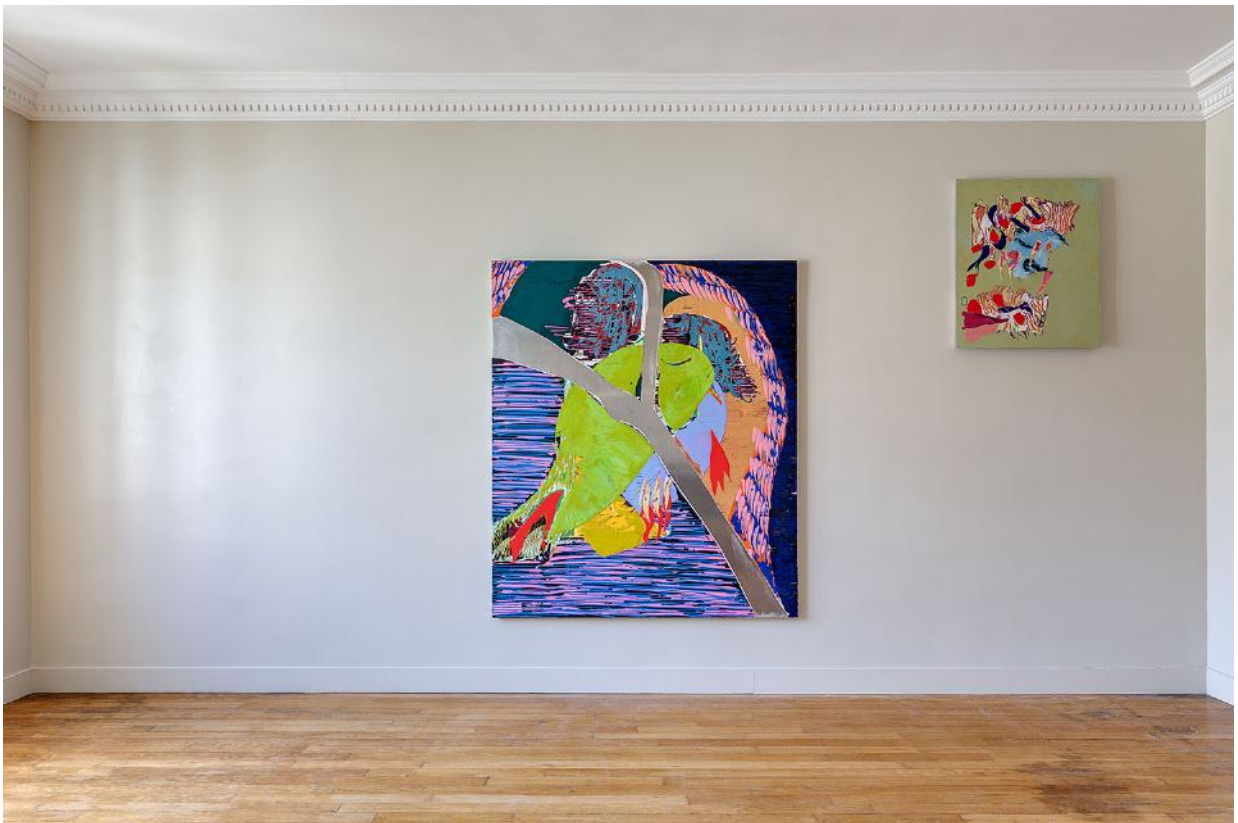
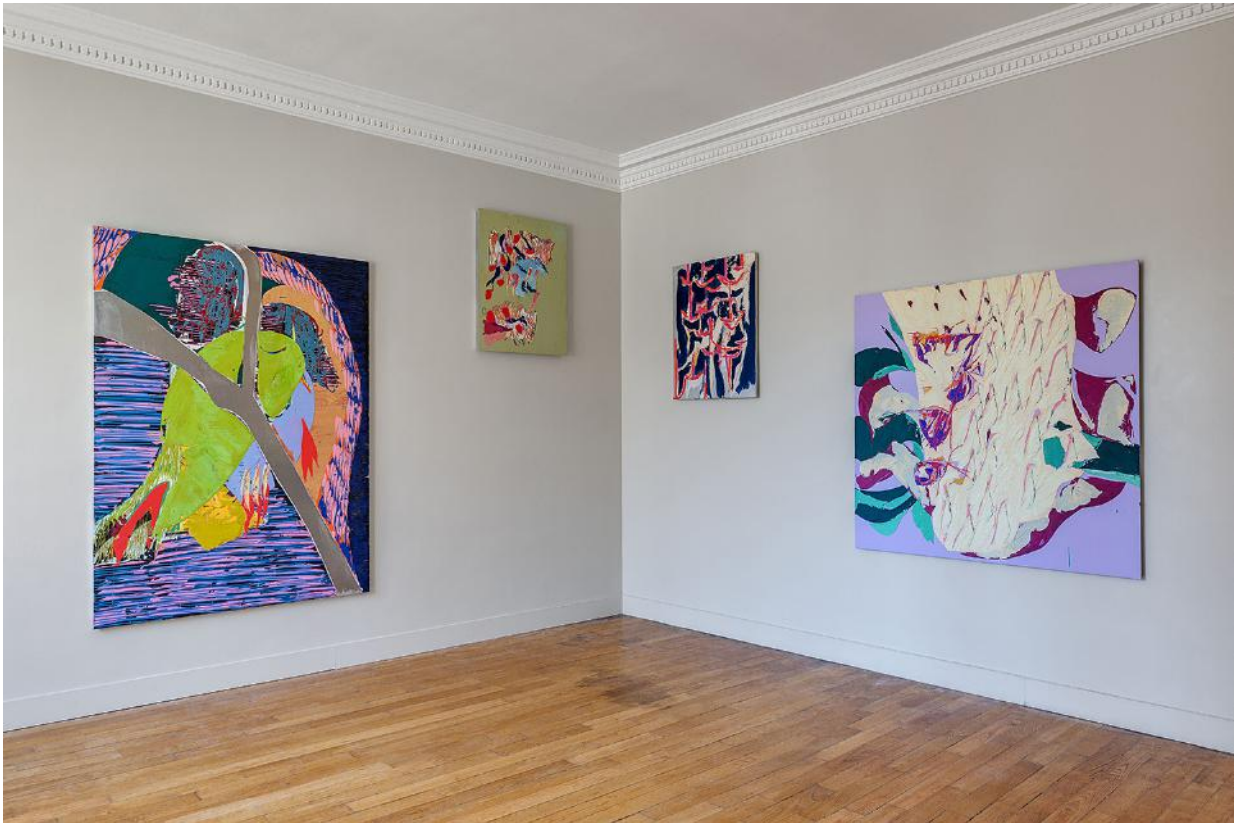


