

Paris is burning

Pour son numéro de rentrée, *L'Officiel Art* a sélectionné onze artistes racontés par onze contributeurs amis ou complices qui ont pour commun dénominateur une seule ville, Paris.

For the September issue, *L'Officiel Art* has selected eleven artists who have been portrayed by friends or complices with one common denominator: Paris.

Nicolas Roggy m'a dit penser, parfois, pour peindre, aux ballets russes. Or, il y a un an, en été, à Paris, il s'appuyait, geste rare chez lui, sur une œuvre pour en réaliser une autre. Ou plutôt il appuyait – littéralement – une de ses peintures contre un élément d'architecture de Jean Prouvé*. Il avait choisi un grand *Brise-Soleil* (1962-63) à larges lamelles d'aluminium, léger et ventilé, qui filtre la lumière. Conçu à l'origine pour des systèmes d'habitation en zone tropicale humide, le panneau a été arraché à l'environnement pour lequel il fut pensé : une école en Afrique. Sans soleil, sans enfants, sans salle de classe, il est réduit à une démonstration plutôt raide, quoique parfaitement proportionnée. Un peintre qui choisit un objet filtrant la lumière, brisant le soleil et dont on clame injustement l'autonomie, l'immobilité, est, a priori, un peu comme un danseur qui fout ses pieds dans le béton. La pièce de Roggy est "*contre celle de Prouvé, tout contre*". Dans ses peintures, il y a des couches qui aspirent à faire apparaître et bouger, sur une seule surface en aluminium léger, une multitude d'images et de dessins, dont les danseurs russes, ou bien leurs costumes. Il y a aussi de la lumière, du mouvement, de la légèreté, des bouquets, quelques jets, des couleurs. Pour leur côté décoratif, volage, grave, les tableaux abstraits de Nicolas Roggy font penser à ceux, figuratifs, de l'artiste américaine Florine Stettheimer. Elle était une poétesse, une mondaine. Elle peignait surtout des fêtes et des danseurs, alanguis et dispersés, dans des jardins, au soleil. Elle voulut que ses œuvres soient détruites après sa mort, en 1944. Ce ne fut pas le cas. A elles, aussi illégitimes et incongrues que les *Brise-Soleil* de Prouvé, qui ne furent pas conçus pour l'espace blanc de la galerie ou du musée, Roggy pourrait également s'adosser, sans qu'il ne soit question de référence, de discours, de continuité, mais de lumière, de danse, de posture.

Par Lili Reynaud Dewar

*Selon un principe de discussion inauguré par Bob Nickas en 1996 et renouvelé en 2016 avec l'exposition "Pièces-Meublés", à la galerie Patrick Seguin, qui enjoignait les artistes à choisir un objet, parmi la grande quantité produite par Prouvé, pour créer une nouvelle œuvre.

Nicolas Roggy est représenté par la galerie Martos (New York).



PHOTO RAPHAËL FANELLI, COURTESY MARTOS GALLERY ET PATRICK SEGUIN.



Page de gauche, de haut en bas, Nicolas Roggy, *Sans titre*, 2017, médium acrylique, pigments, peinture alkyde-uréthane, peinture acrylique sur aluminium, 177 x 150 cm. Nicolas Roggy, *Sans titre*, 2017, gesso, médium acrylique, pigments, peinture acrylique sur aluminium, 177 x 150 cm. Ci-dessus, Nicolas Roggy, *Sans titre*, 2016, gesso, médium acrylique, pigments, peinture acrylique, sur bois, 270 x 178 cm. A gauche de l'œuvre : Jean Prouvé, *Brise-soleil*, Cameroun, 1964, aluminium et bois, 270 x 178 x 16cm ; *Plièces – Meublés*, par le commissaire Bob Nickas à la Galerie Patrick Seguin, Paris, 2016.

Nicolas Roggy

RASMUS MYRUP

By Gilles de Raies

In a prolific era for studies in sexual behaviour, prehistory appears as a relatively virgin terrain in terms of representation, or at least as one inhabited by wild and purely functional impulses. But what about the innumerable athletic and affective variations of our distant cousins? Were the hunter-gatherers serial fuckers? Rasmus Myrup, a Parisian from Denmark and Peter Berlin's brother from another mother, attempts to incarnate, through several series of drawings and installations, the glory of these missing titans. If he bases his work on scientific research, it is nevertheless a fantasy nourished by sexual counter-cultures and obscure fan-art which prevails. The poses of these prehistoric men are sometimes lascivious, but most often gentle and protective, meaty and hairy envelopes of sensitive boys. Here, there are no humid backrooms, brothel caves and fetishistic animal skins, but rather sites with georgic overtones and exquisite colossi which populate caverns lit by moonlight. Going against the brutal stereotypes associated with hominids, the latter turn out to be at once virile, but also strangely courteous, graceful, civilized. This paleo-eroticism borrows as much from the classical ideal of Canova as from the powerful poses of Bertel Thorvaldsen, but it is of course Tom of Finland that one thinks of when contemplating these giants of a millennial past. The dinosaurs are also entitled to a most amiable re-interpretation: they are portrayed with bonhomie as sociable and sensitive subjects, the opposite of the hostile beings of Jurassic Park. In osmosis with their bipedal and volatile contemporaries, the Tyrannosaurus Rex tries tasting tea as much as its own feelings.

