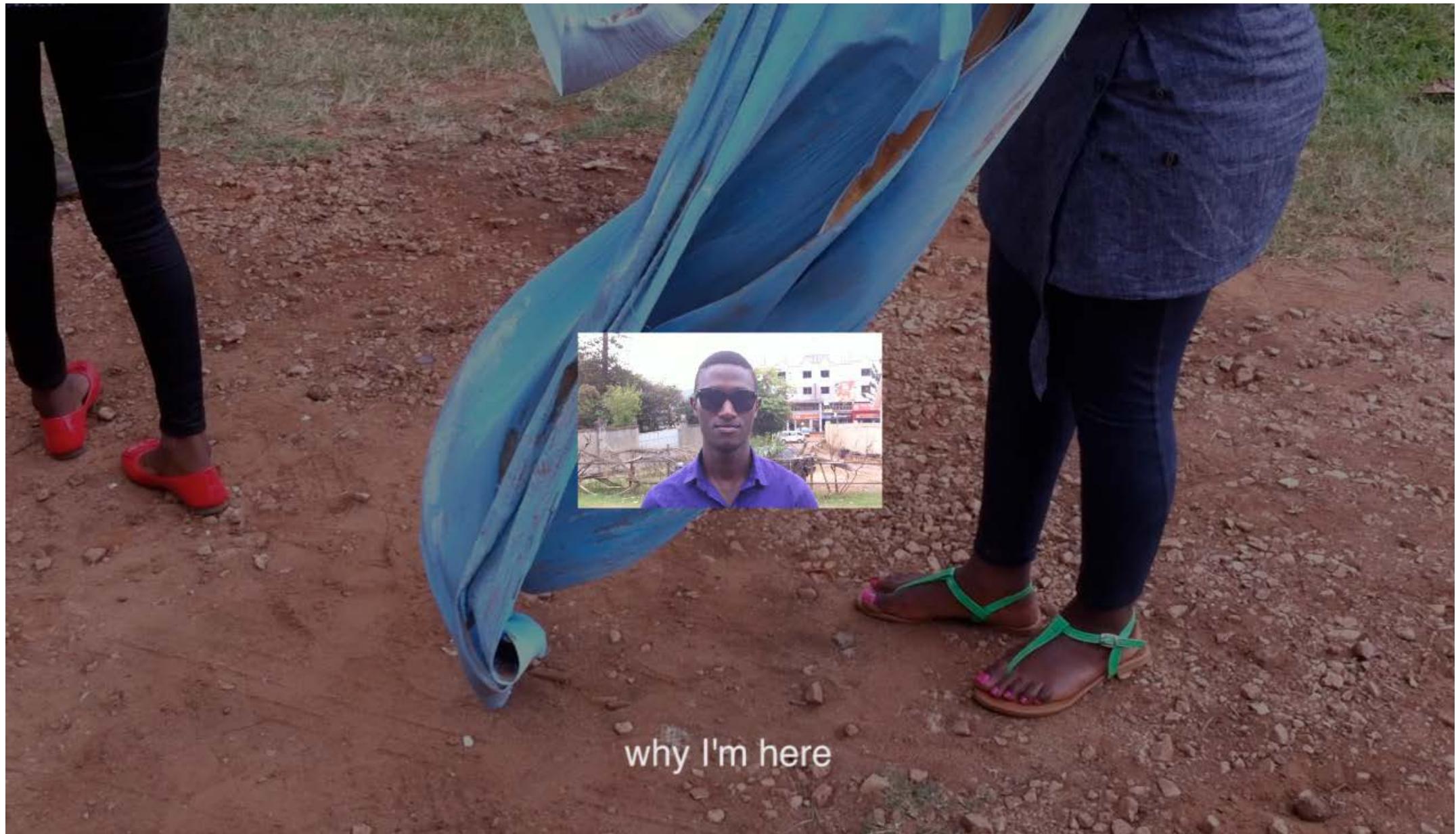


Ricochets, The pebbles that we are, will flow through, torment, alas, time is a tangible reality, time is fake silver that punctuated this plank covered in bullets, bullets, beautiful plume, bullets, sad face of the prairies, bullets in the air, since guns without chargers exist. The stray bullet, the beautiful plume, collapse of the eagle's tail. A lean face, caught in the gray albumen paper. I fell from the top of this mound, a reflection, a monster in the immense lake, before breathing in the fresh air of the valley, 2016, vidéo, 14'20"



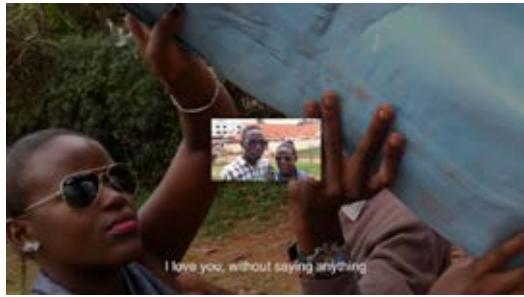
the movement's pleasure

Bodies-women, me-women, pelvis' movements (...)
archive of “Opéra-archipel, danses païennes et corps critiques”
[“Opera-archipelago, pagan dances and critical bodies”], vidéo, 13'02”



why I'm here

BLUE BLEU, vidéo, 9'52"



BLUE BLEU

nobody knows
why I'm here
in front of you
we here
at the side of Abyss,
turbulence,
Quick echoes,
you heard,
drums, ricocheted,
yesterday buried in the Interior
My blood spouting
my heart leaps
my silent lips
love is Blue
taboo in my veins
Tam Tam
in front of you
since the beginning of the day
to sunlight
I love you
without saying anything
my dead body
mute
in turmoil
a steep cut
body stiff,
blue, black too dark
Blue Night
halo iris
steep status
embalmed by the rays
I'm here
filled with emotion
unknown, naked
you who know my shell,
infighting
rough to your skin
I found that fresh
against you,
our eyes that grazed
I panicked me
immobile



Seven Hills, Kampala Art Biennale, Kampala,



wild branch in the distant foliage

I turned around, around the shaft,
my father taught me
in the forest, in the garden
I turned around, around the shaft
learned my childhood, grown old in me
track, I'm looking for
I turned, moved, around the trunk,
to feel life, wood
I looked for the little beast
in the disturbing density
density, density, my wishes to life
in the forest, in the garden
I saw my elsewhere, memories

LOVA LOVA, SAFARI GO, vidéo, 9'17"



Balata, at the bottom of the earth
underneath,
near to the hardy roots.
Balata, in beautiful headiness,
from the treetops.

Down below, in the sediments,
dry sandstone, archive of time;
dust.

It rained, on the muddy mass,
rocky breasts, suffocating expanse.

Dust,
and if all of this was afterwards,
red cuttings of press,
bitter pressure.

This suffocating heat.
I am not speaking of the oncoming summer,
It's already too late
for the capsized vessel.

In the swell,
my heart danced a tango.

They set fire to the pavilion (Savare),
to make the migrants flee,
on the peninsula,
will it appear ?

How can we know,
the why of the hot embers ?

Jangal (...) my dawa.

It is my problem,
I will always be the other,
in the forest.

As regards, your language.

Do you really want to know ?
Why do they think,
that I am going to ask them for money ?
Do you really want to know why
these people do not want to sit,
beside me ?

I am this pile of stories,

without incidence.
Because you are still here.

I am this old piece of wood,
mahogany from Cuba,
and even though I am in your here,
I am of a rare density.

Well before the sun of war,
before these salafist masks,
before Castro, before the embargo.

I am of a rare density, tangled,
Because I learned to see,
through the thick jungle.

To reveal, the insect sitting on the branch.

Balata, at the bottom of the earth
underneath,
near to the hardy roots.
Balata, in beautiful headiness,
from the treetops.

Should have left the sky
the remains of this sparse star at the break of day.
Should have left the centre,
of the belt that cuts us in half,
above and below.
Should have found the shortest point,
to be thrown outside,
as far as possible from this inhuman time,
that hides our atmosphere. (...)



