

NEW GALERIE - WHO CARES

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We care!

What are the lines of demarcation? Those that have marked the many lives of New Galerie without affecting its driving force. Almost a decade, which can be cut up into several cycles, several zones, neither marrying the rule of formats nor that of geographies. Local anchoring? The feeling of belonging to one's time? The specialization of the medium? Who cares? Rather obstacles, chance meetings, divine intuitions that artists, friends, beetles, will have survived through the number of years. To be moved, to be available for, to act, to call, to call back, to keep the conversation going, to assert oneself in the field of voices and counter-voices, to swirl round and round, not to fail will be enough. In the middle of rubble, you do not triage your garbage. The Diogenes syndrome? The malaise of the month of May? A gradual will to become a community? The power of dysfunctional families is all that is left to those who do not respect rules, who refuse to be intelligible according to laws and administrations.

Buddenbrooks, Rostovs, Buendias, Hamels, Danas? Beyond the epic and nuclear families of the twentieth century, new common lines are being developed, atomized filiations skipping generations, or to quote the man from Vaugirard: friendships as a way of life. 2019 starts well. Cloudiness, risk of icing, fog, turbulence, ice-covered roads. Let's avoid air disasters. Let's try a threesome according to set theory (Acconci), voluntary amnesia (Bajagić), unexpected scenarios (Jung), extreme objectification (Jeong). Let's talk about our paraphilias! Clinical vampirism (Sishun), resurrectional erotomania (Myrup), Buto cruising at the La Borde clinic (Pain), ethic of contamination (Reynaud Dewar). Let's become family around groups of words! Let's open back up the attics, the empty apartments and the movie theaters where the little match girl slept. Let's convoke Saint-Ludivine and the beautiful golden-haired maiden (Solal), the Berlin dancers exiled in the city of angels (Littot) and the lights along the sides of the road (Sishun). Let's talk about la rue Louise Weiss and her boxes of evaporated sugar candies (Gonzales-Torres), her malignant chairs and her sentimental fishnet stockings, her broken legs and her activism on the verge of death, the only wills from hospitals.

The iron curtain can well be drawn and with that its differences (That's all folks!). To be concerned with one's life, incidentally with those of others, is to refuse easy solutions. It is to car-jack and to be car-jacked, to be the predator and the blood-covered prey. At the risk of this sharing, a glow (Zevs) blossoms, an insect in the palm of our hand (Wojnarowicz) who always believing he was alone quivers before his loyal servant. They care. What's up doc? Who cares?

Pierre-Alexandre Mateos & Charles Teyssou