

Press Release

...Aeronauts Aimed for Altitude, Even...

From a semi-underground haven we flirt with flight and fall at **Foreign & Domestic**—opening **September 5, 6-8 PM**, and *on air* until **October 5, 2025**—chapter II of the five-part fable of folly, titled:

*a Cough led us off Course, Astray
Aeronauts Aimed for Altitude, Even
Expats Embarked in Errantry, Bearing
Bystanders Boating Beyond Bounding, Digging
the Detour Deeds of the Dromomaniac*

*Let us call it CAEBD from here on out—
pronounced like a throat-clearing cough before stepping
off a cliff.*

And you—vertigo-haunted coughers, aeronauts, terranauts, argonauts, heteronauts, and wanderers of ambiguous ambition—are hereby summoned. Called to the second breeze (an aerial exhibit) of this perilous, peripatetic project (and, naturally, to the first, which unfurls the previous day at the same hour at **The Emily Harvey Foundation**). We promise you'll find coughs that cloud the compass, flights that flirt with falling... fall, and more.

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Taking flight—whether literally lofting skyward or figuratively leaping into an escapade, experiment, or exodus—always arrives with a jolt: suddenness, liberation, a jaunty jettisoning of what's fixed and familiar. Flying, by contrast, is only (if “only” dares sneak in here) the passage of matter through air or void, grazing neither soil nor stone, achieved by lift, push, buoyancy, or the sheer bluff of ballistic bravado.

At **36,024** feet above sea level, mid-Atlantic on the long haul to New York, both senses of flight still circle in play when a *Greguería* by Ramón Gómez de la Serna flutters across the mind: “There is a lost pigeon that thought itself a homing pigeon, and halfway there found it was mistaken.” The picture perches—certainty of course unravelled, the compass of intent cast to the capricious wind. And so we tilt, with wry vertigo and a wink at fate: if the bird was misguided, where then are we—and where have we been—bound?

At a ground speed of **602** mph, in those phantom hours that slip westward and only reappear on the return east, we haven't the foggiest clue. No

shock there—for we wander in time, momentarily nonexistent. And this chapter—*...Aeronauts Aimed for Altitude, Even...*—dwells on that razor-thin instant in flight, in ascent or descent, when we mistake heading for knowing, course for meaning. As Fernand Deligny, French educator, theorist and collaborator at La Borde, once framed it: like a meteor misreading the trajectory of its fall for the certainty of direction.

On board, cruising now at **35,403** feet, another fragment from Deligny drifts in. He reminds us that boundaries—be they walls, roads, or the edge tucked into the term *bord*—can act less as dead-ends than as springboards. After all, *bord* harbors both “edge” and “vessel,” suggesting that to brush against a border is already to board a passage. Movement across margins makes room for the unforeseen, the unscripted. “Climb aboard,” these edges seem to murmur, beckoning us into the drift—on board the border mistaken for a barrier masquerading as horizon.

This is, then, a container that breaks contention and takes flight, flies, falls, within and beyond **CAEBD**, a five-part project inspired by the **1953** wanderings of thirty-three psychiatric patients and Dr. Jean Oury, who took flight from a hospital in rural France. For two weeks they roamed, until reaching Château La Borde, where they established a clinic that would go on to reshape modern psychiatry (see **CAEBD** press release for the full story). In that errant movement, they enacted a temporary suspension of habitual paths and expected coordinates; they overshot the slow-drawn boundaries of routine and the abrupt thrusts of enclosure, tracing trajectories that were never mistaken for the certainty of direction, in the interstices where the world might just open.

Following a coughing overture—the first act of a choreographed derangement—that has, thank cough, spared us from overhearing where we were meant to be headed, *...Aeronauts Aimed for Altitude, Even...* is head over heels without a *where*, and thus we are liberated. Freed to loiter in that charged interval of lift and lapse, ascent and inevitable fall. An exhibit, if you will, staging and framing, as vessel and as verge, that fleeting juncture when the thirty-three—the *ship of fools*—poised on the brink, and later suspended mid-air—swerve sideways, skewing routes and routines, slipping custom's gravity to plunge headlong into the uncharted, into the not-yet, the never-quite.

Once again with Deligny, who wondered whether artworks might not take after flying fish—bearing an outside, a slippery otherness, unlike that granted

us by symbolic domestication—we drift and dawdle, wo/andering if thirty-three psychotics slipping free from the confines of their place takes after flying fish or fish in water, tracing arcs beyond expectation, beyond enclosure, beyond the humdrum of the ordinary. An image no doubt hovering in the mind of Félix Guattari, who would work alongside Jean Oury from 1955 onward, as he and Deleuze later unfolded *detrterritorialization*: the unmooring of habit, the flight beyond fixed coordinates, the drift into unforeseen possibility.

Flying fish or fish in water, we fling ourselves skyward, learning to move along life's vertical axis, mastering gravity as gravity masters us. Each step a staggered leap into the void, a phantom step—a fracture, a frightful flight, a folly, a fuse, Sisyphus' content, the fall of the philosopher, bridges bending an air force on paper, miracles mingling with mishaps, escapes in elevation, a bullet-man in a carnivalesque suspension. The jump as refuge for those keenly conscious that edges are never boundaries but beacons of flight—meant to be boarded, obliterated in favor of full, unbound airborne abandon.

Now we tip into the trembling, tumbling terminal—42 miles from touchdown, at 13,300 feet above sea level. What if that homing pigeon was never truly mistaken, but homing all along, twice wrong and thereby blissfully right, caught in a senseless arrival while perpetually departing?

Chapter details:

...Aeronauts Aimed for Altitude, Even...

September 6 - October 5, 2025

Foreign & Domestic

24 Rutgers St, New York, NY 10002

Opening: September 5, 6-8 PM

Aeronauts affirmed & others awaiting ascent:
Franz Reichelt, Anna Bella Geiger, Bas Jan Ader, Barbara T. Smith, CADA, Camila Cañeque, Ceal Floyer, Ejército Zapatista de Liberación Nacional, Endre Tót, François Pain, gerlach en koop, Gino De Dominicis, Ramón Gómez de la Serna, Albert Londe, Graciela Carnevale, Harry Smith's Paper Airplane Collection photographed by Jason Fulford, Javier Téllez, Jean-Paul Berrenger, Joséphine Guattari, Madame Helene Alberti, Kiran Subbaiah, Mattia Denisse, Shimabuku, Neša Paripović, Orshi Drozdik, Wood & Harrison, Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Walser, The Carrying Society - Pepe Espaliú, Simone Forti, Vaslav Nijinsky photographed by Jean Manzon, Wilfredo Prieto, and more...

Curator Marco Bene

Project presented by Foreign & Domestic

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