*D'une intensité, cyan, enfant-chien,
au corps tacheté.
Cyan, sang,
sur le chemin-chien, ou gît le corps bleu, sur le lit d'eau.
Sépale,
sépale,
entrailles de lotus.
Corps bleu,
travaille,
dans l'orifice du volcan.
Bleu, efficient, son fils, ciel, son enfant indigo.*
2016 - sculpture - votive, jeans, coquillage cassis-cornuta, vase, pigments alimentaires, perle végétale, bois flotté, bois, peinture indigo industrielle, (divers fluides), affiche poème
149,5 x 79,5 cm



*Vital mouvement,
infernal rouleau de vague. Qui m'a cassé le dos, roulé
dans le sable sel.
Mémoire flash, flèche au ciel. Ici c'est le désert,
sous la peau du zèbre,
nos étreintes subsahariennes.
Vital va-et-vient,
je me souviens,
on a attendu la pluie.
Le vent sur les dunes rappelait la houle très loin.
On quittera un jour
notre couche matelas de terre. On quittera nos corps,
chassés par la guerre.
je me souviens,
on a entendu le feu,
par à-coup, sous la pluie.
2016 - noyer d'Afrique, étendoir, statuette porteuse
d'eau, le faiseur invoque ces dieux (image), affiche
poème
Dimensions variables*



Mon ami débris, de la vie. Couvre ces longs bras pour que l'on ne voit plus ces morsures de nuit. Mon ami est un tas d'os, les pieds dans la boue. Qui passent plus d'une putain de nuit debout. Mon ami c'est l'ouragan, ragga, qui vit sur mon palier, qui crame les plastiques des bouteilles, pour contenir les cumulus. Les nuages lourds prêts à se décharger.
(Je voulais décrire les œuvres pour vous en parler. Mais ce soir il y a plus important que l'art pour l'art. Il y a mon âme en peine. Grognon comme dirait ma mère.)
Je n'aime pas cette odeur acide chargée de sel qui me pique la cloison nasale. Cette odeur qui se répand, sans réponse, cet homme qui s'enfonce davantage dans le local poubelle. J'ai vu ragga fou, ragga rire, ragga nu au bord de l'autoroute. J'ai vu ragga vide, des ravages du crack, brûlure de javel. Alors pourquoi doit-on lutter avec les ombres de la nuit, laisse-t-on le travail au jour. La nuit avons-nous la place pour les luttes que nous cavons au début du crépuscule.
Il m'a demandé un service, en me regardant dans les yeux, il m'a demandé de l'argent. Dépourvu, il est parti en soupirant exaspéré par mon refus. J'ai senti en lui ce tremble-

ment violent. Cette profonde inspiration qui lui bomba le torse.
C'est atroce la longue descente du jour. Quand il y a plus d'ombre, plus d'abris plus de lieu glauque, vidé des âmes de la ville. Pour simplement se laisser aller débile, lentement à l'abandon. J'ai passé beaucoup de temps près de la cour des miracles. J'ai passé beaucoup de temps hors de mon corps à fuir le présent.
Une nuit debout.
J'ai dormi le jour, tu m'as vu allongé raide mort couvert par le corps de l'égérie.
Par le corps sur l'affiche. Tu m'as vu sous le dos bleu, blotti.
J'ai mal au crâne, une bousculade violente dans mes pensées éboulées, polies par l'acide, les toxines émanant du plastique.
J'en ai aspiré, de buée de peur. J'ai avalé par bouffée le temps de la nuit, égaré.
Cette première microseconde, ce grésillement avant la lumière du néon, avant le néant fugace.
Ce soir-là, j'ai noirci un bout de vie.
2016 - acajou de Cuba, bois aggloméré ignifuge, palissandre, stauette colon, ruban adhésif, corde, pièce de 10 centimes de 1938, affiche poème



Exposition *Cet ailleurs, qui rejaillit en moi, lorsque je suis là (...)*
École Nationale Supérieure d'art et de design de Nancy, Nancy, France



Trop de poussière, obstruée. Je l'ai vu monstre, branche de l'autre côté. Exorde, horde, écorce, psychotrope. Dans les braises j'aimais, on se trompe, toutes ces vaches, belles bosses, dans les rues du monde, à l'aide l'Inde. Je deviens dingue (...) 2016 avec Léna Araguas Ensemble composé de photographie sur bois, sangle, fût plastique, eau, collier de graines, plaquage de noyer, carton, ruban adhésif



La Branche, secoué, le croche pied (forme active), 2016
Ensemble composé de plaquage de chêne, scotch, stéllite, bracelet vert,
performeurs Dimensions variables Pièce unique

La pelisse verte, ma plante de bureau sous la pluie (forme active)
2016 Pancho, photographie, performeurs

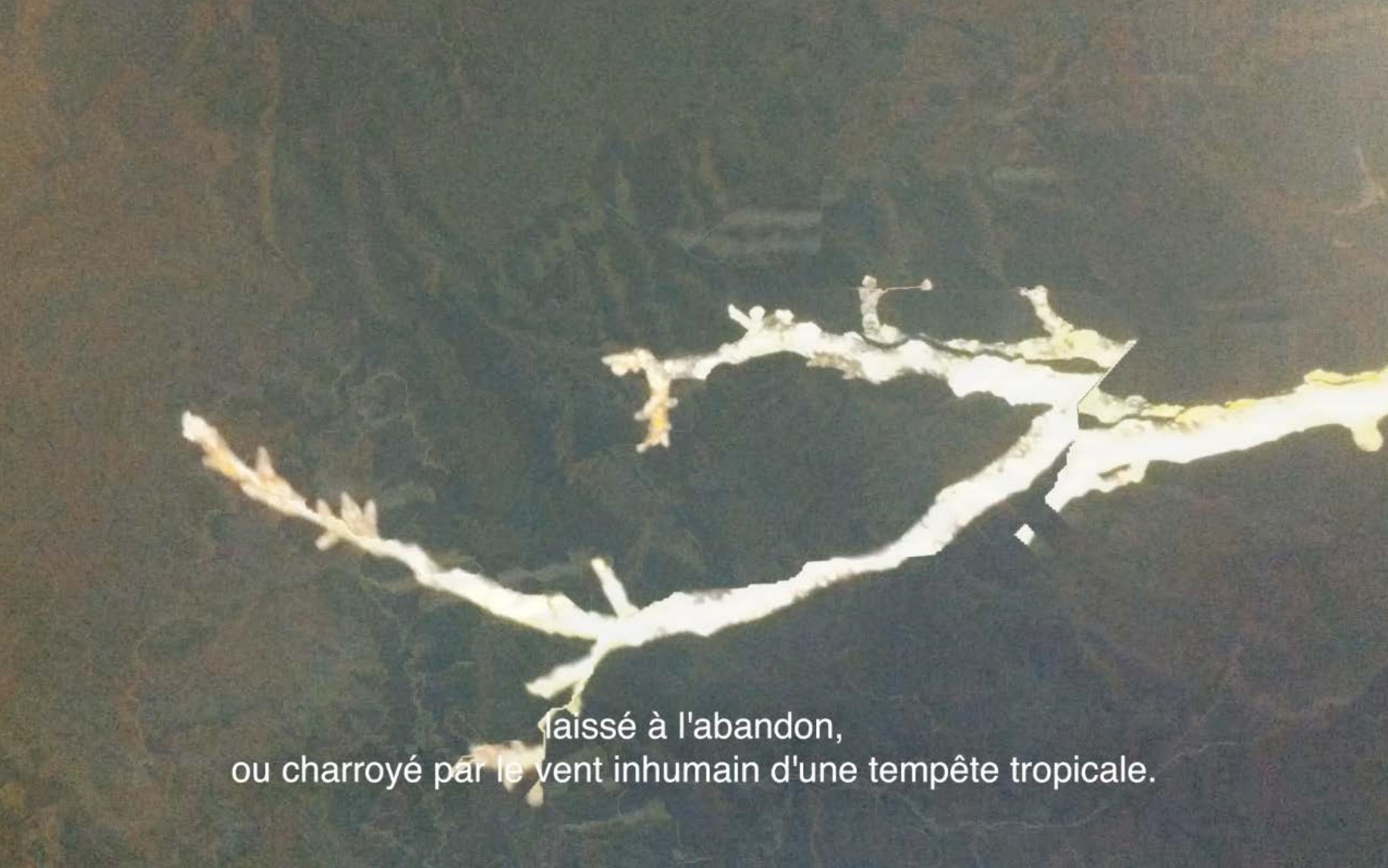


*Serpent, paravent, j'ai marché en zigzag pour faire le tour de la frontière
pour voir le Phoenicopterus roseus (...)* 2016 avec Léna Araguas

Ensemble composé de panneau de médium, vase, plaquage de hêtre
et de palissandre, photographie sur bois, livre "Concept de la sorcellerie
dans le duché de Lorraine", oeuf, citron confit, senteur, barrière de corail



Ciconia-Anima, 2016, vidéo 12'

An aerial photograph showing a large, fallen tree trunk lying across a dense forest floor. The trunk is light-colored and appears to be dead wood. It stretches diagonally from the bottom left towards the top right. The surrounding forest is dark green and textured with many smaller trees and foliage.

laissé à l'abandon,
ou charroyé par le vent inhumain d'une tempête tropicale.

