

NIRIN

**represents
something like
a spider's web
that connects
people and
ideas. It is the
border through
which things
stay attached.
It is not about
a hierarchy of
ideas, but rather**

**THERE MIGHT BE NO OTHER PLACE IN
THE WORLD AS GOOD AS WHERE I'M
GOING TO TAKE YOU**

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My time, our time, times.
The past, the present and the future.
What is the meaning of the past?
What is the meaning of the present?
What is the meaning of the future?
What is the representation of the past?
What is the representation of the present?
And what is the representation of the future?

An act before the present. An act before the future and an act after the past but,
the most important thing, the emotion and desire.

A journey hoping to be tomorrow's. A journey towards another situation
or perhaps the same one. One that still is not exhausted, one described only by
its first traces, which don't provide the keys to its future. And which remains
mysterious. Almost like an unsuccessful triumph.

Why doesn't this black curtain with ethereal transparency float? The
black curtain is a lace veil over reality, concern passing over the features of
a loved face. A proclamation of a mourned love? A mourned friendship? A
mourned memory?

And there are no geographies in the world as good as where I am going to
take you.

We are what we are. We
are always on the Edges with
our emotions, sentimentality
and desires.

NIRIN, IRINA, IRY!!!! (desire,
desirable in Malagasy
language).

We are always on the
Edges. The world should not
be approached in a direct
way but placed at the Edges
of the desire of whomever
discovers it. The way we see
the world comes down to a
question of posture. We shall
listen to the pulses of life
with more generosity than we
are given and find a way to
be present in the world *dans
le nu de la vie* – in the nude
of life.

