

DIRTY FISH (AZALEA)

LÉA ABAROA

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HANDSEWN

INSERTS

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DIRTY

ツツジ (躑躅、映山紅) は、ツツジ科の植物であり、学術的にはツツジ属 (ツツジ属参照) の植物の総称である。ただしドウダンツツジのようにツツジ属に属さないツツジ科の植物にもツツジと呼ばれるものがあるので注意が必要である。主にアジアに広く分布し、ネパールでは国花となっている。また、練馬区など一部の市区町村でもシンボルにされている場所もある。日本ではツツジ属の中にも含まれるツツジやサツキ、シャクナゲを分けて呼ぶ慣習があるが、学術的な分類とは異なる。最も樹齢の古い古木は、800年を超え1,000年に及ぶと推定される。

ツツジ属は大きくヒカゲツツジ亜属 (有鱗片シャクナゲ亜属) とツツジ亜属、無鱗片シャクナゲ亜属、セイシカ亜属、エゾツツジ亜属に分類されるが、便宜上常緑性のもので一部がシャクナゲと呼ばれている。すなわち、日本で「シャクナゲ」と呼ばれるものはシホンシャクナゲの仲間 (無鱗片シャクナゲ節) に限られ、常緑であってもそれ以外の殆どは「シャクナゲ」とは呼ばない。

ツツジは日本では古くから園芸品種として交配され美しい品種がたくさん生まれた。中でもサタツツジとヤマツツジやミヤマキリシマなどをかけ合わせて生まれたクルマツツジはその代表で種類も多く色とりどりの花が咲き、満開の時期はまさに圧巻である。ヒラドツツジも日本全国でよく見られる大型のツツジで、花も大きく街路樹としてもたくさん植栽されていて、ケラマツツジやモチツツジ、キンツツジなどを親としている。サツキとマルバサツキおよびその交配種は特にサツキと呼ばれているが、クルマツツジなどと同じ常緑ツツジの仲間である。

西洋ではアジアからヨーロッパに常緑のツツジが持ち込まれて園芸化され、ベルジアン・アザレアと呼ばれ現在鉢花として大量に生産されている。トウヤマツツジを主に、ケラマツツジやサツキの品種などもその育種に用いられている。また日本のレンゲツツジや北アメリカの落葉性の原種が園芸化されてエクスバリー・アザレアあるいは匂いツツジなどと呼ばれている。

北アメリカ大陸には、その地域に古くから自生する北米ツツジ (アザレア) も生息している。



SNOQUALMIE, WASHINGTON STATE, USA. DIRTYFISH IS A RALLY SCHOOL LOCATED IN THE HEART OF A SACRED FOREST.

SOME PLACES HAVE A WIDER RANGE OF STORIES ABOUT THE WORLD THAN OTHERS. (...) THE AVAILABILITY OF MORE THAN ONE WAY OF UNDERSTANDING ONESELF OR THE WORLD, BEING READY TO HEAR A DIFFERENT STORY THAN THAT EMBEDDED IN OUR UNCONSCIOUS, AND SHIFTING ONE'S MODE OF THINKING IF THE NEW STORY RESONATES WITH INTERNAL VALUES, WERE ALL ELEMENTS IN THE TRANSFORMATIVE SPACES. - FAY ELIZABETH WELLER, *THE 'HOW' OF TRANSFORMATIVE CHANGE: STORIES FROM THE SALISH SEA ISLANDS*

OUR CULTURE IS THE PREDOMINANCE OF AN IDEA WHICH DRAWS AFTER IT THIS TRAIN OF CITIES AND INSTITUTIONS. LET US RISE INTO ANOTHER IDEA; THEY WILL DISAPPEAR. - RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *CIRCLES*



Cars slide. Above the sacred forest a thick cloud rises: fierce white dominating the sky blue. I run my tongue over my teeth. She smiles and says, *gravel toothpaste*. *When he was a kid my dad used to go to the forest days before the race. He would wait there with his friends. He says he just wanted to eat gravel. Then he bought this place, an old logging site, and turned it into a rally school.* I tell her about that first image, the one that drew me here.

