

F.A.T.A.L.
MOMIU
& NO ES

F.A.T.A.L.
LIKE A SLICE OF CHEESE...

"One of those dark days (...), when all dwellings are as close as possible to a cave and their inhabitants to troglodytes lost in darkness."

Serguéi R. MINTSLOV, *The Mystery of the Nets*, 1906

FIRST CRYSTALLISATION. THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE EARTH'S CRUST

"What guides poetic thinking is the conviction that although the living is subject to the ruin of time, the process of decay is at the same time a process of crystallisation."

Hannah ARENDT, Introduction to Walter Benjamin, *Illuminations: Essays and Reflections*, 1955

"Everyone knows what the colours mean: a small part of the light spectrum. But however small this strip may be, we don't want to give it up."

Paul SCHEERBART, *Glass Architecture*, 1914

The ideal of transparency is one of the legacies of the modern movement; that architecture of glass and concrete that proposed a transformation of society and the world it inhabited. We might question whether the change in society has been so remarkable, but I think there will be very few voices that will deny the transformation of the world and the role that humans have played in that transformation.

The notion of transparency, which would be analysed by Dan Graham when he spoke of how the modern movement had been assimilated by bourgeois American urbanism, posed not only this hyper-vision that went through everything, but also a cleanliness, an aesthetic notion in which asepsis and lack of contact, generated by those same elements that allowed the eye to pass through but not the body, favoured a hierarchisation of spaces.

Geometry, monochrome, order? nothing could be further from the vision that its pioneer, the architect, poet and science fiction author Paul Scheerbart, had in mind: "The face of the earth would undergo a profound change when glass architecture completely supplanted brick architecture". It would be as if the earth were adorned with jewels of enamel and glitter". Coloured glass, trans-

forming our vision, educating our eyes to perceive the ultraviolet, shimmering in the night, but above all, changing the entire surface of our planet.

It is curious how mutation is inherent to all utopias, new landscapes inhabited by new individuals, improved versions of the human that have been able to perfect their own environment. Today, the possibility for improvement is immense, especially if we consider how we have transformed our planet. I don't think Scheerbart was aware of the capacity for change that he himself announced, the antropocene. As a species we have always measured the world from our scale and paradigm, but never have we come to adapt it to us in such a traumatic way. Reification has invaded everything until the landscape has become a huge, accelerated archaeological remains that, at the same time, is solidifying its ruin.

"Rocks growing slow-mo
Crystalline

I conquer claustrophobia"
Bjork, *Crystalline*, 2011

DOUBT

"(...) the distinctive feature of eXistenZ is the idea - in a certain sense stranger and more disturbing than the notion that reality is a farce - that subjectivity is a simulation. There is an absolute difference between 'being-for-itself' and what Sartre calls 'being-in-itself' the inert world of objects, devoid of consciousness."

Mark FISHER, "You won't be able to stop. You might even enjoy it,
The ghosts of my life: writings on depression, hauntology and lost futures, 2014.

"This is a lonely illusion
This is my only delusion
This is the realm of my wildest dreams"
Roisin murphy, *Simulation*, 2012

Doubt, the sixth of the seven phases in which Stendhal articulates infatuation, lies between the first and the second crystallisation. After maximum certainty, doubt is the only thing that takes place, since reality and its truth are too elusive.

Or maybe our reality surprises us so much that the only thing left to do is to question it and discover the mechanisms that have led us there. This is one of the elements that articulate the work of the collective Momu & No Es, comprised of Lucía Moreno (Basel, 1982) and Eva Noguera (Barcelona, 1979). Following this line of research, many of their works focus on the attempt to understand what constitutes a mentality: is it the body? the narrative? the modes of communication? the modes of relationship? our

habitat? The driving force could be the difficulty of saying who we are and what makes us who we are. We all know that the Internet and applications have transformed the way we relate to others, changing our languages and also the way we perceive ourselves. But what happens when the virtual sphere is our only bridge of communication and our real environment is limited to our bedroom?

"This leads us to what is perhaps the fundamental utopian debate about subjectivity, namely, whether the utopia in question proposes the kind of radical transformation of subjectivity presupposed by most revolutions, a mutation of human nature and the emergence of entirely new beings; or whether the impulse of utopia is no longer grounded in human nature."

Fredric Jameson, *Archaeologies of the Future*, 2009

SECOND CRYSTALLISATION

"Object play—for adults as well as children—engages the heart as well as the mind; it is a source of inner vitality. When literary theorist Roland Barthes writes that the objects of disciplinary society come to seem natural, what is most important is that what seems natural comes to seem right.

We forget that objects have a history. They shape us in particular ways."

Sherry TURKLE, *Evocative Objects Things We Think With*, 2007

During the pandemic, we all felt the sense of the lair and prison that our immediate surroundings had become. We lived through a tedious and silent Armageddon as our reality began to appear strange to our eyes. Objects became like buoys, like sidings on which we tried to calm our restlessness while everything else mutated: viruses, routines, bodies, affections... and that augmented communication offered by technology became the only form of contact.

Our eyes became accustomed to a new transparency and the images that the screens gave us back crystallised in a new way, the last stage, or perhaps a past chapter, in which we found the remains of our own civilisation. Our imaginary solidified inside methacrylate amber. A grotto, like the caves of Naica, in which the light passes through crystallisations, natural architectures as wild as those that trapped our mental seclusion.

In House of Chappaz we are shown the exterior and the interior of this ruin. A closed shop, closed due to the crisis, in which every evening allows us to see what something is activated inside, perhaps the lumi-

nescence of those fossil remains that, having abandoned all function, simply offer us the forms and the memory. Like that fragment of video that got stuck in its loop. A supercut of references: mints, cola, slices of cheese capable of passing through the gap in a door and feeding in a confinement.

Evocative objects that question us, accompanied by a soundtrack, forcing us to reflect on what they might think of us, if anyone ever takes the trouble to descend and find what we populate our worlds with.

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