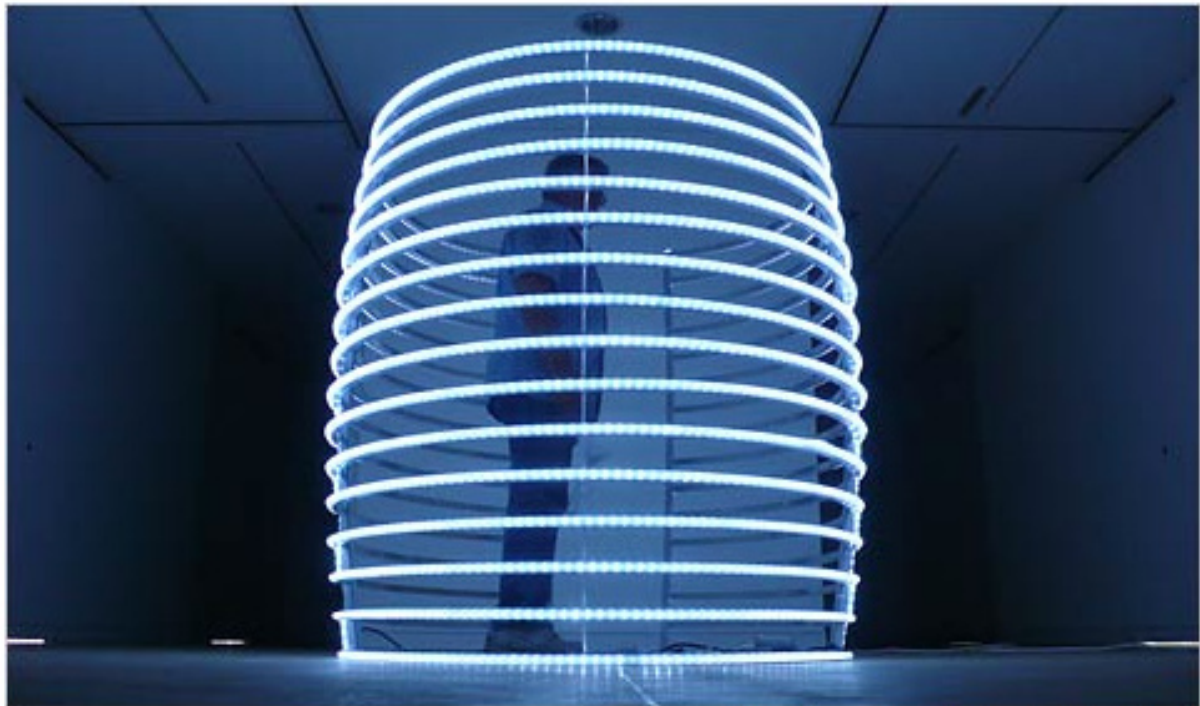


Travel News, From Those in the Know

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'Home' Is Where the Art Is

By ALICE PFEIFFER



Courtesy of Maison des Arts de Malakoff

A room at the "Home" exhibit at Maison des Arts.

PARIS | "The singularity of human kind is that we don't merely use places as shelter, we inhabit them," said the young French artist Jeanne Susplugas. "One inhabits a space like one inhabits one's body."

Ms Susplugas's current show, "Home," at the Maison des Arts (105, Avenue du 12 Février 1934; 33-1-47-35-96-94; metro Malakoff Plateau de Vanves), an art space located in the southern area of Malakoff, explores the relationship between the inner and the outer — particularly the theme of illness and medication — and it uses physical space to explore it.



Alice Pfeiffer

In the verdant entrance to the Maison, situated in a small park, a large steam roller is seemingly about to crush a long trail of medications — a reference to customs services crushing illegally manufactured goods. On a wall nearby, the proverb “A Man’s House is his Castle” is inscribed.

Meanwhile, the interior of the building, a usually luminous 19th-century hunting resort, has been entirely transformed for the occasion: the visitor enters, alone or in pairs, with a map of the labyrinth ahead, a shaggy, Alice-in-Wonderland-like door, into a series of dark, tiny rooms. Each room explores a different aspect of medication, various forms of treatment and medical practices and rituals, through assorted multimedia installations (sound, projection, neon statues etc.).

The staircase leading to the second part of the show, is entirely covered in doctors’ prescriptions for medication, collected over months by Suspluglas with the help of the local Malakoff town hall.

The top floor of the exhibition consists of a curvy light installation made of tiny white neon bulbs, designed for visitors to enter and walk around in — this piece, along with a projection nearby of various medical practices, in an otherwise dark, empty room, aims to create a bizarre, high-like feeling evoking a drug-induced state.

“My house is myself,” Suspluglas said, “and the limits of one’s body blur with the physical limits of the house.”