

Inside the Frozen Mammoth

Terreur on St Valentine's

by [kit](#) on February 14th, 2009



I am not, nor have I ever been, a huge fan of February 14th, in the ways of the chocolates and cards and etceteras. When I was a kid, it was all a tormenting reminder of how alone each and every one of us is in the world, (yeah...no surprises there, I was a rather intense child....)

Now it isn't even so much that I dislike the day of red roses and cherry-filled angels hitting each other with minty arrows, it's that I never seem to even notice that today is actually Valentine's Day. Years have gone by without so much as it blipping on my blip calendar.

Which is why I am both anxious and excited about [Céline B. La Terreur's](#) performance today at [articule](#). Represented by one of my absolute (if not all-time) favourite commerical galleries in Montréal, the [Joyce Yahouda](#), La Terreur is at once a diva dying, a notion of who-gets-to-leave-this-world-how, and just a downright charismatically alluring and bizarre individual who I can't stop staring at.

<http://www.thefrozenmammoth.com/tag/celine-b-la-terreur/>

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She's a bona fide local artist who will be presenting (I believe) for the first time in an Artist Run Centre environment, with a month-long exhibition and the performance today at 3 p.m. as well as one on the 8th of March for those who are too busy swooning over some swan-boat down by the river, hands mashed into the hands of another, SHARING MICROCOSMIC GERMS only the angels of love surrounding you can see, etc. etc.

And to be honest, while I don't know much about her work, (other than the fact that this piece in particular is called *The Antechamber of Death* and it focuses on what happens when an imaginary diva dies, and the fact that she's obsessed with Maria Callas) I somehow feel a bizarre trust with where she's going, or wants to take me, in a way that I rarely do. Not even trust, exactly - an excitement. A willingness. And so forth...

I am assuming you want to come to see her perform as I think it would be best to see her installation with her in it, as it's the persona of the artist that leaves one feeling haunted in this case. So do it. Make the call you've been meaning to make these past weeks but haven't had the nerve, in the end, to do. Tell him it's over, that you're bored and just need some space. Or that St Valentine's day made you realize that you never loved her like you thought you did. And then get your ass down to articule and we'll have a Terreur-filled day and we can get drunk and barf your ex's name out in the snow, together.

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• About Us

INSIDE THE FROZEN MAMMOTH was founded in October 2008 by a gangle & gaggle & gang of four kids with eyes & feet & hands. We live in Montreal and write about art.

JULIEN CECCALDI is an artist and animator who is too young for his own good. See his