



Institute's telephonic exhibition. Dialing a special number gave access to the work: vocal sample remixes of Burroughs, Schwitters and Read, Gérald, the artist of this group most obviously influenced by the work of Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno, renews interdisciplinary practices in which the conceptual combines with the experiential.

Guillaume Leblon, born in 1971, is a former student of Bernard Frize at the Amsterdam Rijksakademie. He graduated from the école des Beaux-Arts of Lyon and has mostly lived and exhibited outside of France. Referencing Minimalism and Conceptual art, the work attempts to reveal the traces of the real and to question, in a sophisticated manner, the very issue of representation. *Compass*, a candelabra redesigned in neon light, retains only the object's outline, whereas his gigantic tree presented at the CAC Brétigny, hanging from the ceiling a few centimeters off the ground, was a reconstruction of the original as a life-size sculpture. His 16mm films also bring together architectural elements, such as his film made at night in the Villa Cavrois in Roubaix, a structure initially conceived by Mallet-Stevens that has been submitted to the insults of man and time. During a boat trip he filmed *April Street*, a melancholic movie that surveys the half-submerged flooded town of Fontaine-sur-Somme. Suspended time invites a haunting dream state at the heart of natural disaster. Natural phenomena, as with architecture, are a part of Leblon's favorite themes. Finally, with his mini models, his "Hybrid-Objects," Leblon imagines architectures that he presents in storage boxes, as a kind of counterpoint to his more monumental work.

In keeping with the younger generation's renewed interest in drawing and sculpture, Vincent Olinet (born in 1981) uses black humor to revisit popular culture, adopting Disney heroes and reworking fairytales with a sculptural virtuosity. His caustic humor betrays the naïve appearance of a drawing in which Bambi says to a little rabbit: "Hey, why don't you go fuck Snow White?" For him the apparatus of the 'spectacle' has jammed and the last scene replays in a loop. *Après Moi le Déluge* (After Me the Flood) was the title of his polyurethane boat which filled with water in a gallery of Lyon, his birthplace. This trash version of Noah's Ark mixes luxurious polystyrene and glazed sugar

From top: MARCELINE DELBOCQ, *Scenes*, 2002, Print on PVC, 50 x 70 cm. Courtesy Galerie Frank Elbaz, Paris; GUILLAUME LEBLON, view of the exhibition "Astron" at the FRAC Bourgogne, Dijon, 2004. Photo Frédéric Huisson; ZOU IKHA BOUABDELLAH, *Danses*, 2003, Video, 5 miles. Collection Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris. Opposite: VINCENT LAMOUREUX, *Pentacycle*, 2002, Object, text and video. Photo Paolo Coda. Courtesy of the artist.

cases that attract as much as they disgust. "One feels that all the will in the world as been put into them, but all that the visitor retains is this vague feeling of a failed party, of signed excess, of heaviness for something that should necessarily have been a success." In *My Bakeret*, the muffins crumble abjectly off shelves, while somehow retaining their appeal. For a solo exhibition in Paris, Olinet presented *Chemin de Fer*, an installation made of disconnected train rails. Combining them with a checkered array of images culled from railway signals, he emphasizes an inherent lack of movement. For this installation he also made hundreds of drawings on the floor and wall that evoked a vast playing field.

Zoulikha Bouabdellah, born in 1977 of Algerian parents in Moscow, lived in Algeria until 1994. In her video work she revisits the East-West conflict and the condition of Muslim Arab women, offering a complex view of the Creolization of postcolonial Europe. In her video *Darawa* (Let's Dance), inspired by Delacroix' *Liberty Guiding the People*, a woman, dressed with a scarf in French national colors and embroidered with coins, sways to the rhythms of an Oriental dance. As the artist suggests, today it is less about "marching," as the French Marseillaise hymn tells us, than about dancing to celebrate, in laughter and sensuality, the cultural mix that is reconfiguring France. In *La Robe* (The Dress), a white dress transforms into a black grieving outfit while the soundtrack broadcasts women's cries mixed with joy and despair. In this way Bouabdellah evokes with subtlety the violence done to women. In *Croisée-F* Crossing the artist shows a close-up of a woman's veiled face; she slowly pushes the material away from her mouth to reveal a rosary. After five minutes, a Christ appears, evoking the question of crossed identities or principles that determine ways of dressing and habits. On a recent visit to Northern Africa she made *A Petite histoire de la photographie à Casablanca* (A Brief History of Photography in Casablanca), inviting passersby to photograph themselves in a tent with typical decorative patterns. In the midst of resurgent racism, when one French person out of three declares himself to be racist, Bouabdellah provokes reactions that are today more topical than ever.

One article is not enough to describe this new scene, which should also include Alexandre Ovisé, Ziad Antar, Laurent Bechtel and Davide Ballola. Less inclined toward English terminologies, the French scene does however show the emergence of new YFA, who, already supported by institutions and galleries, await their own Satchi. ■

(Translated from French by Anna Haldeman.)

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