KAPWANI KIWANGA

By Virginie Bobin

Kapwani Kiwanga's work is haunted by the question of care: whether she plays the role of museum curator, gently manipulating objects collected during an investigation into the Maji-Maji revolt in Tanzania in the performance *A Conservator's Tale*, or whether she proposes, to the team at La Ferme du Buisson art centre, to grow castor oil plants which give the ingredients of a potion meant to protect warriors from

the German settlers' bullets. Through somewhat magical gestures, Kiwanga weaves polyphonic stories which waver between documentary and fiction, jumping from one temporality to another without fear of falling into the gaps left by the dominant story - that of colonialism, resistance movements, or the religious and scientific belief systems that are of particular interest to her. *Pink-Blue* (2017), the installation presented in the exhibition "A Wall is Just a Wall (The Power Plant)" reverses this curative approach by transposing it to architecture as an instrument of control aimed at preserving the social order. The "Baker Miller Rose" that covers the walls of the first half of the corridor was developed by Dr. Alexander Schauss in the late 1970s in order to calm the aggressiveness of inmates in North American prisons. The second part is lit by the same bluish light used in some public spaces to discourage intravenous drug use. *Pink-Blue* belongs to a series of works which question the role of colour in disciplinary architecture (in schools, prisons, and psychiatric hospitals), and are critical of the installations of a Turrell or the paintings of a Rothko, who are seen as being "complicit in their neutrality" to the errors of modernism. For Kiwanga, this is a way of taking care of the memory of bodies repressed by these environments.

Kapwani Kiwanga lives and works in Paris. She is represented by the gallery Jérôme Poggi (Paris). She is one of the artists pre-selected for the 9th edition of the Maurice Prize for Contemporary Art.

NICOLAS ROGGY

By Lili Reynaud Dewar

Nicolas Roggy told me that sometimes, in order to paint, he would think of the Russian ballets. Now, a year ago, in Paris in the summer, in a rare gesture for him, he leant on one work in order to create another. Or rather, he literally leant one of his paintings against an element of architecture by Jean Prouvé*. He had chosen a large *Brise-Soleil* (1962-63) with large, light and ventilated aluminum strips, which filter out the light. Originally designed for housing systems in humid tropical areas, the panel had been torn from the environment for which it was conceived, namely: a school in Africa. Without sun, without children,

without a classroom, it is reduced to a rather stiff, though perfectly proportionate, demonstration. A painter who chooses an object which filters light, shatters the sun, and whose autonomy and immobility is unjustly claimed, is, a priori, a little like a dancer who drags his feet in concrete. Roggy's piece is "against Prouvé's, completely against it". In his paintings, there are layers which aspire to make a multitude of images and drawings—including the Russian dancers, or their costumes—appear and move on a single surface of light aluminum. There is also light, movement, lightness, bouquets, a few sprays, some colors. For their decorative, unsteady, and serious side, Nicolas Roggy's abstract paintings are reminiscent of the American artist Florine Stettheimer's figurative ones. She was a poet and society lady. She painted mainly feasts and dancers, languidly scattered throughout gardens, beneath the sun. She wanted her works to be destroyed after her death in 1944. This was not the case. As illegitimate and incongruous as Prouvé's *Brise-Soleil*, and not being meant for the white space of the gallery or the museum, Roggy could also lean against these works, without there being question of reference, discourse, or continuity, but only of light, dance, and posture.

** According to a principle inaugurated by Bob Nickas in 1996, and renewed in 2016 with the exhibition "Pièces-Meublées" at the Patrick Seguin gallery, which asked artists to choose an object, among Prouvé's large quantity of them, in order to create a new work.*

Nicolas Roggy is represented by the Martos gallery (New York).

CÉDRIC FARGUES

By Anna Solal

Cédric Fargues is a young artist who lives between Figeac and Paris. He develops an idle, nonchalant and residual aesthetic around rural domestic life, mixing mainstream gay culture and Christianity. Fargues' creations are deployed on several mediums, such as the installation with *Henry* (2014) - wallpaper which takes up Fargues's motif of an affectionate vacuum cleaner and wheeled companion - photography - with his self-portraits in haystacks - or smell, with his bottles of *Bébéfleurs*