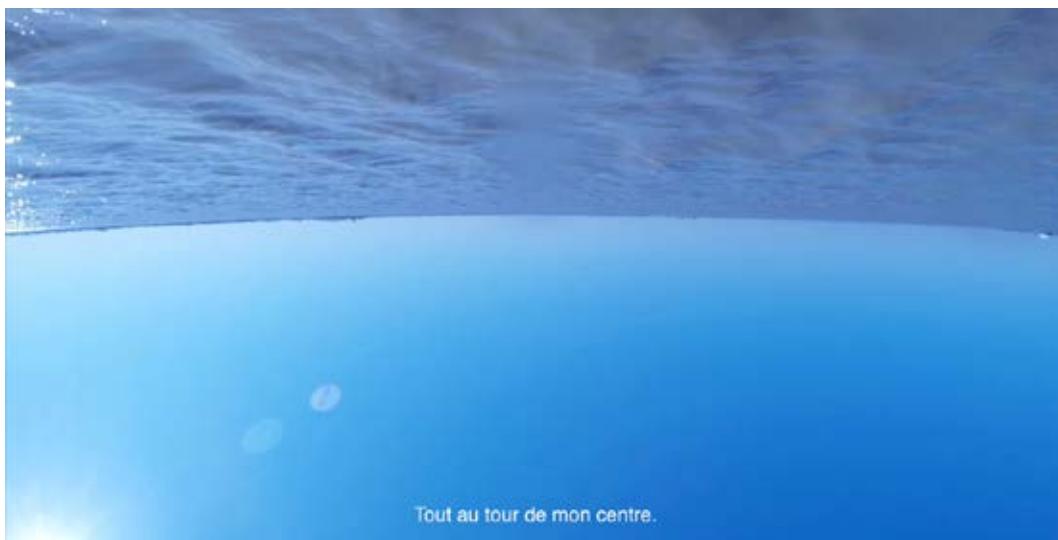
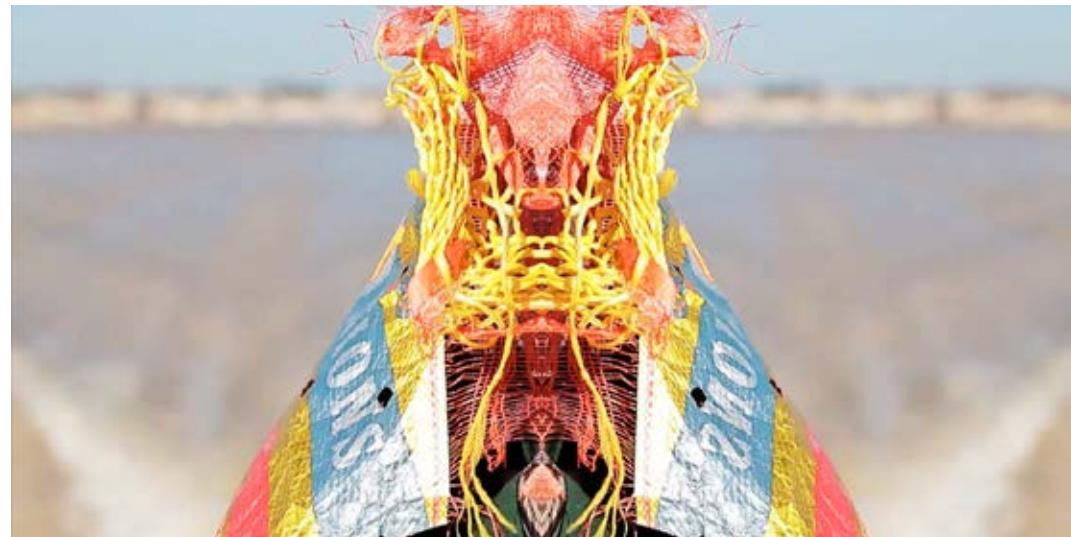
Au fond de l'allée Céron (...), 2016, vidéo 10'33''



Plus d'une fois j'ai fait mon code, sans faire fortune. Dans le noir, avide je préfère voir la lune. la tête en l'air. Pillant les secondes, la chute de mon corps dans une suite de chiffres. J'ai plongé mes mains, dans le gouffre, pour gratter mon fond de poche, 2015, video 3'22"



View of the exhibition, *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné, [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna]* Frac Basse-Normandie, 2015



Tout au tour de mon centre.

