

Good weather / Bad weather (Messieurs Delmotte)
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Venetaanse
Gaanderijen
Street performance

MESSEURS DELMOTTE

WORK

WE ARE HAPPY
WHERE WE ARE NOT!
2017

Forbidden Projects
2017

ARTIST COMMENT

GOOD WEATHER / BAD WEATHER

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 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.

THE RAFT

COASTAL STRIP



Messieurs Delmotte
The Perfect Harmony / But Where is the Sea ?!
from the WE ARE HAPPY WHERE WE ARE NOT !
series, 2017

Performance

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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.

