



FABRIQUE DE L'ART N°2
FABRICATE (FABRIC OF) ART

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The yearly publication **FABRICATE (FABRIC OF) ART** in some respects resembles our world. It reflects its beauty across its planetary stretch, from west to east, from the Americas to Asia. We can feel its vibration of multiplicity and difference. Of course, it makes no claim to offer a portrait of the globe. But it is a unique enterprise, through the plurality it summons, and also as a singularised, and not eclectic, plurality, given that a very strong viewpoint underpins and supports it.

DENIS GUÉNOU
for the launch of the journal in Paris on June 20 2016

La revue **FABRIQUE DE L'ART** ressemble par certains côtés à notre monde. Elle en a la beauté, dans son étirement planétaire, d'ouest en est, d'Amérique en Asie. On y sent vibrionner des multiplicités et des différences. Bien sûr, elle ne prétend pas donner un tableau du globe mais c'est une entreprise unique, par la pluralité qu'elle invoque, et aussi comme pluralité singularisée, pas éclectique, car un point de vue très ferme la parcourt et la soutient.

DENIS GUÉNOU
lors du lancement de la revue à Paris le 20 juin 2016

ÉDITEUR | PUBLISHER TRIMUKHI PLATFORM ART AND CULTURAL ORGANIZATION

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ISSN | 2395 - 7131 FABRICATE (FABRIC OF) ART - FABRIQUE DE L'ART

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fabriqueedelart.trimukhiplatform.org

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printed by CDC PRINTERS Pvt. Ltd. | Kolkata





the curvature of the gaze
a conversation in avignon

This interview took place one late afternoon in July 2007 at the Cloître Saint-Louis, in Avignon, during the Festival. At that time, Romeo Castellucci was presenting the theatre performance Hey Girl!

Jean-Frédéric Chevallier – I heard you speaking on France Culture Radio after the Festival d'Avignon 2005. It was a programme recorded at the Théâtre de la Bastille, in Paris, with, among others, Olivier Py and Georges Banu. You raised many issues related to the type of reflection that we are developing, namely, the notions of *being present*, of *presenting* and *presentation*. In what you do, we get the impression that what matters, what most of all catches our gaze is the *here and now* – not so much external references or what someone wants to say, not so much representation than what is present, as if the intention is to exalt the spectator's present.

Romeo Castellucci – Yes, I believe that it is the task of art, and theatre in particular, to interpret its era rather than to produce a chronicle on what is happening. For me, theatre is not the representation of something that occurs around us at that particular time. Of course, it is born in this era, and this is very important, but I think that representation should aim to surpass its era, so it's appropriate for representation to create an empty space that should be filled by the spectator's experience. The first experience is being in the theatre.

Mathieu Mével – You know what Claude Régy once said: "*The spectacle doesn't take place on the stage, but in the spectator's mind*"?

RC – Yes, that's true. I haven't heard this line by Régy before, but that's precisely it. The true stage, the true theatre, takes place in the mind. I'd even say: in the body of the spectator.

It's an entirely physical experience. On the one hand, you have the spectator's existential solitude, theatre as an experience of solitude, as an intimate experience. On the other hand, and more powerfully, you have what is specific to the theatre, a communion with other individualities, with other solitudes, who are your neighbours. So it's a personal experience in the company of others. It takes the form of a community, an instantaneous community, a community of strangers, an ephemeral community that lasts the length of the performance. It's not a community of followers, there's nothing mystical about it. It's an ephemeral but effective community because it's real. So theatre may well be a way to suspend reality through the production of realness, a real, tangible condition. Theatre is an art form that, more than other art forms, stands in for life, recreates it, introduces new laws, new physical laws, a new light. By new, I mean continually new. So the type of "original" we speak of here has nothing to do with the origins of time but with originality. The original always plays a role. In theatre, there is a paradoxical need to invent everything: nothing is a given, there is no furrow dug out in advance such as tradition or a repertoire. Every time, theatre forces us to found a language in the quest of an image. Everything needs to be invented, including the problems and obstacles. This is the whole point. Suspending reality through movement and real action is straight away a political act in our era.