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MOUSSE

April 8, 2018



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Nicolas Roggy "Upper bodies" at Sundogs, Paris, 2018
Courtesy: Sundogs, Paris

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To abstract means to subtract. Something is always taken away. Data is removed from matter. So what if abstraction is a movement towards information? What matters?

Roggy's paintings are highly constructed to a point of absurdity. But as complex as they are, their workings are finely tuned for one simple purpose. One telling the passing of time, the other unveils the image as a machine. Nevertheless Roggy's art is neither formulaic nor does it follow a certain routine.

On the one hand, his paintings function as images. Particularly when seen from afar, they emerge like hard facts. From a closer view, the image breaks down with a puzzling effect, into a dysfunctional plastic category.

His abstractions are literally additions. Layer upon layer, he crafts landscapes of paint. Like a collage, the work insists on a plane beyond the second dimension. Besides the image. The abstract image reifies its existence as an actual object. This brings up the question: does the object reject its abstract nature in order to insist on something concrete?

Thinking of Ad Reinhardt: do they become signs that refuse to signify? The different layers challenge the very notion of the sublime, almost like convoluted traces of monochromes. Roggy asserts Reinhardt's credo, what is not there is more important than what is there. Every fragment that he attempts or sabotages, rips open something and raises spatial and temporal questions: What was before and what came after? What's on top and what lies underneath?

at Sundogs, Paris
until 18 August 2018

N°23

L'OFFICIEL ART

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 foute 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-Meublées", 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, medium acrylique, pigments, peinture alkyde-uréthane, peinture acrylique sur aluminium, 177 x 150 cm. Nicolas Roggy, *Sans titre*, 2017, gesso, medium 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 ; *Pièces – 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 Robin

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).