When it's about to begin, and you're up close to the starting line, when twenty-six engines rev and roar on the concrete track, and it's four, three, two seconds til start-time, you feel everything tremble: the concrete underfoot, the concrete grandstand, the air trembles and the sound reverberates through the nearby forests and among the tree trunks. And then there are these race cars, less than two feet high, almost like toys when you see them flying through the trees: red and yellow and blue race cars, toy-colored, clear and distinct, like a child's red plastic rake on a green field, and there, between the trees, there it is: these shapes, this sound about to flow through the pines.

She says: *in Formula 1, driving is all about precision, perfection, the pilot is confronting himself; rally is different.* The elements – mud, rocks, tree trunks – rise up raw and driving is like a fierce embrace: you must love the earth, the dirt, to want to eat it whole. I tell her about another image, this time from Borges' short story, *The Circular Ruins*: deep in the jungle, asleep near a temple, a man dreams of a new man. Then one day, he realizes that he himself is a dream, dreamed long ago by another man. The cloud of dust before us gradually dissolves, leaving the race track – the temple of this story – abandoned and silent, the remains of a vanished dream. *The night is also a sun.*

Now you might notice something very important to these creation stories. I've seen this and I've heard this. I accepted the creation stories were always

referred to a world that existed before this world. There was another world before this world. This world came out of another world.

We have a drink at the Salish Lodge & Spa. It overlooks Snoqualmie Falls, *the Waterfall of the Moon People*, and belongs to the Snoqualmie tribe, who gave their name to this city. The Snoqualmie are part of the Coast Salish; a group of First Peoples whose territory stretches along the northeast coast of the Pacific Ocean and who, for a long time, lived chiefly from salmon fishing.

An old story tells us that once, long ago, there were no salmon. Sacred Salmon Woman heard children crying from hunger so she went to the place where the sweet water meets the salt water, where the river enters the ocean. There she stayed, asking four times that the Creator show her what to do to feed the children. She was told that she must sacrifice herself to the water. As she disappeared into the water, the rivers and the ocean were immediately filled with salmon.

There are different versions of this creation myth, but they all tell stories of metamorphosis, in which humans and salmon are essentially the same. The rally school's marketing team took up this idea. At DirtFish, when you look at humans from above, wrapped in their metallic skins, whipped by winds and impelled by speed, they are mud fish – dirty fish.

There's a quote I love from a semi-erotic story: *the woman and the landscape were one: a place where you could happily lose yourself.* Woman is landscape, humans are landscape. That's what brought me here, what I saw. Under the blazing sun of a jungle green Camaro, a fish hatches, and that fish is a flower, a flower splashed with the remains of a world while the wet river stains the skin of a Porsche. This flower, this water, this skin, this fake sun, all are made from the same air and I see myself in them, drifting into a dream.

'Confucius and you are both dreams, and I who say you are dreams am a dream myself. This is a paradox. Tomorrow a wise man may explain it; that tomorrow will not be for ten thousand generations.' – Chuang Tse: II

Current-borne, wave-flung, tugged hugely by the whole might of the ocean, the jellyfish drifts in tidal abyss. The light shines through it, and the dark enters it. Borne, flung, tugged from anywhere to anywhere, for in the deep sea there is no compass but nearer and farther, higher and lower, the jellyfish hangs and sways; pulses move slight and quick within it, as the vast diurnal pulses beat in the moon driven sea. Hanging, swaying, pulsing, the most vulnerable and insubstantial creature, it has for its defense the violence and the power of the whole ocean, to which it has entrusted its being, its going, and its will.

