

Webbie Debbie

I arrived during the night. The light now begins to rise; I wake up. I leave the fruit bowl and navigate between the lemons and the clementines. My body hair gently caresses the skin of the colorful citrus. I find myself on top of the slightly shaking gray fridge, I feel its slight sucking sound. In the middle of carafes and bowls, where smells of thyme, garlic and bay leaves come from, I am surrounded by dust and crumbs, I have difficulty seeing clearly. I start climbing one of the hanging cupboards to get out of there. I bounce off the wall socket and climb upwards. At the top, some objects hold the guard.

Unlike most spiders, jumping spiders are visually oriented diurnal predators which memorize their environment, distances and orientations. These eyes of a very great visual acuity allow them to see a movement, a sexual partner, as well as a vision of colors.

A few more steps and I'm there. I climb on the first one that resembles a jolly good man. He is made of old green plastic and his face is all rusty. I move on to his porcelain neighbor, then a fiddling hare, finally to a churchman dildo. They are lined up, inanimate, and they are all staring and smiling in the same direction. I sneak up on them. They let me get on top of them. I'm careful not to disturb them as I grope around, gently placing my little paws on their surface. I'm being sweet. I take pleasure in going through them. They have a fresh look, some shine and reflect the sun. I like their cheerful colors and generous forms, their joyful curves and the lightness of their delighted features. I hop from one to the other. Hoping not to tickle them. They are nice without reacting. They don't refuse me. I don't inspire them nor to scream, nor to fear. I am not their prey and they are not mine. Finally at the top of one of them, from a white clown that almost touches the polystyrene ceiling, I can see the area.

The jumping spider of the Salticidae family can see, it can even see very well because of its advanced eyes whose main pair retina is mobile. It is thus able to zoom.

I see below a bearded teapot who seems to want to start singing with a microphone in its mouth, further on I see a fruit on the top of a small donkey, finally a miniature figure barely bigger than me, a centimeter at most, accompanied by a small leather mouse. Thus arranged, their parallel stare, their interrupted actions, their long and dark shadows cutting with the luminosity of the board, they form the enigmatic assemblies of a secret ritual. I can finally see where their gazes land. They all seemed to be looking into the void. Laughing about not noticing anyone. But in the distance their colors and shapes shine. Other friends and kind folks seem to have gathered, alone or in couples, lying in colorful niches. Driven by my curiosity, I jump off my mount, thanking my new friends for their caresses. Move forward, Debbie! Clinging to my only silk thread I descend into the void. The air cushions my fall, making me deviate slightly. I go from the soft shadow of the heights to the bright light of the day that illuminates the ground. Through the window the sky is blue, bright and dry. I see it gradually taking up all the space through the window. I fall and I feel good. I fall softly on the ground heated by the sun. I let go of my thread which now floats above me.

Salticidae are small. Their body length varies between 1 and 25 mm. Often stocky on short legs, they are recognizable by their rapid and jerky movement. Unlike other suborders, they do not weave webs. Like other spiders, it produces silk, but it produces only a small thread that it sometimes leaves behind and uses it to secure itself during its movements.

From leap to leap I get closer. I am one with the ground, a false parquet floor in dark wood color which is, the more I sink into the depths of the room, strewn with small spots, drops of dry colors pave the way. I begin to recognize shapes. From afar they look like the objects above the cupboard. They do not say anything either, they do not move. The more I advance the more these characters grow. They get longer and longer. At their feet it is impossible for me to have a full vision. They get lost in the ceiling. I jump, I jump as high as possible, projecting my hemolymph in my two back legs which propel me in the air. I see them fully, these faces, these shapes, I recognize them. I jumped again. There they are! They now surpass their models in size and color. Some have changed their expressions and seem pensive, almost sad. They seemed to be happy when I first met them. The plans and perspectives of the niches in which they are located extend the space of the apartment, creating a double optical illusion. The same scene, the same small theater whose colors, shades and tints encompass me. Each of my eight eyes sees an element, a detail, a line, a different version of the environment.

Four of these eyes are located on the front of the head, of which the two of the centers, which are bigger, allow a binocular vision. The others are arranged in crown on its sides, giving it a monocular vision, except the last two which are used to observe what occurs behind it. The Salticidae thus have a field of vision to 360°.

On the floor, surrounded by white paper between the pots of color, a faceted and colored surface stretches out. I go from one flat to the other. Pink orange. Soft blue. Light green. From light to dark, from pale to saturated. Kaleidoscope, I turn around and each of my eyes is bathed in color. I leap with excitement to the point of dizziness; and have to stop. It pings in my head. My paws go numb. I become a prism. I send back distorted images in the 4 corners of the apartment. I become a tiny broken mirror in the center of an ocean of sensations. My hairs stand on end, my two biggest eyes open wide in trance. In this bath of visions, I gather in the middle of this mute gathering. I advance in line by spasms followed by astonished looks. I advance without really realizing it. I now have the head downwards, the eight legs stretched to the ceiling. Some of the inverted figures are making sense again. The others do not seem so disturbed by the reversal of space. I can finally see the image on the floor: a car lost in the middle of a sour dream. In one movement of the head I can see the same face three times. I jump from one surface to another. From one color to another, from one face to the next, re-drawing the curves that I had liked so much, the now flattened convolutions. Climbs the verticals and horizontals. I get dizzy. Suddenly a sound. Trembling, footsteps. The sound of metal. It opens, expands. A man appears in the opening. Hits the ground.