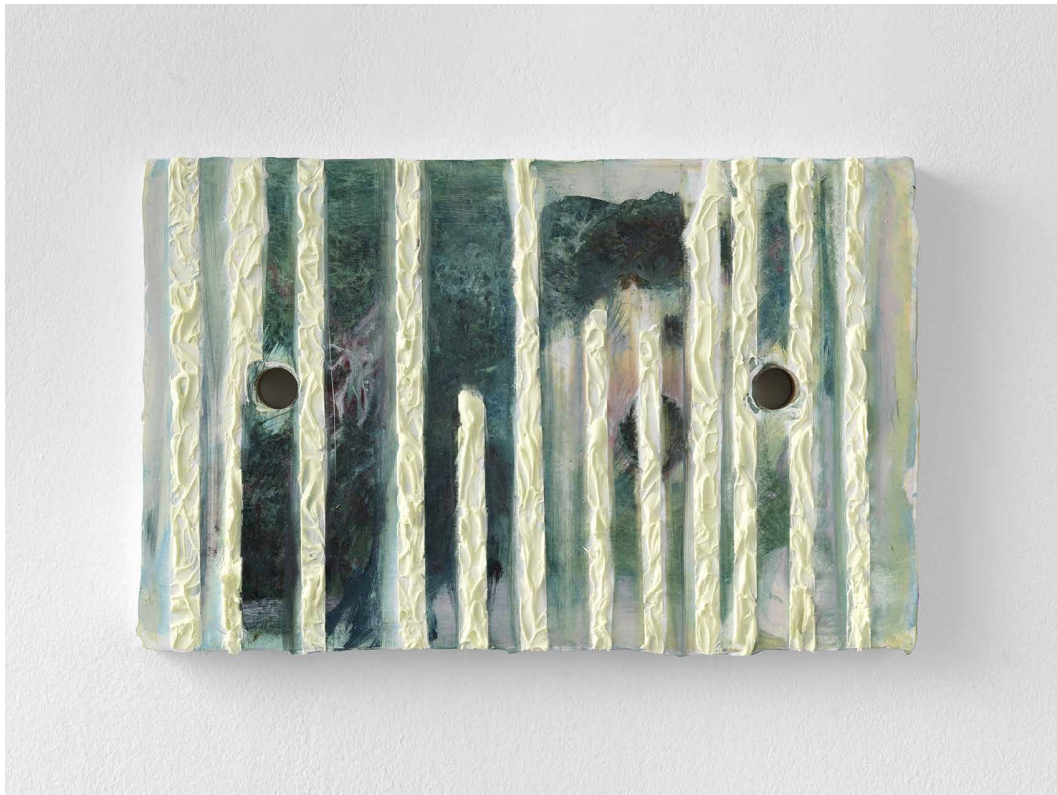
CÉDRIC FARGUES

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

Nicolas Roggy

—

by Jill Gasparina

None of Nicolas Roggy's paintings have titles. To be able to talk about them in their absence (meaning in any conversation not held in his studio in suburban Paris, or in one of his exhibitions, but elsewhere in space, on the telephone, in front of a pdf file, or on Skype), he has to describe them based either on a set of variable details and coordinates—their format (large or small), their colours, the complexity of their composition where relevant, and their thickness—or on a place where he has exhibited them. This produces such descriptions as: “the large pink painting like a folding screen, the largest one in the New York show”, “the spray painted ones at the Triple V gallery”, “the pink painting at the stand, the one which was the most mannered and the cheesiest”, “the one shaped like a suitcase which I made for Anton Kern”, and “the large green and red, the simplest”. He describes his paintings the way one describes a person whose name one does not know, in a form of anthropomorphism. “I often compare my paintings to masks”, he explains, “but it would be

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more to the point to say that they are close to the mask's unity.”¹

Nicolas Roggy has developed a manufacturing method (this is the word he himself uses: he “manufactures” paintings) which consists in adding more or less thick layers of gypsum, plaster, paint, silkscreened inks, or letraset to PVC and wooden surfaces which are at times flat, at others protruding from the wall). This added matter sometimes becomes unchecked (which gives rise to thick and very matterist paintings), while at others it is contained. The symmetry is more or less strict. The layers are applied, sanded in places, then more are added, and sanded again. The process is repeated.



Nicolas Roggy, Sans titre, 2014, 142 × 167 cm. Photo : André Morin courtesy Triple V, Paris.

