

ZIAD ABILLAMA

The twisted wing of the Airplane King

Addicted To Love

*Your lights are on, but you're not home
Your mind is not your own
Your heart sweats, your body shakes
Another kiss is what it takes
You can't sleep, you can't eat
There's no doubt, you're in deep
Your throat is tight, you can't breathe
Another kiss is all you need
Ohh oohh*

*You like to think that you're immune to the stuff...oh yeah
It's closer to the truth to say you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have to face it
You're addicted to love*

*You see the signs, but you can't read
You're runnin' at a different speed
Your heart beats in double time
Another kiss and you'll be mine, a one track mind
You can't be saved
Oblivion is all you crave
If there's some left for you
You don't mind if you do
Ohh oohh*

*You like to think that you're immune to the stuff
It's closer to the truth to say you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have to face it
You're addicted to love*

Might as well face it, you're addicted to love (x5)

*Your lights are on, but you're not home
Your will is not your own
Your heart sweats and teeth grind
Another kiss and you'll be mine
Ohh oohh*

*You like to think that you're immune to the stuff
It's closer to the truth to say you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have to face it
You're addicted to love*

Might as well face it, you're addicted to love (x8)





Comme le dit une sourate en une phrase qui a été élevée au rang de principe condamnant par avance toute analogie, "Dis: Lui, Dieu est Un! Dieu! L'Impénétrable! Il n'engendre pas; il n'est pas engendré; rien n'est à sa ressemblance" (s. CXII, 3-4): "C'est l'idée même de Dieu qui exclut sa représentation." "Impénétrable" (qui n'a pas de creux), "opaque", telles "une falaise sans fissure" ou "une forteresse sans porte ni fenêtres": ce sont les métaphores employées pour désigner le Dieu de l'islam.

Boespflug, François. Le Prophète de l'Islam en Images. Un Sujet Tabou? Paris: Bayard, 2013.



Gate of the Orient | mixed media | 216,5x88x29cm | 2010

The Fetish

The Fetish is the beginning of an attempt to propose visual responses to the mobilization of technology for imperialist, fascist and nationalist ends. It is a failed attempt.

The Fetish has the body of a readymade bombshell. Three smooth Veloce rubber tires each hangs from a carved metal plaque at the tip of the body. Here machine aesthetics, advanced industrial technology, and fascist ideology coalesce. And let us not forget the colonial history of the extraction and commodification of rubber.

The Fetish is nothing more than an aestheticized object; a totem of warfare technology. It is an object of fascism which appeals to the masses by giving them expression while maintaining the status-quo. Lacking the form to break with its own logic, The Fetish at best performs its own ideological functioning.



The Unwanted Objects

Unwanted? By whom?

*Ferrari car** is, in truth, rather suave with its smooth and glossy surface redolent of luxury interiors. Snazzy wheel for a head and a propeller as base. Flashy color. Aerodynamic.

Stroke it, delight in the promised thrill...

Caught within the paradigm of (post-)conceptual art, The Unwanted Objects (unwanted by the artist?) provide nothing other than sublimated advertising. They are produced and consumed with instant gratification. Partly derived from their visual shortcomings (the readymade in *Ferrari Car*, the master-signifier of the phallus in the other Unwanted Objects), The Unwanted Objects are vulnerable to a speculative adulation; they are unhesitatingly celebrated for delivering each their own idiosyncrasy - a thoroughly singular idea - in a sculptural body. The body is assimilated by the viewer, its (sexual) ambiguity is fixed.



* Ziad Abillama has not named the Unwanted Objects. The title has been given at the author's discretion.

Pourquoi l'autre côté est-il important? L'Occident tout seul? Ce n'est que la bonne conscience. La bonne conscience a fait le deuil de l'autre qui la menace : projection? Phantasme ? Vérité? Ce n'est pas que les autres sont seulement des victimes passives qui ne menacent en rien notre raison d'être. L'Être devient une citadelle imprenable et l'étranger, par une polarisation du langage, devient incompatible avec nous les êtres civilisés qui tuons avec des bombes intelligentes.



