

Tiery B. is born in 1973 in the Eastern part of France

After his studies in philosophy, he writes two novels then travels which brings him to photography, as a simple visitor to begin with. Between 2000 and 2007, the photographic work comes out from writing and then prolongs it.

A personal diary with misleading traits, fragmenting life without events, its a little in images like in written books: many hints of traveling - the good photos were as good here as they were there -, wandering, contemplation, lucky meetings and other privileges, important love stories but which remain a useless attempt of a oversight from a brother's election.

There is an emotional closeness with the photographed subjects. The lover's smiles is not obliged and if certain images are firmly pornographic, before anything else they remain faithful to the present emotion of a renewed pleasure or repetition which is not a synonym of boredom. Even though the faces are sometimes absent or in withdrawal, but the rest is without unequivocally, the erect phallus that does not prevent the disclosure and oblique, shadows in black and white.

The author proceeds in the same manner for his mundane life, raw material for his work which doesn't stop to fascinate him. This is where the choice of photography comes from: his object, the smallest present possible (Tiery B. uses the least possible for the mounting) done due to his poverty and his greatness. He touches art all the while showing the real, life which are the most important aspects. The essential here is not art but what it reveals : The present and its duration (the present is always present) more than memories and the what is going to become, more than the past and future which does not exist.

Neither hope nor nostalgia. Only the force of desire which has nothing missing. This is the desire which is given by the photographer, more than her objects. A climate of nostalgia of hope maybe more than a story. A journey towards forgetting and pleasure of the present life as life chooses the present rather than the days to come, the body demands the present moment. Eternity is now. From which eroticism comes from because its like the aesthetic pleasure, its perhaps not satisfying any desire, erasing no lack in oneself. Its all an art ... But which prospects only on its own repetition. Hence the work of the photographer - or any artist - do not just duplicate what exists, to reveal what is there, but transform it. Without exaggeration.

The temptation is huge about sexuality. The photograph prefers peaceful intimacy to ecstasy here, a little of the mundane life, nude without any romanticism or grandiosity, simplicity of the body and its mystery. No real desire of transgression therefore no shocking images which will come alleviate a certain formal mannerism. If there are aesthetics, it is the same for the masculine sex or a glass put on the table. The author does everything to show the experience that he has lived is shown in the reality, not too ordinary or neutral is it.

No need to transfigure. It is about transcribing, restitution and re-creating of what is beautiful, abstract, foreign and distant (and still some pictures tend to transcend their subject in the same field of vision). The concern is that the viewer humanity in these photos before he sees art, and thanks to its own associations he can anchor his emotion in these few residuals of the present, through a detour path on a provisional basis.

This gives serene vision, not always very exact, and blur "hard" (not superficial), images which are not manipulated in which between minimum technique (as much during the shot as after), simple assembly sometimes between two photos, where one is inserted in another on, and seems to float, thinking and silent photos - calm -, not too much, not almost nothing, neither pale or too sweet - without any modern effects - and which despite or thanks to an apparent efficiency which is decorative or academic, does not give up waiting to be, and to develop a presence through which, it seems, something - again? - looks at us. Pornography is quieter than subjugating eroticism, and the world in general is eroticized. This is what makes the border between eroticism and pornography, very fragile.

Presence of being without past or future. The changes in subjects does not produce unreachable abyss, as it is the photograph which before anything imposes its presence and its signature. Literary autobiography. Chronic. With its sequences, its cutting which is almost cinematographic, like an immobile cinema, animating images, which is no case according to Roland Barthes, will know how to be alive themselves.

The author's challenge - trapped by : photography does not know how to say anything but " it is so beautiful" of everything -, is photographing everything, and consists in avoiding the saturation of photos, showing through a choice of snaps, that despite the abolition in photography of all hierarchy in the subjects - made more obvious once again through work of video present also in the exhibitions -, basically is not worth everything. The

risk of this company will be to succeed these photos - too physical, too narcissic, lonely-even misanthropic -, with which the photograph who has the symbolic weapon, will possess being like" "Make provision for them by foreseeing their absence" - sort of like murdered lovers (the possession of the past is easier than the present).

But the author wanted it another way, watching over the fact that with each snap, the other is more interested, more than the photo. Art in no way should be an egoistic game where one wins and the other one loses.

