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CAMERON JAMIE  
PRESSE / PRESS  
(selection)

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## ÉCOLE SUPÉRIEURE D'ART PAYS BASQUE



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Cameron Jamie - le jeudi 08 février 218 à 18h30

Rencontre entre Cameron Jamie et Xavier Boussiron



**Cameron Jamie** est né en 1969 à Los Angeles. Il vit et travaille actuellement à Paris. Sa production artistique, se penche sur les aspects underground des banlieues des États-Unis. Les films de Cameron Jamie enquêtent sur les rituels vernaculaires et sur les subcultures, ces réalités qui naissent dans les marges et se coagulent dans ce qu'il appelle le « théâtre social ». Avec ses bagarres entre adolescents, la food contest et les rituels liés aux festivités, le travail de Jamie révèle le rôle que jouent les petites mythologies quotidiennes et les rituels folkloriques dans la vie des zones périphériques. Ses récentes sculptures en céramique sont le prolongement tridimensionnel des dessins que Cameron Jamie produit de manière prolifique depuis le début des années 2000. De même que l'artiste laisse l'encre tracer sur le papier un paysage accidenté de lignes biomorphiques, il permet aux sculptures de « déterminer leurs propres formes », retrouvant dans l'argile un rapport primitif, magique, à la substance organique.

**Xavier Boussiron**, artiste inclassable, musicien, plasticien, dramaturge, performeur, scénographe et un temps galeriste, est né en 1969 à Luçon en Vendée, il vit et travaille à Paris. Il coécrit les spectacles de la compagnie du Zerep avec Sophie Perez. Alternant projets d'art visuel et projets pour la scène, il collabore avec Claudia Triozzi, Stéphane Bérard, Nathalie Quintane, Christophe Salengro... En 2009, il signe sa première bande originale pour le film *Le Roi de l'évasion* d'Alain Guiraudie. Il a organisé la première exposition de Cameron Jamie en France en 1997 à Bordeaux.

# ARTFORUM

## Cameron Jamie

Documentary footage of violence that is dramatized or frivolous risks feeling naive at best and at worst like an ominous rehearsal. Fortunately, these pitfalls are evaded in the current exhibition of three films by Cameron Jamie, portraying ceremonies within different masculine subcultures. Perhaps that is because the artist's interests tend toward the ethnographic. Each work captures rituals that privilege brutality over piety, though the difference is often hard to tell.

In *Kranky Klaus*, 2002–2003, male participants costumed as the furred, horned Krampus—the devilish cryptid of pagan lore—enact an annual parade of yuletide sadism, terrorizing their small Austrian village and policing the morality of its children. In *BB*, 1998–2000, the bruising slapstick of teenage savagery, filmed in Super 8, appears nearly transcendent. A wrestling championship held in a backyard in Southern California is shot in black and white, all frantic pans and zooms, contenders often dissolving into blurs then snapped back into focus. Parts of the tournament play out in slow motion. Folding chairs and trash cans are hurled. Chests are beaten. From rooftops, boys splash into bodies panting on a makeshift wrestling ring. Who better to score this rite of suburban survivalism than the Melvins? Their murmuring guitars and hellish drums lend the footage a chthonic tinge.

*Massage the History*, 2007–2009, is essentially a Sonic Youth music video with an unlikely premise. A middle-class living room in Alabama transforms, to the sound of a haunted acoustic riff, into a site of intimate rediscovery as two men gyrate: on furniture, a Christmas tree, and the plush carpet. “Not everyone makes it out alive,” Kim Gordon sings in a breezy half whisper. One man caresses a tassel hanging from a table, imbuing it with talismanic potential. To belong to these domestic arenas requires bodily transgression, and yet Jamie choreographs innocence as it usually is—neither lost nor found.



Cameron Jamie, *BB*, 1998–2000, Super 8 film transferred to 35 mm, black and white, sound, 18

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# The New York Times

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ART & DESIGN

## 'Fire!'

OCT. 2, 2014

"Fire!" is an ebullient if overly familiar survey of sculptures and vessels in glazed ceramics and sometimes glass that has been organized by Michaela de Pury and her husband, Simon de Pury, the former chairman and chief auctioneer of Phillips de Pury & Company. It has dazzling variety: function, nonfunction, abstract representation, all kinds of color and also transparency.

The show covers several generations, beginning with John Mason, who helped establish ceramics as a modern art in Los Angeles in the late 1950s and is still going strong. It also includes Andrew Lord, who gave ceramics a second boost, starting in the 1980s, by borrowing from Process and body art and who contributes several works here. His "Sixteen Pieces Holding and Touching" from 1984-85, which has never been exhibited publicly, is an elegant enumeration of vessel types using white slip on black that evokes the tenderness of both making and using them.



Andrew Lord's "Sixteen Pieces Holding and Touching," in "Fire!," at Venus Over Manhattan.  
Tom Powel Imaging/Venus Over Manhattan

There are artists whose main focus is ceramics, among them Shio Kusaka, Takuro Kuwata and Young-Jae Lee, all classicists in their own ways. Any eccentricity comes from artists who work in several media, like Sterling Ruby, Josh Smith, Dan McCarthy, Friedrich Kunath and Rosemarie Trockel.

But Ai Weiwei's superficial forays into ceramics add nothing but a marquee name, and other efforts are skillful but derivative, namely Flavie Audi's glass abstractions and Marten Medbo's bulbous conglomerates, which tame and regularize evocations of Louise Bourgeois and the great potter-sculptor Axel Salto.

Real surprises are rare, mainly the profuse coral-like wall reliefs and stalagmite sculptures lately made by Cameron Jamie, best known for raucous performance videos, and the massive, coil-built glass vases of Ritsus Mishima, which suggest René Lalique's heavy, milky Art Deco vessels radically loosened up.

And the show would have been better with more women, especially where clay is concerned. The representation of female artists — five out of 17 — is regrettable.

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**ART, LIKE IT IS IN THE BOOKS**

2. November 2012 von Hans Ulrich Obrist

Vorheriger Nächster



The great art books by the North American artist Cameron Jamie are like mobile exhibitions.

As a curator, I find it especially interesting when artists make books. They are portable, mobile exhibitions and are a form that has always been important in art history, from Picasso, to the surrealists and, later, to the conceptual artists of the 1960s. The idea of an art book is that the book is not something secondary in which one prints images of the works, but that it is a work in itself. Cameron Jamie, a representative of the younger generation, has taken this art form to new heights. Jamie grew up near Los Angeles and his video works often take on popular culture, such as Youtube clips and the rituals they reveal. In „Massage The History“, for example, he documented a dance in a living room, cultivated in a suburb of Montgomery in Alabama. Other expressions of his interest in ritual are sculpture, installation and masks, which remind one of cult objects. A somewhat less noted aspect of his work is his sketching, which he has done daily and obsessively since his youth. Unlike his usual work, these do not document the outside world but rather his inner life. They are what make up the material of his extraordinary books.

He initially copied the intense, feverish sketches himself in a copy-shop. Black and white photocopies on red or green A4 paper, folded in the middle and paper-clipped. Since then Jamie has been employing independent publishers around the world, such as Sea Urchin Editions in Rotterdam or Evidence Books in Tokyo. He uses the distribution platforms of the anarchists of the 1960s, but what he sets down here in these tiny editions is not agitprop but his own individual mythology. Perhaps, then, these books also interest me so greatly because I see them as a resistance to the digitilisation of the Internet. For a long time people have been wondering if printed books will disappear. Maybe this kind of one-off, or of an individual book, is really the future.