

Sharon Kivland, *Ma Nana (encore), autres filles, et quelques petites explosions*

Galerie des petits carreaux, Paris,

7 November 2012 – 5 January 2013

The gallery of little squares seduces with warm puceness, framing feminine temptations for street punters. Squirrels man the threshold, fixed tableau teasing lacey ephemera, naughty play.

Entry breaches a boudoir, salon *cum* gallery space. A discreet curtain in back questions the nature of trade. Flesh and skin dominate, nude, pink, puce, calfskin leather, the stuffed. Female faces, a body, separate, absent, suggested cumulatively by intimate accoutréments.

Prevented from sitting waiting (for what?) [swabs upper lip] on posh tapestry chairs by knickers strewn about, language distracts. Repeat, *je suis une femme modern* ... quietly embroidered as talisman or mantra by previous inhabitants. A sounding.

Framed works, *Mes vedettes*, *Le rouge baiser*, *Mes mouches*<sup>1</sup> make reference to artifice, beauty fakery, and fade with pointed interventions to physigogs, organs of Lacan's *jouissance*,<sup>2</sup> obliterating the ~~empowered~~ limpid gaze with blinding sparkle.

Play with women's things, and titular language,<sup>3</sup> myths of feminine construction. *Ma Poufiasse*, exquisite pad and bustle, procured *via* passive hooves, divorced from a head garroted by revolutionary ribbon. Politics to sexual politics via phonetics: puffy ass, slang: my bitch. The artist laces us in, as bitch – sexual misadventure with no *ma* on a horse to save us?<sup>4</sup>

Still a modern inculpable bright thing outside this curious cabinet, or starting to perceive art plus language as symbolic act, a working through in the present by inhabiting, understanding the past to make future? Dead objects only work when in use.<sup>5</sup>

The *livre d'artiste*, *Nana* reiterates Zola *via* the artist to the mind of the reader stood opposite the *En corps*' headless body. A moment of cognisance. *Autres filles*? She, me? Little explosions of cognisance, literal puffs of *toile* in perfume bottles in the boudoir, so potently incendiary when lit, active in the street.

Catherine Linton, December 2012

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1 *trans.* my stars, the red kiss, beauty spots

2 eyes, mouth

3 *Mes lignes parfaites* – my perfect lines, *Mes hanches effacées* – my contained hips, *Mes poitrines rondes et hautes* – my round and high breasts

4 Angela Carter, *The Bloody Chamber and other stories*

5 Presentation by the artist, Wimbledon College of Art, 7 December 2012