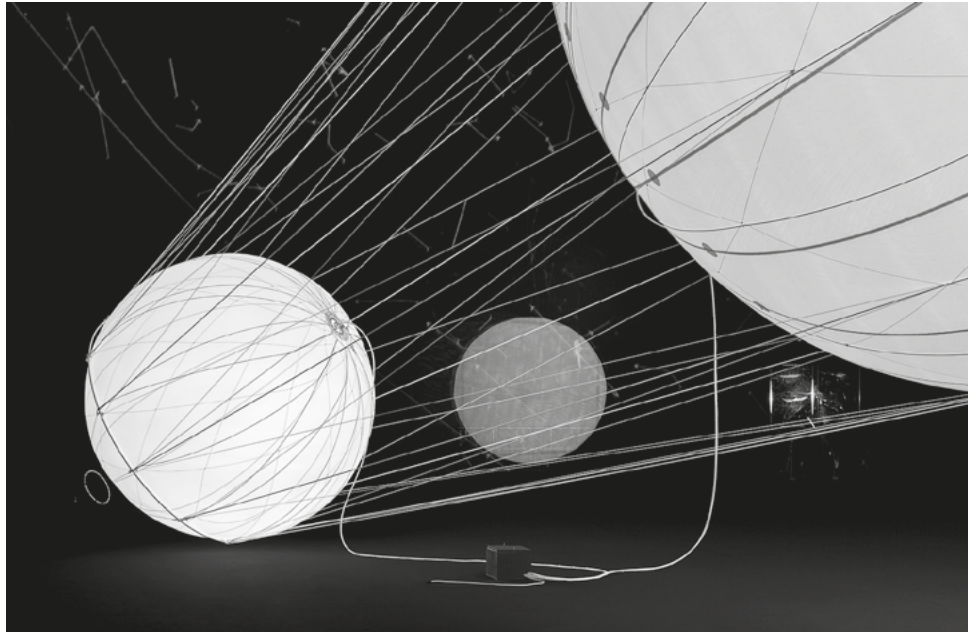


# The Overlapping,

or the feeling of having been here before as your scribbled shadow extends out from beneath you and you realise with the slight squeakiness of a felt-tip pen nib across the first page of a brand new sketchbook, that it's the feeling of an old love joining you

I take the escalator down into an exhibition hall so large that it seems to be a sleight of hand. It seems improbable that this space could extend from the slender corridor, on which the slender man in a spick-and-span suit is keeping an earnest eye, his hand on the walkie talkie that's clipped to his waistband, ready to report anything suspicious at the press of an oversized red button. I feel his eyes between my shoulders—concentrated, keen, professionally suspicious. I am, after all, the only visitor knocking around the caverns of the ACC today, it's me or no one, it's now or never. It's -18°C outside and viewers are hard to come by. Even if it is a steady 22°C in here and the only wind you feel is the velvety, expertly engineered air that caresses the galleries.



I'm halfway down the escalator and all manner of incongruous feelings begin to arise. I'm in a space I've never been to before. In a city I've known for forty minutes. And yet, things are familiar. Like seeing an old school mate who looks, somehow, the same and, somehow, different. Have they got a fringe now? Or is it divorce that's crossed their brow?

The orbs have changed since I saw them last. They're no longer giant, plastic bubbles anchored to water-filled sacks on the floor. The ladder that once invited you to climb up and lollop around inside is nowhere to be seen. A smile crosses my face as I remember how we lay there, on our backs, tracing the swirling circle patterns across the sculptures' surfaces, our bodies bobbing in that off-beat rhythm that they remember from that time we tried out water mattresses. I was surprised to be lying across from you again.

They're not huge transparent spheres anymore. They're translucent, the full range of colours of pickled onions in jars, half forgotten in bars: bright, papery white by day and sallow

by night. The sculptures are no longer tautly tied together, nor intricately weaved webs balancing among themselves—and neither are we. They are tethered and lurch sideways, a flurry of hot air balloons struggling in a gale. We exchange the odd email. Maybe I'll send you one about this. As I look at what grew out of the *Cloud Cities*, I feel the eternal ease of the presence of an old warm love, a love that wanders over into the philosophical, a felt-tip shadow that makes the drawing of yourself in your mind's eye all the more realistic. I'm happy you're here today, in Gwangju, a fuzzy outline drawn amidst *Our Interplanetary Bodies*.

— Clare Molloy

Based on: Tomás Saraceno, not *Cloud Cities* at the Hamburger Bahnhof, Berlin, Germany, September 2011 to February 2012, but *Our Interplanetary Bodies* at Asia Cultural Centre, Gwangju, Korea, July 2017 to March 2018

## The Cracks

The first time I discovered the frescoes of Camille Henrot, I saw the cracks. That's what caught my attention the most: the cracks.

For the artist's exhibition *Days are Dogs* at the Palais de Tokyo in 2017, the frescoes shown were the ones she created for a personal 2016 exhibition called *Monday* at the Fondazione Memmo in Rome. As indicated by the title and the Foundation's website, the exhibition was already part of her final proposition and was in the production schedule for the artist's *carte blanche* for her upcoming show in 2017. Given the content of Camille Henrot's exhibition in Rome and the program of the Fondazione Memmo, it was obvious that the frescoes were not intended to be kept on-site

(the Foundation offers about five exhibitions per year). The frescoes were conceptualized and created with the intention of being moved. This approach gives the impression of inadequacy: when an artist produces a fresco for a specific location, one assumes that it will be donated to the space in question. Camille Henrot's frescoes, however, emphasize the artist's mindset: time exists without space, or at least as a separate element, independent from the other. Still, space plays an important role in the whole project, with the exhibition spreading the *times*—the days of a week—over 13,000