The Order of Penetration





Ici il faut penser à un mouvement propre à une étape de la métaphysique occidentale. Il ne s'agit plus d'une libération ou d'un conflit. Ce n'est pas l'être de l'Occident qui file le progrès, ou l'engagement polémique qui oppose le corps à l'esprit. C'est la détresse de Brancusi qui pense poser un pont entre le dérèglement de la chair et l'ambition des hommes qui s'oublie pour rester des demi-Dieux, des esprits lumineux. Le monde des idées se blinde et soumet la vérité au dogme de la vitesse, c'est-à-dire à l'éternité du projectile : victoire de la science sur le temps.

The curse of the Iron Pussy

The Ailing Objects

The Ailing Objects are not indisposed with a particular disorder.

They are both sick and well; neither sick nor well.

Are they sick? How can you tell?

The Ailing Objects are impossible objects: the one fights - with its fictions, fantasies and hostilities - the other in the same body. The sickness of the one keeps it at a distance from the other, but the boundaries between them, corporeal (and venereal), are perpetually shifting.

Analogous to the hypochondriac's relationship with the medical establishment, these objects have afflictions unapparent to society. They do not malingering. Hypochondria is not an illness. Likewise, these objects are not diseased; their condition gestures toward knowledge which exceeds the boundaries separating sickness from health. Similar to the mutual doubt shared by the doctor and the hypochondriac, the slippery liaison between self and other in *The Ailing Objects* exposes the epistemological limits of positivism in science and philosophy, and proposes its own remedies.

Petit traité pour porter atteinte à la religion établie





Mixed media | variable dimensions | 2016





















French texts by Ziad Abillama
English texts by Natasha Gasparian

APPENDIX

17/7/11

De l'alternance destruction/création, c'est la conscience – et sa fascination de l'empire du divin- qui émerge victorieuse.

.....

Brancusi.

Des exorcismes du corps.

Ils n'ont pas la discipline de l'ascèse car leur créateur a anéanti le temps. C'est la gloire du projectile chère à Marinetti.

Comme Beyrouth « mille fois morte, mille fois revécue », le corps et son impermanence sont anéantis, le plaisir de la chair refuge des mortels est ignoré. Beyrouth était la possibilité du vice charnel. On voue le culte à des objets éternels et on comprend les autres – les humains- comme une nuisance, un obstacle à l'affirmation de soi : c'est la suprématie de l'idée qui devient superstition et charlatanisme.

L'esprit est dévalué, les objets représentent sa puissance sous la forme du mouvement. Etre en mouvement c'est être en vie. Décadence où la vision et la perspective sont les gardiennes de la pénétration.

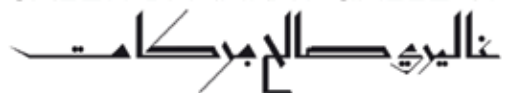
La guerre comme solution.



About Ziad Abillama

Ziad Abillama (b. Beirut, 1969) is a visual artist. He attended the Rhode Island school of Design, Amherst College, and Académie Libanaise Des Beaux-Arts (ALBA). Recent exhibitions include the solo show *Post-Fascism, Post-Imperialism, Post Ziad* at the artist's studio in Dbayeh (2013). *La Défaite de L'exotisme* at the Faqra Club (2008), *Reconsideration of the Shortcomings of Lebanese Nationalist Ideology/Reconstruction as the Unsettled Debt to Modern Western Philosophy* at the Salon Des Artistes Décorateurs (Beirut, 1996), *Sanayeh the Impossible Community* (Beirut, 1995), and *The Political Unconscious of Exotic Travels* (Berlin, 1996) are among his notable public appearances. He participated in the contest for the reconstruction of downtown Beirut with architect Bernard Khoury (1992), and has also had numerous exhibitions of sculpture - *no politics*.

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