

**BUT NOT
AT ALL,
ITS JUST DULL
FIGURATIVE!
YOU, MY LOVE,
ARE WITTY!**

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NATHANAËLLE
HERBELIN
SIMON MARTIN
MADELEINE
ROGER-LACAN
CHRISTINE SAFA
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**CURATORS :
ANAËL PIGEAT
SOPHIE VIGOUROUS**

Bridge-women, men in love, mountain-women, hands which steal, starry skies, glancing lights... Here are seven painters who for the past ten years have been talking about pigments, canvases and motifs... They crop up here and there in each other's pictures, connect and disconnect in friendships and love affairs. At the School of Fine Arts, encouraged by François Boisron, they tamed one other, hung out together, in those empty moments when nothing happens, and in which perhaps everything happens.

A few months ago, Nathanaëlle Herbelin, Cecilia Granara and Madeleine Roger-Lacan felt a desire, akin to a need, to show those at once ill-defined and precise bonds, those fleeting moments of closeness, and this group of artists which is not a group. The list we have drawn up together could well have been longer, because histories come unraveled, and others are still being born—this might one day be the stuff of another exhibition.

Italy, Lebanon, Israel, Denmark, Poland, and then France and above all Paris... These artists all share in common the fact that they have wanted to live in these places, or wanted to stay there, resisting the lure of London, Berlin, and New York. They have travelled, and tried living in distant lands. A little of the spirit of Paris imbues their paintings, in usually silent forms. Should we see in them a form of classicism, a liking for previous lives, or else a special keenness in the way they look at the world surrounding them?

In these pictures, figures are ubiquitous, sometimes appearing all of a sudden in the

form of portraits of familiar beings, sometimes there from the outset. Observational drawing, relation to photography, but also a line of thinking about collages and the third dimension... these are the subjects which permeate their works in a shared sensibility about the history of painting. Their images are often awash with dazzling colourful harmonies, those, it just so happens, with which Jacques Demy painted his "Demoiselles de Rochefort".

Sitting at the tables of a café that we invaded with printed pages, we were looking for a place: suggesting this show to Philippe Jousse seemed obvious, in the wake of the exhibition *Affinité(s)*, which Sophie Vigorous devised this autumn, and which hinted at what the family of artists forming a gallery might be. We asked each one of us to show a large group of works; they spontaneously wrote the texts that we have brought together in this publication.

Neither movement nor school, chapel nor collective, they share weird and roaming ways of looking at the bodies and landscapes which fill their pictures: bodies which are landscapes; landscapes marked by imprint; landscapes that have become bodies... These are deliberately gentle visions, but without any naivety. Informed by joyous desire and a liking of experience, without giving in to the easy seductiveness of blackness, they mix solar momentum and familiar shadows which, in their own way, express the intensities of life.

ANAËL PIGEAT

In the presence of the artists on Saturdays from 17h to 19h during the duration of the exhibition.

* extract from *Les Demoiselles de Rochefort* of Jacques Demy, 1967

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