Good weather / Bad weather (Messieurs Delmotte) Published in DE VOS (Joanna) & FABRE (Jan) *The raft. Art is* (not) lonely, [catalogue of the exhibition at Mu.Zee, Museum of Fine Arts, Ostend, (22/10/2017-15/04/2018)], Editions Lannoo, Tielt, 2017, p. 274-277.

Venetiaanse Gaanderijen Street performance



WE ARE HAPPY WHERE WE ARE NOT! 2017

WORK

Forbidden Projects 2017



Atter Cotonod, evenice, a new chapter. York, Tokyo and Venice, a new chapter. York, Tokyo and the chapter. Messieurs Delmotte in Ostend! When I used to go the coast in the old days, my grandmother would regularly tap on the barometer to see if the needle would swing towards "good weather" or "bad weather". Let's assume that Messieurs Delmotte has in recent years taken on the role of this needle. We call on this great bar to years taken on the fore of all and the second this great bar to know where we are in terms of atmospheric-economic-psychologknow where we are in a given place. Evidently, Ostend is a priori ical-social pressure in a given place. Evidently, Ostend is a priori of abaics. When it comes to the coast, human ical-social pressure in the proving statistical priority of the proving a social statistical priority of the proving solveys and their capacities, It must be the proximity of the proving destination or croces the set of the sea the proximity of the sea the lose a bit of their capacitor that makes us crazy. One constant at great void, the big nothing—that makes us crazy. One constant at great void, the big housing the ability to find casinos, she constant at the coast, for example, is the ability to find casinos, shops, and at the coast, for example, have to come here to throw away our Euros galleries. My word! We have to come here to throw away our Euros galleries. Wy word the reasons we had for amassing and/ or perhaps to try and forget the reasons we had for amassing and/ or desiring them. The beach can also be a place for a clandestine or desiring them. The beach can also be a place for a clandestine or desiring them. The each terms, for trafficking, and for all forms of debauchery. It is, in short, a "realistic" place. Manna from heaven to our man.

ARTIST COMMENT

GOOD WEATHER / BAD WEATHER Good weather, Los Angeles, Jakarta, New

He proposes two forms of action. First: creating filmed performances, of course. That way there will be a whole heap of privileged participants already patiently waiting for him: people out walking along the seawall, seagulls, fishermen, shellfish, even policemen. Ideal sparring partners for his pranks. Characters who can respond to him, particularly if they do nothing more than be themselves, in their own particular fictional splendour. With Messieurs Delmotte we are always wavering on this delicate Shakespearean balance between being and not being. The Beatles' "Nowhere Man" is there too, hidden at the back, waiting in ambush. When you are always scrupulously eccentric, from the start until the end of time, it is the other people who end up standing out.

Which is where this comparison with the barometer comes from: little by little, Messieurs Delmotte is turning into this quasi-discrete little brass bar. And it's the world around him that's going crazy. Besides, the man scarcely moves in his films, which are made with fixed shots, with barely a tremble. Or is it that the world barely moves, barely trembles? This is a performative as much as a cinematic issue.



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Messieurs Delmotte The Perfect Harmony / But Where is the Sea ?! from the WE ARE HAPPY WHERE WE ARE NOT !