Nicolas Roggy is not one of those painters who explain their relation to the medium through the ever-changing repetition of one and the same motif (like Josh Smith and his thick-lipped fish). Each painting is based on a visual plan which is peculiar to it. It is the result of a manufacturing experiment which does not comply with any kind of systematism (what is more, the nature of the surfaces and media he uses changes). Its colours, its depth and its composition are ever-variable parameters, akin to the degree of confusion and hybridization. He also devises his exhibitions outside of any formula, and does not work in series. For the pieces which he produced for the Martos Gallery stand at the Independent

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art fair in Brussels in April 2016, he developed a principle which he describes as “hysterical”,² with each piece being an asserted proposition, produced over a long period of time, and a possible direction for the painting fitting into a highly stage-designed whole. For his participation in the UNdocumenta festival at Gwangju in May 2016, he worked at greater speed, in a single evening and without too many details painting a set of black and very matterist pictures, which were then installed on previously prepared partitions. For the exhibition which the curator Bob Nickas is organizing this summer around some Jean Prouvé pieces, he has been working from shapes found in this latter’s œuvre. But this appropriation of forms taken from reality is more than rare in his works.

His works thus have something destabilizing about them, inasmuch as they do not create any kind of habit in those looking at them. An idea of painting is developed in each instance, one possibility among billions of others takes shape in a proposal, which leads to a new experience, and a surprise. So we might start by saying that his paintings are all abstract, all very different, and all thoroughly autonomous. No title or discourse conspires to load them with any prior meaning whatsoever. What is more, the artist refuses to steer the way they

are interpreted by means of overly didactic analyses (“the works always have a potential discourse, but I prefer not to reveal it, out of superstition, and because I’m afraid that the painting might then lose its autonomy.”)³ In this way, the discourse that he develops about them is not analytical, but tells us about the story and method of their manufacture, and describes the effects he uses (matt/glossy/metallic, the interplay with sculptural and architectural scales, and chromaticism) and his romance with materials. He invariably emphasizes his wish to leave viewers free to look at his works and understand them as they see fit. This is stylistically translated in the superposition of layers: it is often white that forms the final coat, a reversal of the traditional process which, eventually, offers onlookers an open projection area. He wants to manufacture paintings “which leave people alone”.⁴

So in his œuvre everyone sees what they want to see. It might be maintained, as Sharon Butler does, that Nicolas Roggy’s painting lends visibility to the ways we use the Internet⁵ (a nothing if not surprising analysis, and one which he formally refutes). Or that he is developing a body of work which reflects modern life, as might be suggested by the title of the exhibition “The Painter of Modern Life” organized in New York in Spring 2015 by the freelance American curator Bob Nickas, where Roggy showed several paintings.

So in the way in which we can look at an abstract painting by Christopher Wool as the realist depiction of New York in the 1980s and 1990s (Wool has incidentally been involved in a photographic project about New York), it is also possible to see Nicolas Roggy’s works as pictorial translations of the visual, physical and emotional experience, which, for him, consists in living and working today in northern Paris, between La Courneuve and

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Aubervilliers, in a suburban, chaotic and post-industrial Paris which is forever under construction (if most of his works are conceived for the white cube setting, he is also thinking these days of producing street paintings, paintings for the street). In his paintings we find signs referring to this urban environment: the pale green he so often uses thus evokes not only the colour of Paris's metro but also that of fireproofed plasterboard, and, more generally, his colours share in common the fact that they are not colours of communication but those of road-signs and construction, with the day-glo and red referring to building sites and highways, and white and greyish hues to rendering and cement. Nicolas Roggy *manufactures* paintings. So the dust of streets, factories and worksites merges with the dust that he creates when he sands the surface of his paintings, dust which covers every nook and cranny of his studio.

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Nicolas Roggy, *Sans titre*, 2014, 80 × 89 cm. Photo: André Morin courtesy Triple V, Paris.

In his review of “The Painter of Modern Life”, the *New York Times* critic Ken Johnson seemed annoyed about the discrepancy between the show’s title and what he found in it: “Given its title, taken from an essay by Baudelaire, you might suppose that “The Painter of Modern Life” would offer an alternative to the abstract and conceptually self-reflexive approaches to painting that are so prevalent today”.⁶ He went on to describe the exhibition as “lively and engaging”, but he was at pains to disguise the fact that he left unsatisfied. “it doesn’t have a lot to do with life as ordinarily construed”. Read: none of the 70 works on view in the show had handed Ken Johnson, lock, stock and barrel, the secrets of modern life in the manner of the subjects covered by the new French highway code exam (implying: Oh no, more deconstructed abstraction! Quick, an image of figurative painting by way of illustration!).

