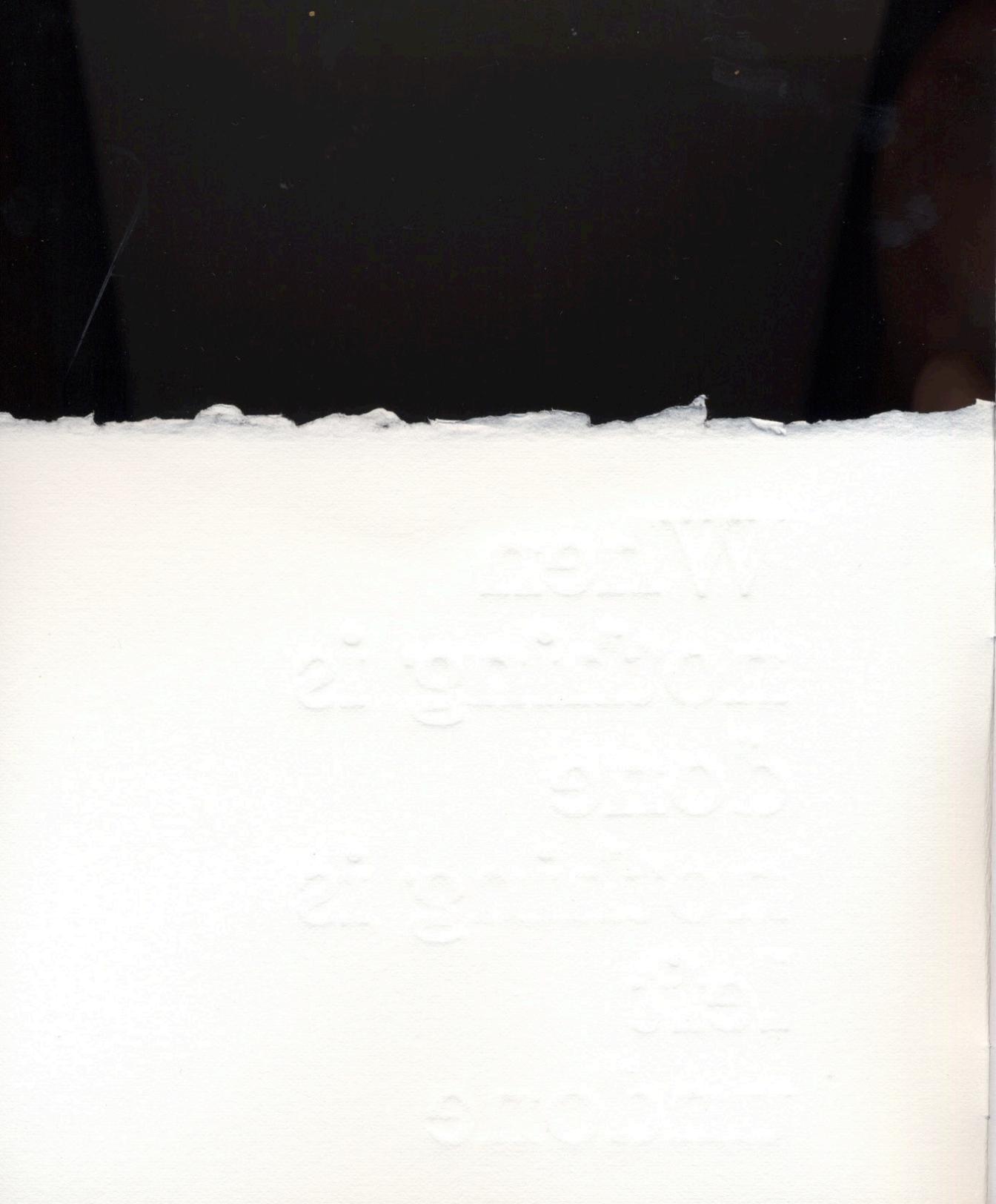


When
nothing is
done
nothing is
left
undone



The year is 2014. Words are tired. Like us, they've been working hard and moving fast. There are more of them than ever. They prop up entire cities. Pack onto subway cars. Zing through the air between satellites and cell phones. Ink themselves onto bodies. Bend around tangled tongues. They are tapped out, bundled in bytes, and shuttled between countless servers. Words have more to do every day.