JFC – Let say there's suspension of reality on the one hand, but at the same time, things are done for the spectator to re-feel, re-perceive, re-think his or her own reality. I remember what you said on France Culture radio, in Italian, *la curvatura della mirada...* the curvature of the gaze...

RC – *La curvatura dello sguardo*, yes. I think that theatre performance, theatre, is an object that is created every time by the spectator, a bit like in Greek tragedy. Nothing has changed: the tragedy – what makes the tragedy – is not a tragic act, which does not exist; it is a tragic gaze that makes everything tragic. There is a duty, if you like, a huge responsibility on the spectator. It is the spectator's gaze that achieves things, that makes them possible. So there is a responsibility in the spectator's role.

This is nothing new. The Ancient Greeks called the gaze the *ekopteia*, a gaze that creates, an erotic gaze in relation to the thing gazed upon, a gaze that creates its own object, so there is no passive object relationship. It is the gaze that extends, and jeopardises what is seen, and also that sees. This is why I talked about *the curvature of the gaze*. The spectator is seen by the spectacle at the theatre. He or she is found in this vision. A type of current runs between the stage and the audience. The spectator can see him or herself. It's like seeing your own nape. This is the *curvatura*, the *curvature*. There is a route, an itinerary to cover. There's nothing mystical about this: it is a revelation of the human condition of being alone, amidst others. This is all the more striking in our era in which solitude has become a condition for existence shared by everyone. Paradoxically, we no longer have a community linked by language. Language has been completely destroyed. Instead, we see a language of destruction: the language of communication, which is a sickness. Communication has adopted a sick language. Every time we speak, it is necessary to be aware of clarity. This also derives from tragedy, from the dynamic of the tragic spirit, being aware about what seeing is, being located in problems, for this is one of its major functions. It's dangerous to look as looking is not free from consequences, it's a responsibility. In this era, we are always spectators, every minute of the day. We are spectators of communication, of the spectacle of communication. And theatre becomes a choice, an awakening, a state of watchfulness. The way I see it, already its content is entirely political: what does it mean to watch? There's nothing social about this. Or I should say that it's a social problem but for the moment it remains as part of the intimate, for intimacy is a new political habit. The question is: what does it mean to watch? There's nothing innocent about it, I think.

MM – To draw out what you're saying, could you comment on your phrase: "*During the day, we are often powerless spectators...*"

RC – Permanently. We're forced to be spectators.

MM – So you're saying that in life we're spectators, but at the theatre... we're active?

RC – Yes. It’s a form of awareness, a choice that is a type of awareness, a “technique of the self” according to...

MM – ...Foucault.

RC – Foucault. I think that theatre can be very powerful. And art as well, but theatre even more so as it’s a fleshly art that resembles life to a great deal and that, for this reason, is more disturbing. Being a spectator at the theatre also means thinking deeply about the social community, the city, the human community, belonging, and this is very powerful for me as it is not driven by a thought, a philosophy or an ideology but an image. Images keep people together; it’s a type of inverted hierarchy. In reality, images do not belong to us – the opposite applies, we’re contained by flows of images.

JFC – You use the word “image” a great deal. And I can understand this when I see your work or read your books. At the same time, when I think of your performance *Crescita XII*, there are at least 8 minutes when, strictly speaking, we don’t see anything because we’re in pitch darkness. At the theatre, spectators are different, they have a different attitude from spectators of communication in a world bombarded by images. Don’t you think that in theatre, instead of “images” we can talk about “events”?

