



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

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

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

DIRECTRICE DE LA PUBLICATION | EDITOR-IN-CHIEF SUKLA BAR CHEVALLIER

RÉDACTEUR EN CHEF ET DIRECTEUR ARTISTIQUE | MANAGING EDITOR AND ARTISTIC DIRECTOR JEAN-FRÉDÉRIC CHEVALLIER

COMITÉ DE RÉDACTION | DRAFTING COMMITTEE BERTHA DIAZ + ANJUM KATYAL + DAMAYANTI LAHIRI + CHITTROVANU MAZUMDAR

SOIN DE L'ÉDITION EN FRANÇAIS | FRENCH PROOFREADING AND EDITING GWENÉL BARRAUD + MARIE-LAURENCE CHEVALLIER

SOIN DE L'ÉDITION EN ANGLAIS | ENGLISH PROOFREADING AND EDITING FUJIEE LUK

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

© TRIMUKHI PLATFORM ART AND CULTURAL ORGANIZATION | 2016

99 SARAT PALLY | KOLKATA 700070 | INDIA
trimukhiplatform.org | contact@trimukhiplatform.org
fabriqueedelart.trimukhiplatform.org
fabricofart.trimukhiplatform.org

printed by CDC PRINTERS Pvt. Ltd. | Kolkata



the art of the fragment: a peace weapon?

The fragment is a weapon, violent and precious in times of war, but to elude the war: let's hope for it.

The fragment interrupts the insane logic of the book, which denounces and literally delivers thought to the pyres of fascists. It happened in June 1933, it happened yesterday. We can't quite admit that it happened yesterday. No more than three generations ago. Over twenty thousand books were taken out of Humboldt University. All through the night, every title was screamed out by ardent young men on the Opera House square, and cast into a huge open-air oven. Nearly one hundred and fifty writers ended up in ashes on that spring evening.

The image is unthinkable, but this was an allegory of the history that would unfold on European soil for five long years of gloominess. One man, one writer, would scrutinise the unthinkable in history's blank. His name was Walter Benjamin. He only wrote three books in his lifetime. Each one was a failure. They would end up burned on the Opera House square. A few years earlier, the entire stock of his doctoral thesis had already burned in an accidental fire that was so deeply premonitory...

Benjamin knew. He knew that the book was condemned. The book had thrown the world into warfare. Humanism had blanketed the monstrosity of the previous century. With these three horrifying sentences, if we pay close attention to them: "no more of this": "culture, the defence against barbarianism"; "we feel like we're reliving the worst pages of our history". Sentences that led to this history, our history: we burned books, then we gassed their authors, then on the smoking field of their ashes, we found masterpieces, from the Louvre Museum and elsewhere, we sent them back in the wagons that had delivered them to their deaths.

The fragment shelters us from the delirious fictions of the system, lodged in the book. From fictions that cause us to believe that yes, there "will never be this again", at the very moment when "the darkest hours of our history" are being played out again, leading us to conclude on the failure of all so-called "humanist" thought, and the powerlessness of culture as any form of defence against barbarianism given that the latter is within its core... The *Charlie Hebdo* massacre on January 7 2015, the assassination of these men and women precisely because they drew "fragments", offers an edifying reminder.

↳

Benjamin had a perfect understanding of the inanity of this non-thought, this powerless humanist sleight of hand that is actually under a trance. He sought out the answer tirelessly. He wrote continuously, endlessly, to find this impossible answer. How could those who thought that they were raising a defence against fascism become its most murderous relays?

The answer that he found was in the fragment – its precarious and provisional political resistance to the tragedy of the book. The book-turned-product can no longer bear witness to our world, modern and globalised. The book is a prisoner of the system, it has become the mausoleum of thought, living and active, its political assassin. The book wishes to cordon off thought, and deliver it to the savagery of thought. It therefore ends in savagery.