What becomes of a word worked to the point of exhaustion?

Perhaps Antoine Lefebvre knows. His hand is exhausted. It has been writing the same word for hours on end in a slightly messy scrawl. The word is as exhausted as his hand is. Between them there is nothing. No meaning. No message. Just emptiness and exhaustion.

Exhaustion is a feeling that precludes all other emotion. We know what it is to feel love with anger or happiness with terror or sorrow with hope. One of the many missions of art has been the carving out of spaces that evoke strange and wondrous combinations of feeling. But exhaustion never shares its stage. It could be said that exhaustion is not a feeling but rather a complete void of feeling. That it is the very feeling of nothing.

But the void is a fertile ground. It should be remembered: the sun is a void, where life is concerned. Within the sun there is no possibility of living. But without the sun there is no possibility of living. It is both empty and absolutely necessary.

Just as a seed lies dormant in winter, waiting to be called forth by the sun-warmed soil of spring, a word at the point of exhaustion must eventually fall into sleep. Dreamless sleep. The fall into a wintering of meaning.

It is a sleep that is akin to stone.

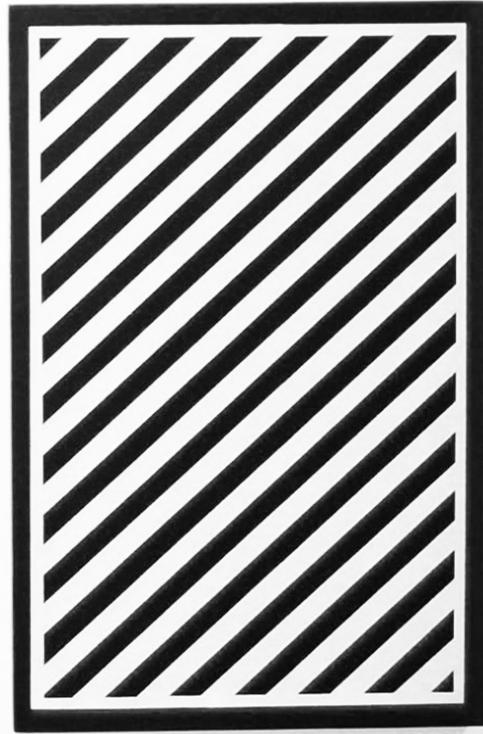
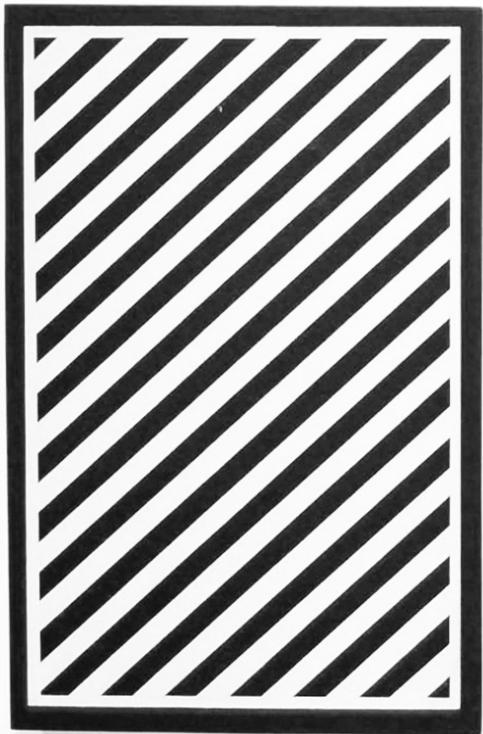
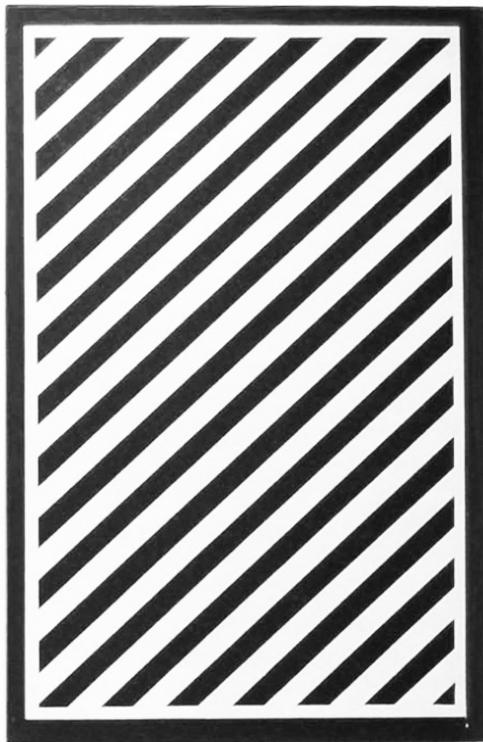
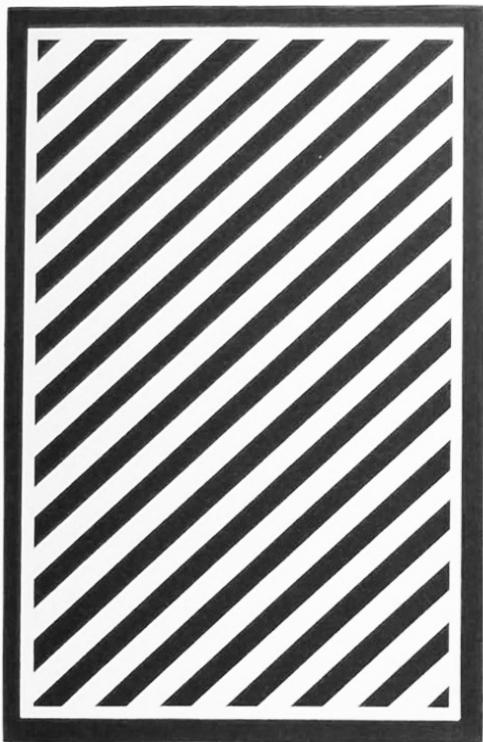
It seems worth noting that both the first lasting incarnations of written word and Lefebvre's lithographs of single words in exhaustive repetition are instantiations of language put to bed in stone. In its evolution from stone to parchment to paper to electrons and light, the written word has been both loosed and loosened, now reaching a point of absolute flexibility and absolute speed that may render the word meaningless. Exhausted. Void. But this is not the end of words. Merely, their collapse into much needed respite, that is, a cyclical return to stone. Lefebvre's work, then, may be correlated to the work of the shepherd who sleeps with his flock and conducts them safely into the renewed day. Yes, there is a hint of the sacred here. This should come as little surprise.

