

With four hands

The play with four hands on stone that has become wall, the tree that has become wood, the poster that has become a rift. A composition in multiple motions on the everyday life, its contradictions, its emotions, its anarchical palpitations. One starts thinking of the ballet dancers Nicolas Le Riche and Sylvie Guillem, immense in their complementarity in their *Appartement*, duet falling exhausted having danced through it all.

The achievement, every time renewed of a "pas de deux" without bounds, their sweat mingled till the last note. Except that here Mats Ek does not sign but KRM does. Except that instead of an E key a small dog that a stencil has imagined scampering along, wanders among the garbage cans of the consumption society, dislocated garden chairs and watering cans having an erection. Only here, until the final superposition of scratches and colors, it is Geza and Chérif who have given all, their sweat intermingled until the last embrace of pictures.

At the beginning of their unceasing ballet is the Wall. The Berlin Wall. Eastside, grey concrete covered in barbed wire that you can only get close to at the risk of your life. Westside a gigantic fresco alive with graffiti, cartoons, anger screams, bon mots, sweet notes and colors. An immense urban painting, tagged, retagged, over tagged by thousands of anonymous hands. A communications ant nest where one meets also to tease the Vopos standing in their miradors just on the other side.

It is precisely this dialogue with the wall and the rest of the world which has inspired Geza and Chérif with their creation concept, their "spirit of the wall". Their wall - wood or metal panel which sometimes - often recalls fences-as mirrors of pulsions and anguishes materialized with brushes, crayons, scissors with neither bans nor taboos, with all the contradictions they carry.

Their singularity is to both work so they make only one. One starts the other continues each in turn, keeping the dialogue going. They are driven by emulation without competition till the end of their common effort, breathless. As signature one stamp: KRM and a little dog scampering, scampering, scampering along. No individual signature, however their work is not anonymous at all. It carries the sum of their biography, "fragments of their existence" as they say.

More than fragments there are entire pieces of their life which barge into their paintings. Chérif Zerdoumi: that means childhood in the Aurès, a nameless war, the escape gripped by fear, the arrival in France at Castres, the school which he did not like, a first sculpture at age 12 and then life with its load of tenderness, rifts, encounters, identity crisis, dramas, it is his rough art, tribal, neo-primeval, his search of the absolute, its bad boys, its crooked men and its zebra women... Geza Jäger, first happy years in Düsseldorf, piano, drawing, then illness, six months between life and death, a new departure, a rage to live demultiplied by a never ending quest of self, studies, a thesis, a permanent dissatisfaction, a need for beauty, a great artistic solitude. During a stay in Australia she discovered the Aborigenes' traditional art - *the Western desert painting*. A revelation.

Chérif and Geza, a sum of intimately personal moments the impact of which one can feel in the development of their "spirit of the wall".

To transpose this "spirit of the wall", Geza and Chérif use advertizing posters which they twist around, tear up, and mock. Sometimes there is nothing left of these posters or just a pink scratch - as in *Propane*, a large painting created in 2014 painting. No, their intent is not to accuse advertizing of being the culprit of all the problems of the world or to defile it with a spray can but to master its presence in everyday life. To debunk it, to minimize the superfluous needs it generates with the consumer. Life does not only hang on gold jewels signed by Joe Blog, peanuts on promotion or lipstick that does not run. An obvious wink to Andy Warhol and to the artists of the dada school. Thus one notices that their montages, collages and transfers seize news themes like war, violence, terrorists acts, racism, insecurity... An interpretation of scream and murmurs of the street, a transcription of urban reality which provokes, irritates and invites reflection.

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