

toyland

Marc Lathuilière



In this strange land, East meets West and fiction blurs reality. Captured during the artist's trips around the country, the characters of Toyland are real Thais turned into postcard-like icons of the «Amazing Thailand». Monk, fisherman or pop star, they were all offered an abstract toy to carry. This interactive game, expression of a destiny entrusted in the hands of people met by the road, gave Marc his core concept: re-create the 22 major arcans of the Marseille tarot. Originating from medieval Europe, these cards are now much more popular for fortune telling in Thailand. Shown as Death, the World or the Angel, contemporary Thais thus become carriers of human ancestral hopes and fears. To express the full potent of these multilayer images, Marc will show them as a multimedia installation in Bangkok next month. Interpreting computerized random draws, he will himself perform as the fortune teller.

the sun



Under the bright benevolent Sun
Everything grows double.
Double the achievement, and double the bliss,
Took you to a cape in the Southern seas,
Where, shining a new glow,
You may find a soul to pair with.



force



Now grit your teeth!
By rods and swords unsheathed,
Forced you'll soon be, and Force you will need.
Beware: blood, strength, and a will cast in steel,
Can bend back the most crooked fate
As well as they can break it.



PhotoFeature



the hermit

When was it? And did he really chose
That thatched refuge in the wild?
From dawn to twilight The Hermit
Brew you the tale of the flame
Burning his eyes with a science
He's no one to share with.

toylard



the lover

By himself,
The Lover will never choose.
One shoulder to the queen,
One eye to the next,
He's always ready for a call,
Or whisp-aired opportunities.

Of Temperance well ordered house you're the guest
She's swept the mat clean, and prays: Harmony
The light in the shadow,
The cosmos in the dust
And if this makes you thirsty, wait:
The most cordial water she will pour.



temperance



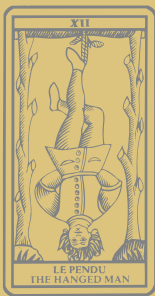


death

It buzzes in your way,
laughs at your travel plans
Death came to the ball,
All bones and foul breath,
Announcing seeding ghouls,
It came looking for you
With an unwanted word,
Your name to harvest
Or a crop of your foes.



the hanged man



He's lost his job, his house, his wife,
His two beloved daughters in the disaster.
The Hanged Man finds nowhere to go,
And takes you to another walk round the void.
Dead-end; but expect a door in the next arcane
If there is any left.



Radiant with her jealous,
Electroluminescent love,
She's the new smile of the fashion week.
Happy the one near whom the Empress sits:
She'll be a model promoting your breed,
And for your brainchild a mother.



the empress



It is now offered to you: Bangbylone!
You've passed the test, and the gates,
Will then see its garden, of love
And soon scrape its sky, for gold.
It is now dancing, inflating beyond vision:
Are you ready to seize it?



the world



the moon

The Moon has risen
Sleep-shipping you to a deserted shore.
Crustaceans of the depths,
Howling beasts of the woods,
Will watch you prowling the night steams
For your capsized mind and belly.



toyland

PhotoFeature



the tower of destruction

Havoc and mayhem have fallen on you,
Leaving in dust
The cheaply built resort of your life.
Watch yourself
In the deposed mirror of your dreams:
Now will you take a step back into them?