RC – Yes, but for me, the word “image” is not figurative. Darkness is an image of the world, the sounds are also images, and even words. The image is not related to something visual. My idea is that it lives in a form. So perhaps we can speak about forms... the problem of the form, yes. This is a huge theme. Because we await a form or an image, we can’t create it, it doesn’t exist. I’m not a creator of images, I wait for images to reveal themselves. I wait for the passage of an image. I wait, I listen out. It’s not about the search for a style or an attitude. I think that the artist’s duty is to disappear, to become transparent, to let images pass...

MM – I have a more specific question about the *Hey Girl!* performance. Did you have any images in mind here? Did you work from a series of improvisations with the actress? Did these images or events come little by little or

were things decided, thought out before the rehearsals?

RC – *Hey Girl!* is a very specific case. I started preparing it without written notes. I only had a title.

JFC – You said that you had a notebook where you wrote down...

MM – It’s as if after your work in cities you wanted to start from scratch ...

RC – That’s right. Yes, and it’s been much more tiring for me.

MM – Without any ideas?

RC – They came while working during rehearsals. Usually I rehearse very little.

MM – Which means?

RC – A few days.

MM – Even for a performance like *Genesi*?

RC – It depends. The third act with Cain and Abel was born in one day. In the first act, we worked a lot with the actor who played Lucifer to perform in Hebrew so there was language training and this took time. For me, rehearsals are a time of resistance. I don’t like rehearsing. I think that it’s dangerous. I try to rehearse as little as possible.

JFC – This time a bit more?

RC – Much more. Two months! I changed technique, and finally, images came in the same way. I intended to do things differently, but... In any case, the title is the entrance gate, the key, the start of everything. The title must be understood. This time I thought of *Hey Girl!* What’s this? I found strength in this banal title. I sought to follow the title. It’s always been like that: *Hamlet*, *Genesi*, *Giulio Cesare*. I’ve sought to follow the title, and then images come through. And sometimes, we succeed in catching them. Other times, they’re just too fast...

MM – I’m surprised by what you said about disappearance. It made me think of what Beckett said regarding performance being

about waiting alone, waiting for it to start, waiting for there be something other than oneself. Does this resonate with you?

RC – Yes, of course. Beckett is a great author whose thinking should stand alongside that of Artaud in the history of 20th century theatre. Beckett and Artaud are a little like Scylla and Charybdis.

MM – I wondered whether “something other than oneself” might mean disappearance. Perhaps it’s only by disappearing, by working, working, working, that you can find images that no longer belong to you, that are not just yours, but that stand...

RC – Yes, yes. I do a lot of work on notebooks. I work a lot. Then comes the work of writing. This is a technique for disappearing in any case, a technique for allowing things to pass through you, it’s not a reasoned technique... It’s like going further than questions. I think that theatre should go further than objects, never show an object, otherwise we fall into the object. An object can be explained, but theatre... The mechanism of the relationship between the audience and the stage is extremely strange. This strangeness should be preserved. There is no reason to perform theatre – no reason, so what is shown is not an object but a current that moves people, it’s more like a state of permanent flight. Representation should flee from itself, but also, always flee the power of the object, for the true object is not what is on stage but, as we said before, something untouchable, which is the spectator’s body... The spectator is the key figure – far more than the actor or the director who are old hat, uninteresting because they’ve already said everything they have to say. The spectator is a new figure. He re-becomes explosive. Me too, I’m a spectator, but my role is different. I’m an upstream spectator who anticipates. The stage brings together many impulses, images, sounds, lights that meet on stage. But in the end, what remains is something that can’t be grasped, that doesn’t allow itself to be captured for good. There is always a vanishing point, a point of escape, of flight. There is always something through which the whole representation is relieved.

MM – In reference to the *line of flight*, which

French philosophers have you read? You mentioned Foucault. Are there others? And what about Italians? Agamben, Vattimo?

RC – Yes, Agamben is crucial. A very important figure at the moment. Deleuze as well ...

