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I know. I know. These words, or their equivalent, must count among the most frequently uttered phrases in any Western language. They recur in nearly all social contexts with the unquestionable naturalness of "hello". They pass unexamined and seem harmless, their utterance approaching absolute discursive transparency.

Yet these innocuous words rely for any kind of meaning on a phenomenon so slippery as to be untenable — knowledge. Paradoxically, and despite the ease with which most of us claim to know, there is an equal willingness to disclaim its possibility; to claim the relativistic position of the realm of ethics, values, and human experience at large. These areas are generally acknowledged as, at the very least, ambiguous; the province of great and immediate effect.

The fabulous creatures, so absurd as to be monstrous, follow each other through a space deliberately arranged to appear other-than-gallery. Contrary to the norms of contemporary art display, with its insistence on reading as an active process, these exhibits asked that they be looked at and accepted. Indeed, via all the textual accompaniment, they provided references for it. And that is precisely the point. The images want to be impossible and actual simultaneously. We know that no such animal could ever exist, and yet there they are — before our eyes, presented with the peculiar sobriety attached to the products of research.

It is this sobriety itself that animates the exhibition's particular approach to site-specificity as well. Unlike much 'in situ' contemporary work, which tends to explore either the formal qualities of a given space or its historical position — the wrapping of the Reichstag, for instance — Fauna Secreta is concerned with the institutional authority of the museum. Although it has been presented in more conventional venues in the past, its occupation of the Redpath pointedly foregrounded the work's theoretical underpinnings. Though positioned largely in the vestibule of the second floor, some of the pieces were placed among the museum's permanent collections, blending in with the artifacts and zoological remains. And, given the gravitas with which the imaginary specimens were presented, it would require careful observation to distinguish one from the other during a casual viewing, a sharp eye to separate the real "knowledge" from the less real. There is, necessarily, a tendency to accept institutional sanction as in and of itself a kind of touchstone. Having accepted their context, the works call into question not so much their own truth, but that of the other exhibits. If they are false, how are we to assume the reality value of the surrounding objects? How can we know the actuality, the true function of fossilized fins or organs? What is the status, not merely of observational "objectivity", but of the very construction of the factual? The category of knowledge itself, in the heart of its most formidable institutions — the museum, the university — is opened up to question by Fontcuberta and Formiguera's monsters. Opened up, I might add, to great and immediate effect.

I recall on the evening of the opening, the first, though not the last of my visits, overhearing the conversation of two young women. One of them remarked to the other, "this isn't real, is it..." An incomplete question hung in the momentary silence, a slight inflection carrying it upwards. I cannot, of course, know with any certainty how serious that question was, or how ironic, as she stood before the evidence of something utterly untrue.

Whatever the truth — and I use the word in full consciousness of its ambiguity — of the matter, I heard or imagined something in her voice to suggest she almost wanted to suggest she almost wanted to suggest that those monsters, those chimeras were real. The novelist Rikki Ducornet wrote in an essay on some other monstrosities: "... the Monstrous and the Marvelous are all that give both the things of the world, and our capacity to receive them, their original keenness, their primary fire." Perhaps there was something of that keenness in my overheard remarks. A wish for a world a little more complex, unexpected or even just plain silly.

I hope so, because that's a wish I suspect is hard at work in Fauna Secreta, and one that can only possibly begin with a questioning of knowledge and a flirtation with something more elusive — desire.  

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