

ZANE
Another

another trilogy at ifa gallery, Brussels



Embarking on photography studies at the age of fourteen in Riga, and subsequently in London and Shanghai, Zane Mēlupe devises her artistic work as a way of “thinking in images”. Her installations and mixed technique photographic work reveal hidden interpretations of our feelings. How exactly can moods and emotions be most accurately described? Zane Mēlupe employs in her art works three mediums important to her: the image, the object and the body.

The object merges with the image; the body reclaims its functions and enters the photographic image. These three mediums are in a dynamic of simultaneous coordination and opposition, in the same way of literary figures of speech. Linguistic constructs such as the oxymoron (juxtaposition of seemingly contradictory words), or the synecdoche (in which the term for a part of something refers to the whole, or vice versa) become for Zane Mēlupe systems of creation, construction methods allowing objects and images to resonate together. A recurrent element in her work is a questioning of photography, treating the image as if it were an object, and also multiplying the suggestive powers of the image. This oeuvre becomes a visualization of metaphors that allow us to express mind states. She creates textual pieces, the “physical world of literature”, in an echo of her works.

The first chapter of the trilogy of Zane Mēlupe, Waiting, refers to the successive stages in individual changes. The second chapter, Milk, explores the sources of existence, through images and their relation to the medium. The exhibition final page, Family Relics, assembles works devised as witnesses to the passing of values down through the generations.

Photography and reality merge together in Zane Mēlupe’s work, through compositions inspired from our own linguistic expression, a constant back-and-forth between the material and the conceptual; between the body, the object and the image.

Angélique Demur, ifa gallery

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CHAPTER I
Waiting



Becoming a Seal

Gradually, inch by inch, the skin started to get more shiny, the eyes turned rounder and the head grew smaller, the neck slowly dissolved in the back and she became 90, 70, 60, 50, 40, then 30 percent human. She was becoming a carnivore and the longing for cold turned the room into scenery of arctic waters: the books were covered in ice and clothes were breathing frost, but she was still breathing hot bananas cooked in sugar. She was not sure anymore if it was easy to be her.

She did feel as if somebody was dragging her to the zoo to perform a number of tricks - one of which was to choose between eating her tail or biting a forelimb; the second one was to eat 7 puppies making sure that they came out of her alive. The third one was: to choose between eating her tail or biting a forelimb; the second one was to eat 7 puppies making sure that they came out of her alive. The third one was: to wear high heels and seduce 7 tigers, 4 local lions, 3 penguins and 87 pigeons. How would she judge if she has really managed to seduce them - she was not sure - she could put her eye next to their buttocks and try to tickle them with her whiskers, see if the skin around the hole would become more pink and start pulsing; then she could consider that she had been successful.

Well, meanwhile she kept on growing, her bones kept on disappearing.



She kept on watching out for a pod of her kind - they seem to be appearing everywhere. The only thing she had a choice over was if she would become an eared seal or earless seal, the earless seal not meaning she would hear nothing, but rather than others would not be sure if she could hear or not.

From time to time she would eat other seal - bulls and seal-cows. It was hard to tell if she controlled it, or it was her true calling from nature. She was not sure for how long time her brain had been half-asleep. She was not sure of her origin, but it was in between gray seal and Weddell seal. With a thick layer of blubber under the skin.

Seal and Sea

And every evening the Sea washed over the Seal: first its belly, then its chest, then the left side, the right side and finally her tail end. Then it made the Seal move up and down. Seal just growled and squeaked. Then the Seal put its head out and tried to rest on one of the waves of the Sea, until the Sea made another wave, and the Seal would have to readjust.

But when it was morning, the situation had completely changed; the Seal had become a swimming pool and the Sea a Seal, a Seal that was outside the swimming pool, and the Seal came back to the swimming pool fully confused: what was he doing there? Where was he supposed to be?