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Writer-Photograph born in 1973 in the Eastern part of France, Tiery B. in his own way is Pierre Klossowski's heir. We remember that the author of *Edit Revocation* from Nantes, spent a lot of time on the novel, and then gave up writing for drawing. Thereby, Klossowski was looking for a more direct formulation, a more sensitive one as well as his author's fantasies.

Tiery B. who wrote two novels simultaneously, decided to concentrate on the image as his priority. According to him, photography has an identity whose quest is to link life with what it expressed. "Photography came to me when I managed breaving from writing, he explains. Writing has the tendency to magnify things that I would come across in life. It was more misleading. On the other hand, with photography, I would like to re-establish something living in the moment, almost without any fine-tuning, or fireworks". *"Truth" of the novel under species especially of autofiction, against "truth" of the image?*

We will try and not judge, while revealing the representation, in one or the other case, leading the ball. What is Tiery B.'s representation? One of his mundane life, sexual and love mainly, that the photograph tries and bring together for the occasion with a sense of sensuality and aestheticism measured for this purpose which is always incarnation.

The photos of Tiery B., is on the model of the existential inventory and is a summary of his existance, liveliness, down from contemplation. Views from variously exotic places, the photographer was able to share the meetings he had with his mates which were intimate, thus brought back to life and

without any embellishment (beautiful gay love scences, without any deference but underlining the intensity of the carnal games, more than their rawness), of natural sites of a beauty which is often wild which is added on here in a visual kaleidoscope, whose word master is agreement. The photos of Tiery B. are presented in a autonomous manner or arranged in polyptychs or slideshows, exuding a constant concern for framing, mounting, and an assembly work.

Visual retraining and therefore symbolic. Tiery B., from the same energy, lives and watches his life. This is the paradox in his work, moreover, that exalts what the life knows more about the present but however with a distance, in such a manner to banner any expressionism, any abandonment.

For balancing any account, Rimbaldienne "Season in Hell" initiatory newspaper writes with oculus that it is a photographic walk between body and moods that aestheticization of a image never cancels for this result : the omnipresence of humans, although in image.

Paul Ardenne (*Art press*, 1st trimester 2008)

Tiery Bourquin – *The Favourite brother*, novel

A young man of 23 years finds his brother of 15 years, his favourite. " I saw the grace of your skin grow" he says. What is the sibling relationship, if not the body link ? They are to-gether for one week, in a hotel at the 15th district, living alone the two of them, walking in Paris. The narrator mentions each moment of these days without concealing or idealising, he photographs his brother everywhere where they go, his loved on " a little god, surrounded by idiots", idiots of the family, knowing that " the photographs are superposed with memories, to a point in erasing them". He is strict and dubious, " not devising unfaithful love".

The little one is ready and escapes with a cat's cruelty. The elder does not force anything, in his adoration. Without his desire, what would there be between them? The child leaves, cheerful in "a soft and sentimental pity, who only thinks of defending himself and getting away", leaving his elder brother is dispair of a failed love, "a death sentence" on which the book is written.

The book is written in order not to forget, he is haunted by love, he is the same body of the loved one, this whole worshiped body, smells, sperm, vomit. He is a chant, elegy, tombstone. He proclaims "a demand to remain a kid" and a farewell ripping in childhood. It is an ode to idleness, a declaration of war against ordinary, boredom. He refuses the strategy due to which living room writers shine. It is written as nobody dares, in a rage, mad violence sometimes a delicate-prophetic beauty.

The cruel and true pages are as much fashioned by life as by literature. They are crossed over by meetings-anonymous past or crystallization - the scenery where the narrator walks without any end - streams, soft foothills of the Vosges in the fall, Paris given by Hugo, of who Bagatelle is « the sacred wood », Paris which decomposes when separation shows its face, Vincennes where the bikers participate in « masculin orgy ». It vibrates of philosophers and poets, especially poets, « who only speak about the necessary truth » : Baudelaire, Lautréamont, Rimbaud, Ovide, Louise Labé, Gibran, Hölderlin, Hoffmann, Proust, Mallarmé, many more who we love. They are the beloved ones, the narrator's muse. He reads, loves, writes from the same depth and momentum. Here the ingenuity, absolute purity of childhood has a amazing elegant language, musicality, preciousness sometimes.

"My free spirit's dream was always the one of a proud humanity and haughty at the end of its story", writes the author. And that this last novel "may be the last one". It could happen : he burns his ships. But I hope he is wrong, he will give us other meetings.