↳

So it was necessary to exit from the book. Benjamin knew this, and so this is what he did. Thousands of pages written over this flash of

a life (barely 25 years of writing), that would nevertheless engender complete works coming to around 20 volumes. But the fragment is tucked away, it is a ruse, free, unclassifiable, it resists all desire to be all-encompassing.

The strongest example of this art of the fragment is the *Book of Passages*, a gigantic reflection on 19th century Paris made up of thousands of notes, remarks and quotations. Adorno hypothesized that this “book”, left incomplete when the philosopher died, did not contain a single word written by Benjamin, but instead was the fruit of a montage, in the cinematographic meaning of the term. Benjamin, an orphan of the book, said that at the time he was writing about reproducibility, the only word he found to describe this revolution that did not yet exist in the 1920s but that he envisaged clearly and that has taken hold in our lives, enduringly, one hundred years later: the Net, the Web, the digital world. When the “seer of generalised reproduction” thinks about the fragment, he constructs and implements a real opposition to the dominant, even tyrannical force of the book — spearhead of thought as a system, as an arrangement of illuminations on the world. The heir to the Enlightenment.

Born in Germany but coming from elsewhere, the intellectual, the Jew, the artist, the born-exile always knew that this was a lie, an imposture, a dangerous doctoring of human thought. So he went underground by the writing of fragments, running the risk of not being readable — his doctoral thesis on German baroque theatre was repudiated for its unintelligibility...

Obviously, his language shows an extremely high level of complexity, a complexity that is not so much conceptual as is often the case in philosophy, but rather literary. Benjamin's concepts are not breaches that collapse and graft themselves onto language in order to purify it and lead it to truth: instead, they

ripen within a lively, evocative language, borne by mastery of the formula. Dowelled to the body is certitude — the certitude that our thought will reveal to us the black planet of truth. To do so, it is appropriate to fragment the world, namely by an act of writing, a vital act of creation, an original way in which to inhabit the world. One that swims through the history of humans upstream. The art of thinking and seeing in fragments is an act of courage that forces us to leave the lazy banks of our (falsely) rational universe.



The art of the fragment. Benjamin thought and considered in fragments, he elaborated his thought by chiselling, with infinite patience, poetic splinters, these concise, compact, dazzling sentences that are first of all striking for the opacity surrounding them. Like the formulas produced by scientific actions, these elliptic turns of phrases start off by petrifying the reader. Due to their opacity and the extreme condensation operating within them, the fragments risk masking the meaning that made them possible. This is the full scope of the challenge awaiting us, we who are heirs to the 20th century's fragments. As we encounter this first sensation, the question is whether (or not) to assume, to defend, one hundred years later, fragmentary thought, to defend all these artists swimming upstream, resisting, who reveal a point projected by the timeless torch of the arts. The fragment expresses the totality of the world and of history, opened up by the act of writing — it is a shard of the mirror that it conceals. The choice of the fragment is never an easy path to take. Benjamin reminds us of this every day, on every line. It is one of the burning issues in art in our day and age. Producing, saving, reflecting on the fragments that will make us tomorrow.

It was via philosophy that **Bruno Tackels**, born in 1965 in Belgium, discovered the world, its inhabitants and his role among them. But it was the theatre and its actors that showed him the way and the might of the pen. His studies at Strasbourg University (Philippe Lacoue-Labarthe, Jean-Luc Nancy, Jacques Derrida), then his teaching of performing arts at the University of Rennes 2, secretly prepared the way for him to investigate issues raised by the stage (for example, *Fragments d'un théâtre amoureux*, Les Solitaires Intempestifs, 2001). A reader of Benjamin and Brecht, Bruno Tackels also had the chance to spend time with Didier-Georges Gabily, a great poet of the stage (*Avec Gabily, voyant de la langue*, Actes Sud, 2003). If not for this, he would never have written on *Les Ecritures de plateau* and the pioneers of this approach (*Romeo Castellucci, Rodrigo Garcia*, etc., in seven volumes, published by Solitaires Intempestifs between 2005 and 2015). But the stage did not distance Bruno Tackels from his first love, philosophy, which opened the way for him to write a "biographical essay" on *Walter Benjamin* (Actes Sud, 2008), a deliberately transgressive gesture since Benjamin theorised on the limits of "biographism"... Bruno Tackels had the opportunity to translate these encounters, minglings and frictions into sound waves by becoming a producer for France Culture radio. And today, these experiences are being harnessed in his new task: since 2014, he is head of arts research in the Directorate-General of Artistic Creation (DGCA) within the French Ministry of Culture. His current concern: creation as a medium for thought.



