Wilfried Lentz Rotterdam (April

the exhibition

in an edition of 250 by Moyra Davey.

publication is signed and numbered

- Digital C-prints, tape, postage,

- -

- ready been put away under lock and

rain-soaked park, recording intense

as well. In the shadows I could make

next morning to film (but really to

held, shaky scenes will get dumped

buy the postcards), before my after

memento of the day—but in typical

and publisher.

Copyright is mentioned

with the artist, authors

pro QM, Berlin

Motto, Berlin

DISTRIBUTION

www.wilfriedlentz.com

3027 TM Rotterdam

Publisher

Wilfried Lentz Rotterdam

Sakukan Erfgoedstraat 100

- Amsterdam

3075 TN Rotterdam

The Netherlands

Tel: 0031 (0)20688406

info@wilfriedlentz.com

www.wilfriedlentz.com

#09

I found myself at the Parc Monceau

a house containing a collection.

then decided to return for the audio-
guide, noting the postcards displayed

drawn to the large, rippled glass

gan to film these views, with occa-
in the foreground. Eventually I

sional fat droplets of rain presenting

over the camera mike.

I circled the rooms, hitting the num-

bers on the guide, drifting. I took

probably trash most of the files.

minutes before closing, I felt my

around me in Paris, finally sitting

having my small Stendhal delirium

self enervated and exhausted—I was

ous defiance of centuries of Anglo

orous.

In Catholic school in Quebec we had

was a native French speaker.

accent in remote San Diego when I

since the department was made up of

Les Jeux

duty-bound to substitute a sanitised

I can speak like the French, or try,

I felt cheated of authentic French.

but I will always be a fake. I felt

Les Jeux sont

élated and with great conviviality

copiously and with great conviviality

responsible for the bodies and the

coaxing into making love with me

sharing the bed. To the right of me

would be a man, perhaps an

pressing his hand on my leg. Or of

rheumatism that brought me back

morning. Without further ado he

began to make love with me. We'd

the room, me and my bed, and

completely finally I fell asleep

with him. First the man, then me.

In my dream I was lying in bed

heaping a woman, and the man

bed. I would have screamed if

I'd been conscious. Then I'd have

risothe idea that eventually led to the

affix photos of former flames (and

my enduring one, when he was in his

twenties).

I arrived in Paris the morning after

the

Herald Tribune

New York Times

and French papers, and even-

Charlie Hebdo

faits

THE REVENANTS

I thought of the 'Black & White

early '60s—and the strange feeling

I have now when I visit and wander

the streets, that I am a dead person

love, as in Sartre's

Four hours to fall in love, at

which point they'd be mortal again.

They failed.

features of beautiful murderers and

thieves, and snapshots of his loved

acters of his imagination—

s same photos as Genet on the wall of

her Montmartre garret overlooking

's rules board' posted in his cell,

zines and newspapers with chewed

bread, and framing within this as

semblage certain of the faces with

coloured beads and wire in the shape

placard under the blankets at night

- a little like a memory-puzzle game.

Our

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Our

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Our
ARTIST
MORRA DAVEY

IMAGE
22 C-PRINTS (MAILERS)
27.6 X 43.2 CM

#09
THE REVENANTS