

Vague November

Lyndon Barrois Jr.

Jan Van Eyck Academie / 5-7 March, 2020

■ *VN-K-001*
Laserjet prints, chipboard, cotton, printer ink
2020

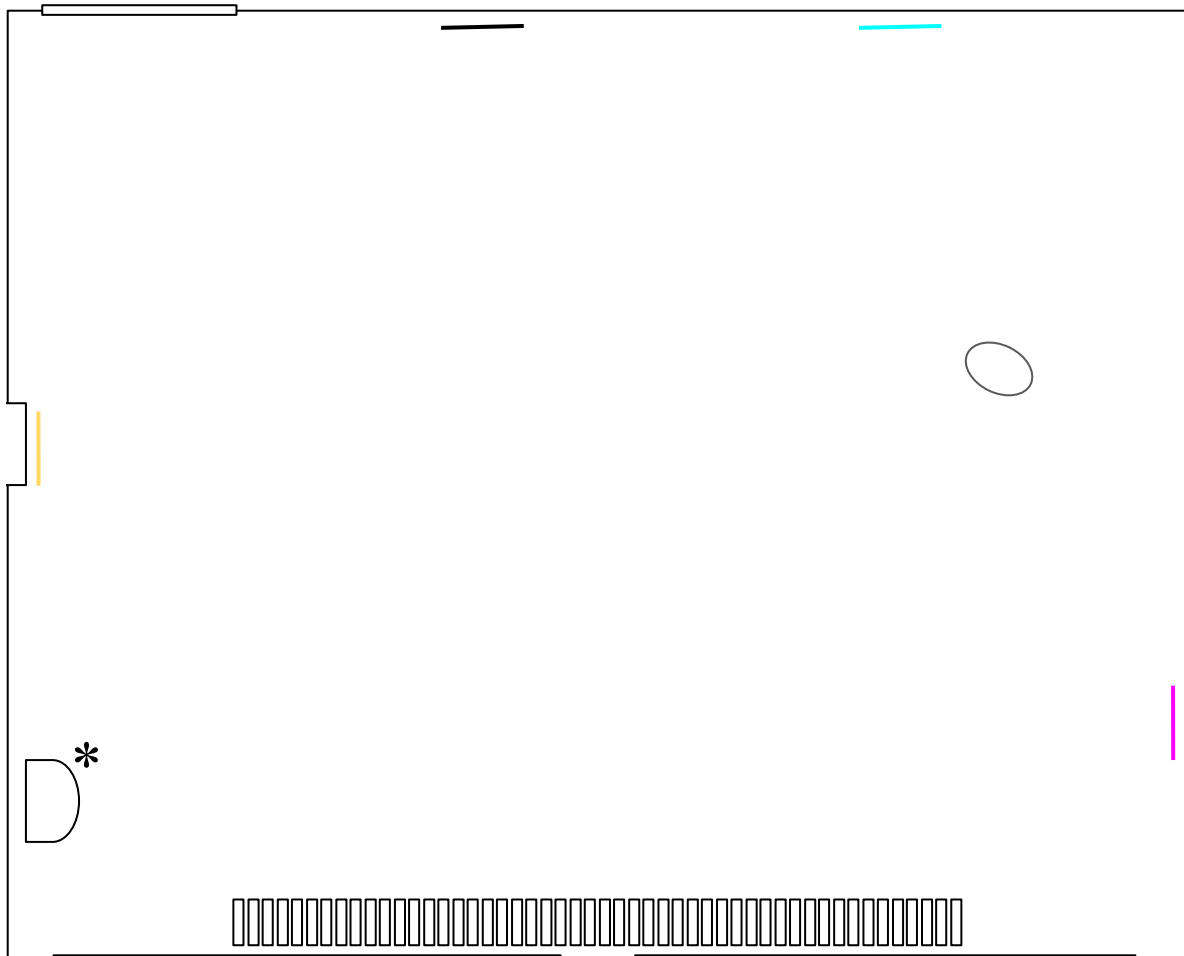
■ *VN-C-001*
Laserjet prints, chipboard, cotton, printer ink
2020

* November 2018 Issue of *Vogue Nederland*
(Source)

O *Mountain (Magenta)*
Solvent transfers on cotton sack (gift of Riksa
Afiaty), gravel
2020

■ *VN-M-001*
Laserjet prints, chipboard, cotton, printer ink
2020

■ *VN-Y-001*
Laserjet prints, chipboard, cotton, printer ink
2020



Vague November

Lyndon Barrois Jr.

Jan Van Eyck Academie / 5-7 March, 2020

To *scrutinize* means to *search*: I am searching the other's body, as if I wanted to see what was inside it, as if the mechanical cause of my desire were in the adverse body (I am like those children who take a clock apart in order to find out what time is). This operation is conducted in a cold and astonished fashion; I am calm, attentive, as if I were confronted by a strange insect of which I am suddenly *no longer afraid*.

Certain parts of the body are particularly appropriate to this *observation*: eyelashes, nails, roots of the hair, the incomplete objects. It is obvious that I am in the process of fetishizing a corpse.

Fashion images are *vague*, open—a woman walking on a street, sitting on a patio, leaning on a bed, climbing up a rock. The variables in the formulae can be filled in with any number of concrete narrative values, and our pleasure in the fantasy of clothes is partly imagining ourselves in those possible stories, entering unreality. The very multiplicity and ambiguity of the fantasy settings evoked by clothes and by fashion imagery of these clothes contributes to such pleasure.

This is a lunatic project, for the Image-repertoire is *precisely* defined by its coalescence (its adhesiveness), or again: its power of association: nothing in the image can be forgotten; an exhausting memory forbids *voluntarily* escaping love; in short, forbids inhabiting it discreetly, reasonably. I can certainly imagine procedures to obtain the circumscription of my pleasures (converting the scarcity of frequentation into the luxury of the relation, in the Epicurean fashion; or again, considering the other as lost, and henceforth enjoying, each time the other returns, the relief of a resurrection), but it is a waste of effort: the amorous *glue* is indissoluble; one must either submit or cut loose: accommodation is impossible (love is neither dialectical nor reformist).

The images from which I am excluded are cruel, yet sometimes I am caught up in the image (reversal). Leaving the outdoor café where I must *leave behind* the other with friends, I *see myself* walking away alone, shoulders bowed, down the empty street. I convert my exclusion into an image. This image, in which my absence is reflected as in a mirror, is a sad image.

What wounds me are the *forms* of the relation, its images; or rather, what others call *form* I experience as force. The image—as the example for the obsessive—is *the thing itself*. The lover is thus an artist; and his world is in fact a world reversed, since in it each image is its own end (nothing beyond the image).

I am caught in this contraction: on the one hand, I believe I know the other better than anyone and triumphantly assert my knowledge to the other (“I know you—I’m the only one who really knows you!”); and on the other hand, I am often struck by the obvious fact that the other is impenetrable, intractable, not to be found; I cannot open up the other, trace back the other’s origins, solve the riddle. Where does the other come from? Who is the other? I wear myself out, I shall never know.

Reversal: “I can’t get to know” means “I shall never know what you really think of me.” I cannot decipher you because I do not know how you decipher me.

In order to show you where your desire is, it is enough to forbid it to you *a little* (if it is true that there is no desire with prohibition).

*All text cut from:

Iris Marion Young, *On female body experience: “Throwing Like a Girl” and other essays* (2005).
Roland Barthes, *A Lover’s Discourse: Fragments* (1977).