Born (in Lahore, 1965) and brought up in Pakistan, **Sabina Gillani** is a visual artist. After a few years spent in Canada followed by printmaking studies at the Slade School in London under the guidance of Barto dos Santos and Stanley Jones, she returned to her alma mater, National College of Arts in Lahore to teach printmaking and ended up learning Indo-Persian miniature painting. She met there her French husband and embarked with him upon a nomadic existence leading them through Nigeria, Algeria and Indonesia. Currently based in Paris, she teaches art to primary-aged children while pursuing her own creative work. She has exhibited widely and is the recipient of a number of grants and awards. More information: www.sabina-gillani.com

TO PURCHASE A PRINTED COPY ONLINE
COMMANDER UN EXEMPLAIRE PAPIER
trimukhiplatform.org/fabriquedelart/

TO SUSBSCRIBE FOR **3** YEARS
ABONNEMENT **3** ANS
trimukhiplatform.org/fdasubscriptionform/

facebook.com/fabriquedelartfabricatefabricofart/
fabriquedelart@trimukhiplatform.org

ত্রিমুখী PLATFORM

ENGLISH trimukhiplatform.org
FRANÇAIS fr.trimukhiplatform.org
ESPAÑOL trimukhiplatform.org/esp

INSTAGRAM/[trimukhi_platform](https://www.instagram.com/trimukhi_platform)
MIXCLOUD/[trimukhiplatform](https://www.mixcloud.com/trimukhiplatform)
YOUTUBE/[trimukhiplatform](https://www.youtube.com/trimukhiplatform)
FACEBOOK/[trimukhi](https://www.facebook.com/trimukhi)
TWITTER/[trimukhi](https://twitter.com/trimukhi)

LORENA ANCONA | MÉXICO
MAX DE CARVALHO | BRASIL | FRANCE
ROMEO CASTELLUCCI | ITALIA
PALLABI CHAKRAVORTY | INDIA | USA
JEAN-FRÉDÉRIC CHEVALLIER | FRANCE | INDIA
JOSEPH DANAN | FRANCE
NABANEETA DEV SEN | INDIA
NANDANA DEV SEN | INDIA | USA | GREAT BRITAIN
CLAUDE FRONTISI | FRANCE
SABINA GILIANI | PAKISTAN | FRANCE
NATHALIE HEINICH | FRANCE
KOULSY LAMKO | TCHAD | MÉXICO
PHILIPPE MANOURY | FRANCE | USA
MATTHIEU MÉVEL | FRANCE | ITALIA
IZUMI MIYAZAKI | JAPAN
IKUE NAKAGAWA | JAPAN | BELGIQUE
EMMANUELLE PIREYRE | FRANCE
JEAN-PAUL QUÉINNEC | FRANCE | CANADA
SOUMYA SANKAR BOSE | INDIA
ROGELIO SOSA | MÉXICO
PIERRE SOULAGES | FRANCE
BRUNO TACKELS | FRANCE | COLOMBIA
SANDA VOÏCA | RUMANIA | FRANCE

DAP
TAGORE
www.bibliofrance.in

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

FABRICOART.TRIMUKHIPLATFORM.ORG
FABRIQUEDELART.TRIMUKHIPLATFORM.ORG

ISSN 2395 - 7131

distributed by SAMPARK Global Media

INR 998.00
EUR 24 USD 26