

rima ayache
portfolio
maps -ecav
2014-2015

**research in
public sphere**

looking for



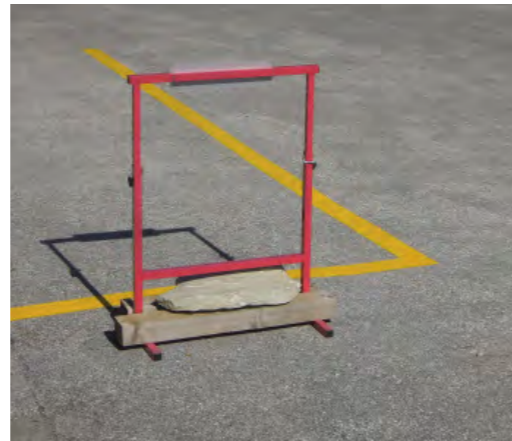


a story that could emerge



i see ghost lines playing around

nothing really happenned
I returned to warch the birds in the cage



Mr Salamandre and the bird's cage –

She had no fixed strategy, but one single idea emerged: soon it will be this period of the year, where people honor the death – Halloween party – she was persuaded that it was a good time to try some magical ritual that could make her escape this social nightmare “l'enfer c'est les autres” said once an obscure poet – she wanted to transform this sentence: Standing in front of the house, M was hearing the birds tweeting. She remembered listening to some old ladies talking in a café situated in a retired mountain village where she used to spend her holidays (?). They were arguing about an ancient person who left the village a very long time ago to go to work with these hundreds of other farmers in this huge aluminum factory situated down in the valley – they said he had developed a strange power during this time where he was involved with this chemical material. He was called The Salamander, sounding like the name of the mountain. Nobody knows for sure why he was identified with this odd name. By the time, he was actually living near the factory at the edge of the small city surrounded by in a no man's land – one of this ladies whispered that he was a Devin and could realize all sorts of wishes.

She affirmed that he had changed a man into a fox, and even children into birds. So she was warning the others, saying she knew him well. Though as we know, village people are always influenced and shared between devil and god. And one always easily throw a bad eye on his neighbor – everybody is watching everybody, everyone is suspected to be on the bad side, one day or another.

At first, M was laughing about all this village superstitions and thought that these ladies were actually looking like ancestral witches. And now, in her black minded mood, she was willing to just check this out, try to find this old medicine sorcery, see if he could socialize her in a clever way – even if she knew all this was fiction – just for fun, to kill time, to escape, to play around. May be also was she attracted with supernatural power...

Now that she was standing in at the street corner, she noticed the road name: *chemin du devin* – could this be the house with the magician Mr Salamandre inside? She approached and saw written on a board MINI ZOO. Her heart started to knock – was it possible, that this place existed? She remained again the old ladies from the village- talking about a particular sign visible in front of the house – visible only to initiated, for those who are sensitive enough to catch the magic layer of reality like a mirror effect hiding a different level of meaning...The house was nude with red shutters, just viewing the road. She recognized the sign through the form (illustration) of a double image featuring a fuzzy reflection – an invisible message code instead of the advertising pannels...“I found the birds, I lost the cage - posted just in front of the house. Was it an optic illusion?

It was sun set – no glittering anymore - She crossed the main garden door and immediately scoped like in a vision - the cages full of beautiful colored birds – there was nobody around, she walked slowly to the scene and watched through the barriers –fascinated by the show -all these angels flying from one point of the cage to another and saying hello like if they were waiting for her. Were these the transformed kids?! – She immortalized them with her magic time catcher and felt happy to be there, to have found them – a bit of poetry in this rough environment - she thought for a moment she could transform herself and find a social place in this children-bird-cage. But nothing happened. She was always trapped in this lonely suffering individual body...

While she left, and before she crossed the gate, she saw something moving in a corner. Surprised, she distinguished an old men sitting on a chair, wearing a heavy glittering golden cross. She went closer to him and excused herself to be in his garden. She explained that she saw the birds from the street and couldn't help herself. He answered in a very silent way, but she didn't understand what he was telling. “Excusez-moi, je voulais juste visiter vos magnifiques oiseaux” she repeated in a loud voice.