Fitting in
2014
print on hammers
45x55cm



Award of Endurance (front & back)
2012
double-sided c-print
30x119cm



Centimeters
2014
print on wood measure meter
15x15cm

Touching the Floor
2014
double sided print on steel
25x35cm
8x35cm



Award of Diligent Work (front & back)
2014
double-sided c-print
30x119cm



Front & Back:
Touching the Floor
2014
double sided print on steel
8x35cm

That window
2012-2014
print on tree root
34x34cm, unique edition



Trace
2013-2014
print on tree root
34x34cm, unique edition



Swing
2012-2014
print on tree root
34x34cm, unique edition



State
2013-2014
print on tree root
34x34cm, unique edition



Direction
2013-2014
print on tree root
55x19cm, unique edition



Seal
2013-2014
print on tree root
55x19cm, unique edition



Seal and Tiger
2013-2014
print on tree root
54x23cm, unique edition



Nature 1-8
2013
print on maple wood
25x35cm, edition of 3



Tiger and Seal

He would come out making sure that nothing was moving too much around him, make a lovely smile and then - snap - he would catch a part and not let it go. He could put up with a degree of nuisance - but up until a certain level. He is a tiger.

He didn't mind messing around with the seal, as long as Seal did not make too much noise or did not breathe on his back, though Seal was a seal and Tiger would sometimes take it by the skin and carry it around like an antelope. But he would also get tired - then he would rest on the seal making sure that none of the visible parts move.

And yet every morning he would wake up - he would smile and graciously get out of the bed, then the seal would joyfully lump behind just to stay close; Tiger would not mind - up until a certain point.



Shaved Negative
2013
shaved negative, print on silk
30x50cm, edition of 3
60x100, edition of 3

The Wall Drawing
2006/2014
drawing on negative, print on silk
30x50cm, edition of 3
60x100, edition of 3

Bites
2013
bites on negative, print on silk
30x50cm, edition of 3
60x100cm, edition of 3

Washed Negative
2013
washed negative, print on silk
30x50cm, edition of 3
60x100cm, edition of 3