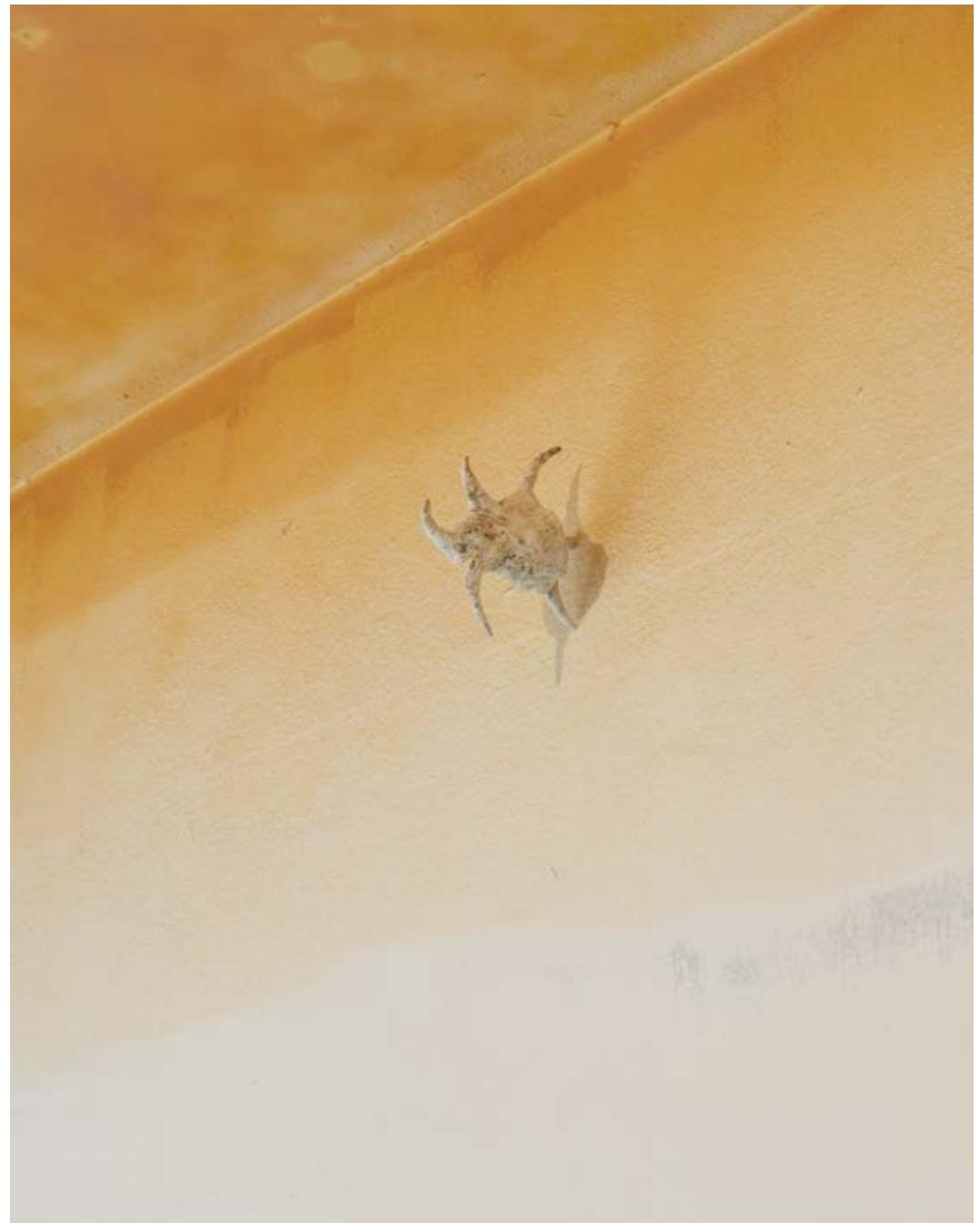
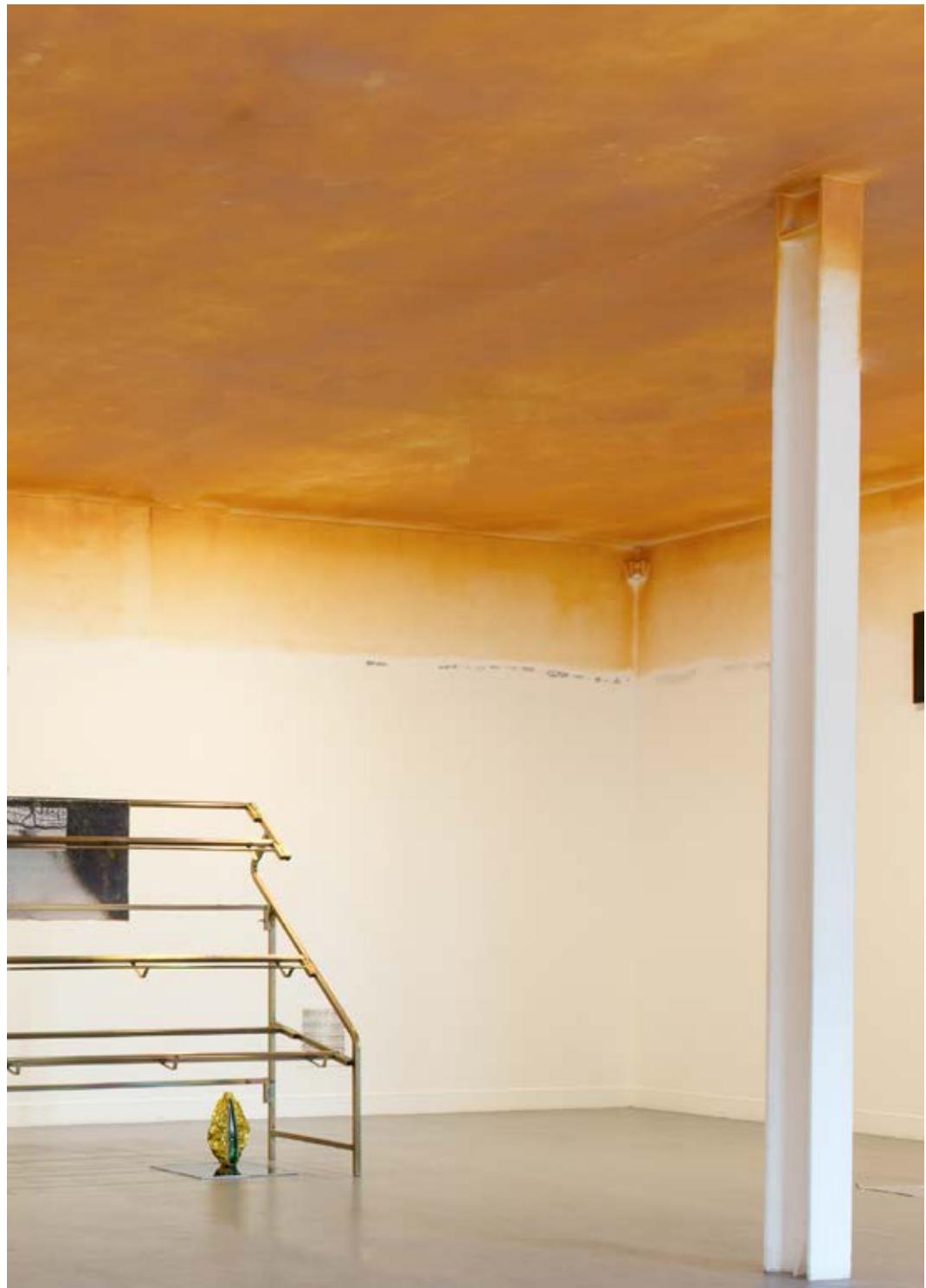


Il y a longtemps que je la fixe, que je suis sur l'abage le long de son nez cassé

Opéra-archipel, j'ai quitté Paris, , I left Paris], 2015, video 20"



View of the exhibition, *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné, [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna]* Frac Basse-Normandie, 2015



Ceiling: *Opéra-archipel, j'ai vu le ciel en feu, dans le rond du fromage, un magnifique coucher de soleil (...)* [Opera-archipelago, I saw the sky on fire, in the wheel of cheese, a magnificent sunset (...)], 2015, roucou, seashells, drums of E160B food colouring, books "Toutes nos colonies"



Opéra-archipel, échange de vapeur, près d'une mer agitée, j'ai coupé la tête du coq (...)
[*Opera-archipelago, steam exchange, near to a restless sea, I cut the head of the cock (...)*],
2015, Bottle, seashells, melamine board, poster, table mat,
cobblestone, calabash, mild pepper



Il y avait mille graines, mille gens,
des cheveux grainés, des têtes cachées, roses-bissaps.



Opéra-archipel, Nicki Minaj, une icône à plumes dans un panier de château rouge (...) [Opera-archipelago, Nicki Minaj, a feathered icon in a basket from château rouge (...)], 2015, poster, basket



Opéra-archipel, île blanche, riz bleu, la piste de danse (...) [Opera-archipelago, white island, blue rice, the dance-floor (...)], 2015, fabric, rice, wax canvas



View of the exhibition, *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné, [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna]* Frac Basse-Normandie, 2015



Opéra-archipel, si notre Chef était le marché, après la messe du dimanche (...) [Opera-archipelago, if our Chief was the market, after Sunday mass (...)], 2015, black glass, text



Opéra-archipel, la goutte d'or (...) [Opera-archipelago, the drop of gold (...)], 2015,
bottle, hairnet



View of the exhibition, *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné, [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna]* Frac Basse-Normandie, 2015



Opéra-archipel, Horloge, les tares de l'Histoire (...)
[*Opera-archipelago, Watch, the flaws of history (...)*], 2015, Melamine board, rusted iron, gold
chain, mimolette crust, clock hand, bottle, television, foldaway table.



[Window. I feel that I am a black hole, sucking in the smallest spark. A blue gulf, cavern of the sea, at the end of the quay of Lamar point. Do I look like my face is broken? They didn't want to sell stellites to me. I need to say, to unhook my jaw, to place it above this bottle of coca. My makeshift dentures, tin alloy. Everything in it is everything I see in me, I am this

condom filled with caffeine. The same ochre powder that I put into my jeans. He, inside, a turd covered in bubbles, my cock sliding between two waters in the plastic bottle (...)], 2014, Plastic, water, coffee, condom, American Indian head, clock hand



View of the exhibition, *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné, [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna]* Frac Basse-Normandie, 2015



