



WHAT'S UP DOC?

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LI SHURUI, PETER SOTOS, JASPER SPICERO, ARTIE VIERKANT**

What's Up Doc? is a mental map of New Galerie, an attempt to tear the walls of rue Borda limb from limb and reveal its internal organs. Behind the fog, the thick layer of grease, we invite you to touch the still burning trauma of its owners. We want to see the superstructure, the discursive conditions (bye) making this anomalous cradle possible. We want nothing less than to identify the first show of psychological institutional criticism (Psycho Institutional Critique).

1816 was a year without summer. Following the eruption of the Tambora volcano, the world was ravaged by ash-laden winds. Disasters, wars and famines were the results of this long-repressed purulence. 1816 was in many ways a miserable year. It was during a particularly rainy July, following the successive loss of her children, that Mary Shelley created the character of Doctor Frankenstein. Perhaps the latter could have well sat down in a lounge chair that the Jacques Lacan on rue de Lille would not have rejected. Imperturbable, this creation of Olivier Mourgue, father of the padded steel chairs in *2001, A Space Odyssey*, is the perfect seat for the Cassandras. Thwarted receptacle, short-winded grim reaper, it is dust on the chest of drawers. Virilio loved accidents and twilight time, John Hejduk suicidal buildings, Jean-Paul Getty Hadrian's villa. As for us, we love Dora Budor. No more classes, no more God, no more subject matter, the trinity of metastasized tumors can continue. The body is worried, like Ted Pikul in *eXistenZ*. A flayed Hollywood character, a carbonized concretion of a "big drop", *For Harry* (Mark Prent, 1984) is a cataleptic bastard in his formal evening tuxedo, the renegade post situ of Rodez's asylum where Antonin Artaud was imprisoned. What is this face with patent bruises? "I'm very worried about my body." Nearby, the closet is sealed, shutting out the muted sound of beating hearts, waving under its mandibles unresolved early childhood affairs. Department of Health and Human Services. What happened near the closet? Little children wander from hearth to hearth in rooms so vast that their footsteps echo in the bedroom of a prognathous Sandman. Again, no one is responsible for opening the box. Dr. Frankenstein, are you there under the paint of the hospitals?

Sugar in contact with the flesh promotes the proliferation of bacteria. Even marked by the sacred seal of an exegesis, we rot with a disconcerting humility. Job would not have wanted anything to do with us. In the basement, a homonym (*Henry*) is placed on the throne smearing the gallery wall with all his arrogance. An anonymous vacuum cleaner and self-advocate, he is the passive witness of shattered bodies. Henry, a portrait of a serial killer. A troubled observer, he feigns pain. Careful preparation for mass shootings? Scouting out places? Tailing someone? Tribute Marches? The trilogy of glaciation. In the last room all the paper archives of Peter Sotos are displayed. Falaka. Reconstructing crimes, exploring the limits of voyeurism and exhibitionism, the salient and the hidden, the aesthetics of a secret door and solitary confinement, networking the stridencies of this program, ignoring ambulances are valueless missions. We do not believe in harmless gallery owners. The exhibition responds to simple questions with convoluted hypotheses, watered-down actions (from Pliny the Elder to Jil Sander), post-oedipal associations. *Yes, it's complicated, what's up doc?*

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