JOSIE RIMMER
JEAN TINGUELY
ZARATHOUSTRA
ROGER FERNANDES
CONTEUSE QUILEUTE
STEFAN ZWEIG
URSULA K. LE GUIN



アズマシヤクナガ・ツクシヤクナガ・ホシヤクナ
ガ キョウマルシヤクナガ・オキヤクナガ・ヤクシ
マシヤクナガ・ホソバシヤクナガ・ハクサンシヤクナ
ガ・キバチシヤクナガ・レンゲツツジ・シロヤシオ
(ゴウウツツジ)・アカヤシオ・アケボノツツジ・ム
ラサキヤシオツツジ・クロフネツツジ・オオバツツジ
ヨウラクツツジ属・コメツツジ・オオコメツツジ
ハユネコメツツジ・モモツツジ・キヌツツジ・チヨ
ウセンヤママツツジ・ケラマツツジ・ヤクシマヤマツ
ツツジ・サキシマツツジ・サツキ(サツキツツジ)・マ
ルバツツキ・センカクツツジ・ウンゼンツツジ・ヤ
マツツジ・サタツツジ・オオヤマツツジ・フジツツ
ジ・トウヤママツツジ・ミヤマキリシマ・アシタカツツ
ジ・ネリハヤママツツジ・サクラツツジ・オウツツジ
アマセツツジ・ジシゲツツジ・ミツバツツジ・セダ
カミツバツツジ・トサノミツバツツジ・ハヤトミツバツ
ツツジ・タカクマミツバツツジ・ヒュウガミツバツツジ
アマクサミツバツツジ・カサシロミツバツツジ・サイ
ゴクミツバツツジ・ヒメミツバツツジ・オウセミツバ
ツツジ・ユキゲニミツバツツジ・ツルギミツバツツジ
ヤクシマミツバツツジ・トウゴクミツバツツジ・セイシ
カ・アマミセイシカ・ハイカフツツジ・独立したエゾツツ
ジ属・エゾツツジ。

FISH

SLACK

LÉA ABAROA

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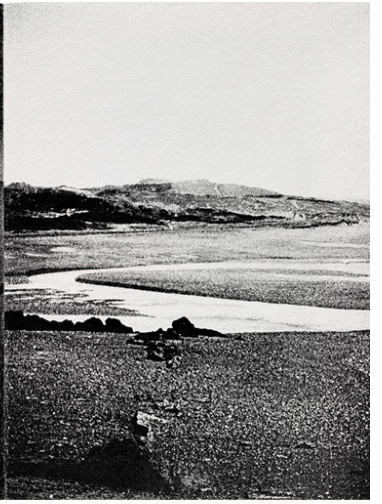
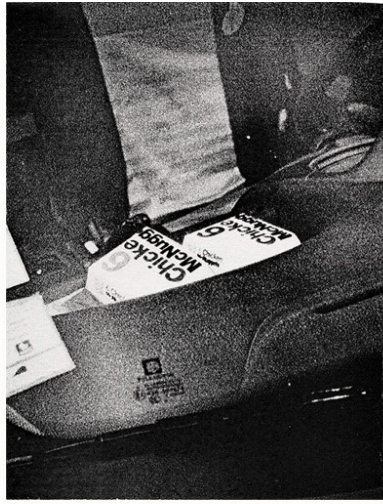
20 EUROS



8-9

I walk into the room and there she is, 13 years old. Seated on the big pink armchair, she has this way of doing her makeup without a mirror: devastating. Shoulders hunched, tube of mascara in one hand, makeup brush in the other, she extends her lashes, her gaze deep inside herself. I tell her that this is a beautiful picture. I want to make a book about it; this picture of her crossing her own desert. In the mornings, when she gets to school, she and her girlfriends go to the bathroom and put makeup on like this: not in front of the mirror, but behind the cubical doors, seated on a toilet, so no one can see them. The mascara lends them confidence, clears their gaze. Then they sit down opposite the boys and lose themselves in contemplation of their hair. I wonder how she dreams, if I dreamed the same way. When she gets home, the hours in the day have traced their path over her face, traces filled with tiny nuggets of black gold. The black of this book. The black of coal, of her mascara; the black of the stellar dust suspended within her.

Sixteen. High school. Every dawn, a big white bus, and he on his Xiaomi, looking at Ferraris, staring out the window. The road is his insides and the scenery, his dreams, slipping so smooth-like down his gullet. From where I sit, Xiaomi boy is my landscape. Today is Monday, his hair buzzed short. His horizon is distant white, English cliffs in his contours. They also call him Slack, like his home town, like 'lazy', like 'coal dust'. Slack like the river whose banks we meander along after school. Coal Dust, my Xiaomi boy, one day under the bridge, a K.I.S.S on his L.I.P.S and a wave struck me. But he, elusive, took wing across the dunes, the Slack Dunes, to the lookout carpark at Goose Point, to the tracksuited men who moon each noon by their beamers til he comes. Then they fly North. At night, after dinner, my parents in bed, I escape into the darkness of the field. In the distance, a hot yellow glow, Calais, an indelible mark, an eternal fire burning in the black of the bay, where Coal Dust is burning up. Fuckit: tomorrow and every other day he'll be there, on the big bus and I'll see, behind the windows and under his skin, the translucence of a new dawn breaking.



