



Jean Daive, *As a ghost image*, essay for exhibition catalogue « Jean-Michel Fauquet - Kairos », Haim Chanin Fine Arts, May 3 - June 30, 2007. Translation from French John Doherty.

As a ghost image

The man exhales. The man blows pollen over his own spread hand so that its shadow is stenciled on the surface of the rock. There's yellow powder on the rock face.

He's seen by moonlight, or he's seen by firelight.

The man always finds a cave or a skull, sometimes a pocket in which to put particular beauties. Art goes back to the childhood of time and activates as a ghost murmur, as a ghost whisper, as a ghost print, as a ghost image.

Pieces of wood, slivers of stone, red earth and fragments of desire: these are elements of a truth based on plans of false theaters. How?

This artist came down from the mountain. Since time immemorial, a black cloud has covered the sun. Since time immemorial, terrestrial mourning, crepuscular gleam of the flaw, process of destruction, because repeating a back-and-forth movement between presence and absence, light and darkness.

Darkness is a force that endows reality with unsuspected profundity, bringing out indisputable causes, and scintillations before which the invention of the world stands in outline.

Images take shape, pursue their course. False theaters speak of fates and new secrets, whereas photography shows only dismembered bodies, staircases going nowhere, boxes without earthly use. Gleam of darkness for those who keep their eyes closed. Images for a vanquished gaze.

Oscillations between absence and



presence, the continuous and the

discontinuous, day and night: they become aware of a delay to be eliminated in this game of dichotomies.

In this lethal game, all the energy has been expended in the catching up. There's not much time left before dark. There's not enough time left, and already everything's moving away; everything's so far away; finding itself being distanced; in remoteness: "... there's not much time left to project into distant places, into the spheres of ordinary life. A day goes by, then another, and the cradle rocks in a continuing lullaby of recapitulations." In spite of this considerable delay, the man wants to see the world, until night-time. One last time.

From which proceeds a method of recapitulation, by means of the false theaters that animate this universe of perplexity before its disappearance, which is never really definitive.

But did this man not come down from the mountain, where a black cloud covers the sun? Crepuscular night. Nascent obscurity. Distant gleam of the oven.

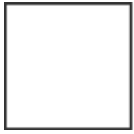
Vanquished gazes against earth. Gazes of prostration. Nothing more is to be gazed at against earth. Prostrate gazes.

What do the false theaters show? These theaters of paper and cardboard, thread and cloth, string and twigs help him construct staircases, telluric locations, blocks of mountains, boxes in which to imprison speech, vertigos, objects that calm spirits, and accessories such as the trumpet of aphasia.

Kneeling in the studio, on a sheet spread out on the ground, he fashions, assembles, puts something into play using cardboard cut into strips, covered with a thin layer of plaster, then glued and coated with wax.

Here is the artist. What happens in Fauquet's work?

He recalls a fire that let itself be lit almost



naturally in snowy weather. The snow was

succeeded by dirty, radiant dust with a powerful look of chaos about it.

Nothing fits together. But he draws a landscape, for example, and this landscape becomes a thing in cardboard; and this thing in cardboard, painted and pencilled, becomes a photograph which he waxes, right at the end.

Nothing fits together. And nothing is to scale. The mountain, another example of a drawing, is a graphited mountain; is a cardboard mountain that resembles a crumpled packet; is a photograph; is a real mountain.

All this is an emanation of glimmers, crushed, weighed down, combed, waxed; as if speech attentive to resonances might aspire at the same time to the non-existence of sexual relationships and pleasure.

By nature, these beings, these things, do not speak; no longer speak; have spoken. They melt before our eyes. They melt into shadows and disappear, charged with scraps of light, plaques, patches of lustrous illumination.

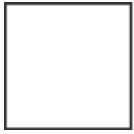
There isn't something in these utensils without utility, which he creates. But there's a physics of the hole, the cavity, the flaw, the chrysalis, the crack, the tomb, the place where these things live with shadows.

What is the problem that haunts an image? There's no desire for images, because none is viable in the form of a representation.

The man's an object. He's still there. And he's still dead, with speech that's of the other side, with a gaze that's of the other side, with a life that's of the other side, with a father who's of the other side.

With Fauquet, everything makes flakes.

Everything makes the other side. Everything makes the inner side of the other side. The beings in him are already



dead in relation to his own image, and in

relation to what he assumes about the eternal life of the species.

He's annihilated, in that his image has gone over to the other side.

Sexual relationship is subject to the regime of separation, not that of encounter. What is desire? What is desire, when a photograph's the farthest thing from any idea of incarnation?

This represents, with patience and method, effective regulation of the void whose mirror or screen he cannot seem to attach to himself.

His own self is what he likes in his photography. But this self is never realized, and mostly it's held back, because it's not visible.

Fauquet's decompleted, as he makes clear in each image with the suppression of his desire for anxiety, to the point of putting up staunch resistance to photography, which has no function other than trauma.

It would be vain to look for the real subject in a photograph, but beyond that it's possible to find one - its resignation in its past.

Is the image retroactive, then? Yes. Through the interplay of unveiled events, always close to appearing, looming, striking.

The image of this old world is a return that terminates nothing, but exposes human desire to separation - the desire for the other person that he pursues in his dreams, in a capturing of that other side on which are lined up speech, gaze, life, father.

One word: call. The photographed subjects call. The objects call. The utensils call. And they're called. They reproduce an interrupted call. Fauquet puts us in a position to understand the nature of the call, sometimes enunciated.



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The technique comprises a minimum amount of equipment, and a game capable of apprehending a call that becomes desirable, or an image that we bear within ourselves.

The photographer is thus placed at the farthest point from the real image, upon which he imposes moments like so many reflections of a mythical eye. Here, it is the imaginary that intervenes. What results from this? The others that we are - they are where I saw myself, far from me or outside of me, in human form, closely linked to the ancestral, primitive impotence of every human being.

Jean Daive