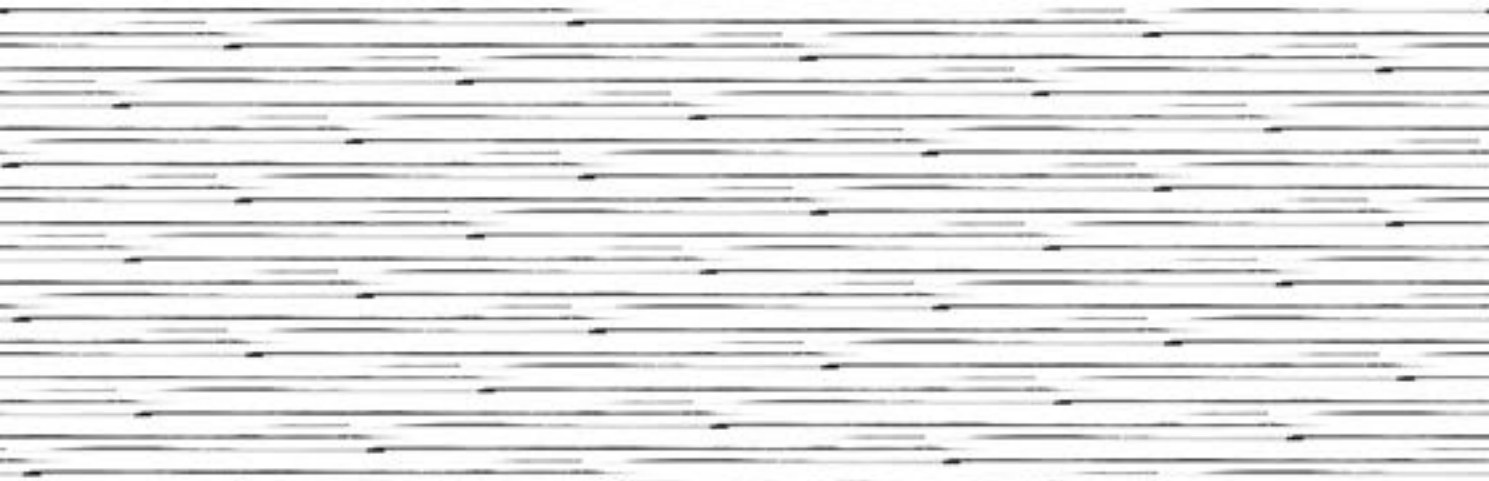
Rabbits

10 per 10 km, 20 per 10 km, 32 per 10 km - 6 of them fresh.

A few years back they appeared as mictomaniacks, the infection was spread by just a couple of call-girls who were also caring mothers and fathers, that was just a way to afford a pair of new shoes, a little plastic chair - in case one day they would need it. So the mystery was not resolved - was it a suicide, or was it a certain sexual practice led by someone who made them run across the road and then get banged on the asphalt. Some were running on four legs, some on two, some were dragged by force. But even after the crucial run, they kept on being banged, until they dried out, and day-by-day looked more like a piece of old cloths. But maybe if they tried a bit harder, they would look like a smashed cotton bag and they would be picked up by one of the institutions that kept the environment clean and tidy. Nobody knew what did happen with the first bangers - were they sad? Did they think about returning? Did they have any feelings? But for the 100 time bangers it was just a reminder - "you should look on the right and the left before you cross the street" for the 300 time bangers it was not even a distant tear in the eye while holding their hand against the back of their beagle dog, what happens when you are gone? But banging is banging you cannot stop, the confusion would be too great.

He was found by the bathtub that he had been keeping for the past three years, and he kept on keeping it.

Recovered Landscape 1
2009-2014
lambda print mounted on Diasac®
50x150cm, edition of 5
100x300cm, edition of 3



Recovered Landscape 2
2009-2014
lambda print mounted on Diasac®
50x150cm, edition of 5
100x300cm, edition of 3

Recovered Landscape 3
2009-2014
lambda print mounted on Diasac®
50x150cm, edition of 5
100x300cm, edition of 3



Recovered Landscape 4
2009-2014
lambda print mounted on Diasac®
50x150cm, edition of 5
100x300cm, edition of 3

CHAPTER II

Milk



Stockings

She was dressed in a black skirt with black shoes, on her eyelids there was still some black mascara from the night before. But it was about the black stockings; she had woken up in the morning, put on her black underwear with a small hygienic pad in case of extra discharge, she had been walking around the house picking up shoes, bending over the sofa crawling on the floor and looking under the tables, her right breast squeezed against her right arm - a drop came out, as soon as she leaned against the sofa, another drop came out and by the time she was finally in a vertical position three milk drops rained over her left leg. These were the drops in a place that got noticed, these were the drops that made you think that any of the yellow white spots on her dresses could be her milk - the breasts came off from her dress and as garden sprinklers started rotating, sprinkling all over her hair making it blonder, her nails got whiter, walls around her got bleached out, everything became one mass, the breasts kept on turning until people's eyelids got stuck together, their nostrils were leaking milk, they were sneezing and yawning milk. And the 3 drops on the right stocking stayed untouched.