Following Bataille, it is made clear that the sacred is held into relationship with taboo via the mechanism of the erotic. The modern erosion of the sacred has thus necessarily resulted in a similar erosion of both taboo and eroticism. This is particularly the case with words. In 2014, most anything can be said. In both written and spoken language little is sacred; little is taboo; the erotic abandoned in favor of the explicit. What has become taboo are silence, the meaningless, and any recourse into the still void of exhausted sleep, where words cannot be deployed at the behest of modernism, capitalism and consumerism. Thus, Lefebvre's engagement with the meaningless--his put-to-bed of words by scrawled repetition--occurs at a new fault line of eroticism. His void space is sacred space. He is carving out a place not only for the absence of meaning but a fertile site for its resurrection.

We stand at this site in *Les Mots*.

Joseph A. W. Quintela
The Stone Words | Notes on *Les Mots*
New York | 2014

Joseph Quintela is an American poet and artist.
He is the founder and publisher of Deadly Chaps Press.









NOIR
C'EST
NOIR

Handwritten text in a dense, cursive script, likely a manuscript or a page from a book. The text is written in black ink on a light-colored background. The script is highly stylized and difficult to decipher, but it appears to be a continuous flow of characters. The text is arranged in approximately 25 horizontal lines, filling the left half of the page. The right edge of the text block is irregular and jagged, suggesting it was torn from a bound volume. The overall appearance is that of an ancient or historical document.



Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a list or index. The text is arranged in approximately 20 horizontal lines. The characters are dark and somewhat faded, with some ink bleed-through visible from the reverse side of the page. The script is a cursive style, possibly Maghrebi or Ottoman. The text is difficult to decipher due to the image quality and fading, but it appears to be a structured list of items or names.

Handwritten text in Arabic script, appearing as bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is dense and covers the upper portion of the document.



ETRIRE

Handwritten text in Arabic script, appearing as bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is dense and covers the lower portion of the document, surrounding the central graphic.