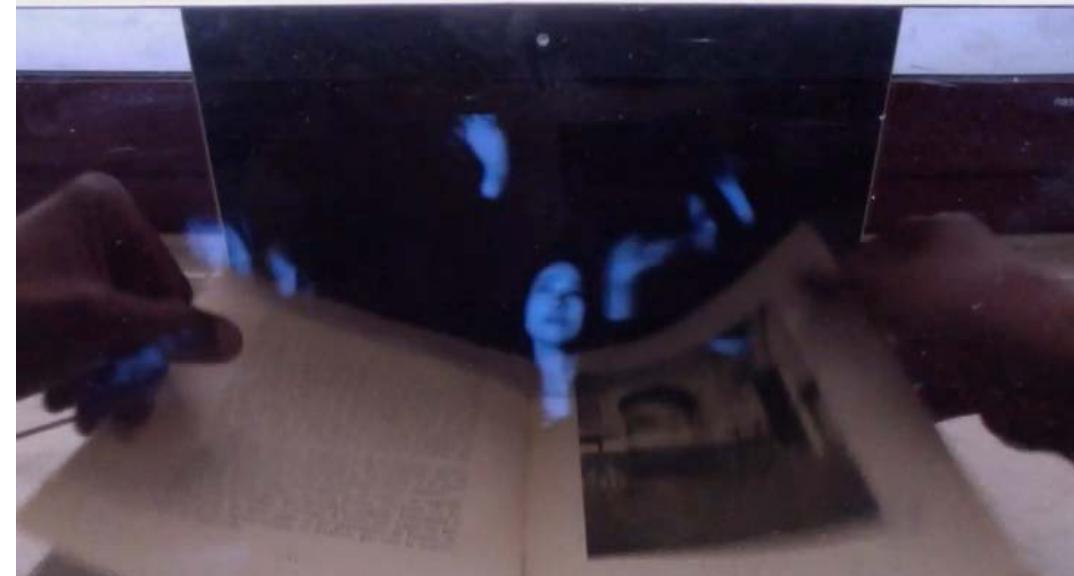
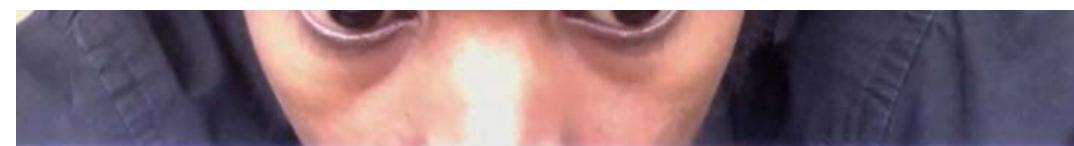
Oh téléphone, oracle noir (...), 2015, video 8'16"



View of the exhibition, *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné, [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna]* Frac Basse-Normandie, 2015



View of the exhibition, *Opéra-archipel, ma peau rouge, henné, [Opera-archipelago, my red skin, henna]* Frac Basse-Normandie, 2015



With Madonna, Opéra-archipel, je voulais danser comme elle, belle berbère (...) [I wanted to dance like her, beautiful Berber (...)], 2015, installation-video



Sculptures votives 1 [Votive sculptures 1], 2015, cauris necklaces, shells



Opéra-archipel, sur le marché, le baldaquin des damnés de la terre (...)
[*Opera-archipelago, on the market, the canopy of the damned of the earth (...)*], 2015,
tent, hammocks, cactus sponge, bath linen, clementine, eel, plastic bags, potatoes



Opéra-archipel, gisant, cette femme en boubou bleu, couverte par une doudoune noire-hiver (...), [Opera-archipelago, lying down, this woman in a blue boubou, covered by a winter-black down quilt (...)], 2015, with Léna Araguas, screen, glass, graphite

Opéra-archipel, gisant, cet homme en qamis qui marche sur des bulles d'air (...), [Opera-archipelago, lying down, this man in a qamis walking on bubbles of air (...)], with Léna Araguas, 2015, screen, glass, graphite



Opéra-archipel, Ayiti Bang Bang, L'assomption de la vierge de Béneauville (...) [Ayiti Bang Bang, The assumption of the virgin of Béneauville (...)], 2015,
painting, adhesive tape, poster, hat, calabash, mimolette crust, 10 cent coin



Sculptures votives 2 [Votive sculptures], 2015, obsidian stone, cellphone



View of the exhibition, La Galerie centre d'art contemporain, *Scroll Infini*, Noisy-le-sec.



On a dansé pour oublier, rectangle noir. Les mots lui ont sauté aux yeux au milieu de la ronde, endiablée, X MALEYA, LE MAGIC SYSTEM, [We danced to forget, black rectangle. The words jumped out at him in the middle of the round, wild, X MALEYA, LE MAGIC SYSTEM]
with Léna Araguas, 2014, posters, screen, banana, metal, weights, melamine



Opéra-archipel, nos mouchoirs agités, nos grands foulards, nos petites histoires, cascade (...) 1 & 2 [Opera-archipelago, our waving handkerchiefs, our great scarves, our tiny stories, waterfall (...) 1 & 2], 2015, 100 cm x 100 cm, digital print on satin, cord in golden thread



View of the exhibition, La Galerie centre d'art contemporain, *Scroll Infini*, Noisy-le-sec.



View of the exhibition, La Galerie centre d'art contemporain, *Scroll Infini*, Noisy-le-sec.



Standard and Poor's, revolution, 2012, video, 16'39"



Opéra-archipel, sépulture, les toucans, les perroquets sont les oiseaux les plus coloriés (...) [Opera-archipelago, sepulchre, toucans, parrots are the most colourful birds(...)], 2015,
Two copies of «Toutes nos colonies», a copy of «Les beautés du monde», stellite, fork, crown of pine-
apple, bottle, screen, nautilus, poster, paper, golden thread, strap, foldaway table, melamine

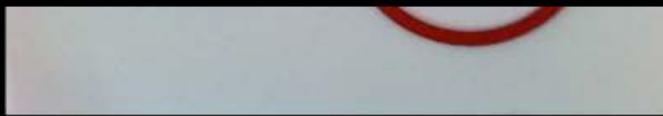


**Une étoile les bras tendus
prend la terre pour la mer.**

*Opéra-archipel, des plantes grimpantes, un fromager plus loin,
toute une densité que je ne peux citer (...) [Opera-archipelago, climbing plants, a cheese-
maker further along, a whole density that I cannot cite (...)], 2015, video, sound, 5*



View of the exhibition, La Galerie centre d'art contemporain, *Scroll Infini*, Noisy-le-sec.



Opéra-archipel, Scroll infini, septembre-décembre 2014, 2014 [Opera-archipelago, Infinite scroll, September-December, 2014], video, 30'



"Opéra-archipel, danses païennes et corps critiques"
[*"Opera-archipelago, pagan dances and critical bodies"*]
Joséphine Baker space in Noisy-le-Sec

A lecture-performance proposed by Julien Creuzet
with Afro Caribbean Jo'School (association of afro-Caribbean dance based in Noisy-le-Sec),
Ana Pi (dancer), Fannie Sosa (sociologist
and performer), and the participation of Elsa Dorlin (philosopher).

With this "pagan dances and critical bodies" lecture-performance, Julien Creuzet asks what has become of the erotisation of black bodies originating at the end of the nineteen twenties with the "Ebony Venus", Josephine Baker's pseudonym, testifying to the construction of this object of desire on the side of sculpture and contemplation.

With this in mind he creates links between the traces of elsewhere and another time, and what he observes in the here and now, in France, in Seine-Saint-Denis, in Noisy-le-Sec, in its vegetation, in local homes, in the gestures and dances of the people that live here, that live now...He builds, beginning with images of the known world, other images of lesser known worlds, bringing to light the underwater elements that come from the everyday.

Dance is one of the elements that make up this opera. Here it is more particularly a series of dances that are rooted in the hips, with twerking being one of the more current forms, and Rihanna as its icon. The theory is that the gesture of the twerk and urban afro-Caribbean dances have inherited a long process of creolisation, following a genealogy that draws from the dances of slaves and African dance. These dances, with their outrageous positions can also appear as spaces of expression of a form of resistance and performativity of stigmatised identities.



Je me martèle la tête, hard disc, google drive, ça me suit encore (...) [I hammer my head, hard drive, google drive, it follows me still (...)], 2014, vidéo, son, 4'30"



I hammer my head,
hard Disk, google drive
follows me still,
I see myself as I am Intel,
hard Disk, google drive,
on my Imac,
filming myself
on the edge of the lake,
contemplating comets.
I've already said this,
you see me,
luminous, in a rectangle, black,
you see me.
A piece of me, trapped in marble
you see what remains, of Theux,
the trace of my soul, setting.
you see me, reflected,
manifested in the light,
I converse, with a flame.
Blue coal, I keep my face smooth,
covered in prints, greased.