Dissolving in Sentences
2013
print on stainless steel mesh
Ø64cm, unique edition



Nearly Mild
2013
print on stainless steel mesh
Ø64cm, unique edition





Feed 1-Feed 8
 2013
 breast pre-milk, rice paper
 34x23cm, unique edition



Umbilical Cord

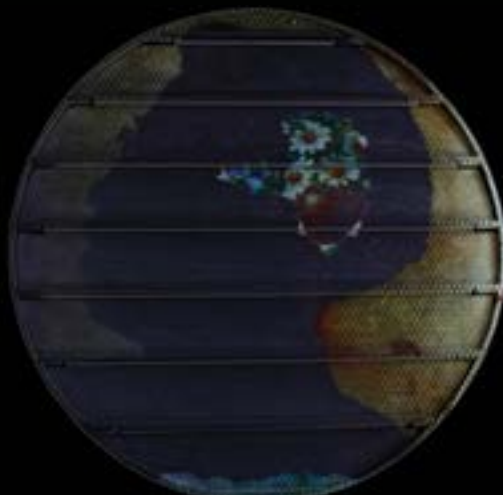
The feeling of fear of each letter -u, then -m, then -b, then -i, then -l, then -i, then -c, then -a, then -l, then -space, then -c, then -o, then -r, then -d..





Oak 100
2014
print on perforated metal
50x50cm, unique edition

Head
2010 - 2014
print on aluminum ventilator
Ø37cm, unique edition



Heart
2010 - 2014
print on aluminum ventilator
Ø63cm, unique edition



The Birch Tree
2014
print on perforated metal
62x122cm, unique edition



Relationship
2010 - 2014
print on aluminum ventilator
Ø47cm, unique edition

Blue as Scarf
2014
electronic light knitting
15x15cm



.....

I could not see it anymore; I could only reach it from certain angles.

So I went to them and asked, can you please do it for me - they took scissors and trimmers, blades and razors; they folded up their sleeves, covered their mouths, combed back their hair, put on transparent goggles, brushed their teeth and rinsed their throats, cut their nails and polished their buttons. They looked into themselves and cleaned it all out, no thoughts were left behind the ears, and no thoughts were left next to the hair roots or next to the eyes.

And then they said: have a look; but I could still not see.



Blue Flower is Not A Flower
2014
electronic light embroidery on stainless steel mesh
installation
Ø30cm, unique edition



Blue Flower is Less A Flower
2014
electronic light embroidery on stainless steel mesh
installation
Ø65cm, unique edition



The Even Hills
2014
print on wood hanger
45x15x3cm, unique edition

It Looks More than A Smile

It's like thousands of smiles collected from the web, collected from magazines, collected from newspapers, collected from movies, collected from cartoons, laying on top of one another, and then this smile runs towards you and collects your smile as well.



It
2013 - 2014
3D stainless steel print
2.6x1.4x0.7cm, edition of 5

Dowry Chest, Item No. 4, the Red Sssock
2011
light installation, knitting,
stainless steel frame
70x50cm