6-7



10-11

ESSENCE OF A FLOWER

LÉA ABAROA

INKJET PRINT ON BLUE BACK PAPER
POSTERS, 84 X 120 CM
PARIS (FR), 2022

10 EUROS

Paris, night, the inside of a glass-roofed sedan. From the edge of infinity, the taxi sign spills its red light into the car. The man next to me has his head thrust back on the headrest. Bathed in this atmosphere, the cotton patch on his right eye looks like an electrically charged cloud, ready to spit lightning. It's raining outside, but his eye is fixed on a different stormy sky.

An Indian wedding at the Paris Opera House. I hear my name in the walkie-talkie, there's an accident in the Grand Staircase. I go to find a noisy jungle of suspicious beauty, made of marble, wild orchids and beings in evening dress of all the colours of the visible spectrum. In the midst of all this, under the faint, pale, blue LED light, a young man is holding his face. One of the decorative humming birds has tried to peck out his eye. The doctor examines him, dresses the eye: there's no permanent damage. The man wants to go back to his hotel. A taxi is called and I am to wait with him. In the Moon Salon he tells me his name but I don't quite catch it: I hear 'Tcherbil' and think *Tchernobyl* so as to remember it. We wait. He smells of alcohol and wants to talk about himself. He comes from Lebanon but works in Saudi Arabia. By day, he's an engineer, specialised in building airports in the middle of the desert and by night he traffics in rare flowers. He travels through South East Asia seeking out as yet undiscovered species, generates demand for them online and decimates them in a matter of months. He provided the flowers for the wedding, he's a friend of the father of the bride. Later, he tells me that the father owns large plantations in the North of India where the female workers get hysterectomies so as not to lose a day of work. He says they are two of a kind. The taxi arrives, we walk through the Opera House. Outside a colleague hands him an umbrella, he doesn't know how to use it, it doesn't rain in Abu Dhabi.

The driver stops at the Narcisse Blanc Hotel. Tchernobyl turns to me, opens his hand. Balancing on his palm is a shining orchid, covered in a thin layer of translucent resin. *So they don't completely disappear*, he tells me, *this one is for you*. I gaze at it, close his fingers over the rigid flower. His expression remains unmoved, only from under the cloud, a red-tinted tear falls the length of his cheek. I think, *perhaps it's the storm*.

A SMALL NIGHT STORM BLOWS
SAYING « FALLING IS THE ESSENCE OF A FLOWER »
PRECEDING THOSE WHO HESITATE

- 三島 由紀夫 YUKIO MISHIMA

I AM HOLDING A FLOWER
IN MY HAND

AND KNOW NOT
WHAT TO DO

SHOULD I BUT SEE
THIS FLOWER

OR KEEP IT
CHERISH IT

IT IS A FLOWER
AND I AM ONLY I

FORGIVE ME GOD
FOR TAKING IT

- JOSEPH ALBERS



WHITE COAL

LÉA ABAROA



17 X 20 CM, 32 PAGES, BLANK
DUST JACKET: INKJET PRINT
HANDSEWN
PARIS (FR), 2021

20 EUROS

Summer's night in a northern city. He comes in and hands me an artificial flower. *I was standing at the checkout when I realized there was no real difference between taking coal from a mine and taking something from a supermarket display. I grabbed the flower and left. The woman at the checkout called security,* he says, sitting down to GTA.

I watch him play. The light of a high speed night spills out and plays across his skin. There is a scar the size of a canyon on the back of his left hand. It was an accident. Something pierced his skull and partially crushed his bones. In the glow of Los Santos, the canyon looks dove-shaped. I say: *sunrise over the white mountain.*

We leave the house and jack two cars parked outside – one each. At the city exit, we drive side by side, cosying up against each other before sliding onto a king and queen size highway. At our backs, black mountains nestle in the dense night.

Golden daybreak and the smell of smoke: the fire is over one hundred miles away. The delta water glimmers like a vast stretch of TV static. A white butterfly, its wings edged with the sky's golden breath flies near and sticks to my arm like a bad tattoo. The ferry reaches the other side, we get back into our cars.