JFC – We’ve mentioned that what’s important is the spectator. To illustrate this idea, can’t we say that it’s a bit like preparing a dinner? You invite someone, you prepare dishes – this is like arranging elements on the stage, you add more spices, you add meat, you choose wines, you put on music. The guest arrives and you do everything you can to make the guest feel good on the one hand, and on the other hand, to put the guest in motion, as this can create a pleasant discussion or new ideas or a moment of conviviality. So the spectator is like the guest and everything needs to be done to cater to him...

RC – It’s not really like that for me. It’s more like persuading the spectator to stay at a meal without eating anything; it would even be necessary to invent the food ingredients. If it were a meal, it would be like a relationship with objects, or else the dishes keep moving further away and escape the guest’s grasp: a gift isn’t exactly being made. In the end, it’s even pretty unpleasant. Or if pleasure is involved, it is pleasure of the imagination: we ask the spectator to use his imagination. So for me there’s no prepared dish; it’s more a staging of hunger, and the hunger must remain open. It is in emptiness that possibility exists, in emptiness that possibilities can be realised. Only emptiness guarantees a space for manoeuvring. Only in emptiness can the gaze be twisted. Only in the emptiness between my neighbour and myself does a community exist. There’s no fullness; what’s full is the object. In the case of theatre, this is the book. The book is a material that already exists. It is a material. I’m not convinced that the material of theatre is the material. Or rather not material as an idea or a new material. I don’t know...

MM – If it’s not the material, is it the spaces between the ends that are materials?

RC – Of course, but also between one image and another. There is a chain of images in

what you see during *Hey Girl!*, but it is more the relationship between two images, the space between ...

MM – The in-between?

JFC – The in-between between two images as in Godard's films?¹

RC – Yes... The space between one image and another: this is where there is the thing. This is a space that is – I'm going to use a word that people are scared of – spiritual: a space for the spirit. But there's nothing mystical about it. It's a condition.

JFC – This in-between between two images necessarily occurs between two images from the stage or it can spring up between something on stage and something in the spectator's mind? This is another in-between...

RC – What's important is giving voice to...

MM – ...the spaces...

RC – Yes, the spaces. This is the main thing. The importance of the quality of time in a performance is something that belongs specifically to the theatre. How time passes, how time changes... it's only possible to do this by taking into account the spaces. Regarding French philosophers, Bergson comes to mind: duration is also a relationship. The relationship with the body of the one who experiences the time determines the quality of the time. This also needs to be worked on. I think that when we speak of the object's suspension, we need to seek to interpret the space around it to find what is true. I can give a few concrete examples in relation to stage direction. For example, in *Hey Girl!*, the objects on stage – the table, the sword or the hammer – are fundamentally contradictory: they are not so much mere objects but images that carry stories. The sword is a very loaded element, full, very dense. To work with these objects, it's necessary to find points of contradiction in the objects. The sword becomes a sword that cannot be grasped because it's too hot and it burns. There is a point at which things collapse: it is a sword that offends, it does not defend but offends. To give another example, the bedcovers become a skin; in turn, skin is something soft

that keeps on flowing, like a type of clock, like Dali's flowing clocks. This is an image linked to time. Like a moment. Perversion operates to bring objects completely different meanings from what their appearances suggest. Resemblance is a rhetorical trap to create this space, an indeterminate space. It is an intermediary space that summons the spectator, draws him in. Each object is a sphinx that asks a question, at the risk of death. What is it? What is it? What is it? This is what theatre asks. And there is no answer to offer up. It's a question that is always silenced. There's a wonderful phrase that Artaud once said: "*We don't answer questions, we burn them up*". This, for me, is a key image in my relationship with theatre. In this specific case, objects flee. The sword is no longer exactly a sword. The same problem comes up in Magritte's famous painting *Ceci n'est pas une pipe*, which clearly shows a pipe, but which contains a written formula that denies the object. We always silence the problem of representation in theatre. It is always a matter of the paradoxical representation of representation.

JFC – Which is to say?

