

VALLOIS

GALERIE
Georges-Philippe
& Nathalie
Vallois

WINSHLUSS

*Pas la peine de pleurer,
personne ne te regarde...*

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Keith Tyson ^{GB}
Jacques Villeglé ^{FR}
Olav Westphalen ^{DE}
Winshluss ^{FR}
Virginie Yassef ^{FR}

29 May

11 July
2015

OPENING

Thursday 28 May
from 6 p.m.

CHOICES PARIS COLLECTOR WEEK-END

29-31/05

The topic he is more and more interested in, he says, is love. We are not sure we heard properly, we were rather expecting «death». He explains: the couple. Domestic life, the one that often starts at Ikea, for the middle class. And where it also ends sometimes, as shows this post-apocalyptic vision of a store from the Swedish chain swallowed by a fantasy jungle, the parking lot now a cemetery for cars. Vision of defeat, yet also of an indecisive renewal, with tender pastel colours, and a similar composition to *The Embarkation for Cythera* by Watteau, but as if it had been dealt with by a Chinese painter from the last century.



For his third solo show at Galerie Georges-Philippe & Nathalie Vallois, Vincent Paronnaud, a.k.a. Winshluss, well known by comic book aficionados for a few cult publications and the prize for best comic book at Angoulême (*Pinocchio*, 2008), looks at the love-hate ambivalence. This duality is already embodied in a recurrent pattern from his work, which he likes to refer to: Robert Mitchum's two fists in the film *The Night of the Hunter* by Charles Laughton, one bearing the word «Love», the other «Hate». Winshluss usually only represents the «Love» fist in drawings or sculptures, separated from the body, like a mutilation. This time, he offers us both hands, which is probably worse, both 1:1 scale glued on a handrail, in a pale resin, like a 3D ghost, and installed at the height of the viewer's eyes. These cut fists find an echo in four paintings representing severed fingers surrounded by insects, perhaps the sign of a sexual frustration if we recall the Freudian use Buñuel made of hands in *An Andalusian Dog*... Small phalluses wandering around on their own, but still ready to punch. At times, the only thing left is the shape of the fingers, or the holes in which to squeeze them: like this rumpled beer can, Next, or the American fist also tattooed with «Love» and nicely entitled *Dans ta gueule mon amour!*. Which shows that emptiness needs filling.

The materials and the manner in which he expresses this ambiguity recall the world of the Mexican *calaveras*, offerings in the shape of a skull often made out of sugar, a festive vision of the afterlife, and even a fertile one as the *calavera* is supposed to nourish the deceased. In Winshluss' works, it is not sugar but ceramic or porcelain, with the same flowers as the ones found in *calaveras*, but fallen at the feet of the object, forming a kind of crown from which springs the skull or the fist. Variations on the tattoo and «glory» aesthetics. Death, or indeed love, is the great common lot, the vanity. Winshluss sometimes talks about the mediocrity of life: even when we think we have succeeded, we actually have failed, in a way. Perhaps then, this consciousness of failure could be a superior degree of success... In any case, there is always resurrection, redemption, may it be crucified on a piece of wood from Ikea.

It is almost like the triumph of death, if we accept the double meaning of genitive, objective and subjective. Death triumphs, as in *The man who killed the sun*, cheering fake cinema poster, but it is also a triumph over death: after all, the artist (who has represented himself as a warrior) is stronger than the sun. Once fire has been stolen, he lights it under his diorama's characters from *The Luncheon on the Grass*, after Manet, which brings us back to the couple, except that it is a trio: Dostoïevski's *The Eternal Husband* read by René Girard? We are not on the grass, but below it (we can see the roots, not the dandelions), and we are far past lunchtime: the presuppositions implied by Manet are unveiled (prostitution, money) and the woman on the painting, the only one in the exhibition, is armed. She has already sorted the two men's cases out. We would readily see in this (semi-)victory the feminist key to the Winshlussian macabre dances.