Suggesting
2014
print on iron
23x15cm, unique edition



And after
2014
print on iron plastic cover
23x15cm, unique edition

Research on Happiness

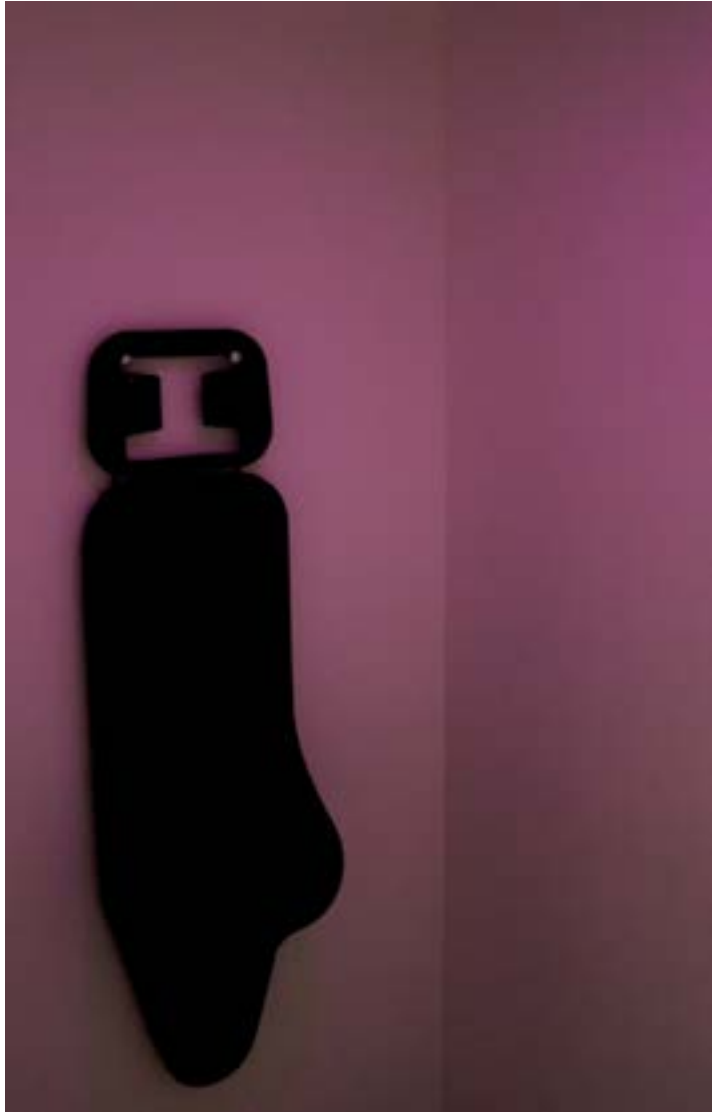
So happiness is to give, it's encoded in our brains, its chemical; to give you a smile, to give you an orgasm, to give you Love. But is there a precondition to see someone happy to receive it.



How Do You Feel
2014
print on scissors
40x30cm, unique edition

Correction

Now, you are little - now, you are small - now, you are growing - now, you are adult. So how many years during your life are you normal? The one that fits the norm, easy to communicate, easy to predict; then you are gaining experience, then you are putting your experience in practice, then you are teaching your experience, then your health goes, then your body starts to deteriorate, then you are getting less sharp, then you are starting to lose your experience, then you start losing time, then you start losing people to share with, then you are giving and you are hoping that someone wants to receive what you give; 'cause what you give is not longer the latest, the freshest, but you still want to give.



NOT A CHAPTER BUT A PART

Tamtam Me (Art Escort Service)
is a little bit irony on life while treating an object
as a human being and breaking the stereotype of
“Flat as an ironing board”

Tamtam Me *Art escort service*

Classification: independent
Age: over 18
Height: 1m10
BWH: 63-65-93cm
Nationality: mixed
Language: sensuality
Self-description: enjoys breaking stereotypes
Occupation: dream blower
Hobby: collecting pictures of herself

About her

She provides a professional and discreet escort service, offering gentlemen/gentlewomen the opportunity to enjoy a luxurious and intimate companion experience. She is longing.

Services

She offers services in all locations (including shopping malls, swimming pools, parks, libraries, restaurants, apartments, bars, rooftops, museums and private residences). If you are staying outside Brussels, we can still offer you her services, but additional transportation. Fees may apply. If in doubt, please give our agent a call.

Making a booking

To get Tam Tam Me to your location, please call/text us at +86 135 2405 2397 or email info@zanemellupe.com. If Tamtam Me is in town, we typically need around 45 minutes to get Tamtam Me at your location. If you wish to book for more than a day, or for countryside, please contact us a week in advance.

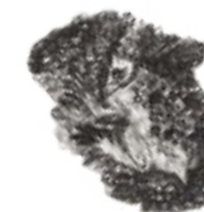
* In memory of all the “Please Do Not Touch” artworks, we now invite you to touch one.

www.zanemellupe.com

Tamtam Me
2014
ironing board, silicone
110x20x26cm

info@zanemellupe.com

ERROR:
undefined
OFFENDING COMMAND:
STACK:



Special Acknowledgements

Martin Goutard

Effie Sui

ifa gallery

Alexis Kouzmine-Karavaïeff

Angélique Demur

Vilnis Auziņš

Zhao Minjie

MELLUPE
Trilogy