Marie-Noël Rio *The French Letters* January 2009. (Supplement to *The Humanity* of 10th January, 2009)

Tiery B., A material photographer

Tiery B. is a writer and a photographer. Author of the book « The Favourite brother » (edition Heloise d'Ormesson, under the name of Tiery Bourquin), he has just published his second book of photos. The first one didn't have a title except the name of the author (Tiery B. edition of Circle art), this one is named Narmada, the name of a sacred river in India. Short texts that reveal

love, desire, absence, Paris, wandering. I won't say more except that he does not comment on the photos except that their page layout gives them a graphic look. The photographs are basically inscribed in three kinds : urban sceneries, dead nature and portraits or details of the masculin body. The strongest ones which imposes on the view with a burning obviousness shows or rather reveals matter. Flesh, skin, hair, sweat, saliva, sperm....But also smoke, stones, woods, underclothes in cotton, fish scales, plastic, iron, woods....more and more water, runny liquid, relaxing, in drops, muddy vapor. Water chanting books. In *Water and Dreams*, Gaston Bachelard analyses a metapoetic of water for which « water is not only a group of images known as a vagabond contemplation, in a sequence of broken dreams snapshots. She has a support for her images and soon an input that will create a foundation for the images. Water as well starts going into a deep contemplation, that seems to become deeper, like a materialistic imagination ». In her photos, water also has the role of playing with the light as the photos of Tiery B. are very contrasting with a slicing black and white, which does not exclude an elegant range of shaded grey.

Water envelops : she forces the spectator to enter in the image and become more than just a voyeur and share the intimacy.

But this closeness also plays, paradoxally, distancing , for example when drops on a glazed surface is clouding an autoportrait, which shows the photograph as half naked, underneath, legs apart, by making the bump of the penis stick out from the glistening bathing suit. Eyes are invisible, lost in the darkness - like in many portraits -, but a third eye designs its silvery circle contour : the one of the as the camera's lenses. Who took the photo, herself or the spectator ? Aren't I sent to my own body and the representation that I have done ? Bachelard says that the images of water « she doesn't bewitch just any dreamer ». Insisting on the autoportraits, which takes on pages and pages of the whole book. They bear witness of a complete investment on the subject of art. Is it about narcissism ? Lets listen a little more to Gaston Bachelard's questionings : When one is in front of the mirror, we can ask a double question : who are you gazing at ? Against you are you gazing ? Are you aware of your beauty or your force - even if the two are shown - but rather the one of rigor and distance. The representation is not a pose. The artist looks at his own body with the sam eyes as he does for another's body. He is not just satisfied of linking his eye with the brain, he doesn't forget he is made from the same flesh as his models, he gives them sight, and gets

involved and through this in a certain manner, puts himself in danger - like all people confronting reality.

How to make one see reality ? Photos of Tiery B. are clear - I am not talking about her blurs coming from the muddy window or the mirror, but an attitude in front of what is being photographed and is characterised by the truth.

The look does not rob us. It kisses. It embraces. The representation and its object of a body to body, lovers, where the aesthetic tension is born. This is particularly shown in the body images. Lets take the example of the photo where the penis is lying down on the stomach, where there are drops of semen, here we are in complete reality with a body that came. I now think of a verse of *Condemned to death* of Genet : more touching and pure than a touching penis. There is no indecency or negligence but a real incarnation, a reality.

The scenery seems to have been considered from a distance, which gives them an accepted look. Nonetheless, in *Narmada* due to an opposition game which was almost rough but productive with the body, it acquires much more strength than it does in the exhibition that had accompanied in the coming out of the book, more than a month ago.

A quote of Adorno, is epigraphed « Art is ascetic, and without reserve , the cultural industry is obscene and puritan ». Point being that one does not need this reference in order to demonstrate Tiery B.'s work, as it does not bring out pornography : the images speak for themselves. Pornography, etymology, tells us that it's a business, industry, so with its obscenity which is only negative of the well-being. Here it is either about love or desire, of the truth and personal commitment. If we were to still rebuke this work, like the exhibition, its the big quantity of photos- some are only inscribed in a difficult manner, or artificially. A constriction was no doubt necessary, and would have dynamised the set. Putting this hesitation on the side, it is obvious that the work of Tiery B., has a lot of strength and undeniable aesthetic quality which should motivate her to continue this work and hope for future delectations.

Franck Delorieux *The French Letters*

Narmada. Tiery B. (Gourcuff Gradenigo - 2012)