But what if we reckoned that the exhibition’s title did keep its promises? And that paintings which focus, like Nicolas Roggy’s, on “formal and procedural aspects like surfaces, shapes, repetition, color and sensually assertive materials ”⁷ are just as apt as a photograph depicting police violence against students, or a video montage of images found on the web, when it comes to conveying modern life? “All contemporary art, then, with no reliable guarantors for posterity, is in a sense pre-historic”, Nickas explains. “Let the works, one at a time, convince you that this visual realm remains a compelling place to explore, and that picture-making can’t help but define our time. After all, the artists are both observers of and re-makers of reality”.⁸

Another possible interpretation, quite akin to this realistic hypothesis, is that of the artist’s gallerist, Vincent Pécoil, who sees in Nicolas Roggy’s work “an abstract allegory: a blurred and distorted image of the confusion of the world about us”.⁹ And in fact his paintings display a familiar disorder, contrasts between contradictory formal and conceptual principles, depth and flatness, geometry and accident, the mechanical and the gestural, construction and destruction, refinement and roughness, and even the popular and the scholarly (Roggy quoting, in reference to one of his latest paintings, a Paul Thek work and Erté illustrations, this latter having produced, in the 1930s, precious theatrical costumes and ballet sets). This is one of the lessons to be learnt from Nicolas Roggy’s painting, which re-asserts that the purest pictorial abstraction can, it just so happens, visually transcribe our everyday experiences. Not only because it borrows its abstraction form the world roundabout (the world of finance, of architectural forms, of social relations, and data flows) but also because, using the means of painting, it presents a muddle between contradictory principles and aspirations which we are forever trying our hand at—a muddle which is first and foremost mental. In this sense, Nicolas Roggy’s painting is expressive, if not Expressionist.

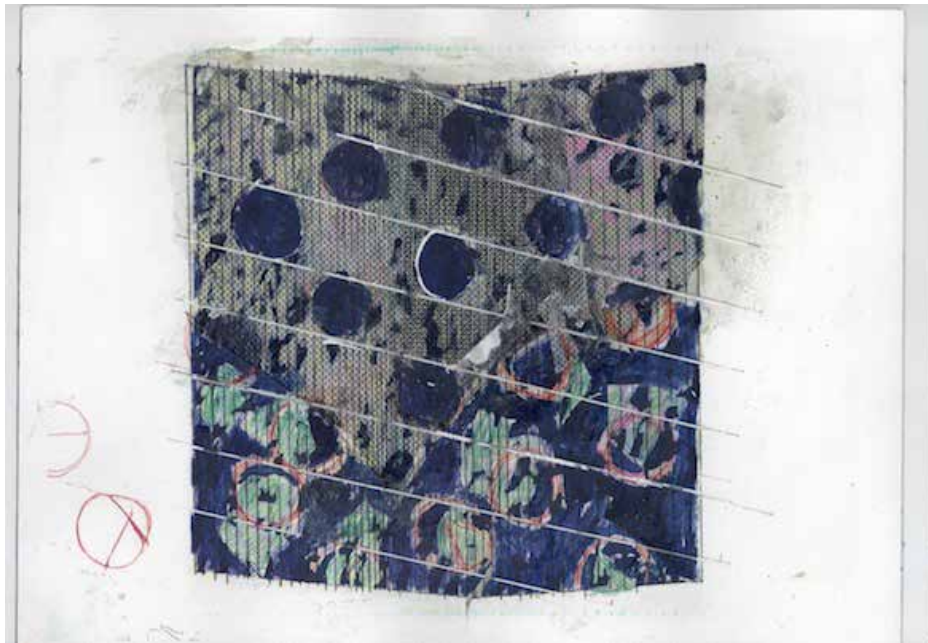


Nicolas Roggy, *Sans titre*, 2014, 36 × 44 cm. Courtesy Martos gallery.