A northern southern city. The last road on land. We park facing the white mountains, sit up on the bonnets. The butterfly takes off and nestles in the deep canyon on his hand. He says:

*At each end of the country,
Artificial mountains.
Black coal, white salt,
In inverted color mode they look exactly the same.*

FAR SIDE OF THE MOON

LÉA ABAROA

LASER PRINT ON BFK RIVES 180G/M²

DUST JACKET: INKJET PRINT

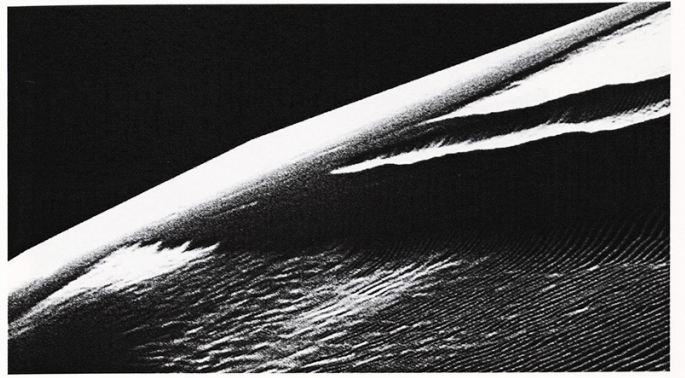
19 X 22 CM, 28 PAGES

HANDSEWN

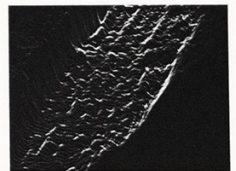
PARIS (FR), 2020

22 EUROS





8-9



16-17

月亮代表我的心

the moon
represents
my heart

THIS WORK CONSISTS OF IMAGES FROM THE SERIES *CHINESE CITY DYING FLOWER*. THEY HAVE BEEN ALTERED USING A COMPUTER PROGRAMME THAT PARTIALLY EMULATES THE EFFECT OF A RUTTIMER/STRA VIDEO SYNTHESIZER. THE BRIGHTNESS DATA IN THE ORIGINAL IMAGE HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO DEPTH DATA, GIVING THE PHOTOGRAPH AN ADJUSTABLE, THREE DIMENSIONAL ASPECT AND RENDERING THE BODY AS A SPACIAL EXPANSE, A LANDSCAPE.

THE VERSION OF *THE MOON REPRESENTS MY HEART* SUNG BY TAIWANESE SINGER, TERESA TENG IN 1977, HOLDS PARTICULAR SIGNIFICANCE IN CHINESE POP MUSIC. AUTHORISED FOR RELEASE BY THE MAINLAND REGIME AFTER SEVERAL DECADES OF REVOLUTIONARY SONGS, IT HERALDED A SHIFT TOWARDS THE INDIVIDUAL, TOWARDS THE INTIMATE.

