

# Winchluss

## Something is burning

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William Wegman <sup>FR</sup>  
Winchluss <sup>FR</sup>  
Virginie Yassef <sup>FR</sup>

10.11

22.12.2023

### OPENING

Thursday,  
November 9

6 PM - 9 PM



For his fifth solo show at the gallery, Winchluss (Vincent Paronnaud) confronts us with a burning reality. *Something is burning* - the exhibition's title - sets the tone: yellow, pink, red, everything indeed is on fire! *I told you so, he sneers...*

Through a new series of large-scale drawings, Winchluss asks a question present in his work as a cartoonist, a visual artist or a filmmaker: what space is left for the individual in society? No answer to that query, other than the artist's grating laughter: *sometimes when I get up in the morning, I'm irritated by what I hear and see. I'm flabbergasted, I'm desperate and then, I laugh... What else can I do? It's all so absurd!*

In the first drawing, a cigarette is burning between the teeth of a laughing skull – mirthless laughter, no doubt. He's laughing himself to tears. From his absent eyes, mouth and nostrils, a rainbow-colored stream pours forth -

This skull cackles in our faces, free and impertinent: it's got the good life, a colorful life, between flaming butterflies and red-eyed roses with dilated pupils, in eternal complacency. Ultimately, the skull seems far more into Peace & Love than Barbapapa, who finds himself trapped in the stench of a heap of garbage in another work on paper, or than White Man - Winchluss's alter-ego -, trapped in an hourglass, caught short by time and life. In yet another work, a smiley face with kissing lips lights up a neon-pink sky like a shooting star. It blazes towards a gray, rocky earth where a few daisies still remain; as do two beings, a man and a woman. They stand back-to-back, smiling at their smartphones. *Networks are humanity in all its disgusting splendor*, says the artist in a 2021 interview in *Les Cahiers de la BD*.

At the center of the gallery, it's atomic war... An attack perpetrated against Barbapapa. Winchluss' work is linked to childhood imagery, even in times of war. Children have always played war, nothing new here. In this world adrift, Barbapapa, who was born in 1970 (the same year as Winchluss) in a garden, like a flower, lacks his former glory. He seems to have undergone "a few mutations", and is now Barbapapatonic - a fluorescent monster with tentacles, the target of everyone's gaze: a horde of armed men, tanks, and helicopters rushes towards him. This installation, shown for the first time at the gallery, was specially created by Winchluss in 2013 for his major exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs - *Un monde merveilleux* (A Marvelous World).

Ecology, social networks, nuclear power, war, pandemics, Winchluss combines them all, analyzing the mess that is mankind.

And so begins *J'ai tué le soleil*, his latest album, published by Gallimard in 2021: "[...] the only problem is knowing how to use your neuroses," says Winchluss, borrowing from Arthur Adamov. The hero of this picaresque and sordid tale is Karl, one of the few survivors of a worldwide pandemic, which he seems to have forgotten due to a nasty head wound... But his amnesia hasn't entirely erased his plan, because yes, Karl has a plan: to kill all humanity, and with it, the sun of course. For the first time, a series of original plates from this album will be presented to the public in the gallery's project room, their grisaille, pencilled, nervous aesthetic providing a counterpoint to the psychedelic colors and shapes of the rest of the exhibition.

*Something is burning....* You can laugh or cry. Winchluss offers us the chance to do both at the same time!



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## PhotoSaintGermain

02.11- 25.11.2023

## NEW YORK

### UPCOMING

*I remember you well  
in the Chelsea Hotel*

30.11

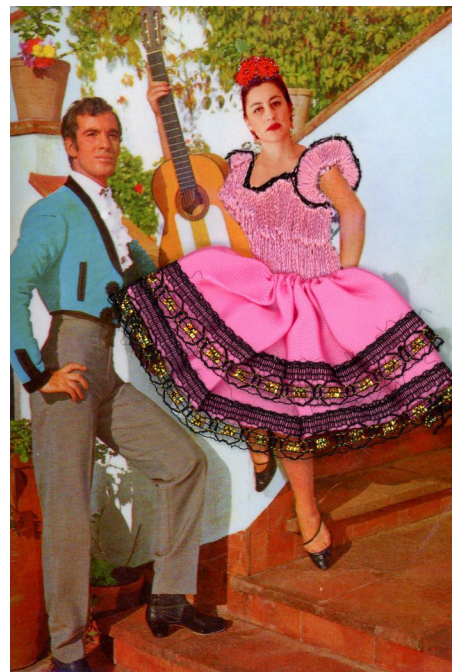
23.12.2023

# Greetings from

*Group show around postcards in contemporary art*

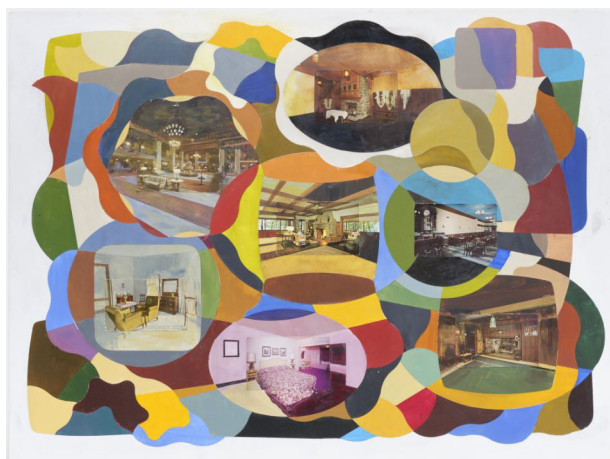
*Pilar Albarracín, Renaud Auguste-Dormeuil, Julien Berthier, Alain Bublex, Marcelle Cahn, Guillaume Chiron, Jean Dubuffet, Gilles Elie, Audrey Guttman, Perrine Guyonnet, Jean-Yves Jouannais, On Kawara, Yves Klein, Paul Kos, David Mack, Georges Malkin, Roberto Matta, Martin Parr, Bernard Rancillac, Ben Sakoguchi, Kurt Schwitters, William Wegman*

The postcard, both efficient and inexpensive, quickly established itself at the forefront of communication media from the end of the 19th century onwards. Originally, they were very much a craft - far from the logic of the tourist industry: always the same format (which hasn't changed that much), the front was reserved for a personal photograph, the back for news; something rather intimate and handmade. In the 1930s, postcards became a reflection of holidays and paid vacations, bearing witness to a moment of happiness that had become a memory. Echoing a particular and uncommon experience, or, on the contrary, an ordinary and everyday one, showing a landscape and environment, the postcard never loses the kitsch dimension of azure blues and sunsets.



Pilar Albarracín, *Sans titre (Flamencas)*, 2009

Very quickly, the news becomes secondary, the "flip side" of the postcard: the imaginary, the desires, the dreams are quickly consigned to the bottom of a drawer, accumulated and forgotten on the refrigerator door like hazy memories. Straddling the line between the real and the fantastical, the postcard has quickly and easily penetrated the world of contemporary art. Artists have seized upon them, and thanks to them, the intimate becomes universal, and the commonplace - even the banal - becomes a singular work of art. The artist, through a simple gesture, line, hole, collage or other alteration, strips the postcard of its utilitarian character. It is no longer a souvenir or a news item, but an invitation to fantasize further, to play, to divert our society's obsession with "vulgarizing the wonders of Nature and Art" (Edmond Harancourt). One thing is certain: the postcard remains a collector's item par excellence.



William Wegman, *Interior Exposition*, 2020

The gallery will be presenting an inventive selection of à la carte, as many Greetings from as open windows on contemporary art.

Agate Bortolussi