

# Nagbvar Zbernh crhg-êger

Intervenant : jour le jour / jeudi 29 septembre 2011 [09:51:51]

CARL ANDRE  
JEAN-PIERRE BERTRAND  
SYLVIE BONNOT  
ALTER CARNOL  
ROSEMARIE CASTORO  
SUSAN CHORPENNING  
FRANCINE FLANDRIN  
LESLEY FOXCROFT  
HOLLIS FRAMPTON  
PATRICK DES GACHONS  
BENOIT GOLLET  
DAVID GORDON  
GU DEXIN  
MARCIA HAFIF  
NICOLE HASSLER  
ROBERT HUNTER  
ROBERT HUOT  
MARIE-FRANCE JEAN  
CAROL KINNE  
MARTINA KLEIN  
NADINE DE KENIGSWARTER  
MELISSA KRETSCHMER  
LUCAS L'HERMITTE  
CHRISTIANE MAIER  
JULIAN MEREUTA  
ANTOINE MOREAU  
MARIA MORGANTI  
HELGA NATZ  
JUDITH NELSON  
PAUL NELSON  
RENO ODLIN  
STEVEN PARRINO  
FRANÇOIS RISTORI  
CLAUDE RUTAU  
ANNE SAUSSOIS  
MARIANNE SCHARN  
PHILIPPE SEUX  
EJJI SUZUE  
RYO TAKAHASHI  
LANA VASILJEVIC  
ELIZABETH VERCOE  
BERNARD VILLERS  
LAWRENCE WEINER  
ERWIN WURM

**GALERIE ARNAUD LEFEBVRE 1990 – 2011**

27 septembre 2011 - 15 octobre 2011

Vernissage : mardi 27.9.2011, 18h-20 h / Opening : Tuesday 9.27.2011, 6-8pm

GALERIE IVANA DE GAVARDIE - 10 RUE DES BEAUX-ARTS - 75006 PARIS  
Mardi-samedi : 14h30 -18h30 / Tues-Sat : 2:30-6:30 pm

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Merci à Ivana

*Cette exposition est dédiée à David Gordon / This exhibition is dedicated to David Gordon*

*Din and fragment.*

Beyond the appearance of words, of multiple references to the cut-up and to the fragment, in the face of existence and exhibition.

Cut-up, to cut and to bring up. Resonances of antiquity are rustling.

The caesura of appearances, and in another tradition the breaking with the reign of sensitivity to access the true sense of life.

The falling. The being, thrown to the world. Without prior consent.

But also the tear of the harmony of existence in this world in face of the falling, fracture of the word, against the harms of their gangue, desire in front. No circumventing anymore. Blood-sense.

The lost innocence of the multiple regressions of the imposed unique, of the castrating totem, toward an uncanny future, improbability given to the mismatching of the world with the sense, with our senses.

How to write after the catastrophe of our immersion in the total violence of the world, the 20th century and the acme of the delirium of humanity? By turning again to the secular thematic of the total risk. Against totality. To break up and through the appearance of the words, stifling rules, to create the desire, aporia after the din, interstice, emergence of a new resonance, of unknown poetry if not of its new sound, of form, of unveiled perspectives.

After all, the possible subsistence of some tiny, multiple moments of sense, as numerous as one can hope in consequence of the self-investment we should at last find, again, possible. Fragments.

Infra-mince, interstice, witness, concretization, end of sublimation, escaping, scrutinising of specks, refusal of naught in scraps, tiny text, glance, surreptitious evocations, almost ineffable. After what: known fractures, existence, meaning at the risk of a permanent confrontation, with the text, with the visible, contradiction in margin, presence of the possible other.

Fractals: acceptance of an outstanding risk. Released, at last, from a dogmatic aesthetic, existence at its own risk, inside its possibilities. Exile from a textual totality, of a flattering posture, in excess of the existence. Borne attention, devoted to the detail that tunes with a limited albeit complete whole.

The exhibition, existence at the risk of delivering a self destroying energy, bias, prejudice, to let at last appear a life, a possibility of living. Who knows?  
A gallery seen en Seine, air of Paris, evanescence, emergence, under the gracious careful direction of Arnaud, patient against confinement, brings, leads us, healthy life but not without pain, brisk without fuss, at a gentle trot, a gallery that let people see, that demonstrates inconspicuously, a space, not too much, not too little, gentle attention, experience, polymorph care, focus, work, step by step, no lure, no flattering. Start again, rebirth, renaissance.  
But coming from what and going to where? And in spite of everything?

Michel Bernheim (September 2011)