



Edouard Taufenbach, A V, 2015, courtesy of Gallery Intuiti

Since 1994, William Mitchell has used the term “metapicture”, which served as a starting point for “metaphotography”. The principle is based on a reversal of current values: the technique is more important than the finished product. One must first think about the system in place and the results obtained, i.e. the final image. In returning to the origins of the medium, “metaphotography” recalls that a photograph can hold a double meaning: upon itself and the object photographed.

Among the founders of the movement are:

-The historical avant-garde movements from 1910 to 1940, particularly surrealist photography. The surrealists disturb the perception of the viewer in playing with their framing, their subjects and their poses, always with humour, like Man Ray.

-The “straight photography” that opposes the blur and propriety of Victorian photography, by focusing on the specifics of the

photographic medium. “Pure photography” has gained many followers such as Ansel Adams and Berenice Abbott.

- Post-modernism, which from the 1960s to the 1980s questioned photography in many ways to develop a critical discourse on the sacredness of art and consumerism. The most emblematic figure of this movement was Andy Warhol.

To look at a Monet is to have an awareness of the brush, the canvas, the pigments, and to grasp the reinterpretation of reality. Proponents of metaphotographic thought remind everyone that, like artistic media, photography is highly technical. To think of photography as “meta” is to understand that it is not an exact representation of reality.

“Metaphotography” brings more value to the creative process that is behind a photographic work. In the digital age, it opposes the fast pace of image consumption. •

# Moi, Galila, collectionneuse en cavale



“ Je recherche une autre image derrière tout ce que je vois ”

Je suis une dévoreuse d'images : mon œil est une bouche avide. Il suffit de la tendre morsure, au plus profond de mon être, de mon regard dévorant oeuvre pour que je fasse aussitôt mienne une image. Collectionner s'apparente à un rapt : c'est un ravissement sans fin.

Il n'est pas de plus grand service qu'un artiste puisse me rendre que de me faire entrevoir ma propre vérité là où il croit me donner à voir la sienne. Les œuvres dont je m'entoure habillent mon âme, fouettent mon sang, irriguent mon cœur, ravivent ma mémoire, explorent mes craintes, amadouent mes fantômes, colorent mes secrets, traduisent mes pensées confuses et prolongent mes élans instinctifs : à travers elles, c'est moi qui prend forme en langage plastique. A l'abri de chacune



Portrait de Galila à Descanso Island Buenos Aires, 2015, DR

d'entre elles, j'ai déposé un fragment de ma vie intime : je m'y laisse emprisonner sans offrir la moindre résistance. Ce qui m'enferme me protège : je me cache dans ce que je montre, je me dévoile en me déroband. Vivre en compagnie de ces œuvres est un art à double tranchant.

Je recherche une autre image derrière tout ce que je vois : une image manquante hante toutes celles que je touche de mes yeux ; peut-être bien celle qui me ressemblerait enfin comme une goutte d'eau. Je compose et recompose sans cesse le puzzle, dans l'espoir de la voir surgir. C'est étrange : à vouloir réduire l'écart entre ce que l'on est et l'image que l'on donne, on ne cesse de le creuser – je l'apprends à mes dépens mais je me suis faite à ce jeu de miroirs déformants qu'est la vie. J'ai déchiré bien des pages, dans le gros cahier quadrillé de la vie sociale comme dans le petit cahier à lignes de la vie personnelle. Mais il restait visiblement des pages blanches à remplir dans la mienne : en en démêlant le fil, j'ai mis à jour la trame d'un amour de l'art qui serait à l'image de cette vie singulière dont le nouau



Borkenhagen, *Thronfolgerseat*, 2009, courtesy of Galila



Kobayashi Hideo, *Fall of lights*, 2007, courtesy of Emon Photo Gallery

## I, Galila, collector on the run

*I am a devourer of images: my eye is like a hungry mouth. The soft bite, in the depths of my being, and my devouring look are enough to make an image mine immediately. Collecting is like being kidnapped over and over again: it's losing control to a work of art.*

*In creating an artwork that forces me to reflect on myself, the artist offers me the greatest possible gift, even if he intends to convey his own truth.*

*The works, which dress my soul, whip my blood, irrigate my heart revive my memory, explore my fears, cajole my ghosts, colour my secrets, translate my confused thoughts and extend my instinctive impulses.*



Ducatteau, *Fauteuil cadre*, 2011, courtesy of the Galila





Feldmann, *Chair with pair of red braces*, 2007, courtesy of Galila

m'échappe – un amour vif, obscur, incertain de ces objets; un amour dont l'art comme la vie me rappellent qu'il n'est jamais que provisoirement gagné sur la haine.

Je suis une collectionneuse en cavale : j'écume le monde en quête de correspondances secrètes entre ce qui est vu et ce qui est tu. Les arts plastiques sont mon champ de mines personnel et mes coups de cœur des bombes silencieuses qui explosent en douceur dans mon corps, en irradiant tout mon être.

On parle de voyage intérieur, mais y en a-t-il un autre ? Aussi loin qu'on aille sur cette terre, on ne s'éloigne guère de soi : être ailleurs ne fait qu'exacerber l'énigme que l'on reste pour soi-même. J'ai le goût des voyages immobiles.

Je ferme les yeux pour mieux voir : dessous mes paupières, s'animent des songes cousus de fil blanc. Je suis la pièce manquante de ma collection. Vous ne perdez rien pour attendre : je m'attends quelque part. •

Galila Barzilai-Hollander (entre)vue par François de Coninck, 2015

**“ I spray the world in search of secret correspondence between what is seen and that which is you ”**

*Through them, I take form in visual language. Protected from each of them, I've filed a fragment of my intimate life: I have allowed myself to be imprisoned by them without putting up the slightest resistance. That which encloses me protects me: I hide myself in that which I see, I veil myself in my disrobing. Living in company with the works is a double-edged art.*

*I look for another image behind that which I see: a missing image haunts all those I touch with my eyes; perhaps like that which finally resembles a drop of water. I compose and recompose the puzzle, with the hope of seeing them emerge. It's strange: to want to reduce the gap between what we are and the image we give; we are constantly digging- I learn at my expense but I was made*

*for this game of warped mirrors that is life. I have torn many pages from the thickly gridded notebook of social life as in the small notebook coated with the personal. There are still several blank pages to fill within mine: and in unravelling the thread, I've updated the frame of the love of art which is in the image of this singular life whose core escapes me- a keen love, obscure, uncertain of such objects; a love whose art as life remind me that it's never provisionally won over hatred.*

*I am a collector on the run: I spray the world in search of secret correspondence between what is seen and that which is you. The visual arts are my personal field mines and my heart blows silent bombs exploding softly in my body, irradiating my entire being.*

*We speak of an inner journey, but are there any other kind? However far we go on this world, we do not depart so far: being elsewhere only exacerbates this enigma when we keep to ourselves. I have a taste for immobile journeys.*

*I close my eyes to see better: beneath my eyelids, dreams come to life, sewn together with white thread. I am the missing piece of my collection. You lose nothing in waiting: I wait for myself somewhere. •*

Galila Barzilai- Hollander interviewed by François de Coninck, 2015

Puig, *Crecimientos artificiales*, 2009, courtesy of Galila