One feature of his work which has attracted little comment to date is the powerful link it has with drawing, collage and assemblage. This production stage was already present when he was a student at the Nantes School of Fine Arts (along with *We are the Painters*, and Florian and Michael Quistrebert, with whose painting his own is often compared, even though their respective challenges differ greatly, for they are far more process-oriented in Roggy's œuvre). At that time he was making collages based on supermarket prospectuses, and producing sculptures using bits of pianos found in garbage dumps, painted and put together. "For some painting, I draw", he explains today. "I make a sketch on which I glue patterns, which I then reproduce on a large scale. The highly constructed pictures are first of all made like drawings. But not in a systematic way."¹⁰ The degree of resemblance between the drawing on paper and the picture is, moreover, quite unsettling (which runs counter to the idea that he might produce a thoroughly off-the-cuff painting; what is more, the drawing develops as he produces the painting, *with* the painting). He also draws from a personal image bank, which encompasses old plates depicting alchemy, illustrations, decorative things, and furniture. "I print sheets of paper, and I overlay them on each other. I focus on one element of the image, which I enlarge. I play with parts of things, mixed with parts of costumes, patterns, and sometimes even works."¹¹



Nicolas Roggy, Sans titre, 2015, 236 × 200 cm. Photo : André Morin courtesy Triple V, Paris.



Sketch for Sans titre, 2015.

These drawings are never shown. Most of them have been given away, or are lost and invisible. But they say something about the nature of the artist's work. Like a collage which can incorporate its component elements in a larger order, or, conversely, proudly display the eclectic dimension of these elements, each one of Nicolas Roggy's paintings offers us a tranquil image of disorder.

Nicolas Roggy : l'inutilité viscérale

Par Pedro Morais



Nicolas Roggy, Sans titre, 2014, gesso, pigments, peinture acrylique, modeling paste et impression jet d'encre sur PVC, 34,8 x 45 x 5,8 cm. Courtesy Martos Gallery NY.

Nicolas Roggy a participé au Salon de Montrouge en 2010. En employant des gestes de destruction et des matériaux empruntés à la construction, il bâtit l'actualité d'une peinture abstraite impure, avec des tableaux-masques, des récits de couleurs, de la géométrie artisanale et des peaux monstrueuses. Il expose actuellement à la Galerie Triple V à Paris.

Au printemps dernier, le légendaire curateur indépendant new-yorkais Bob Nickas organisait l'exposition collective « The Painter of Modern Life » à Anton Kern Gallery, à New York, en y invitant un seul artiste français : Nicolas Roggy. L'exposition était une sorte de riposte à « The Forever Now », un état des lieux de la peinture proposée par le MoMA, qui privilégiait la capacité de la pratique picturale à signifier les mutations

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du monde. Nickas, au contraire, est l'un des meilleurs avocats d'une peinture abstraite engageant ses propres moyens (surface, couleur, matériau, geste) dans un rapport impur avec les codes visuels qui nous entourent. Réinventer un langage, en somme, plutôt que courir derrière le fil ininterrompu d'actualité de sujets à peindre. Ce n'est d'ailleurs pas une surprise que la galerie où expose Nicolas Roggy, Triple V, soit dirigée par Vincent Pécoil, critique d'art très influent dans le soutien d'une abstraction impure, à la suite de Bob Nickas. Ces questions traversent aussi sa famille d'artistes – Florian & Michael Quistrebert, Aurélien Porte & Nicolas Beaumelle (We Are The Painters) – issus, comme lui, des Beaux-arts de Nantes.

Alors, est-il encore possible de parler d'abstraction aujourd'hui, quand tout signe visuel semble rentrer immédiatement dans une chaîne de significations ? « Nous ne voyons finalement que ce que nous comprenons, dit l'artiste Nicolas Roggy lui-même. Nous avons déjà une collection d'images dans la tête quand nous regardons une peinture ». Quelque part, elle « rend compte au spectateur de ce qu'il peut être ». L'idée d'une autonomie du tableau, sans aucun lien avec le monde, semble donc derrière nous. La peinture de Roggy a plutôt la capacité de nous interroger à travers des choix formels sur des questions abstraites, au-delà de l'anecdote d'un thème ou d'un sujet. Les questions sont travaillées dans la matière : ses tableaux donnent l'impression d'être un champ de bataille. « Je veux que l'attention que je porte aux étapes d'une réflexion soit visible », dit-il. Quelle est la part du hasard et de la décision ? Est-il possible de contrarier le désir d'ordre ? Est-ce que l'informe nourrit l'angoisse de ne pas savoir ce que l'on doit regarder ? En quoi l'accident peut apporter un élément de « vérité » (car, selon lui, il n'y a pas de vérité en peinture) ?