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is dense and illegible due to the cursive script and overlapping lines.

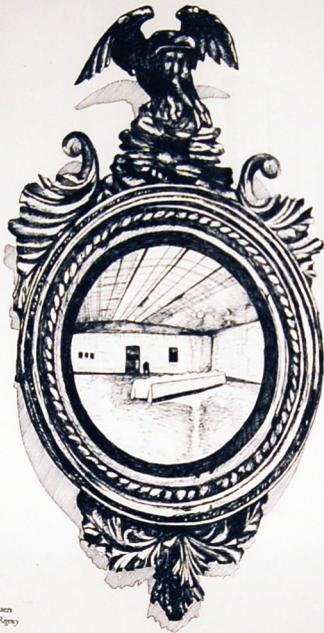
Handwritten text in Arabic script, likely a manuscript or a page from a book. The text is densely packed and appears to be a continuous passage, possibly a chapter or a section of a larger work. The script is clear and legible, though the specific content is difficult to transcribe accurately due to the image quality and the cursive nature of the handwriting. The text is arranged in horizontal lines across the page.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely Arabic or Persian, written on a narrow strip of paper. The text is densely packed and appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly names or titles. The script is dark and contrasts sharply with the light background of the paper strip. The strip is positioned on the left side of the page, with a significant portion of the page being blank and showing a shadow cast by the strip.

PEANUT







Mirrors
Museum of Egyptian Art
1973











[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible due to the high contrast and low resolution of the scan. It appears to be a dense block of handwritten or printed text.]



List of exhibited works:

rien, 2009, 20"x26", Lithograph, edition of 5.

écrire, 2009, 26"x20", Lithograph, edition of 5.

Sans titre, 2012, 12"x18" (4 elements), Silkscreen on cardboard mounted on wood, edition of 1.

Ma plus grande erreur, 2012, 44"x59", Inkjet print, edition of 1.

Miroir d'époque Regency, 2009, 20"x26", edition of 5.

Bibliographie, 2013, 12"x16"x3", published by Deadly Chaps Press, Ink on transparency, LED, wood, edition of 1.

creep, 2009, 15"x22", Lithograph, edition of 5.

ÉCRIRE, 2008, 36"x25", Lithograph, edition of 5.

Landscape (erre), 2008, 36"x25", Lithograph, edition of 5.

NOIR C'EST NOIR, 2010, 25"x36", Lithograph, edition of 5.

and:

49 Drawings of Nothing, 2014, 24,5"x35", Ink on paper and frame.

Sans titre (Tabletop), 2014, 29"x48", Acrylic on wood.

Sans titre, 2014, 12"x18" (3 elements), Silkscreen on paper mounted on wood, edition of 1.

Sans titre, 2014, 5,5"x13", Plastic.



bibliographie

De tous les livres que je possède, que j'ai consultés pour cette thèse ou que je cite, ainsi que ceux d'autres qui y figurent pour différentes raisons.

Docteur Faustus & Co. special edition | 1 of 1

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DCdf&c2013 | 2

BIBLIOGRAPHIE

Antoine Lefebvre

Antoine Lefebvre was born in 1984.
He lives and works in Paris and New York.
He is the founder and publisher of La Bibliothèque Fantastique.

—
www.antoinelefebvre.net

Antoine Lefebvre
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How to Write About Antoine Lefebvre

Notes by William Shakespeare, Gertrude Stein, Paul Celan, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Emily Dickinson, and Pliny the Elder – collected on the occasion the exhibition *When Nothing is Done, Nothing is Left Undone*

Words, Words, Words. A sentence should be allowed without it all. This sentence makes it doubtful that there will be any explanations. Poetry ladies and gentleman: an expression of infinitude, an expression of vain death and of mere Nothing. What is a sentence for. We will now find out what sentences are. Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent. A sentence tells that they are visibly chosen. The Martyr Poets – did not tell – But wrought their Pang in syllable – That when their mortal name be numb – Their mortal fate – encourage Some. It is now time to put it together. Nulla dies sine linea (Not a day without a line drawn).

Filip Noterdaeme
New York | 2014

Filip Noterdaeme is a Belgian artist and writer.
He is the director of the Homeless Museum of Art.



