

Vincent Hulme
2022 - 2020



Expo Flottante
Intervention
2022

Buoyant sculptures on the Seine between the Louvre and the École des Beaux-Arts. Quai de Saints-Pères:
<https://goo.gl/maps/Ucx9yapMPvTtJZTW9>

What lies between the Louvre and the Beaux-Arts de Paris—between France’s canonical art school and museum? Geographically, it’s the Seine, a river that divides the city into two distinct *rives*.

It is a line of separation, a boundary that is continuously revisited.

So who or what will cross this threshold between school and institution? And does it ultimately matter? For now, we move through the city, our studies, crossing this boundary countless times each week.

But what if, for just one evening, we claimed the space in between? Whatever it became, it would have to float.

I fabricated seven anchors, gathered over 200 meters of rope, and instructed the participating artists to submit buoyant sculptures. Anyone who approached me at the school was welcome to participate. My aim was to engage both the institutional boundaries of the Beaux-Arts Academy and the Louvre museum, and the liminal space between this school and institution, between training and expertise.

Each sculpture was attached to its own anchor with 20 meters of looped rope. An additional 5-meter rope was used to tie the sculpture to the loop, allowing them to be brought in and out of the water. We cast the sculptures 5 meters from the edge of the quai, as far as I could throw the anchors.

The works came to embody both the need to stay afloat for the intervention and the artists' own questions about how their practice might endure beyond the institution.

Countless people observed the event from the land, bridges, and boats. Planned to last three hours, the intervention concluded with the careful retrieval of all sculptures, anchors, and ropes, leaving no trace or debris in the water.

Throughout the event, we all watched intently, questioning: would they truly float? Each sculpture carried with it a sense of suspense, a fragile tension between stability and submersion. Their vulnerability to the currents resonated with the uncertainties of artistic life beyond the institution, where adaptability and resilience emerge as constant concerns.



Documentation of the intervention



Works
Top - Thibault Hiss *Untitled*
Bottom - Paul Hyper *Untitled*



7 anchors

Two disk brakes were used per anchor; tied together with two hand-made steel loops, welded shut. One loop to secure the brakes together, the other to allow for the rope to travel freely.



Anchors with the ropes

20 meters of rope were attached to the loops; providing the mooring system for the buoyant sculptures.



Wallflowers

Print on blue back paper. Installation view.
2022

We squatted an abandoned Alfa Romeo dealership in Düsseldorf and sought to foster domesticity between each other for the duration of our action. In support of this aim, I made a wallpaper to break to monotony of the grey tones throughout the space and to activate this potential of the domestic. The wallpaper is both decorative and symbolic: I asked each artist to choose a flower that held personal significance to them. To contrast to the starkness of the space I selected the yellow-orange hues of *Erysimum cheiri*, also known as Wallflower, which naturally appears in similar shades.



Wallflowers
Print on blue back paper. Installation view with artist works.
2022



Wallflowers
Print on blue back paper. Installation view with artist works.
2022

I picture Live Laugh Love. I'm sure most of you do too: some calligraphy, painted or printed, hung on the wall of a home, likely not yours.

Of course, we want to Live, Laugh and Love; the world would be a better place with more Living, Laughing and Loving. It's such a sweet sentiment yet has somehow become so bland. Perhaps, it's just such a simplified way of looking at our existence i.e. something basic. It's shallowness ignores that Dying, Crying and Hating is also just as much part of our lives, and feels more so these days. But if you put the alternative in relief, Live Laugh Love, sounds and feels so much better.

Maybe for a minute or the next hundred years we can replace Live Laugh Love with Care Compel Confront. Put it on countless posters to adorn our walls until it itself becomes so bland that Live Laugh Love isn't so basic anymore. Picture that.

This text responds to Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine, reflecting on Hannah Arendt's concept of *the banality of evil* to critique the *Live Laugh Love* iconography. Originally intended as a harmless symbol of positivity and warmth, this phrase has devolved into a shallow emblem of mindless optimism and conformity within popular culture. Its widespread repetition on walls and in decor reflects an unthinking embrace of a simplified, feel-good worldview that bypasses the complexity of human experience.

The text suggests that the uncritical adoption of such clichés dulls the capacity for empathy and critical thought. These slogans begin to represent a kind of emotional detachment, where deeper and often painful realities—such as those seen in war and suffering—are overshadowed by superficial, comforting phrases.