« Je cherche l'accident, des gestes de destruction, en mettant à l'épreuve la constance. Quelque part je ne respecte pas ce que je fais, je dois me faire violence quand je trouve que cela reste trop de la peinture, trop de la surface », déclare-t-il. Cette capacité à défaire se retrouve dans des gestes (poncer, creuser, découper) empruntés aux techniques du bâtiment ou de l'architecture, tout comme dans des matériaux de type enduit ou ciment ou dans des couleurs mates, sans vernis. Nicolas Roggy s'arrange toujours pour y projeter des bribes de récit : « J'entretiens un rapport intime aux couleurs primaires, analyse-t-il. Je crée une histoire avec elles, romantique ou brutale, comme si c'était la première fois que je les utilisais. Il m'arrive souvent d'utiliser des couleurs que je n'aime pas au premier abord, et que je m'efforce de me faire aimer. Je prends un vert difficile, de décoration d'intérieur bourgeois et je l'interromps par une tranche de rouge électrique, neuf ». Il compare souvent ses

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peintures de petit format à des masques, leur attribuant une fonction rituelle – « il y a quelque chose d'un peu illuminé à vouloir croire dans cet objet simplement accroché à hauteur d'homme » – et utilise la métaphore de la peau pour parler de ses surfaces monstrueuses. « J'aime parfois les bonnes croûtes, bien épaisses, elles renferment une violence avec cette manière naïve et brute, très gauche en somme, de vouloir représenter la lumière, non pas sous la forme d'un prisme vapoureux mais plutôt par un tas de pus », dit-il. Son intérêt pour les formes longtemps considérées comme mineures – « le bas-relief était considéré une injure à la peinture, son volume perçu comme une incapacité à travailler la profondeur de champ » – permet alors d'envisager la peinture comme une réalité alternative où les hiérarchies sont en mutation permanente. SPACE IS THE PLACE, jusqu'au 19 décembre, Triple V, 24 rue Louise-Weiss, 75013 Paris, tél. +33 1 45 84 08 36, <http://www.triple-v.fr>

Texte publié dans le cadre du programme de suivi critique des artistes du Salon de Montrouge, avec le soutien de la Ville de Montrouge, du Conseil général des Hauts-de-Seine, du ministère de la Culture et de la Communication et de l'ADAGP.

Les jeunes bousculent la Fiac

Lieux de surprises et de découvertes, les jeunes galeries conviées à la foire apporteront cette année encore un vent de fraîcheur

Regroupées au premier étage du Grand Palais, les plus jeunes enseignes exposant à la Fiac sont toujours l'occasion de se confronter à des propositions diversement heureuses, qui néanmoins « rafraichissent » l'atmosphère par leur dynamisme et, pour les plus engageantes, leur originalité.

Nouvel entrant à la foire, Christian Andersen (Copenhague) propose un dialogue entre sculptures et dessins de deux artistes allemands, Benjamin Hirte et Till Megerle. Leurs œuvres s'entremêlent en une véritable conversation tant leurs pratiques révèlent des préoccupations communes et offrent des qualités complémentaires. Les pièces murales du premier, composées de fragments de tuyaux auxquels s'agrégent d'autres objets, imposent une forme de corporalité et de mouvement sans pour au-



tant devenir des figures. Les dynamiques dessins du second, pour la plupart exécutés au stylo et au correcteur blanc, cherchent eux aussi une énergie primaire à la croisée de plusieurs types d'imagerie.

Impétrante et nordique également, la galerie VI, VII (Oslo) présente elle aussi un dialogue grâce aux travaux exécutés à quatre mains par deux artistes norvégiens donnant dans l'abstraction, Ida Ekblad et Eirik Sæther. Leurs œuvres intrigantes incluent de la peinture et des fragments d'éviers en acier. Les rejoignent les nouvelles sculptures d'Eloise Hawser et des travaux de l'Américain Than Hussein Clark qui flirtent volontiers sur la limite entre sculpture, design et mobilier.

Projets personnels

Chez Office Baroque (Bruxelles), c'est l'Américain Matthew Brannon qui officie sur tout le stand avec un *solo show* et des œuvres dans lesquelles il s'ingénie

à recycler dans des impressions de format divers des objets du quotidien jetables tels des menus, affiches ou publicités. De son côté, Plan B (Cluj, Berlin) annonce des valeurs sûres de sa galerie avec une série de dessins récents de l'imparable Ciprian Muresan, et des œuvres de Navid Nuur et un nouveau tableau d'Adrian Ghenie. La galerie propose aussi une redécouverte avec une sculpture historique de l'artiste roumain Horia Damian (1922-2012), qui œuvre beaucoup autour de l'idée du monument.