series, 2017

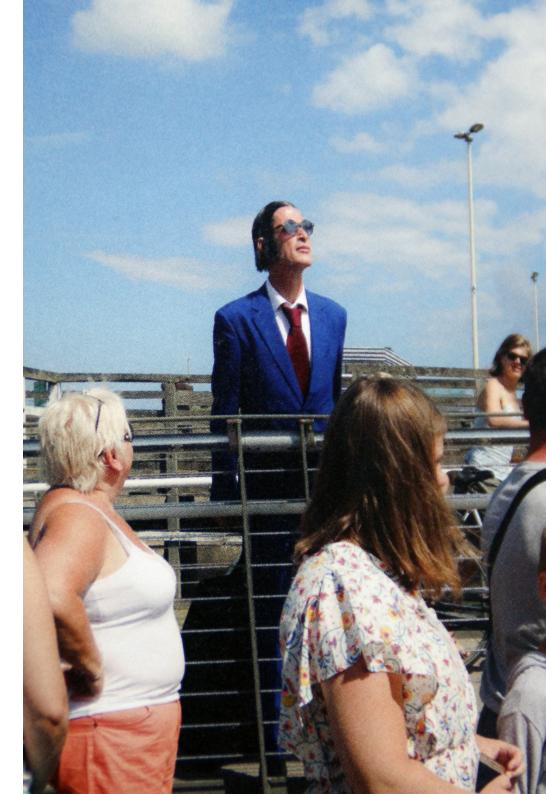
Performance

THE RAFT

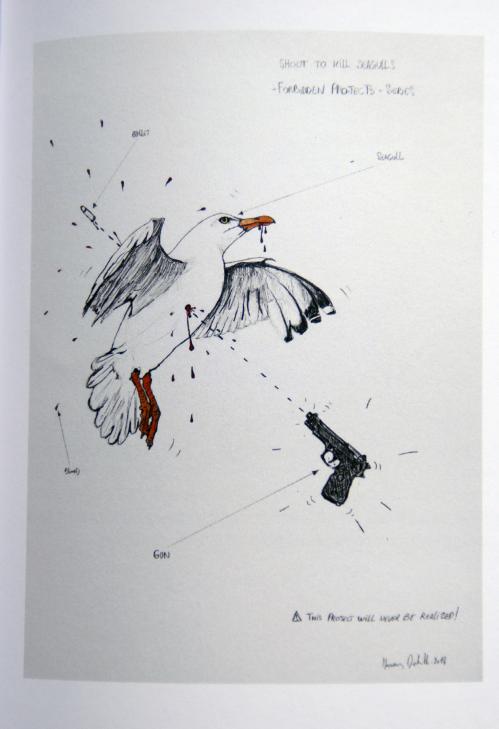
COASTAL STRIP

After Cotonou, Los Angeles, Jakarta, New York, Tokyo and Venice, a new chapter: Messieurs Delmotte in Ostend! When I used to go the coast in the old days, my grandmother would regularly tap on the barometer to see if the needle would swing towards "good weather" or "bad weather". Let's assume that Messieurs Delmotte has in recent years taken on the role of this needle. We call on this great bar to know where we are in terms of atmospheric-economic-psychological-social pressure in a given place. Evidently, Ostend is a priori a destination of choice. When it comes to the coast, humans always lose a bit of their capacities. It must be the proximity of the sea-the great void, the big nothing-that makes us crazy. One constant at the coast, for example, is the ability to find casinos, shops, and art galleries. My word! We have to come here to throw away our Euros, or perhaps to try and forget the reasons we had for amassing and/ or desiring them. The beach can also be a place for a clandestine rendezvous, ideal for the adulterous, for trafficking, and for all forms of debauchery. It is, in short, a "realistic" place. Manna from heaven to our man. He proposes two forms of action. First: creating filmed performances, of course. That way there will be a whole heap of privileged participants already patiently waiting for him: people out walking along the seawall, seagulls, fishermen, shellfish, even policemen. Ideal sparring partners for his pranks. Characters who can respond to him, particularly if they do nothing more than be themselves, in their own particular fictional splendour. With Messieurs Delmotte we are always wavering on this de-

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being. The Beatles' "Nowhere Man" is there too, hidden at the back, waiting in ambush. When you are always scrupulously eccentric, from the start until the end of time, it is the other people who end up standing out. Which is where this comparison with the barometer comes from: little by little, Messieurs Delmotte is turning into this guasi-discrete little brass bar. And it's the world around him that's going crazy. Besides, the man scarcely moves in his films, which are made with fixed shots, with barely a tremble. Or is it that the world barely moves, barely trembles? This is a performative as much as a cinematic His second intention is to show the pictures from the series Forbidden Projects. Actually, Messieurs Delmotte is not telling you everything. Within this mischievous genre, he is able to be less reverential. There are sketches of actions that he hasn't performed, or at least not yet. Rest assured, these plans will almost certainly not be executed. They are probably just the fruits of a wilfully unfettered imagination; accomplished only in the deserted spans of psychopathic fantasies, all ethical frontiers abolished. Artists—all of us—have this megalomania within us. In any case, there are things that would be reprehensible to morality and/or the law. Can you put a chastity belt on a panda? Can you cold bloodedly shoot down an innocent cow in a meadow, or gulls in full flight? Can you fly a kite from the end of an erect penis? Can you uproot a fir in the Ardennes and replant it in the sea, for no reason? And so, the fries are nearly cooked! The oil is bubbling hot. This is what Messieurs Delmotte is plotting in his briny mists: he is affecting a relatively meticulous analytical examination of



the individual, in his relationship to himself, in the first place, and then to the group. This looks simple, but it's actually really complicated, and current! It's about digging a big hole in our own sand. It's about seeing who we are. Who we can, or who we could be. And then seeing who we are in respect to others. It's a meditation on the good old proverb: my liberty begins where the liberty of others ends. Goddamn! It's a burning question! As hot as oil in the pan. We get something of the impression that Messieurs Delmotte, street entertainer and madman that he is, walks around like a little laboratory on castors. He sounds the depths of the psyche, on the one hand, and of legality on the other. The two of which are clearly diabolically linked! This is what is redeeming in the Messieurs Delmotte project, that this testing of the spirit and the law takes place in broad daylight, on the basis of a quasi-popular consultation. And, everything is recorded! When this work takes place within the alcoves of a court of justice, or in the rooms of a psychiatric hospital, no one benefits, and more than one will suffer. It's the ultimate irony: in Ostend, Messieurs Delmotte is becoming a lawyer and a doctor. And of course, he will receive you without an appointment.



