



*The alarmed voice of Electra is audible in the handset of the special old telephone*

In the framework of the exhibition *Voilà* organized by Sirupspace in Zürich, I exposed a photography of ELECTRA in the gallery space in announcement of the performance I had presented on the last day, and at the same time I realized an installation entitled ELECTRA'S CALL in the ancient phone box of the Cafe Bar Nordbrücke became «TeleGalerie».

In the restricted space of the dark wooden cabin, I arranged a strange old telephone which I found at the flea market and have transformed, an image of my character Electra pushing away the threat, among others that of paparazzi, and a white LED spotlight suspended from the ceiling. Inside the telephone, I hid a CD player which spread my voice directly in the handset. The spectator then has to bring it to his ear to hear alarmed words evoking subjects as ecology, war and health. On a singing, affected and theatrical tone, the comments of the woman machine are slowly declaimed. The voice which seems to come from another world, from another dimension calls us. It announces us disasters deserving of the Apocalypse. Are they fictitious or real? Has our modern world limits?



*This photography and the performance ELECTRA were presented in Sirupspace*

*« Hear these shouts !!  
Birds are irradiated, animals submerged by fatal waves.  
The planet is on fire !  
Everything moves so fast and my head turns so much...  
I still hear these shootings, the grenades hurt my eardrums !  
I'm a civilian, I'm only a civilian !!!  
I never pretend to negotiate...  
The police and the politics are all corrupted !  
There's no exit, I'm caught !!  
Religious slogans on the walls, the fanatics are everywhere !!  
The inquisitives want me and my race to disappear...  
Come and see !!  
My tongue becomes more and more dry.  
My desires choke !  
Please call the 9 1 1 ! Please call the 9 1 1 !  
Illness ? Trauma ? Paralysis ?  
My hands are shaking... »*