
**CHARLES HASCOËT, (LA)HORDE, SERGEI ROSTROPOVICH,
ANNA SOLAL, WOLFGANG TILLMANS**

BECAUSE THE NIGHT

In France - as in many countries - the places hosting the party have been closed for over a year. The night itself has been banned by successive curfews. The exhibition *Because The Night* revolves around the worlds of night and party. If you make your way and get lost in the night, exhausting the possibilities that are offered to you, you keep crossing the socially choreographed trajectories of others. And it is still with them that one sees the early morning arrive.

Founded in 2013, the collective (LA)HORDE brings together three artists: Marine Brutti, Jonathan Debrouwer and Arthur Harel. (LA)HORDE creates choreographic pieces, films, video installations and performances whose main subject is the body in movement and the social practices that move it. (LA)HORDE collaborates with communities of individuals on the margins of mainstream culture: septuagenarians, blind people, smokers, teenagers, festival-goers.

The film *Cultes* is made up of the recording of a festival: the Eurockéennes of Belfort. Catering services, tattoo stands: the camera highlights their cultural industry character. How can individuals try to create a subversive experience within the mass that they themselves constitute?

Three performers practice festival choreographies (slam, mosh pit, circle, wall of death) within the audience; they are both participants and triggers. The film is similar to a single off-screen: we never see the groups playing on stage.

Charles Hascoët's paintings are all in the format of a 33 rpm vinyl record sleeve and feature sleeping DJs. Thomas Franzmann, Lakuti, Laetitia Katapult, Ricardo Villalobos, or Cabanne; they are part of the Berlin "minimal" scene. This scene has gained a strong international recognition between 2000 and 2010; if it has been the ground for artistic achievements and a clubbing culture, it has also created an industry. Essayist Tobias Rapp coined the term "Easyjetset" to describe the influx of an international party crowd into the clubs of a city that people come to see "by night".

Charles Hascoët was a DJ at the same time and knows the actors of this scene. All the DJs are dressed, as if they had suddenly dozed off. Here and there we can discern a headset or a pair of glasses characteristic of the character. The paintings reflect what still emerges from these characters after 18 months of inactivity, in a sleep that usually they banish for entire rooms with decibels, until the time of a possible after party. None of these DJs are young anymore, they are the recognized figures of an established scene, and it is perhaps the fatigue of an era that we feel.

Sergei Rostropovich is a video artist whose practice encompasses experimental film and music videos. *When The Lights Go Out* is a 3-screen video built around images from the Yanshui Beehive Fireworks Festival. This festival in Taiwan has its origins in a cholera epidemic that struck the city of Yanshui in 1885. To exorcise it, the inhabitants shot fireworks in the streets, carrying palanquins of the god Guand Din. Since then, every year, the event attracts a large public: thousands of firecrackers and fireworks are fired in the middle of a crowd wearing helmets and boots to protect themselves. On screen, the participants jump rhythmically to make the brandons fall from their clothes. One hesitates between an ecstatic party, a new kind of urban guerrilla warfare or a festive disaster tourism. The almost stroboscopic passage from one screen to the other, the editing accentuating the flashes and the effect of anonymity produced by the helmets further derealize the scene. A series of photos of the shooting shows the effects of the projectiles on the actors' protections; they offer the lunar appearance of survivors to the codified violence of a collective rite of passage.

End of winter (a) is part of a series of photographs taken by Wolfgang Tillmans in his studio. The central element of the work is a recognizable photograph by the artist, a delicate gray gradient presented on free standing panel. Around it, the markers of an impromptu punctuate the photograph: beer bottles, cigarette butts and plastic bags litter the floor and a shipping crate, a small disco ball hangs from the ceiling next to a construction light placed there to illuminate it. A second panel is on the floor. Someone has knocked it down. The aura of a trashy, almost expected atmosphere inhabits the studio of the international artist, famous for his photos of the night scene. But there is a disarming fragility in this in-between moment of the studio, which is reopened on a hungover morning to be cleaned up, once again, after yet another party.

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The photo of the gray gradient, in its abstract purity, is a reminder of the artist's search for the haunting counterpoint of the moment of grace.

A stylized inscription, almost in a cartouche, runs along the edges of Anna Solal's drawing: "At the feet of the cotton Etna, a painted sleeping paw. A shadow is drinking". Drip bottles and their wires redouble the text. In the center is an androgynous character, whose face is not drawn. He wears shorts and a shirt that falls to his waist, his chest is bristling with medical infusions. Soft forms, in volutes and reminiscent of surrealist drawing, surround the character in a dreamy atmosphere and break on crystalline structures that remind one of syringes. There is in Anna Solal's work a permanent ambiguity between the idea of a remission and the dreamlike vision of an institutional artificial paradise, of the esoteric dreams one has, in a second state, in a hospital at night. Two of the infusion tubes seem to be directed towards the character's ears, like the outline of a walkman's headset.