Care Compel Confront
Print on bond paper
Dimension variable
2022



I'm looking for a room
Intervention & installation. Print on bond paper.
2021

A printed sheet of emails written and infinitely copy pasted. All looking to let a room in the same flat; persistently sent, knowing that they may never be read. This was my comment and response to the ongoing housing crisis in Berlin and the inescapability of the futile actions one must engage in order to secure a shelter. All messages are real and anonymized.

Mietobjekt

**Object of your Affection
of your Obsession
of your Depression**

It lords over you; your anxieties ripple through the body, your ~~Miet~~, we mean your Meat. Meat is another term for flesh but ~~Miet~~ Meat also creates distance from the flesh, distance from the living.

People looking for flats (or a room) in Berlin are bodies of ~~Miet~~ Meat? ~~Miet~~, Meat is a commodity, housing is a commodity.

And what of the Spekulation? Trim the fat and discard the tissue. It's just another piece of trash.

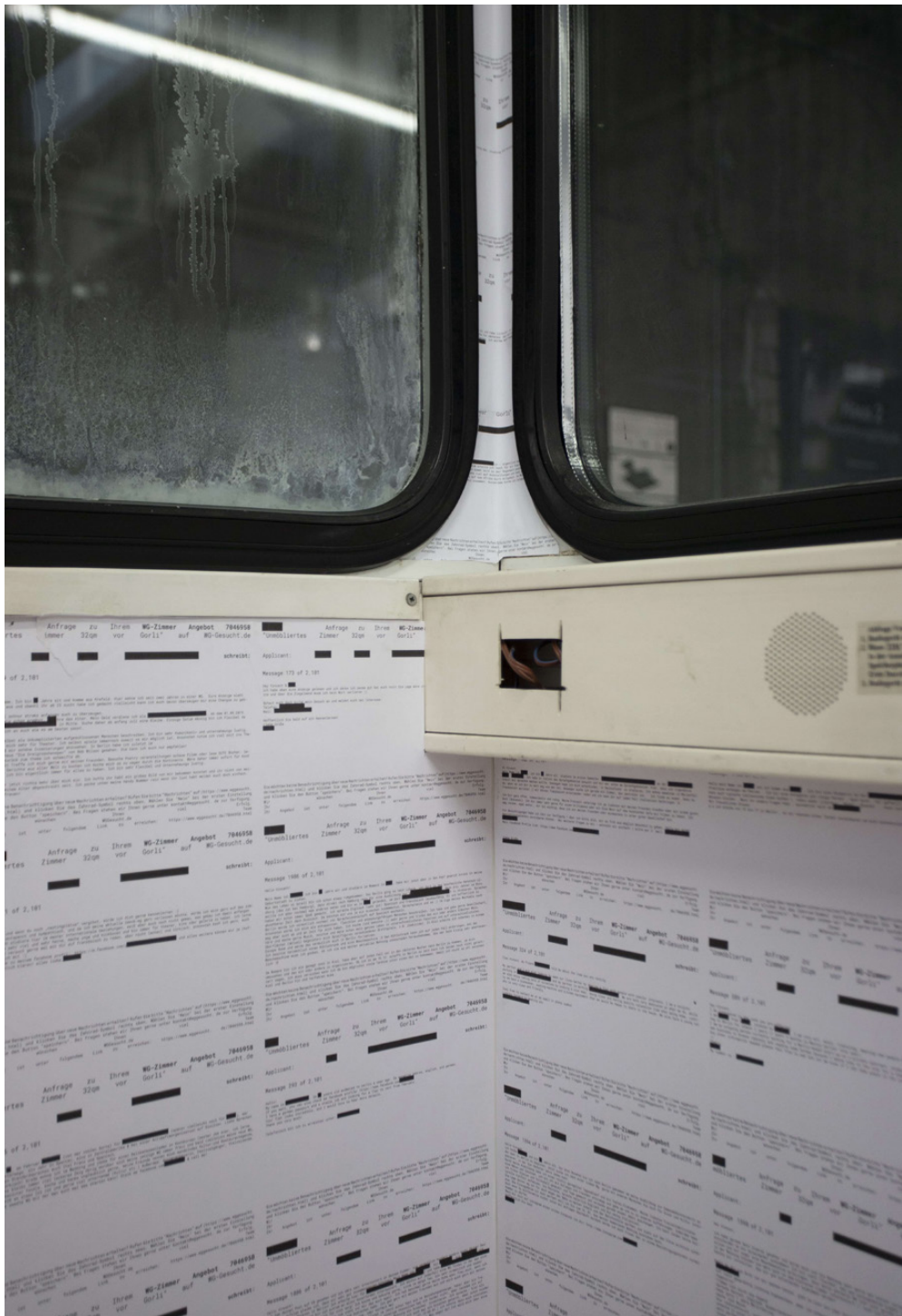
The other day I saw a sponsored post on instagram, that was paid by someone seeking a flat.