You see, that I am double,
do you hear the marriage
of these weak voices,
issuing from my cavern,
from me gushes the salt.
I rowed, the sea between
the Daedalus waves,
vibrant gestures,
of fathoms to love the earth.
I set up my camp,
before becoming inflamed,
walking on the pieces of glass
placed on the burning ashes.
My hands are sweating.
I recite word-rites, buried,
I'm do i'm coffee doo, doo coffee i'm doo.
You want to feel my body,
see my foot twist like a member
swinging under a loincloth.
Here he made fire by rubbing
flint the magic disappeared
behind their eyes in their tar streets.
On the marble, an intense shade of black,
my reflection is lost my sweating
fingers slippery on the rocks,
round pupils,
whistling inside me the serpent god.



*J'ai marché, pour photographier, mes formes-mondes
[I walked, to photograph, my world forms]*, 2014, photography and installation



Dans les profondeurs de Lam, (...) [In the depths of Lam, (...)], 2014,
poem-title, video-loop, 4.21min



In the depths of Lam,
this room could be my head,

I make geometry of my memories,
I pile them up, here,
without making a sound,
in the middle of the jungle.

From my furtive glances,
I look for you
on the road of the Trace

I turn,
To run,
to not see myself
coming.

Like you at the Hôtel de Suède,
quai Saint-Michel.

At Beaubourg,
I found my chapel

where I lose myself
I call it,
pompidou voodoo

I am happy to see you,
sailing
(to see your real sails)
it makes me believe,
that the jungle is here

like you,
I hear them,
the beating
from faraway

From deep within my chest
it sounds like the ka,
zémi

For my late friend, Wilfredo Lam,
Permanent collection, Centre Pompidou.



Link: <https://vimeo.com/95120645>
Password: 97233

J'ai fais plusieurs fois le même rêve (...) [A number of times I've had the same dream, (...)],
2014, poem-title, video-loop, 8'



A number of times I've had the same dream,
I drift, I drive.

I give to the street, my chains,
my drifts, my drives,
yes I stall, yes I drive,
on the sea not knowing,

I lose myself at each crossing,
each wave not knowing what to do,
where to go, not knowing what to say,
I walk, wood burnt or wood floating,
I think from time to time straight ahead,
I advance, I lean, I curve and I turn,
shifting on the wind.

Because I must move forward,
in my footsteps, my pages soaked,
I swim, my body dances,
pushes me, curves me, pitches me".
No matter the age, I am drawn in,
the wind blows in my endless sails,

we believe that there is no goal at the end,
step by step, I bow,
Slipping from movement to movement.
Star, méduse.

I believed that creole,
was to be, Everything. To be here and in Cuba, here.
Bouncing be a pebble, smooth,
Washed by the gentle sea.
I thought I was a branch,
immortal rhythm, into the wind.
I dance, I am this pebble branch
on the icy face of the sea.
I will no longer make love to you, and the sea,
at moments she has this oiled face
that leaves the old vessels
at the bottom to the bay.



En suspens (...) [Suspended (...)], 2014, poem-title, video-loop, 2'20"



Sad was celeste
Gestures all that rest
That repeat
That become
Ritual prayers

I redo by tradition
without asking the ques-
tion
between my gods

Sad state of the sky
What is left
in the cellar below
on the dry ground
with a thousand cracks
Marie
The future is in the twilight
Sometimes it is good not
to know
The divine why

Have you seen tonight
what falls
The sails that are torn
To become cut-throats

I remain perched
Above close to hope
the sky

In the beginning
lightning
ideas

I invoke
pointing

Your drawing
Is what the hail raises
The fall is slow
Joseph is tired
Broken to not be
Himself a statue

A scrap of salt

I am left handed like Adam
My finger pointing

I wait for the breeze

by the window

Marie I am diving
Endless
At the end of the cavern
There is light
In the shacks

See the flashing lights

I climb the lightning
Clap of thunder

I saw you in the palace
Under the dome of the
chapel
There are memories
the remains of evenings

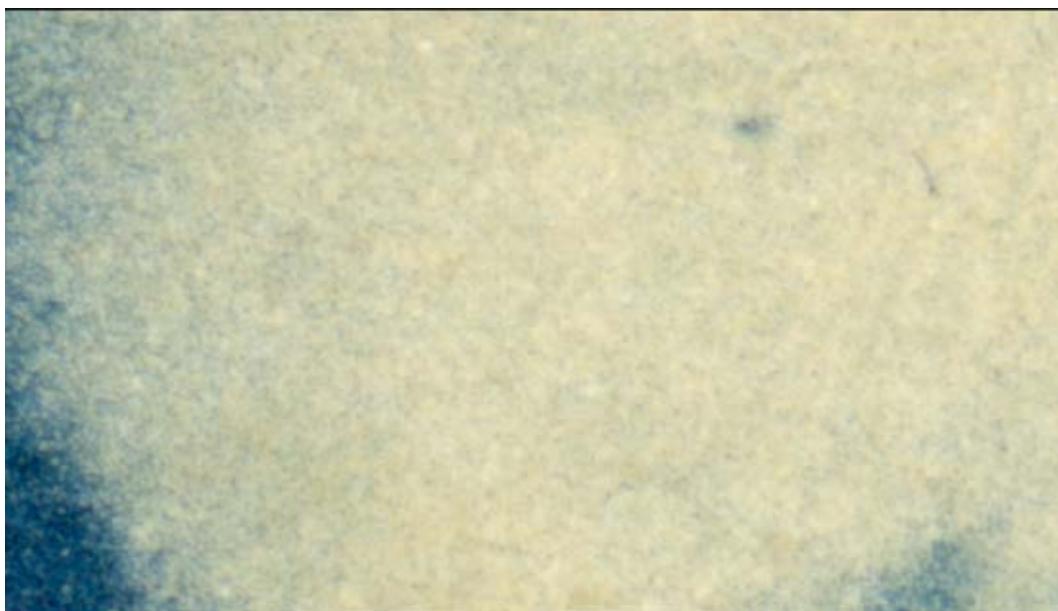
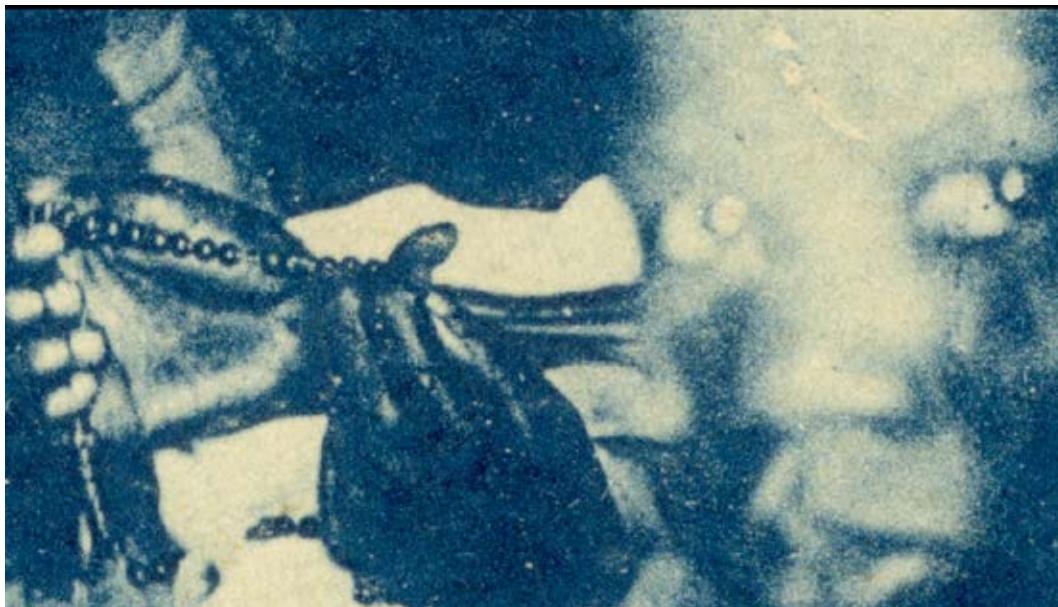
I did this alone
Like a procession
I created seventeen varia-
tions

To be sure
To touch
Truth

I wanted to slide
A finger along the horizon

To titillate the arabesques
Sparkling of the hand
To have the sensation of
being
In an intimate relationship
with the sky