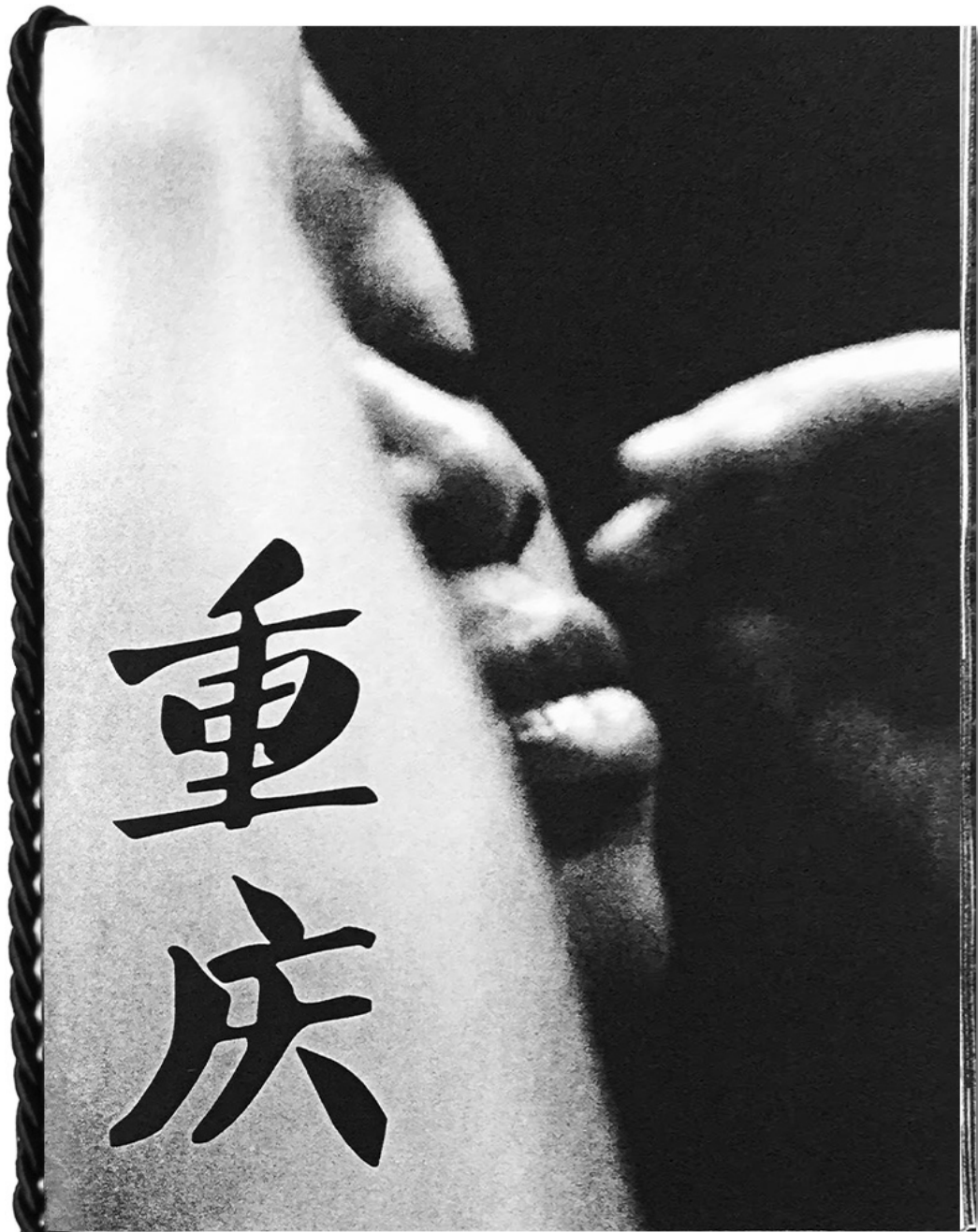
THE TITLE REFERS TO THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL LUNAR LANDING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON. IT WAS CARRIED OUT ON 3 JANUARY 2019 BY THE CHINESE CHANG-4 LANDER.

我们在出租车的后面，潮气使夜晚显得更浓密。城市是红色和蓝色的，吊钟海棠，我们粉色和黑色的皮肤粘在皮革内层。从电台里逃离出一首温柔的歌曲，也是这首歌，那天早晨在7-11收银台以及几年前在开往天津的巴士车上播放着。它具备着，这个世界偶然发生的，孤独的品质。

后来在旅馆的房间里，W塌陷进她的床。冷白色LED的弱光晕又一遍隔离她，在我的眼皮下，延伸的，之前提到的品质。

We're in a taxi, the humidity thickens the night. The city is red and blue; fuchsia, our pink and black skins stick to the leather interior. A sentimental song floats out of the radio. That same song was playing at the 7-Eleven check-out this morning, and years ago in a bus driving to Tianjin. It carries that feeling of solitude in which whole worlds emerge.

Later in the hotel room, W. is sprawled on her bed. I see her stretched out, isolated in a dim halo of white led light, and that same feeling returns.



BEGINNING DURING THE LATE 1990S ECONOMIC BOOM, AN INFLUX OF THOUSANDS OF AFRICAN TRADERS AND BUSINESS PEOPLE ARRIVED AND CREATED AN AFRICAN COMMUNITY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHINESE METROPOLIS.

THIS PLACE IS A NEW WORLD, IT'S A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

