

Adult, Emilie Pitoiset, Island, 2016
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(The young girl is the sum of researchs and positions running through me, personally)

The everlasting phenomenologic question of the young girl.

Anyway, at this particular moment, I find it funny when my automatic corrector point the word « fille » (girl in english), proposing as an alternative « folle » (crazy in english).

With all due respect to grandma Woolf, it's the matter of one single vowel, and it seems to appear as a combo part of the system.

The exhibition's picture is a bit rebel and wild. That girl, it's me, younger.

A while ago, I was an apparatus gymnast. I have always been fascinated by Nadia Comaneci, as many people.

That young girl was carrying the world on her back. Her, only, could channel the symptoms of a period divided by the cold war.

Her, « the mecanic cat », as named by a Guardian's journalist, who's mediatic impact, literally and figuratively, held the whole world in a turmoil.

Shortly after, Karin agency targets me in London, and asks me to do some « polas ».

While waiting my turn, I ran away, I could not assume this .

The picture has been taken for my bachelor, a subject about selfportrait, that was in 1998.

First rupture, I am too tall and too old to go on with gym. That made my family laugh when I gave speeches about individual freedom, saying that we were not living « Alcatraz ».

An angel passing. I was living in Saint-Denis. Tiqqun was publishing two years later his first materials of the young girl theory », when I started my university studies in language sciences at Paris VIII, where it was quite impossible to make a step without bumping into Deleuze-Guattari. Desiring fluxes's overdose.

« Dans la solitude des champs de coton », a man walks at night, meets a dealer who tries to persuade him that he possesses his desire's object.

Who desires, when do we desire ? I did love you once. Hamlet.

What is good with the young girl is that she embodies both the canon and the gap.

Bob Nickas asks himself : « Which came first, the film or the projector ? »

Emilie Pitoiset