

INTRODUCTION by Véronique Bourgoïn

When Man Ray photographed a thick pile of dust in Marcel Duchamp's workshop, he didn't imagine that his picture would be premonitory. How could he have imagined that 100 years later 'dust breeding' would be a reassuring way of watching over the equilibrium of our planet? And if we were to look a little closer at the photograph, it gives the impression of a strange electronic chip. 'Smart dust', a light cloud that is enough to capture an almost infinite amount of information, is a substitute for the poetic dust that is banished today and at the same time has become an oracle of a thousand and one phobias.

True or false? The frontier between the two is not a static axis, nor is it vertical and vertiginous. Art has always known how to defy without a net. True and False join together in the infinite horizontality of a shadow-less landscape where reality opposes nothing and nobody. Our senses are taken in by the products of a modern artillery, they mutate towards a world where nature moves away in order to replace direct experience with experience aided by technological prostheses. Reality becomes a large hypnotic magnifying glass, which modifies our behaviour and eats our motivation. Where the real world is transformed into fiction, fiction takes on the shape of reality.

Can art still enlighten us in a time when light is dependent on a frantic race in the maze of roundabouts?

Who governs our steps and compress our space and our time on smooth and icy surfaces?

Can overabundance, accumulation and saturation of

information give us the answer as to why our points of reference are slipping away?

Will our increased means to mould an ideal beauty and static perspective of a heroic life that is rocked by the compulsive movements of our schizophrenic desires, become the promises of limitless happiness?

Could the speed of communication and travel drive us into the depths of the mental jungle to share the feast of gnomes and inspire our visionary reveries?

Perhaps I should invite Comrade Vladimir Syromiatnikov to help enlighten us for our project. His grand idea of preventing night from falling on a certain region of the world by means of satellite lightening may be a solution to neutralise the most obscure areas and all this questioning.

Or do we prefer to remain in the dark, playing in the moonlight at the theatre of shadows and tell the story of True and False in troubled times?

I'll let the Comrade dream about his monumental installations and raise the «Znamia» against the polar nights, and I'll join a group of artists and amateurs in order to try and resolve some enigmas in the antechamber of art and to find some answers to our questions.

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