Child I wanted to rewrite
the genesis
Suspended
Sad was celeste
Gestures all that rest
That repeat
That become
Ritual prayers



Les mains, négatives [Hands, negatives] with Ana Vaz, 2013, video, 15'09"

the Dogs, yeah I was with those Dogs



*Standard and poor's, ces yeux, Césaire [Standard and poor's, these eyes, Césaire], 2013,
film docufiction, 90', Le Fresnoy Production*



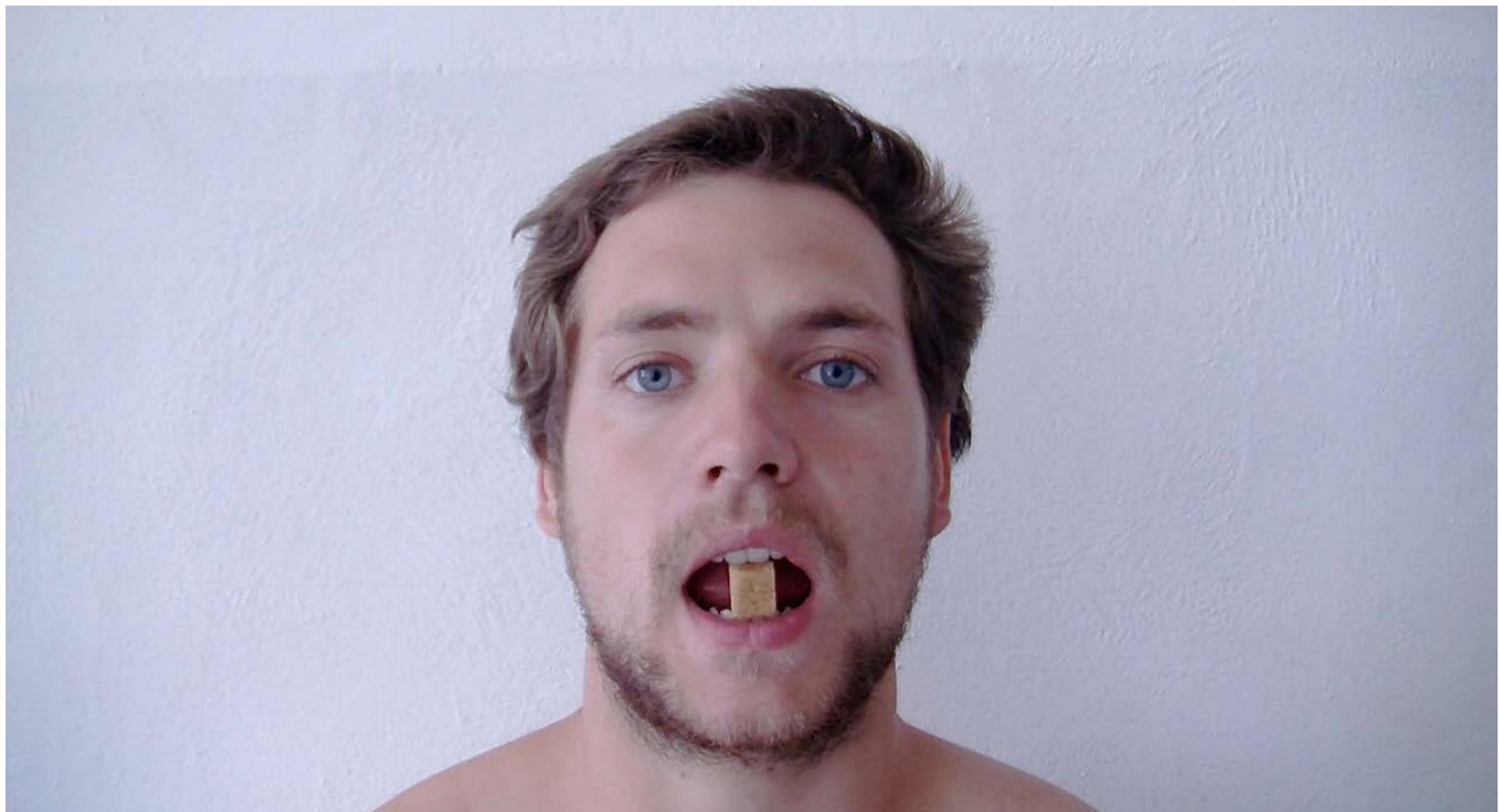
Standard and poor's, afro-americain, 2013, wood, fabric



Horizon introspectif [Introspective horizon], 2010, photograph, 120 x 80 cm



Standard and poor's, oreilles, retour de plage
[Standard and poor's, ears, back from the beach], 2013,
plastic, shells, metal, variable dimensions



Standard and poor's, variation 2, 2013, video



Standard and poor's, trésors des conquistadors
[Standard and poor's, treasures of the conquistadors], 2013, aluminium, paint, metal



Standard and poor's, cartographie d'un bout de coquillage, I
[Standard and poor's, cartography of a piece of shell 1], ≈ 84,1x118,9 cm, 2013, washed with
colombo spices, washed with cappuccinos, digital print, curry, coffee



*Standard and poor's, Résonance, corps bleu [Standard and poor's, Resonance, blue body],
2012, blue mahogany wood, metal*



Il est tard, le ciel lourdement chargé comme une veille de jour de cyclone. Je me prends au jeux d'une ballade nocturne, je flâne sur la Savane, le long de cette nouvelle rue piétonne. Le pas lent, rythmé par les frottements de mes tongs sur le parterre bétonné. J'avance timidement jusqu'au bout. Plus loin, sous les lampadaires un spectre, réfléchit la lumière blanche. J'aperçois au bout de l'allée de palmiers, Josephine bien debout. Cette statue de sel au marbre clair, se fait discrète, sans sa tête. Yeyette, créole de la Martinique, sous la forme raidie d'une statue est décapitée de manière posthume en 1991

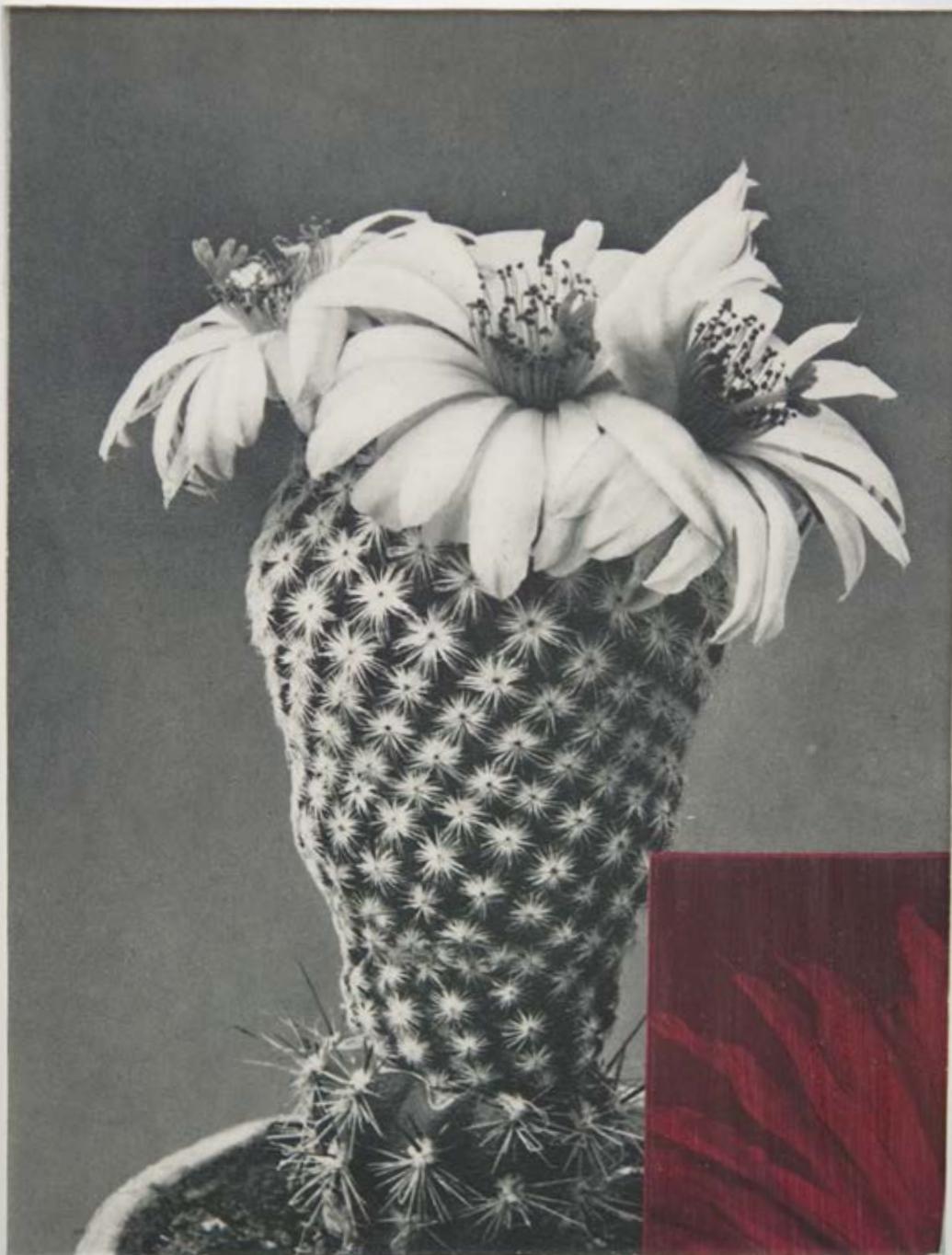
[It is late the sky heavily laden as on the eve of a cyclone I allow myself to be carried on a nocturnal stroll I wander on the Savane along this new pedestrian street My step slow rhythm given by the rubbing of my sandals on the concrete surface I walk timidly to the end. Further along, under the street lamps a spectre, reflecting the white light. I can see, at the end of the alley of palm trees, Josephine standing straight. This clear marble statue of salt, is inconspicuous, headless. Yeyette, Martiniquan creole, in the stiff form of a statue is posthumously decapitated in 1991.],
2012, drawing, 21 x 29,7 cm