Quickly to hide. The exit. Run, jump, leap, save yourself. The opening closes, slams and shakes. Too late. The man advances, the metal clinks. Jump, jump, hide behind a pot. He moves forward. Maybe I should go to the window, leave him, and turn back. I climb the shelf, the rows of books, one after the other. Using the scraps of paper, the colored and patterned cards stuck between the pages as a step. From one leap to another, I reach the top. I pass behind a sheet of paper crumpled into a ball, I have to make my way through the folds. Past the last pile of books I find the friendly look of my friends. They are up there. Their looks encourage me. Come on Debb' a few jumps and you're at the window.

I see it. That's not unusual. Often these little spiders come into the apartment. They have to go through the window, I leave them open when I leave. With the plants on the balcony, I got used to seeing insects come in. But I must say that I like them. Although I'm not a big fan of spiders

like most people. All those legs, all those eyes...can quickly make me cringe. I remember this one spider that once crawled into my t-shirt before I put it on and feeling something move and shaking the t-shirt, a big black spider fell to the floor. But it was much bigger than this tiny thing that is now in front of me on the immaculate work surface. I see it all the more as the light of the window makes a growth appear, its shadow which then doubles its size. Otherwise it would have disappeared as if camouflaged in a crumb or a paint stain. I approach to see it more closely. Bent in two,

I bend over to study it in more detail. She seems to be looking at me too without moving. "Stay, cutie pie. You have as much right to come live here as I do." I stand up.

He stands up. His enormous head and his two giant eyes drifted away. I am as much as petrified by the face to face that could announce the end of my life as much as the intense curiosity that it has provoked in me. He turns, I can continue. I get back on the road, climb, bounce, cross a large void, weave through the fires and splashes of grease and cooked egg. I get back to the humming fridge and the fruit bowl. The window is closed. The light is fading. I find a sheltered corner under the curve of a lemon protected by the voluntary gaze of an electronic outlet. It also has big eyes, so it will watch all night long. I don't know how long I will stay. From a distance the thing doesn't look so impressive. From above it doesn't look much bigger than the others; they even look alike. They seem to be part of the same family. It undresses, is now almost naked. It is hairy, and so am I.

FXG

François-Xavier Guiberteau, born in 1992, lives and works in Marseille, France.

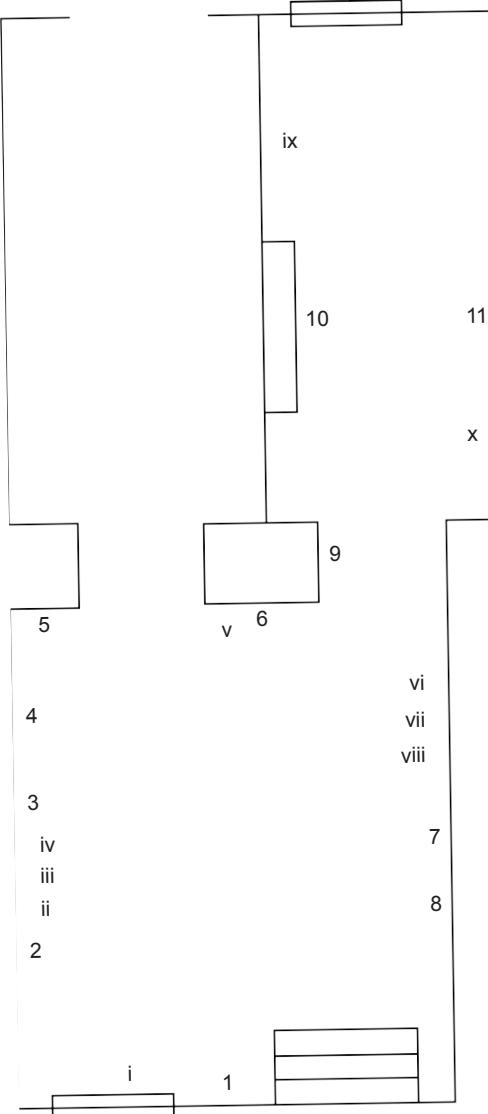
Belsunce Projects is a nomadic curatorial project space based in Marseille, France.

François-Xavier Guiberteau
Webbie Debbie

Curated by Belsunce Projects

Opening: Thursday, April 14, 7pm
April 15th, 2022 until June 18, 2022

Pina
Große Neugasse 44/2
1040 Vienna
Thu-Sat, 12-5pm



1
Singer, 2022
acrylic and red chalk on canvas

2
Coq, 2022
acrylic and red chalk on canvas

3
Mousse, 2022
acrylic, colored pencil and soft pastel on
canvas

4
Très Chic, 2021
acrylic on canvas

5
Wet Wiener 1, 2022
acrylic on wood

6
Self Portrait as a Magnet, 2022
acrylic and colored pencil on canvas

7
*Something or nothing
nothing something*, 2022
acrylic and colored pencil on canvas

8
Fabienne Chocolat, 2022
acrylic and red chalk on canvas

9
Wet Wiener 2, 2022
acrylic on wood

10
Cutie Pie, 2022
acrylic on canvas

11
It's The Large One, 2022
acrylic, colored pencil and soft pastel on
canvas

i
Webbie Debbie, 2022
Graphite on paper

ii
Rusty Nail, 2022
red chalk on paper

iii
Hairy Hairy Cherry, 2022
graphite and colored pencil on paper

iv
Fellacious, 2022
colored pencil and black chalk
on paper

v
Ausgenommen Fahrzeuge..., 2022
colored pencil and chalk on paper

vi
Ventoline 500, 2022
chalk and colored pencil on paper

vii
Tuttifrutti angel, 2022
colored pencil on paper

viii
Ouech please, 2022
graphite, colored pencil
and chalk on paper

ix
Coquina, 2022
colored pencil on paper

x
Glaserei Bitte, 2022
colored pencil, chalk, soft pastel
and acrylic on paper