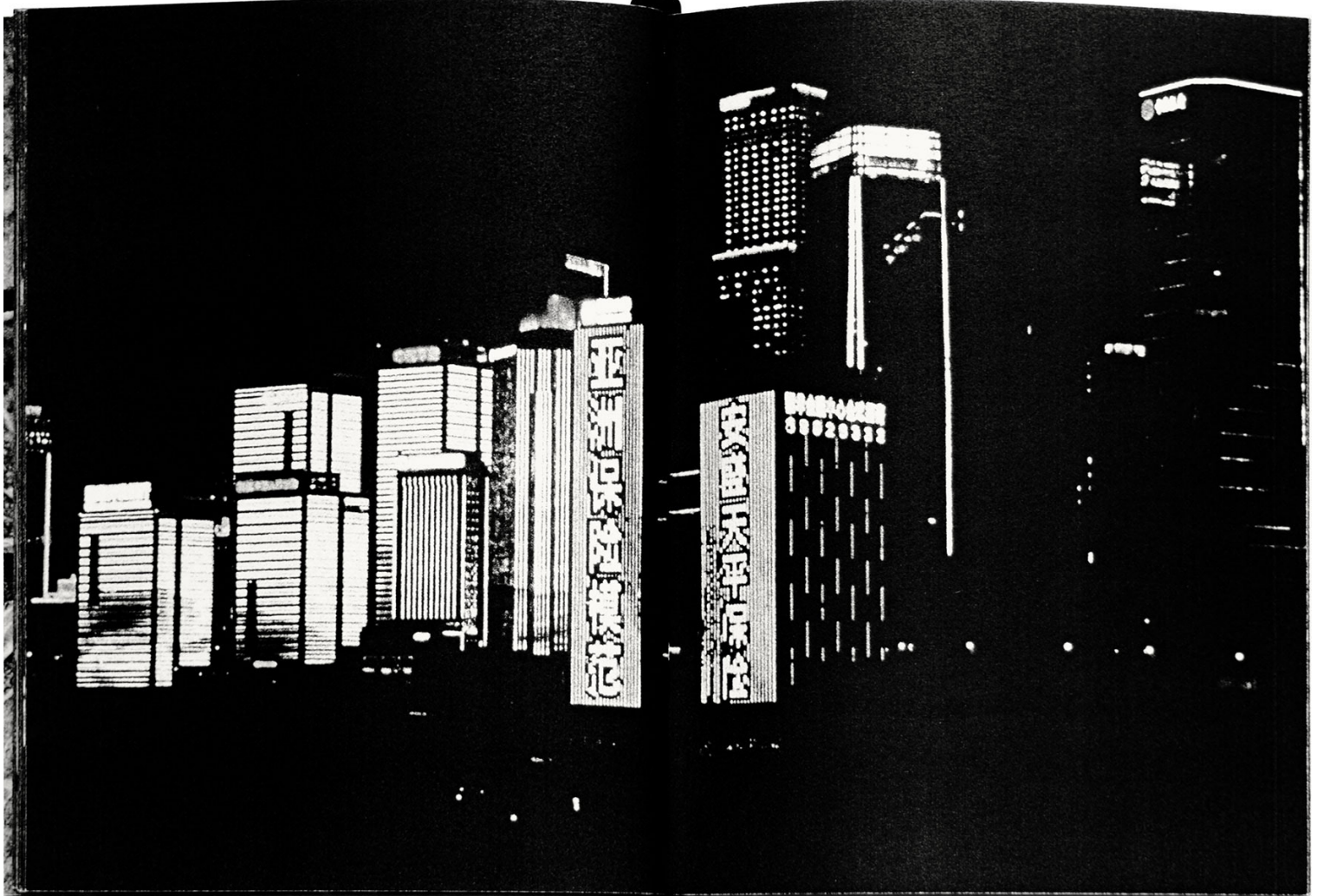
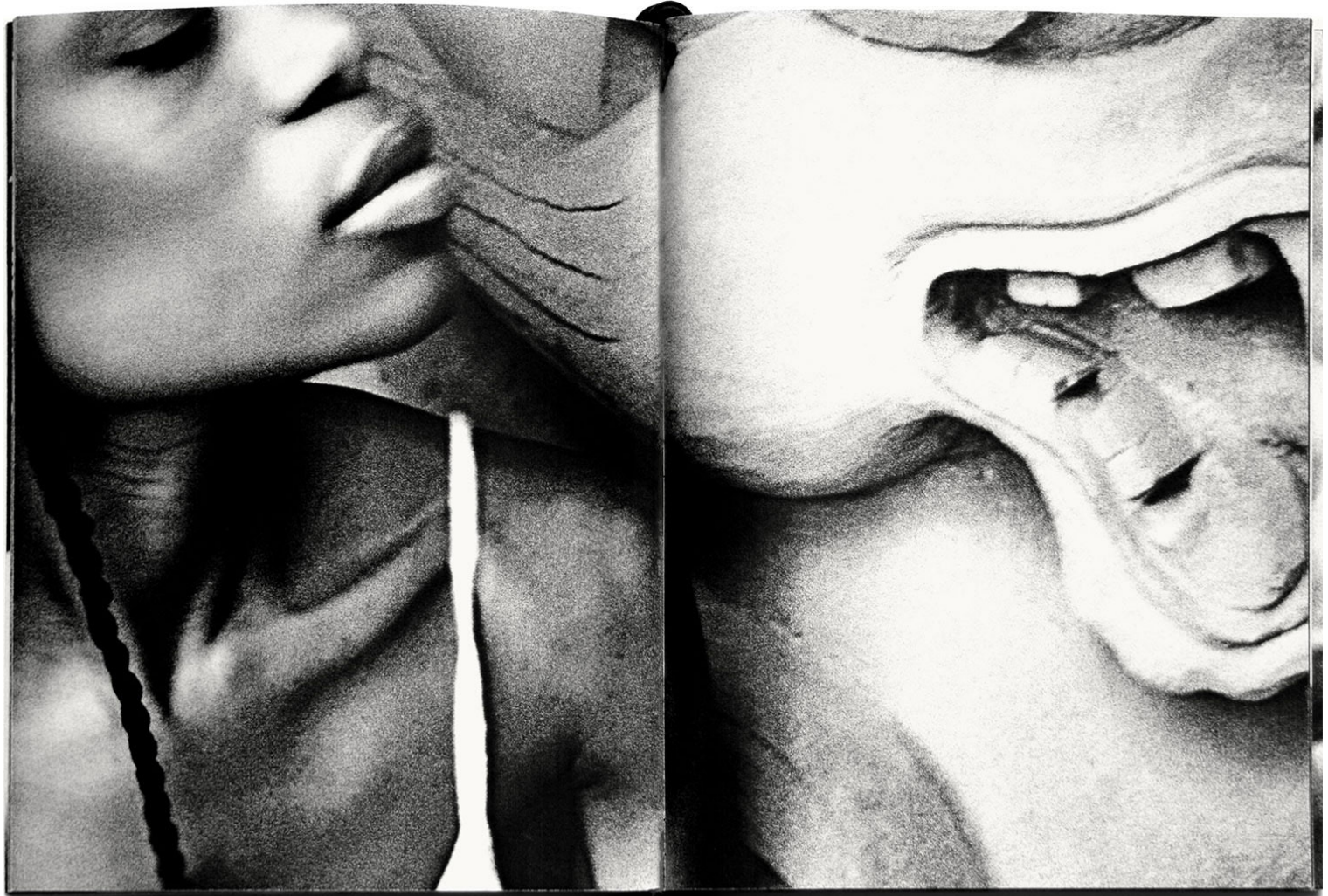
THERE ARE CON MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD. THEY'LL COME TO YOU, SEDUCE YOUR PARENTS OR YOU. THEY WILL TELL YOU TO SELL THE BUSINESS. YOU GO TO CHINA. WHEN YOU REACH HERE, YOU'RE FUCKED UP. YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING. YOU CANNOT GO BACK. SOME OF THEM COME WITH ONE WAY TICKET. YOU CANNOT GO BACK.

CHINESE CITY DYING FLOWER

LÉA ABAROA

LASER PRINT ON OLIN BULK WHITE 80G/M²
18 X 24 CM, 96 PAGES
HANDSEWN
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25 EUROS





It's maybe eleven o'clock at night. A man disappears into a building and she follows. An elevator ride, another floor and another man in a suit. Down the first, long, narrow corridor, groups of young people sing karaoke behind glass doors. At the end of the corridor - the rooftop, it's dark out. Backlit by giant neon ideograms, a line of girls in micro-dresses queue up for the second corridor. *Yes, a dance party,* she says. She takes the corridor, identical to the first, but for the opaque doors and bouncers with headsets stationed in front. The line of girls stops outside the last door. A bouncer takes each girl's telephone one by one. Through a gap in the door - three large men. I grab her arm, *let's go.*

Another day in the elevator a business man, Sylvio, hands her his card. Back in the room, she writes him an email, she thinks we don't have enough money. Later, one morning, she gets a call from reception. He'd left an envelope with notes, 300 renminbi, 43.62 dollars in total. She laughs.

Another day she says,

I always wanted to be beautiful.