Standard and poor's, des tresses, ombilical [Standard and poor's, braids, umbilical], 2012,
wickerwork, dried coco



Standard and poor's, Islamabad Paris, les roses Joséphine
[Standard and poor's, Islamabad Paris, the Joséphine roses], 2012,
photograph, lambda print, 11X15 cm



Standard and poor's, peau rouge, centimètre carré
[Standard and poor's, red skin, square centimeter], 2012, drawing, red ballpoint pen



Vue d'exposition *Standard and poor's, Toi, Tâche, Trauma, De là-bas* [Standard and poor's, You, Stain, Trauma, From there], 2011, Espace d'art Camille Lambert, Juvisy-sur-Orge



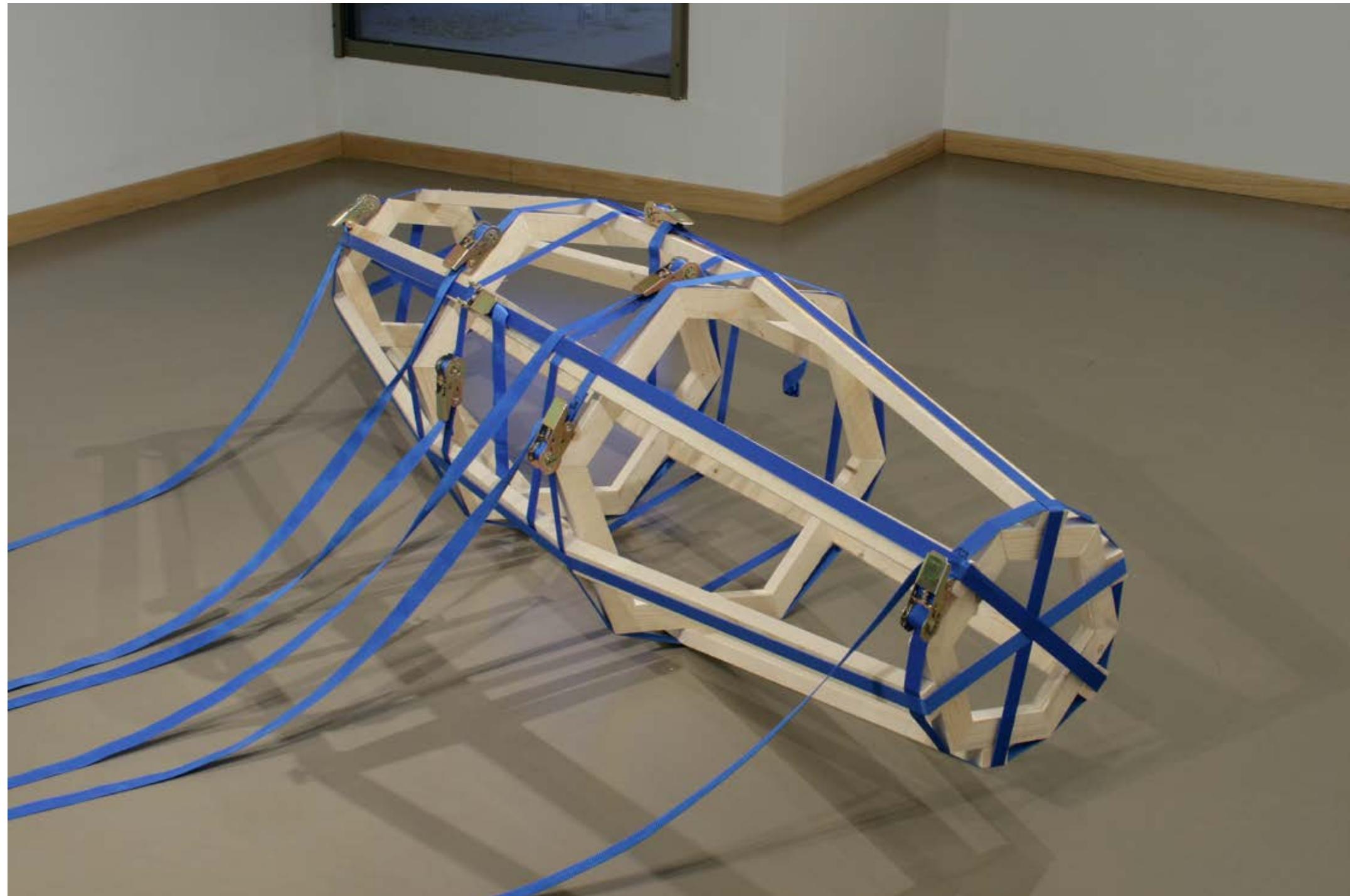
Calme et tempête [Calm and storm], 2010, video-loop, mute, monitor



*Les sirènes, ensemble Attitude et longitude
[Mermaids, (ensemble Attitude and longitude)], 2011, shells, synthetic hair*



Standard and poor's, piège à coquillage, hexagonal
[Standard and poor's, shellfish trap, hexagonal], 2012, book, wood, strap, 148 x 64 x 140 cm



Nasse hexagonale [Hexagonal net], 2011, strips of wood and straps, 190 x 60 cm



Standard and poor's, il restent dos à dos, dans ce face à face, Echos et Narcisse
[Standard and poor's, they remain back to back in this face to face, Echos and Narcissus],
2013, plexiglas, cigar, shells, drawing, various objects



Standard and poor's, le canal de la mise au monde, un tractus tubulaire
[*Standard and Poor's, the canal of coming into the world, a tubular tract*], 2012,
tee-shirt, barnacles (group of shells)



Vue de l'exposition Standard and poor's, on the Way, the Price of Glass, Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, Turin, 2012



Vue de l'exposition Standard and poor's, on the Way, the Price of Glass, Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, Turin, 2012



*Standard & Poor's, Cuore, 2012,
cane sugar and straps, dimensions variable*



Standard & Poor's, Origine dell'esagono, Banana, 2012, bronze, metal, 30 x 33 x 5cm



Standard and poor's, la coloquette, la prostituée [Standard and poor's, the "coloquette", the "prostitute"], 2012, cassis cornuta shell, strap, foam



Le clou créole [The creole nail], 2010, nail and Murano glass