

With Gilles Barbier, Bianca Bondi, Alice Guittard,
Matthieu Haberard, Charlotte Heninger, Edward Kienholz,
Benjamin Loyauté, Gaspard Maîtreperrière, Lucie Picandet,
Niki de Saint Phalle, Daniel Spoerri
Curated by Gaël Charbau

33 & 36, rue de Seine
75006 Paris-FR
T.+33(0)1 46 34 61 07
F.+33(0)1 43 25 18 80
www.galerie-vallois.com
info@galerie-vallois.com

Pilar Albarracín ^{ES}
Gilles Barbier ^{FR}
Julien Berthier ^{FR}
Julien Bismuth ^{FR}
Alain Bublex ^{FR}
Robert Cottingham ^{US}
John DeAndrea ^{US}
Massimo Furlan ^{CH}
Taro Izumi ^{JP}
Richard Jackson ^{US}
Adam Janes ^{US}
Jean-Yves Jouannais ^{FR}
Martin Kersels ^{US}
Paul Kos ^{US}
Zhenya Machneva ^{RU}
Paul McCarthy ^{US}
Jeff Mills ^{US}
Arnold Odermatt ^{CH}
Henrique Oliveira ^{BR}
Peybak ^{IR}
Lucie Picandet ^{FR}
Niki de Saint Phalle ^{FR}
Lázaro Saavedra ^{CU}
Pierre Seinturier ^{FR}
Peter Stämpfli ^{CH}
Jean Tinguely ^{CH}
Keith Tyson ^{GB}
Tomi Ungerer ^{FR}
Jacques Villeglé ^{FR}
Olav Westphalen ^{DE}
Winshluss ^{FR}
Virginie Yassef ^{FR}

- Sometimes in the sky I see endless sandy shores covered with white rejoicing nations. A great golden ship, above me, flutters many-colored pennants in the morning breeze. I was the creator of every feast, every triumph, every drama. I tried to invent new flowers, new planets, new flesh, new languages. I thought I had acquired supernatural powers. Ha! I have to bury my imagination and my memories! What an end to a splendid career as an artist and storyteller!

Arthur Rimbaud, extract from « Adieu », in *A Season in Hell*, April-August 1873, as translated by Paul Schmidt, and published in 1976 by Harper Colophon Books, Harper & Row.

Exhibitions are created for thousands of reasons and one of them is sometimes a matter of friendship. From time to time, it is a question of elective affinity, this complex process that comes from the history of medieval alchemy «to explain the attraction and fusion of bodies»¹. To my mind, I have never wanted an exhibition to be too explicitly the slave of a purpose. On the contrary, I prefer when it allows us to mix artworks that then become like beings and that, in some cases, produce a new aesthetic material, at the heart of the athanor. We do experiments, we do exhibitions, not presentations. We tell stories. It is all about letting your mind waver, like walking from gallery to gallery on a weekday, fists in the pocket. Anger, drunkenness, instantaneity of contrasts. But at the local café, we realize that galleries may be like edges, beaches or cliffs at the corner of the street, taking us away from the continent of our urban boredom. Rare places in the city where everything is still possible. So from this beach, it seemed possible for me to show something of this great golden ship's entrails, with its multicolored pennants, the one that Rimbaud talks about.



Niki de Saint Phalle, *L'autel des Innocents*, 1962



Alice Guittard, *Vanessa et les pierres*, 2017

01.10

—

02.22

2020

OPENING NIGHT

01.09
18:00 - 21:00

33

Rue de Seine

PEYBAK
« ABRA-CHAH, THE
WELL OF ABRAKAN »



Matthieu Haberard, *I have to practice to not have the desire to use it on you*, 2019

Let the artists invent this excavation, in the present, all in the same boat: when it runs aground and breaks open, they invent themselves. So yes, new flowers, new stars, new flesh, new tongues come. Let everything connect on the immaterial sand of the gallery. Whether they are famous or not, it doesn't matter, since they recognize each other. The careers, all mixed up, are so many fantastic journeys that history forgets, transforms into legends, or into posterity.

This great golden ship moves away obliquely as we approach it: it multiplies and pulverizes itself to float better, like an intuition.

Gaël Charbau

¹ Michael Löwy, « Le concept d'affinité élective chez Max Weber », *Archives de sciences sociales des religions*, 127 | 2004, 93-103.