RC – Every performance, every piece of theatre is represented as a representation. I can cite one of the works that I consider to be amongst the most important: *Las Meninas*. There is still a vanishing point. This is still a painting with a point of collapse. But there is nothing to represent. In truth, the object is hidden. Once again, this is it: things have not changed. Velasquez had the strength to pin this down in a painting. It's exactly that. Unveiling the mechanism, drawing the spectator inside the representation. No painting is better *armed* than this one. It really is a weapon, in relation to knowledge. This painting is dangerous because it draws you inside, it takes everything from you. You can no longer judge it on aesthetics alone – even if its formal perfection is fundamental. Behind this perfection is an unfathomable question...

JFC – I'd be inclined to think that the representation of representation cancels out the *re* in representation...

RC – Yes, like an algebraic sign...

¹ Cf. Jean-Frédéric Chevallier, "How to pass from one image to another? What for? 8 points on Godard's montage strategy", *Fabricate (Fabric of) Art* n°1, Calcutta, Trimukhi Platform, 2015, p. 146-151.

JFC – Minus minus one equal to plus one...

RC – Yes, precisely.

JFC – So isn't this a sort of "presentation" instead?

MM – By multiplying representations, you create and prevent *the* representation. We can no longer fix *a* representation. It's a little like the character that you multiply: you double him, like a mask...

RC – The character explodes in every direction. You can no longer catch him. He's grey, metallic, in a perpetual state of flight, a perpetual state of becoming. He never lets himself be pinned down for what he is but for what he is becoming. He's a current.

MM – That really surprises me. I understand that it's important for you. I've seen some of your performances but I'd never noticed the importance of the current, the liquid, the unfixable. But some spectators see you as a creator of images... I know that you wouldn't put it that way...

RC – I'm not a collector of images.

MM – You've already heard people defining you as a maker of images – a description you don't like.

RC – No I don't. It's a shortcut, too facile a way to label what I do. "He's a visionary." I'm not a visionary. Far from it.

JFC – And this stops us from talking about the spectator's emotion. Saying that an artist makes images implies that his aim is to achieve something pretty, clear, clean. Nothing to do with the idea of flux.

RC – I don't want to make impossible comparisons. Velasquez is a great painter, he paints great things. But there is a rhetorical mechanism, just as there is a mechanism in Magritte. For example, there is a truly disturbing moment, a moment when we are no longer sure of what we see, or we are no longer sure about language and language no longer serves a purpose. This is a radical form of language criticism: language falls away, we

no longer trust in it, we no longer recognise it, and this is a form of awareness. The first form of awareness is doubt. I can use another Greek term, *skèpsis*, a radical crisis, a hiatus between us, as living beings living real lives, and the power, the language of the system. This is a kind of revelation about our human condition.

Born in 1960 in Cesena, Italy, **Romeo Castellucci** started out by studying scenography and painting. His fine-arts degree in hand, he set up, in 1981, along with his sister Claudia and with Chiara Guidi, the Societas Raffaello Sanzio, which became – as of the mid 1990s, namely thanks to the support of the ONDA (France) – a key reference in contemporary theatre. Works that he has directed include: *Giulio Cesare* (1998), *Céline* (1999), *Genesi (from the Museum of Sleep)* (2000), the *Tragedia Endogonia* cycle (2001-2005), *Hey girl!* (2007), *Inferno* (2008), *Sul concetto di volto nel figlio di Dio* (2011) and *Go down, Moses* (2014). He has also been director of the "theatre" section at the Venice Biennale (2005), associate artist at the Festival d'Avignon (2007) and special guest at the Festival d'Automne in Paris (2014 and 2015). About his powerful, unique and fascinating staging, Joseph Danan already commented in the first edition of *Fabricate (Fabric of) Art* that "density accorded to the present is such that it cancels out all possibility of being seized by anything other than by this present, the here and now of theatre. [...] It is then that an entirely different attitude is required from the spectator, who is not to cancel out his intellect but to shift it in time. The spectator returns with a sum of impressions, sensations. His thought will claim this sum and it will accompany him, sometimes for years, or for life."