« Ho, oui, les oiseaux, ils sont a vendre...” he replied, and then he said:

My name is Mr salamandre and i live here since ages, I was waiting for you. I know what you want – you recognized the double sign - I just finished to realize your social body. Come with me, I will show it to you, and you will be able to wear your new custom. I have engraved a beautiful name of odorant flower on your social body: the 5 roses. “-

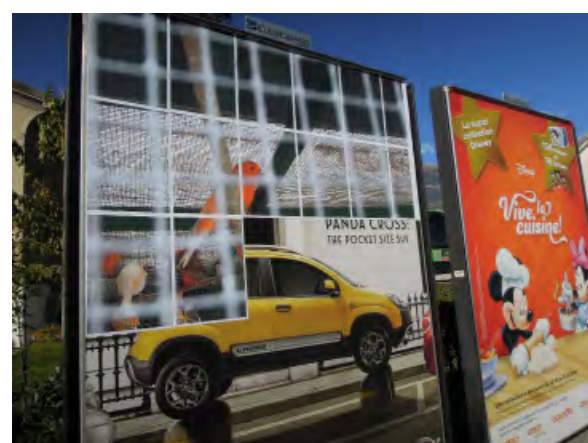
There is one condition you will have to full before getting your new social body :

give me your shadow – I will keep it here with the others.

real intervention I in cage - 2014



David Maroto Workshop
what I finally tried in the public space:
a handmade accrochage to illustrate a story
36 images A4 each



real intervention II

projet bellevue

maps jury - sierre 01-2015

Même si la réalité est morne, peu spectaculaire, dépouillée et modeste, c'est ce retour à l'image zéro que je tente ici de solliciter en remplaçant durant 7 jours, la fiction publicitaire des panneaux de l'espace public par la reproduction d'un vis à vis.

Ces images cependant ne sont pas des miroirs, ce sont plutôt de faux-semblants issus du regard subjectif et non systématique d'un auteur (moi), dont l'intervention « empirique dans un cadre extérieur » propose un bref arrêt dans le cours normal des choses.

Although the reality is bleak, unspectacular, stripped and modest, it is this return to the degree zero of the image I try to request here by replacing during 7 days, the advertising fiction of the public sphere by a fiction of another kind.

These images, however, are not mirrors, they are rather shams coming from the subjective and unsystematic view of an author (me), whose outdoor intervention in the space of the city suggests a short reflexive stop in the normal course of things.



5 janvier 2015



6 février 2015

Impression laissée par ma première intervention dans l'espace public
 Siere - Janvier 105 - Place Bellevue - 2 panneaux publicitaires revisités

Les panneaux sont restés 1 mois au lieu d'1 semaine, ce qui me suffit à penser que ce fut une intervention appréciée- (comme si les rouages de la machine économique (publicitaire, la SGA dans ce cas) m'avait concédé par le biais de ces 2 images de non-lieux (et par là même aux passants) une pause, un break, un temps d'arrêt prolongé dans le système marketing des affiches publicitaires - je venais les admirer dès que je pouvais, me sentant responsable de leur présence improbable; et je sentais ces images vulnérables - exposées aux yeux et à la merci de tous. Au fil des semaines, j'avais l'impression qu'ils étaient devenus invisibles et gardiens à la fois d'un état d'esprit non mercantile, se fondant dans le paysage environnant sans attirer l'attention de manière outrancière - (ils n'ont d'ailleurs subi aucune déprédation).
 - J'ai recueilli certaines remarques auprès de connaissances allant dans ce sens où les mots calme, paisible, harmonieux sont apparus.



11 février 2015



17 février 2015

symposium

- 1 #088 de la série *baseland 2015*
- 2 #022 de la série *baseland 2015*
- 3 #048 de la série *baseland 2015*

1



1



2



3

Kenneth Goldsmith's Workshop: uncreative writing
apple power poetry symposium

basel - 2015

- 1 #017 de la série *apple symposium 2015*
- 2 #008 de la série *apple symposium 2015*
- 3 #022 de la série *apple symposium 2015*
- 4 #014 de la série *apple symposium 2015*



1



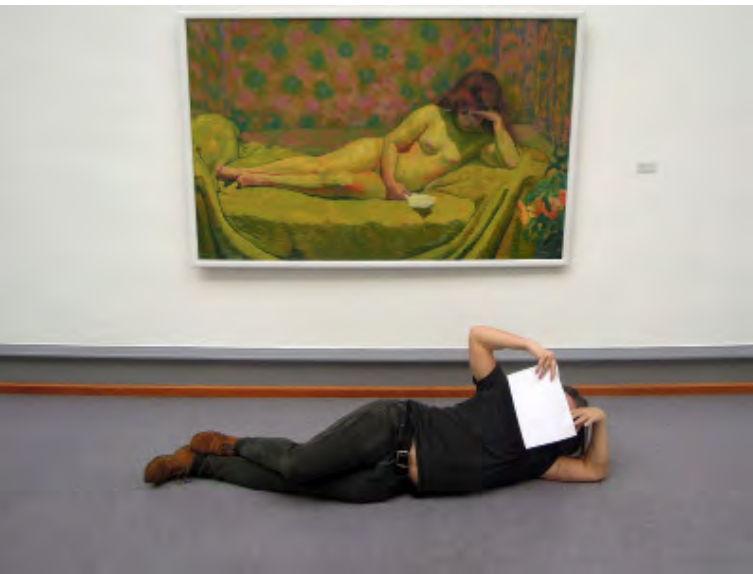
2



3



4



monuments to painting - Soleure 2015