Better send those emails right away and without end — post (or pay) on ig, facebook & all the chats. Accept what you get, even if its less than legal (or ideal), submit yourself to the Mietobjekt. It's the only way to live i.e. find a place to house your ~~Miet~~ Meat?

Text for I'm looking for a room



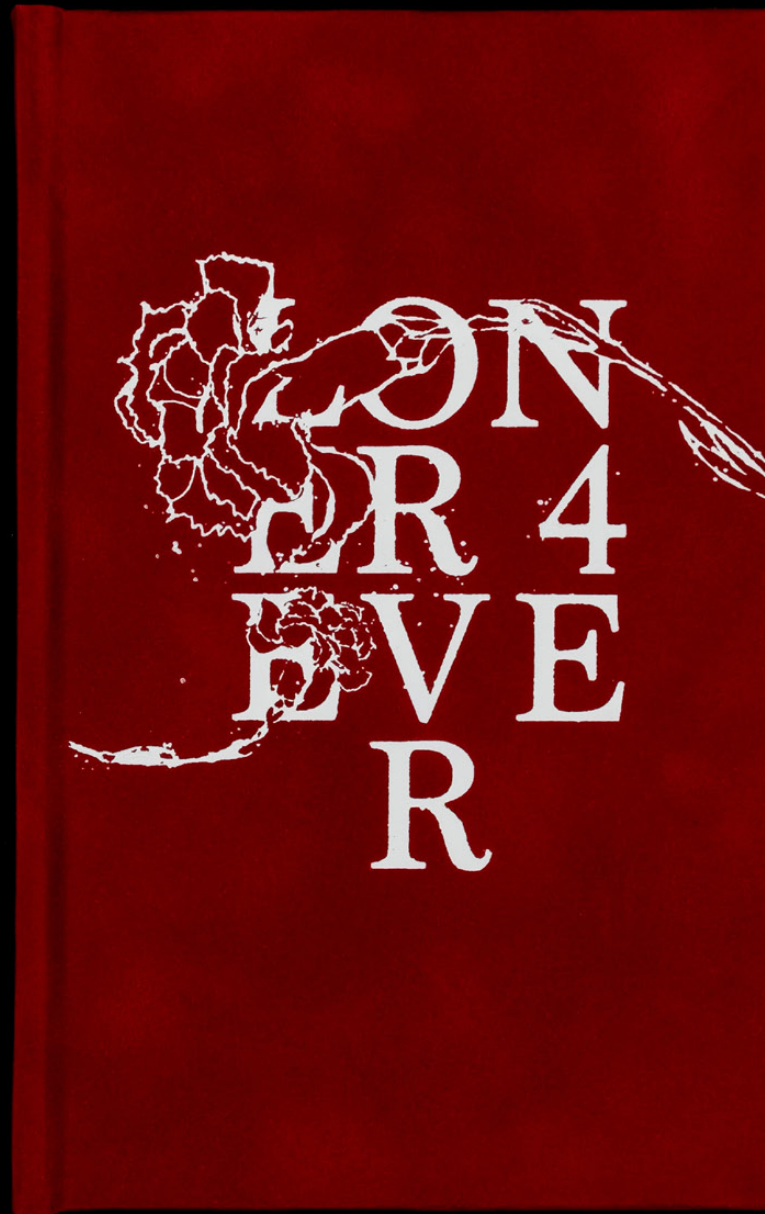
I'm looking for a room
Intervention & installation. Print on bond paper.
2021



Detailed views of I'm looking for a room



I'm looking for a room
Intervention & installation. Print on bond paper.
2021



Loner4ever
Hardcover book. Risograph printed inside.
19 poems and three photos. Artist & poetry book. Edition 100.
2020

I wrote *Loner4ever* as a cautionary tale, employing a protagonist whose fragile self-worth and adherence to reactionary views on love and sexuality serve as both a source of dark humor and a profound tragedy.



Naked Dogs

meet girl at a naked party

don't have a piece of paper
remember her phone number
call her 3 days later

we go for ice cream
she insists on paying
i tell her *its 2 fucking bucks*
i pay

we go to the park
she buys me a beer
she talks about dogs
girls up every time a dog goes by
we leave with a goodbye hug

ask her if i should call her again
she says yes

i see a dog on the way home

delete number



Loner4ever
Photo of the narrator/protagonist
2020