Jean-Frédéric Chevallier's biographical notice is found on page 41.

Some 20 years after his birth in 1972, and to the great despair of his parents, **Mathieu Mével** brutally interrupted his brilliant history studies at university to take lessons at the Main d'Or theatre school in Paris before this place was entirely devoted to defence of "freedom of expression". It would have been more elegant by then to stop there and never work, but Matthieu's life was vaguely illuminated by the pleasures of the word "theatre". As an actor, he studied with Jacques Lassalle at the Conservatoire Supérieur National d'Art Dramatique and acted with Joël Pommerat and Elisabeth Cailloux before ending this particular "career". Still in theatre, but now as a director, he wrote and put on stage around ten performances in France, Italy, Canada and Mexico. But, with time passing, this activity too seems for him to be more and more like a painful childbirth. It is by staying at home to write that Matthieu encounters his greatest "joys". He has published *Echantillons de l'homme de moins* (L'Entretemps, 2010), *Mon beau brouillage* (Argol, 2010), *J'étais un roi mage (nébuleux)* (Nerval, fr, 2013), *L'Acteur singulier* (Actes Sud-Papiers, 2015). After becoming director of the Matériau collection at Editions L'Entretemps, he edited the collective book *La Littérature théâtrale, entre le livre et la scène* (2013). He lives in Rome.



Born in 1994, **Izumi Miyazaki** is a Japanese photographer and recent graduated from the prestigious Musashino Art University in Tokyo. She uses the web as a platform for sharing her many self-portraits. With a classic bob haircut, fine black hair, and a dark look in the eyes of her doll face from which emotions have been erased, her portraits - with playing the codes of Life 2.0 - are anything but conventional. Rather than showing her alone, her photographs tend, thanks to the wonders of Photoshop, to show her accompanied by clones of herself, in myriad forms. Confessing a liking for Magritte, Alex Prager, Japanese TV series (*dorama*) and food, she enjoys creating poetic and moving scenes. Some describe her works as fresh and singular; others, as haunting and surrealistic; others still say that her gaze represents the eyes of Generation C (communication, connexion, creativity, collaboration, crisis). Who knows? What is sure is that the photographer surprises and fascinates. In 2016, she had two solo exhibitions: *Cute & Cruel* at Wild Project Gallery in Luxembourg and *stand-in* at Art-U room in Tokyo. The pictures reproduced here, courtesy Wild Project Gallery and Offshot, are: *Tomato* (2015), *Hair Cut* (2016), *Face 2 Face* (2014) and *Measure* (2014). More information: izumimiyazaki.tumblr.com and www.wildprojectgallery.com



Née en 1994, **Izumi Miyazaki** est une jeune photographe japonaise. Elle sort tout juste de la prestigieuse université d'art de Musashino, à l'ouest de Tokyo. Elle utilise internet pour partager ses nombreux autoportraits. Les cheveux noirs, une coupe au carré, un regard sombre, un visage de poupée dont les émotions auraient été effacées, se jouant des codes de la vie 2.0, ses portraits sont tout sauf conventionnels. Avouant une passion pour Magritte, Alex Prager, les séries télé japonaises (les *dorama*) et la nourriture, elle s'amuse à des constructions poétiques et bouleversantes. Son travail surprend autant qu'il fascine. En 2016, Izumi Miyazaki a présenté deux expositions solo : *Cute & Cruel* à la galerie Wild Project au Luxembourg dont sont extraites les images reproduites ici et *Stand-in* à l'Art-U room de Tokyo. Plus d'information : izumimiyazaki.tumblr.com et www.wildprojectgallery.com

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this issue is published with the support of the Publication Assistance Programmes of the Institut français
ce numéro a bénéficié du soutien des Programmes d'aide à la publication de l'Institut français

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ISSN 2395 - 7131

distributed by SAMPARK Global Media

INR 998.00
EUR 24 USD 26