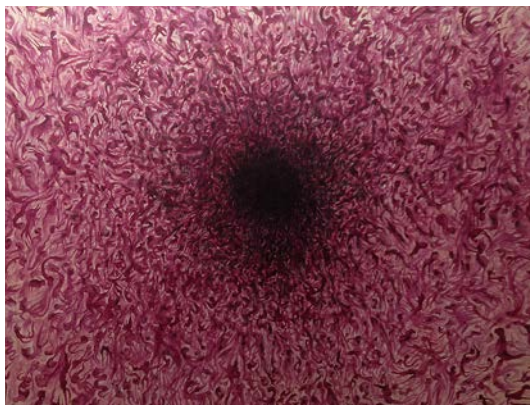
Éric Loret



Abrakan (naissance)

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Persian precipice

«Abrakan» is a slippery terrain. First we need to take some precautions if we don't want to be sucked in these great maelstroms whirling towards the deep end of the paintings. We also need to be careful not to get caught in the grand narrative launched by the Peybak duet in this series. The title and subtitle seem to come straight from a never-ending Gothic fantasy with suspension points warning us that we are far from reaching the end. «Somewhere, on the Abrakanian lands, beyond the sky, chaos comes after creation...». The tone is eloquent and audacious: we rarely read such hectic and grandiloquent catchphrases in the art world. We hear them on the television, on TV shows. «Geeks» also like these introductions often found in the video role games they play. Which already says this about Peybak's work: it must be very addictive.

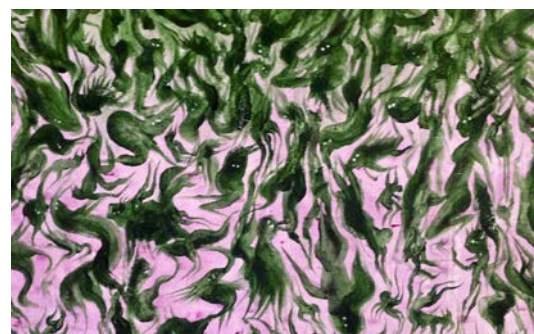
Babak Alebrahim Dehkordi and Peyman Barabadi are two young Iranian artists (both 30 years old), who graduated from an art school in Tehran (where they met in a painting course in 2000), almost unknown in Europe (although their work is currently exhibited in Rheims, in the cellars of the Pommeroy estate). When we ask who feeds into their work, who is their artistic source, they answer that they have been «influenced by Iranian poets, by stories» and add that they do not possess «any reference». Likewise, let us refrain from this temptation, to bring into the picture our own cultural baggage, from which we would take out, for this occasion, the colourful crowds of James Ensor, the picturesque humanity of Jérôme Bosch, or even Claudio Parmiggiani and his crypt marked with red hand prints, which could even push us all the way to Edgar Allan Poe and his «Descent into the Maelström». And in fact it's too late, we are there, we are going right there.

The paintings presented at Galerie Vallois are a stepping stone towards the erection of «Abrakan», an imaginary world in the shape, for the moment, of a boiling pot where a swarm of flexible and shapeless silhouettes

mill about and slowly cook. This melting pot seems to possess a false bottom: we catch a glimpse, in some of the paintings, of a blue sky, at least an opening, onto what? That, we will discover later as the «Abrakan» project is due to grow. The premises have already been set down, not through paintings, but in animated films which were projected in an exhibition space. Tiny creatures were swarming on several screens and today, they show themselves on canvases, on metal plaques, or even on boxes of matches, just as agitated and excitable. What are they? A legitimate question as the two artists take the risk of hanging their work to make it look like a census, or more trivial, a «who's who» organisation chart. Hung one by one, the members of Abrakan saturate the walls of the exhibition space. What's more, the Peybak duet rejoices in the fact that «there is not one similar to another. You cannot find two that are exactly the same, they say.»

But in the paintings, we have to admit that this crowd of creatures forms a whole, a body. They are all clustered in a compact and moving swarm, pulled in luminous swirls. Their work process actually starts with the choice of colour. No strict monochromes, each painting is, nonetheless, limited to a restrictive palette, reddening, dark, blueish, ochre, greenish. These tones are those of the start, or the end, of the day. Once again, within the stories told by the artists, these paintings depict the creation of a world. No need to ponder on the biological appearance of their characters (their sperm look). Rather, we should insist on what is starting to take shape within these forms on the paintings. «Abrakan», of course, but beyond it, it is an image of painting itself, the painting being made. The effervescent homunculi swarming on the paintings are, from far away, nothing else than brush strokes covering the painting, working to animate it, to fill it, to ignite it. «Abrakan» then becomes the terreplein of painting, between «creation» and «chaos». «Abrakan», in the end, is a precipice and a pictorial precipitate.

Judicaël Lavrador



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