

Mousse Magazine

EXHIBITIONS

Valentina Liernur "ahh...ah..." at Campoli Presti, London

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Liernur's works are often structured by series that explore the specificity and potential of the picture plane to bring together opposite elements such as high and low culture, feminine and masculine, local and global, amateur and professional.

The works presented in "ahh...ah..." were made from samples of fabric from a fashion shop which were originally destined for jeans and shirts. The exhibition draws its title from a jeans commercial from the 80s, in which the sexual dreams of a model were related to the act of fitting jeans tightly onto the body. This ambiguous gesture of pleasure and pain is present on the scratched, ripped, cut and bleach-dripped surface of the works. The quality, energy and aggressiveness of the interventions relates to a previous series of heavy coated oil paintings that were nail scratched on their surface, while the dripping evokes historically male dominant action painting. These gestures come from an almost unconscious state, as if they had taken place between moments of complete withdrawal from reality.

Denim, as the most widespread and casually worn textile, is a privileged material to demonstrate trivial but uncountable differences in surface. Its dark colour, either black or blue, also relates to notions of depth and transcendence in a moment where reality is experienced in the surface of a screen.

Like J.G. Ballard's landscapes, Liernur's surfaces are mindscapes, externalisations of inner, psychic spaces in which the sexual drive and the death drive intertwine. These isolated territories do not have the intention of presenting themselves as realities but rather suggest fields of fantasy and fiction. Aligned next to each other like a comic strip, their meaning is mutually negotiated and the fictional nature extends to the exhibition space.

NO ME ACUERDO CUALES ERAN ESOS JEANS

Estoy sentada en la vereda con mis jeans rotos
me acabo de tomar 5 antidepresivos con cerveza
y en la calle
todo es mejor.
Fumo un cigarrillo y se me cae de las manos
no tengo fuerzas y me encanta
disfruto de no ser yo misma.
Salir y tirarme en la vereda es mi diversión.
Hace 4 meses que es mi hábito preferido porque
descubrí el placer de evitar el dolor.
A pesar de esto creo que me estoy muriendo de tristeza, día a día.
Cuando no estoy en la calle pongo música linda en mi cuarto
y me encierro a soñar todo lo que me estoy perdiendo.
Todos los días la misma linda música.
Me eleva y caigo como un pedazo de brea derretida sobre el colchón
cuando no caigo sobre el piso.
Después
limpiar un poco con la palma de mi mano mi jean roto.
Ya dejé todo
pero no por Dios,
porque sí
porque le encontré un gusto especial a abandonarme.
Tengo un jean sucio
manchado de baba y cerveza y pedacitos de Express.
En la calle no pido plata, ni me la dan.
Nadie me mira.
los perros me huelen.
No tengo frío
es pleno invierno
y dejé de ser una chica friolenta.
Ahora no soy yo.
Hoy no sé que me pasó
que prendí la computadora.
Hacía cuatro meses y algo que no la prendía.
Eso que no vi a un chico bello.
Eso que hoy no ví nada especial en la calle.
No sucedió nada raro o diferente.
Puse la misma linda música de siempre.
Encontré una mandarina tirada en el piso y me la comí.
Me puse una regla en la cabeza
para que haga equilibrio.
No siento nada especial hoy.
O tal vez sea que hoy la recordé, con su belleza infinita,
y tuve celos,
envidia y pánico
y por eso me decidí a hacer algo.
Como en los días cuando era yo misma.

Fernanda Laguna, *Control o no control, Poemas 1999-2011*. Mansalva. Colección Poesía y Ficción Latinoamericana, Buenos Aires, 2012.

I DON'T REMEMBER WHICH JEANS THOSE WERE

I'm sitting on the sidewalk with my ripped jeans
I just chased down 5 antidepressants with beer
and in the street
everything is better.
I smoke a cigarette and it falls from my hands
I have no strength and I love it
I enjoy not being myself.
Going out and plopping down on the sidewalk is my idea of fun.
It's been my habit of choice for the last four months because
I discovered how good it feels to avoid pain.
Despite all this I think I must be dying of sadness, day by day.
When I'm not out in the street I put on good music in my room
and I shut myself away to dream about everything I'm missing.
Every day the same good music.
I rise and fall like a piece of tar melting on the mattress
when I don't fall onto the floor.
Then
I use my hand to brush off my ripped jeans.
I left it all
but not for God,
just because
because it felt especially good to let myself go.
I'm wearing dirty jeans
stained with spit and beer and little pieces of Express crackers.
On the street I don't beg for change, and no one gives any.
Nobody looks at me.
Dogs sniff at me.
I'm not cold
it's the middle of winter
and I stopped being a girl who runs cold.
Now I'm not me.
I don't know what made me
turn on the computer today.
It's been four months and more since I've turned it on.
Without even seeing a beautiful boy.
Without even seeing anything special in the street today.
Nothing weird or unexpected happened.
I put on the same good music as always.
I found a tangerine someone dropped on the ground and I ate it.
I made a rule in my head
to create some balance.
I don't feel anything special today.
But maybe it's because today I remembered her, with her infinite beauty,
and I was jealous,
envious and full of panic
and that's why I decided to do something.
Like I would have in the days when I was me.

Belleza y Felicidad: Selected Writings of Fernanda Laguna and Cecilia Pavón, translated by
Stuart Krimko, Key West: Sand Paper Press, 2014.



ahh...ah...#11, 2014



ahh...ah...#9, 2014



ahh...ah...#8, 2014





ahh...ah...#1, 2014



ahh...ah...#2, 2014





ahh...ah...#5, 2014

Valentina Liernur, "ahh...ah..." installation views at Campoli Presti, London

Courtesy: Campoli Presti, London/Paris.