Côté français, la New Galerie (Paris, New York) promet un accrochage de l'Américain Artie Vierkant, qui interroge la propriété intellectuelle et les modes d'appropriation contemporains à travers notamment la collaboration engagée avec un producteur de filtres à air.

Autre projet personnel, celui de Benoît Maire sur le stand de Cortex Athletico (Paris, Bordeaux), qui souhaite créer là une plateforme pouvant rendre compte de l'ensemble de ses récents projets exposés dans diverses institutions européennes.

Nicolas Roggy, *Sans titre*, 2014, gesso, pâte à modeler, pigment, sérigraphie, 212 x 195,5 cm.

Courtesy Galerie Triple V, Paris.

Chez Gaudel de Stampa (Paris), les explorations tant iconographiques que techniques de Dove Allouche, tout en sobriété noire et blanche, prennent langue avec les abstractions des plus énergiques et colorées de Jessica Warboys et d'Emil M. Klein. Crève-cœur met logiquement à l'honneur Florian et Michaël Quistrebert, nommés cette année pour le prix Marcel Duchamp ; ils présentent de nouvelles peintures aux puissants effets optiques aux côtés d'une installation vidéo de Shana Moulton – celle-ci avait habité l'année dernière au même endroit un formidable stand. Nouvelle participante, la galerie Mor.Charpentier (Paris) vient avec les questions de territoire soulevées par une vidéo de Lara Almarcegui et des photos de Teresa Margolles.

Poteries anatoliennes

Du côté des dix galeries sélectionnées cette année pour le Prix Lafayette, six présentent des expositions personnelles. Triple V (Paris) laisse la parole à la peinture abstraite de Nicolas Roggy : ses motifs répétitifs engendrent souvent une circulation dans la toile avant que ne survienne un accident, défiant ainsi toute idée d'ordre désiré ou entretenu au-delà de l'apparente géométrie.

Parisa Kind (Francfort-sur-le-Main) expose une série de nouvelles sculptures de Lena Henke, fondées sur l'idée de transmission d'une iconographie. L'artiste a fait siens des motifs de sculptures décoratives de Joseph Kiselewski créées pour un complexe d'habitations du Bronx, à New York, qu'elle transpose sur des feuilles de plastique translucide avant de les gonfler en volume et de les accrocher au mur, créant ainsi une étrange sensation à la fois de distance et de proximité.

Chez SpazioA (Pistoia, Italie), l'Allemande Esther Kläs s'intéresse à la temporalité d'une performance, en particulier ses préliminaires, et

En haut, Matthew Brannon, *Standing, Not With*, 2012, impression sur papier, 61 x 45,7 cm. Courtesy Office Baroque, Bruxelles.

Ci-dessus, Jessica Warboys, *New Castle*, 2014, huile sur toile, 180 x 125 cm. Courtesy Gaudel de Stampa, Paris.

revient sur ce moment à travers la confrontation silencieuse de deux sculptures. Tandis que chez Chert (Berlin) l'artiste suisse Vanessa Safavi propose une installation dans laquelle s'intercalent, entre des poteries anatoliennes qui semblent anciennes, des sacs en plastique froissés qui viennent en perturber l'ordonnancement. S'y ajoutent des sonorités dites « Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response », plus vulgairement dénommées « orgasmes du cerveau », qui en réponse à un stimulus visuel, olfactif ou auditif provoquent une sensation au niveau du crâne



le plus souvent ; une manière d'interroger les temporalités entre préservation des cultures anciennes et prétendues promesses d'un futur immatériel et sans limite.

Antoine Levi (Paris) joue quant à lui des contrastes entre les œuvres pratiquant l'autoréférence et à l'aspect presque minimaliste de l'Italien Francesco Gennari et la sculpture bien plus fantaisiste et attachée à son environnement de Sean Townley. Contrastes également chez RaebervonStenglin (Zurich), mais portant moins sur l'aspect formel, entre l'Australien David Keating et l'Allemand Alexander Wagner ; si tous deux adoptent un vocabulaire très construit et rigoureux avec un penchant géométrique non dissimulé, le premier le développe à travers la sculpture, en acier le plus souvent, quand l'autre use de différents modes d'expression picturale.

Frédéric Bonnet