



What are you doing tonight? Lying on the bed reading at his mother's house. He arrives in the room concerned and asks me, are you in the mood? (We speak in his second language.) Looking up from the page I say there's a big difference between being in the mood and being in a mood. He asks, so – are you in *a* and/or *the* mood tonight? I am in both.

What are you doing tonight? The same as last night. The other side of the same window. Like making a painting based on the previous one, the double demonstrates how the ineffable can be used as source.

*What is this thing in life that persuades me to spend time away from you? If you can answer this you can have the moon. Distractions like butterflies keep buzzing round my head. When I'm alone, I think of you, and the life we'd lead if we could only be free. From these distractions, like butterflies ...* Regarding this song, regarding Paul McCartney's fucking butterflies: we are the only animal which in the face of trauma continues to re-traumatise itself by replaying the events that upset us. The structure of PM's song is particularly effective because he uses a drum machine and a live snare. Consistency (drum machine) and renewal (live snare), drum machine (the threat of obsession) and a live snare (possibility of renewal).

F's gesture of making paintings as benches for sitting corrupts and expands the medium to hold the beholder. Increasingly I understand that the "content" of an exhibition refers to the preservation of this kind of constitutive and literal vitality. And less to visible, represented aspects. Regardless of medium. Klossowski made an observation towards the end of his life, something like, I ended my career making drawings for fake blind people. I'm assuming for fake blind people to buy, instead of making work for perverts with less money.

There is no image for the word Tonight. The first ten pictures of an online search show jpegs of the word itself in capital letters. Tonight spells out Nothing, and in doing so contests its own infrastructure. How do you live this freedom? What could your fantasy be if it wasn't dominated by visuals and objectification?

After today's appointment the optician emailed the prescription along with two red image attachments. Opened and enlarged on the screen I finally grasp that I am facing two flash photographs of the back of my own eyes. What is the structure of what we call "light" that allows us to see?

I want to write like you, whom I am writing this for, breathe in the space. In a clip from a previous edit of the video, a determined miniature pony breaks loose from a young girl's studied grip. The way the scene is watched and recorded means that content becomes nothing more than being present. So you (the other) remind me of my desire, how it resides *already* inside every frame, and each cell. In fact desire is the only pre-existing structure that can be trusted, and the hardest to perceive and reproduce. The pony bolts towards the edge of the enclosure, running in the narrow spaces of non-comprehension within a rationalised system of wires and bars.

Tonight is a cage of convention, I can only live out what it dictates. It seems like everything that comes naturally must yield. Try to remember that miniature pony (called my desire) and the hand that released it from last night.

Flora Klein and Tiphonie Kim Mall. Vernissage, 12 octobre de 18h à 22h. 12.10.2018 au 17.11.2018. Treize, 24 rue Moret, 75011 Paris. Text by Camilla Wills.